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*L. Norton Fild*

THE  
BAPTIST MESSENGER:

AN

*Evangelical Treasury*

AND

CHRONICLE OF THE CHURCHES.

FOR THE YEAR 1860.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF SIR S. MORTON PETO, BART.; PORTRAITS  
OF SEVENTY-FIVE DISTINGUISHED BAPTIST MINISTERS;  
AND TWO ENGRAVINGS, ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE  
LIFE OF JOHN BUNYAN.

LONDON:  
JAMES PAUL, 1, CHAPTER-HOUSE COURT,  
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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THE  
**BAPTIST MESSENGER,**  
AND  
**CHRONICLE OF THE CHURCHES.**

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**THE PLEASURES OF PIETY.**

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL.

"My meditation of him shall be sweet."—Psalm civ. 34.

It has often been insinuated, if it has not been openly said, that the contemplation of divine things has a tendency to depress the spirits. Religion, many thoughtful persons have supposed, doth not become the young; it checks the ardour of their youthful blood. It may be very well for men with grey heads, who need something to comfort and solace them, as they descend the hill of life into the grave; it may be well enough for those who are in poverty and deep trial; but that it is not at all congruous with the condition of a healthy, able-bodied, successful, and happy man, this is generally said to be out of the question. Now, there is no greater falsehood. No man is so happy, but he would be happier still if he had religion. The man with a fulness of earthly pleasure, whose barns are full of store, and whose presses burst with new wine, would not lose any part of his happiness, had he the grace of God in his heart; rather, that joy would add sweetness to all his prosperity, it would strain off many of the bitter dregs from his cup, it would purify his heart, and freshen his taste for delights, and show him how to extract more honey from the honeycomb. Religion is a thing that can make the most melancholy joyful, at the same time that it can make the joyous ones more joyful still. It can make the gloomy bright, as it gives the oil of joy in the place of mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Moreover, it can light up the face that is joyous with a heavenly gladness; it can make the eye sparkle with tenfold more brilliance; and happy as the man may be, he shall find that there is sweeter nectar than he has ever drunk before, if he comes to the fountain of atoning mercy; if he knows that his name is registered in the book of everlasting life. Temporal mercies will then have the charm of redemption to enhance them. They will be no longer to him as shadowy phantoms which dance for a transient hour in the sunbeam. He will account them more precious because they are given to him, as it were, in some codicils of the Divine Testament, which hath promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come. While goodness and mercy follow him all the days of his life, he will stretch forth his grateful anticipations to the future, when he shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. He will be able to say, as the Psalmist does, "I will sing unto the Lord. I will sing praise to my God while I have my being. My meditation of him shall be sweet. I will be glad in the Lord."

Let us consider a VERY PRECIOUS SUBJECT: "My meditation of HIM shall be sweet."

Christian! thou needest no greater inducement to excite thee than the subject here proposed: "My meditation of him shall be sweet." Whom does that word

"him" mean? I suppose it may refer to all the three persons of the glorious Trinity? My meditation upon Jehovah shall be sweet! And, verily, if you sit down to meditate upon God the Father, and reflect on his sovereign, immutable, unchangeable love towards his elect people—if you think of God the Father as the great author and originator of the plan of salvation—if you think of him as the mighty being who has said that by two immutable things, wherein it is impossible for him to lie, he hath given us strong consolation who have fled for refuge to Christ Jesus—if you look to him as the giver of his only-begotten Son, and who, for the sake of that Son, his best gift, will, with him also, freely give us all things—if you consider him as having ratified the covenant, and pledged himself ultimately to complete all its stipulations, in the ingathering of every chosen ransomed soul, you will perceive that there is enough to engross your meditation for ever, even were your attention limited to the manner of the Father's love. Or, if you choose it, you shall think of God the Holy Spirit; you shall consider his marvellous operations on your own heart—how he quickened it when you were dead in trespasses and sins—how he brought you nigh to Jesus when you were a lost sheep, wandering far from the fold—how he called you, with such a mighty efficacy that you could not resist his voice—how he drew you with the cords of love. If you think how often he has helped you in the hour of peril—how frequently he has comforted you with the promise in times of distress and trouble; and, if you think that, like holy oil, he will always supply your lamp, and until life's last hour he will always replenish you with his influences, proving himself still your teacher and your guide till you get up yonder, where you shall see your Saviour face to face, in the blessed presence of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost—in such revelation you might find a vast and infinite subject for your meditation. But rather to-night I prefer to confine this word "him" to the person of our adorable Saviour. "My meditation of him shall be sweet." Ah! if it be possible that the meditation upon one person of the Trinity can excel the meditation upon another, it is meditation upon Jesus Christ.

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

"But if Immanuel's face appear,  
My hope, my joy begins;  
His name forbids my slavish fear,  
His grace forgives my sins."

Thou precious Jesus! what can be a sweeter theme for me than to think of thine exalted being—to conceive of thee as the Son of God, who with the golden compasses struck out a circle from space, and fashioned this round world? To think of thee as the God who holds this mighty orb upon thy shoulders, and art the King of Glory, before whom angels bow with modest homage; and yet to consider thee as likewise "bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh"—

"In ties of blood with sinners one."

To conceive of thee as the Son of Mary, born of a Virgin, wearing flesh like men, clothed in garments of humanity like mortals of our feeble race; to picture thee in all thy suffering life, in all the anguish of thy death; to trace thee in all thy passion; to view thee in the agony of Gethsemane, enduring the bloody sweat, the sore amazement; and then to follow thee to the pavement, and thence up the steep side of Calvary, "enduring the cross, despising the shame," when thy soul was made an offering for my sins, when thou didst die the reconciling death 'midst horrors still to all but God unknown. Verily, here is a meditation for my soul, which must be "sweet" for ever. I might begin, like the Psalmist David, and say, "My heart is inditing a good matter; it bubbleth up, while I speak of things which I have made touching the king; my tongue is as the pen of a ready writer." "My meditation of him shall be sweet."



Christ! Consider Christ in any way you please, and your meditation of him will be sweet. Jesus may be compared to some of those lenses you have seen, which you may take up and hold one way, and you see one light, and another way, and you see another light, and whichever way you turn them you will always see some precious sparkling of light, and some new colours starting up to your view. Ah! take Jesus for your theme; sit down and consider him; think of his relation to your own soul, and you will never get through that one subject. Think of his eternal relationship with you; recollect that the saints of Jesus were from condemnation free, in union with the Lamb, before the world was made. Think of your everlasting union with the person of Jehovah Jesus before this planet was sent rolling through space, and how your guilty soul was accounted spotless and clean, even before you fell; and after that dire lapse, before you were restored, justification was imputed to you in the person of Jesus Christ. Think of your known and manifest relationship to him since you have been called by his grace. Think how he has become your brother; how his heart has beaten in sympathy with yours; how he has kissed you with the kisses of his love, and his love has been to you sweeter than wine. Look back upon some happy, sunny spots in your history, where Jesus has whispered, "I am yours," and you have said, "My beloved is mine." Think of some choice moments, when an angel has stooped from heaven, and taken you up on his wings, and carried you aloft, to sit in heavenly places where Jesus sits, that you might commune with him. Or think, if it please you, of some pensive moments, when you have had what Paul sets so much store by—fellowship with Christ in his sufferings. Think of seasons when the sweat has rolled from your brow, almost as it did from that of Jesus—yet not the sweat of blood—when you have knelt down, and felt that you could die with Christ, even as you had risen with him. And then, when you have exhausted that portion of the subject, think of your relationship in Christ, which is to be developed in heaven. Imagine the hour to have come when ye shall "greet the blood-besprinkled band on the eternal shore," and range the—

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,  
Array'd in living green."

Picture to your mind that moment when Jesus Christ shall salute you as "more than a conqueror," and put a pearly crown upon your head, more glittering than stars. And think of that transporting hour, when you will take that crown from off your own brow, and climbing the steps of Jesus' throne, you shall put it on his head, and crown him once more Lord of your soul, as well as "Lord of all." Ah! if you come and tell me you have no subject for meditation, I will answer, Surely, you have not tried to meditate; for "My meditation of him shall be sweet."

Suppose you have done thinking of him as he is related to you; consider him next as he is related to the wide world. Recollect that Jesus Christ says he came into the world to save the world, and undoubtedly he will one day save the world, for he who redeemed it by price and by power will restore it and renew it from the effects of the fall. Oh! think of Jesus in this relationship as the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in. He will come again to our earth one day; and when he comes he will find this world defaced still with the old curse upon it—the primeval curse of Eden. He will find plague, and pestilence, and war here still; but when he comes, he shall bid men "beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks;" war shall be obliterated from among the sciences; he shall speak the word, and there shall be a company that will publish it. "The knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea." Jesus Christ shall come! Christians! be ye waiting for the second coming of your Lord Jesus Christ! and whilst ye wait, meditate upon that coming. Think, O my soul, of that august day, when thou shalt see him with all his pompous train, coming to call the world to judgment, and to avenge himself upon his enemies. Think of all his triumphs when Satan shall be bound, and death shall be crushed, and hell shall be

conquered, and when he shall be saluted as the universal Monarch, "Lord over all, blessed for ever. Amen." "My meditation of him shall be sweet."

Ah, Christian! you are not afraid to be alone a little while now, for want of subjects of meditation! Some persons say they cannot bear to be an hour in solitude; they have got nothing to do, nothing to think about. No Christian will ever talk so, surely: for if I can but give him one word to think of—Christ—let him speak that over for ever; let me give him the word Jesus, and only let him try to think it over, and he shall find that an hour is nought, and that eternity is not half enough to utter our glorious Saviour's praise. Yea, beloved, I believe when we get to heaven we shall want no subject for meditation there, except Jesus Christ. I know there are some great divines and learned philosophers who have been telling us that when we go to heaven we shall occupy our time in flying from star to star, and from one planet to another; that we shall go and see Jupiter, and Mercury, and Venus, and all the host of celestial bodies. We shall behold all the wonders of creation; we shall explore the depths of science, as they tell us, and there are no limits to the mysteries we shall understand. My reply to people who imagine thus of heaven, is, that I have no objection it should be so, if it will afford them any pleasure; I hope you will have, and I know my Father will let you have, whatsoever will make you happy. But, while you are viewing stars, I will sit down and look at Jesus; and if you told me you had seen the inhabitants of Saturn and Venus, and the man in the moon, I would say, Ah! yes—

"But in his looks a wonder stands,  
The noblest glory of God's hands;  
God in the person of his Son  
Hath all his mightiest works outdone."

But you will say, You will become tired, surely, of looking at him. No, I should reply; I have been looking at but one of his hands, and I have not yet thoroughly examined the hole where one of the nails went in; and when I have lived ten thousand years more, I will take his other hand, and sit down and look at each gaping wound, and then I may descend to his side and his feet:—

"Millions of years my wond'ring eyes  
Shall o'er his beauties rove,  
And eudless ages I'll adore  
The wonders of his love."

You may go fitting about as far as you like; I will sit there, and look at the God in human flesh, for I believe that I shall learn more of God and more of his works in the person of Jesus than you could with all the advantage of travelling on wings of light, though you should have the most elevated imaginations and the most gigantic intellects to help you in your search. Brethren, our meditation of Christ will be sweet. There will be little else we shall want of heaven besides Jesus Christ. He will be our bread, our food, our beauty, and our glorious dress. The atmosphere of heaven will be Christ; everything in heaven will be Christ-like; yea, Christ is the heaven of his people. To be in Christ and to be with Christ is the essence of heaven:—

"Not all the harps above  
Can make a heavenly place,  
Should Christ his residence remove,  
Or but conceal his face."

Here is the object of our meditation. "Our meditation of him shall be sweet."

Let me proceed to point out a blessed result—"Our meditation of him shall be SWEET." This depends upon the character very much: Meditation on Christ is very much like Chian wine—flavoured unto him who drinketh it. Ah! I know some persons come into chapel, who are very glad when they hear the minister pronounce the benediction, and dismiss the assembly; they are very glad when all is over, and they would rather hear the parting doxology than the text. As for a meditation on Christ, instead of saying it is sweet, they would say, It is precious dry. If they

happen to hear an anecdote or a tale, they do not mind remembering that; but a meditation which should be entirely on Christ, would be dry enough to them, and they would be glad to hear it brought to a close. Ah! that is because of the taste you have got in your mouth. There is something wrong about your palate. You know, when we have been taking some kind of medicine, and our mouth has been impregnated with a strong flavour, whatever we eat acquires that taste. So it is with you. You have got your mouth out of taste with some of the world's poor dainties; you have got some of the powder of the apples of Sodom hanging on your lips, that spoils the glorious flavour of your meditation on Jesus. In fact, it prevents your meditating on Christ at all. It is only a hearing of the meditation with your ears, not a receiving it with your hearts. But here the Psalmist says, "My meditation of him shall be sweet." What a mercy, dear friends, that there is something sweet in this world for us! We need it. For I am sure, as for most other things in the world, they are very, very bitter. There is little here that seems sweet at first, but what has some bitter flavour afterwards; and there are too many things that are actually bitter, and void of any relish. Go through the great laboratory of this world, and how many will be the cases that you will see marked bitter! There are perhaps more of aloe put in our cup than of any other ingredient. We have to take a great quantity of bitters in the course of our lives. What a mercy, then, it is that there is one thing that is sweet! "My meditation of *him* shall be sweet;" so sweet, beloved, that all the other bitters are quite swallowed up in its sweetness. Have I not seen the widow, when her husband has departed, and he who was her strength, the stay of her life and her sustenance, has been laid in the grave—have I not seen her hold up her hands, and say, "Ah! though he is gone, still my Maker is my husband; 'The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away;' blessed be his name!" What was the reason of her patient submission? Because she had a sweet meditation to neutralize the bitterness of her reflections. And do I not remember, even now, seeing a man, whose property had been washed away by the tide, and his lands swallowed up, and become quicksands, instead of being any longer profitable to him? Beggared and bankrupt, with streaming eyes, he held up his hands, and repeated Habbakuk's words, "Though the fig-tree shall not blossom, &c. &c., yet will I rejoice in the Lord. I will joy in the God of my salvation." Was it not because his meditation on Christ was so sweet that it absorbed the bitterness of his trouble? And oh! how many, when they have come to the dark waters of death, have found that surely their bitterness was past, for they perceived that death was swallowed up in victory, through their meditation upon Jesus Christ! Now, if any of you have come here with your mouths out of taste, through affliction and trouble, if you have been saying with Jeremiah, "Thou hast filled my mouth with gravel stones, and made me drunken with wormwood"—if so, take a little of this choice cordial; I assure you it is sweet: *Lacrymæ Christi*, as it is called. If thou wilt take these tears of Jesus and put them in thy mouth, they will take away all the unpleasant flavour. Or again, I bid you take this meditation upon Christ, as a piece of frankincense that was perfumed in heaven. It matters not what thou hast in thy house; this shall make it redolent of Paradise—shall make it smell like those breezes that once blew through Eden's garden, wafting the odour of flowers. Ah! there is nothing that can so console your spirits, and relieve all your distresses and troubles, as the feeling that now you can meditate on the person of Jesus Christ. "My meditation of him shall be sweet."

But, my dear hearers, shall I send you away without asking you whether you have ever had such a meditation upon our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? I do not like to preach a sermon, without pressing it home to the consciences of my hearers. I never like to bring you out a sword and show it you, and say, "There is a sword, and it is sharp;" I always like to make you feel that it is sharp, by cutting you with it. Would to God the sword of the Spirit might penetrate many of your hearts now! When I see so many gathered together even on a week-day, I am astonished. When

I came to London I did not fancy there would be half such a company on the Sabbath, much less on a week-day. But wherefore have ye come, my brethren? What went ye out for to see? a reed shaken with the wind? What have ye come out for to see? a prophet? Nay, but I say that you have come to see something more than a prophet. You have come to see and hear somewhat of Jesus Christ, our Saviour and our Lord. How many of you meditate on Christ? Christian men and women, do you not live below your privileges, many of you? Are you not living without having choice moments of communion with your Jesus? Methinks, if you had a free pass to heaven's palace, you would use it very often, if you might go there and hold communion with some person whom you dearly loved; you would often be found there. But here is your Jesus, the King of heaven, and he gives you that which can open the gates of heaven and let you in to hold company with him, and yet you live without meditating upon his work, meditating upon his person, meditating upon his offices, and meditating upon his glory. Christian men and women! I say to you, is it not time we should begin to live nearer to God? What is to become of our churches? I do not know what to think of Christendom at large. As I travel through the country, and go here and there, I see the churches in a most awfully dwindled state. True, the Gospel is preached in most; but it is preached as it might be by humble bees in pitchers—always with the same monotonous sound, and no good is done. I fear that the fault lies in the pews, as well as in the pulpit. If hearers are meditative, preachers must be meditative. It is very true that water does not run up-hill; but when you begin to meditate and pray over the word, your ministers will see that you have gone beyond them, and they will set to and meditate themselves, and give you the Gospel just as it comes fresh from their hearts, food for people's souls.

And for you who have never meditated on Jesus Christ—what do you think shall become of you when your bitterness shall be in your mouth? When you taste death, how do you hope to destroy its ill flavour? Yet “that last, that bitter cup which mortal man can taste” is but a dire presentiment. When you have to drink that gall in hell for ever—when the cup of torments which Jesus did *not* drain for you will have to be drained by yourself—what will you do then? The Christian can go to heaven, because Christ has drunk destruction dry for him; but the ungodly and unconverted man will have to drink the dregs of the wine of Gomorrah. What will you do then? The first drops are bad enough, when you sip here the drops of remorse on account of sin! but that future cup in hell—that terrific mixture which God deals out to the lost in the pit—what will you do when you have to drink that? when your meditation will be, that you rejected Jesus, that you despised his Gospel, that you scoffed at his word? What will you do in that dread extremity? Many of you business men! will your ledger serve you with a sweet meditation in hell? Lawyer! will it be sweet for you to meditate on your deeds when you go there? Labouring man! will it be a sweet meditation to thee, to think that thy wages were spent in drunkenness, or thy Sabbaths profaned and thy duties neglected? And thou, professor! will it be a sweet meditation to sit down and think of thy hypocrisy? And ah! ye carnally-minded men, who are indulging the flesh, and pampering the appetite, and not serving the Lord, “whose God is your belly, and whose glory is in your shame,” will your career furnish a sweet meditation to you at last? Be assured of this: your sins must be your meditation then, if Christ is not your meditation now. May there be great searchings of heart among you. How often do your convictions disperse like the smoke from the chimney, or the chaff from the winnow's hand; they soon vanish. It will not profit you to live at this rate—hearing sermons and forgetting them. Take heed to the voice of warning, lest God should say, “He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall be suddenly destroyed, and that without remedy.” O wicked men! wicked men! one word to you, all of you who know not God, and ye shall go. I will give you a subject for your meditation. It shall be a parable. A certain tyrant sent for one of his subjects, and said to him, “What is your employment?” He said, “I am a blacksmith.” “Go home,” said he, “and

make no a chain of such a length." He went home; it occupied him several months, and he had no wages all the while he was making the chain, only the trouble and the pains of making it. Then he brought it to the monarch, and he said, "Go and make it twice as long." He gave him nothing to do it with, but sent him away. Again he worked on, and made it twice as long. He brought it up again, and the monarch said, "Go and make it longer still." Each time he brought it, there was nothing but the command to make it longer still. And when he brought it up at last, the monarch said, "Take it, bind him hand and foot with it, and cast him into a furnace of fire." There were his wages for making the chain. Here is a meditation for you to-night, ye servants of the devil! Your master the devil is telling you to make a chain. Some of you have been fifty years welding the links of the chain; and he says, "Go and make it longer still." Next Sunday morning you will open that shop of yours, and put another link on; next Saturday night you will be drunk, and put another link on; next Monday you will do a dishonest action, and so you will keep on making fresh links to this chain: and when you have lived twenty more years, the devil will say, "More links on still!" And then, at last, it will be, "Take him, and bind him hand and foot, and cast him into a furnace of fire." "For the wages of sin is death." There is a subject for your meditation. I do not think it will be sweet; but if God makes it profitable, it will do good. You must have strong medicines sometimes, when the disease is bad. God apply it to your hearts!\*

## I WILL TURN OVER A NEW LEAF.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHELTENHAM.

MANY of our old sayings are very pithy, and are full of important meaning. But they are too often used lightly, or with an improper motive. Some always have them at their tongue's end to serve a purpose. How often have I heard the one at the head of this article employed as a mere excuse, or to silence the voice of reproof! Yes, yes, it is very easy to say, "*I will turn over a new leaf*;" but the question is, How many times have you said so, and yet have never done it? Some are very ready to promise, but we generally find that those who are most ready with their promises are very backward with their performances. I should like to turn this good old saying to some account; but if I do so, I am afraid I shall strike some hard blows, and while I reprove others, it is ten to one if I escape without a bruise myself.

There is DEACON KIFFEN, he is a stout heavy man, and very nervous withal. No one that looked at him would think that he kept many fast days, or beat under his body to bring it into subjection. The deacon has a very good gift in prayer, and when he uses it, the friends profess to profit by it. But sometimes you will not see him at a prayer-meeting for months together; and if his pastor or fellow-deacons speak to him of his lax attendance, he always meets them with, "*I must turn over a new leaf*." Many a new leaf has the deacon professed to turn over, but they have all been blanks, or have soon been as bad as the old one. If any particular stir is made, or if a new pastor is chosen, the deacon will be very regular in his place, and will use his gift of prayer very acceptably for a little time; but it will not be long before he will be seized with one of his nervous fits, and then the prayer-meeting may be given up, and must be if it depended on him. Brother Kiffen, this is wrong, very wrong of you. Let me exhort you to be honest, and confess the true cause of your neglect. Are you not too fond of self-indulgence? Do you not prefer your warm parlour, cheerful fire, and exhilarating glass, to the vestry-room, the Bible, and the social meeting for prayer? I am afraid you do. But I will not be uncharitable; do you think over the matter, "*turn over a new leaf*," and either fill up your place, or resign your office, assigning the true reason for your doing so.

\* Extracted, by permission, from "The Pulpit Library," vol. ii., printed in very large type, for aged persons.

There is JACOB SWIFT, he cannot afford to subscribe to the cause of God; other people must build the house of prayer, pay for its being kept clean, warm, and comfortable, and they must support the minister too. Jacob likes a comfortable seat, and you will generally find him in one of the best; but if you ask him to subscribe to the support of the cause, or the missionary society, or to the Bible or tract societies, he assures you that he cannot afford it. Nor would you question the truth of his statement, if you knew how much he spends weekly out of his wages on tobacco and strong drink. Jacob, Jacob, it is quite time that you "*turned over a new leaf.*" Smoking is injuring your brain, and drink is undermining your character, and you are forming habits which will let out all your spirituality, if you have any; or will ruin your soul, if you have not. Tamper not with temptation any longer, give up your injurious and expensive habits, and you will be able to do much good, and in so doing will enjoy much comfort and peace. If Paul would say to a thief, "Let him that stole steal no more, but rather let him labour, working with his hands that which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth," I would say to the man who, by smoking and drinking, so impoverishes himself that he cannot discharge his duties to the church and the world, "Let him that smokes and drinks, smoke and drink no more, but rather let him abstain, that he may have wherewith to do good to others, and glorify God." Jacob, take my advice, break thy pipe, cast away thy tobacco-box, drink no more than is absolutely necessary for thy health; or "*turn over a new leaf;*" it will be for thy good and God's glory.

EVAN SOLOMON is a good man, but he is weak. He fancies himself to be well taught of God, and of some importance in the Church. He can pray, converse, and pass muster among his fellows as a true Christian. But either he is deficient in knowledge, or principle, or confidence in God; for he grieves his fellow-members by yielding to the promises or threats of his fellow-men. He cannot, or will not, commit himself to God, determine to do right, and act up to his principles, let the consequences be as they may. He thinks—"If I should lose my trade, or if I should displease my customers, or if I should have my ground taken away, what shall I do?" He professes to trust God with his soul, but he cannot trust him for the body; he talks of trusting God for eternity, but he cannot trust him for time. If there is a political contest, you are almost sure to find Solomon on the wrong side; by his practice condemning his principles. He has no doubt some difficulty in quieting his conscience, but as Satan is always ready to assist in deceiving those who are willing to be deceived, he is much more ready to help them who wish to deceive themselves. I am afraid the time will come when such characters will find out their mistake. I would advise all such to "*turn over a new leaf;*" and either change their principles or their practices, that so both may square together. The words of Jesus are solemn words: "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon!"

SARAH ALDRIDGE is always late when she attends the public worship of God. Except she thought the place would be crowded, so that she could not get her own comfortable seat, you would never see her there in time. I am afraid things were not very orderly at home, for I always fancy, if people are orderly in their families, they will be orderly out of them; but surely no one will say it is orderly to come into the house of prayer ten or twenty minutes after the service has commenced. Such conduct interrupts the minister, disturbs the congregation, and insults God. Now though there are very few but may occasionally be compelled by circumstances to come in after the service has commenced, there are none that are compelled to be always behind. My friend Sarah is destitute of good manners, has not a sufficient measure of self-respect, and forgets the duty that she owes to others, and to God. I should advise her to "*turn over a new leaf;*" to rise a little earlier, sit less time over her meals, do no more on the Lord's day than is necessary, and, above all, make it a matter of conscience to be always in her place before the service begins. Distracted as our minds frequently are, we should be in time to unite in the first prayer, beseeching God to collect our thoughts, calm our minds, and fill us with devotional

feelings. And loaded as we are with the Divine benefits, we should be present to join in the first hymn, and so express our gratitude to God for his mercies. Reader, if you have contracted the habit of being late at worship, "*turn over a new leaf*;" and turn it over at once.

JANE ELLIOT, I have observed, has become very fond of dress of late; I am sure she dresses above her station, and spends more money in finery than her wages will justify. She seems to forget that God has given precepts to regulate the dress of his people; they are not to adorn themselves with gold, pearls, or *costly array*, but to dress as becometh women professing godliness; wearing the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. When the love of dress creeps in, the concern to please God, and to honour the Lord Jesus Christ, departs. Spiritual persons will not be anxious to be in the height of the fashion, much less will they spend that money in dress that ought to be given to supply the widow's wants, to dry the orphan's tears, or to spread the everlasting Gospel over the face of the earth. Religion does not require us to make ourselves singular in point of dress; but it does teach us to live within our income, and to inquire how much of that income may justly be spent in dress, before we spend it; or, as Solomon says, it teaches us to "*guide our affairs with discretion*." There are many professing Christians, especially among our servants, whom I should like to recommend to "*turn over a new leaf*." They would look much nicer, be respected much more, and enjoy more of Divine things, if they dressed plainer, or more in accordance with the situation in which God has placed them.

CHRISTINA ADAMS is one of a class who has sat under the Word for years, has often trembled at the threatenings of the Lord, and been affected with the invitations of the Gospel. She has often determined to give her heart to God, but has put it off. She is fond of trifling companions, indulges in foolish conversation, and stifles the convictions of her soul. Very often, in times past, it may have been said to her, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." She has been heard weeping and praying in her bedroom; she has been terribly alarmed in a storm of thunder and lightning; but again she has yielded to temptation, and I am afraid she is becoming "*hardened through the deceitfulness of sin*." Christina, listen to me, and take my advice—"turn over a new leaf;" give up your gay and giddy companions, and set your heart to seek God. Daily go upon your knees and pray for the Holy Spirit, which God has promised to every one that asks him. Fix your mind upon the Lord Jesus Christ, believing all that you read of him in his Word; place confidence in him, and solemnly commit your soul to him, that he may cleanse it in his blood, sanctify it by his Spirit, justify it by his righteousness, and so save it for evermore. It would be a sad thing for you, after having heard the Word for so many years, after having been impressed so many times, after being on the very threshold of the kingdom of God, to be lost for ever. But you will be, you must be, except you "*turn over a new leaf*." Turn it over, then, Christina, or whoever reads these lines, and is in such a state; nor rest until salvation is enjoyed in your heart.

But I must proceed no further, for if he that despiseth reproof erreth, he that carries his reproofs to an undue length erreth too. In many things we offend all, and I am sure the writer, as well as the reader, has much cause, in many respects, to "*turn over a new leaf*." Conscience has spoken more than once, while I have been penning these lines, and Satan has suggested once or twice, "In so saying, thou condemnest thyself." Well, let me condemn myself, if I deserve it, and let me write what condemns myself; if by so doing I may benefit others. May the Lord, in his great mercy, show us all wherein we are wrong, set our hearts against whatever is displeasing to himself, cleanse us thoroughly from the guilt of all our past sins, give us grace that in future we may live more like the Lord Jesus, and so, not only talk read, or write about it, but really and in good truth "**TURN OVER A NEW LEAF.**"

## JEHOVAH JIREH.

BY REV. JOHN COX, AUTHOR OF "OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST."

"They thirsted not when he led them through the desert."—Isa. xlvi. 21.

How good it is to be under God's guidance !  
 "There is no want to them that fear him."  
 Those who surrender themselves up to him  
 are made independent of circumstances.  
 These facts are demonstrated by the past  
 history of God's people, and they are written  
 for the encouragement of those who came  
 after. This is particularly the case with  
 Israel's journey through the wilderness. It  
 is full of instruction, warning, consolation,  
 and encouragement.

For a long time they were in the desert.  
 This was a "dangerous and a tiresome  
 place." Yet was it better to them than  
 Egypt, the land of slavery and idolatry,  
 from which they came, though not so good  
 as Canaan, to which they were going. In  
 the desert they had a deliverance to look  
 back upon, a promise to lean upon, and a  
 home to look forward to. And, best of all,  
 "God was with them" to be their guide,  
 "to lead them as a father doth his son,"  
 "to bear them as on eagles' wings." He  
 was almighty and allwise, and wrote out  
 his perfections in their history. He did not  
 consult them about the way, but gave them  
 free leave to come to him at all times; and  
 for all their wants he sent supplies. One  
 thing in particular is mentioned, and this is

constantly referred to: the plentiful supply  
 of water which they obtained. This was  
 the thing most needed, and most improba-  
 ble. Reason would have said, "So many  
 persons in the desert *must* perish for thirst."  
 "But they thirsted not." For thirty-eight  
 years we do not hear one complaint of the  
 want of water. "They drank of the rock  
 that followed them." "*That rock was  
 Christ.*" Having him with us, we too can  
 rise above circumstances, fears, and foes.  
 The grace in him is sufficient for us. "He  
 giveth us living water," and will soon bring  
 us out of the wilderness, and lead us to the  
 living fountains of water above.

The rich provision of God and the ex-  
 perience of Israel should encourage us now  
 to act with faith in God's promises—to  
 hope in him in all straits and difficulties;  
 and animate us to praise that God who  
 sends us supplies so suited to our circum-  
 stances, and so expressive of his goodness.

I thirst, but not as once I did,  
 The vain delight of earth to share;  
 Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid  
 That I should seek my pleasures there.  
 I want that grace that springs from thee,  
 That quickens all things where it flows,  
 And makes a barren thorn like me  
 Bloom as the myrtle or the rose.

## A NEW YEAR'S PROMISE.\*

BY THE REV. C. STANFORD, OF CAMBERWELL.

Lead thou me on.  
 Keep thou my feet, I do not ask to see  
 The distant scene; one step enough for me.  
 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou  
 Shouldst lead me on;  
 I loved to choose and see my path, but now,  
 Lead thou me on.  
 I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,  
 Pride ruled my will.

Remember not past years,  
 So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still  
 Will lead me on,  
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
 The night is gone;  
 And with the morn, those angel-faces smile  
 Which I have loved long since,  
 And lost awhile.

"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."—Exodus xxxiii. 14.

TO-DAY we stand on the solemn frontiers  
 of a new year. Pilgrims through time,  
 unlike pilgrims through space, most of  
 necessity be ignorant of the region before  
 them. We have no maps to consult; no  
 reports of previous explorers to study; and  
 can climb no "mount of vision," which  
 commands the prospect of our future path.

What sights we shall see, what adventures  
 we shall meet, or how near we are to that  
 spot where we must cross the deeps of  
 death, touch the shores of immortality, and  
 learn the secrets of the spirit world, are  
 things which no glance of thought can open,  
 and which no prophet is permitted to  
 foretell. Although these facts are the same

\* From "Central Truths," an admirable volume for presentation at this season of the year, just issued from the press of Mr. Unwin, of Bucklersbury.



on every other day as they are on this, they naturally startle and arrest us with a new sense of their reality, when we are, as now, gliding over one of the lines which measure out our life, and are entering upon a new stage of the way. It is an appropriate time for new praises, resolves, and hopes, but it is also a time when the mystery of the future is likely to give new trouble to the spirit, and fill it with restless and apprehensive thought.

"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." This is "a word in season to every one who is weary." Let no poor trembler who casts himself on God's sure truth and unspeakable affection, fear that it is not for him. A promise like this, having relation to elements of good, which are not merely circumstantial or temporary, but which are equally essential in every age, in every age retains its force. It will never become a dead letter from its antiquity; and although addressed in the first instance to a certain individual believer, all who are alike believers may claim it in a time of similar necessity, because all believers in all times sustain the same relation to God—one life circulates in all, and they are members of one "body." The promise given to Joshua was also meant for Paul;\* the promise given to Moses was also meant for us. There it is on the page, waiting for appropriation. It is as surely ours as if, like the message of the shepherds at Bethlehem, it came to us, with stroke of light and rush of mystic music, straight from the eternal throne.

I. Let us ask in what sense God has said, "My presence shall go with thee." In one sense this is true both with regard to "him that feareth God, and to him that feareth him not." Go where we will, he is with us, and the place whereon we stand is always "holy ground." The laws, the harmonies, and the forms of nature, are only the modes of his agency, the habits of his existence, and the turns of his thought. Each dew-drop holds an oracle, each bud a revelation, and everything we see is the signal of a living spirit, present, but out of sight. Every whisper of the secret wind that bloweth where it listeth; every colour of the dawning or the dying light; every aspect of the changing seasons; and all the mysteries of electricity, of vital growth, or of human thought, should make us feel that the Eternal Presence is as close upon the

soul as the breeze upon the brow, and may well wake up the cry, "Surely, God is in this place. O Lord, thou art very great! The rolling year is full of thee. Whither can I go from thy Spirit, and whither can I flee from thy presence?"

Wherever creation is, God is, though man may be far away. "Shores," says one, "on which man has never landed lie paved with shells; fields which his foot has never trod are carpeted with flowers; seas where he has never dived are inlaid with pearls; and caverns which he has never mined are radiant with gems of finest forms and purest lustre." These things are not unseen. The solitude where there seems to be no watchful eye, and no listening ear, overflows with the glory of a thinking, loving, ruling Presence, for God is there, rejoicing in the work of his own hands, and is "doing all things after the counsel of his own will." His Shekinah is hid within the veil, but his train fills the temple; and could our thoughts fly beyond the precincts of created nature, they would find him even there, for though all things else are limited he is infinite. We cannot, in life or in death, travel out of his presence, however we may long to find a shade that can screen us from an eye so piercing, and a light so clear.

Since God is everywhere, in what sacred and peculiar sense is he present to the believing heart? "Lord, how is it that thou dost manifest thyself to us, as thou dost not to the world?" The principle on which he does so, is illustrated by some of the common facts of life. A man is present to his friend, as he is not to a stranger, though he may be at the same moment speaking to both. The light which floods the landscape with a deluge of beauty is present to him who sees it, as it is not to the blind man walking at his side. Music, though it may ripple round the deafened ear, is only present to him who hears it. The discourse of the naturalist on his experiments, of the scholar on his books, of the mathematician who is talking with raptures on the beauties of a theorem, will bring things into the presence of initiated listeners, which are still remote from the minds of those in the very same company who have no sympathy with the theme. So, "two women may be grinding at a mill;" two men may be in the field;" one a believer, the other an unbeliever; and although the Great Spirit is near to them both, there is a sense in which he is present to the one as he is not to the other; for, in the case of the believer, the causes of estrangement have been taken away, a new

\* Compare Joshua i. 5, with Hebrews xiii. 5.

relation exists, a new life has been born, and God is present as a friend, whose love has been accepted, and whose conversation is understood with all the intelligence of a kindred nature.

11. In what sense does the presence of God give rest?

1. *It tends to give rest from the terror incident to a state of condemnation.* How many are in these circumstances now? How many at this moment are vainly seeking rest—rest from the dismay excited by the first discovery of their helpless sinful—rest from anxious forebodings—rest from the weary labour of a life consumed in trying to expiate sin, or to excuse it, or to forget its existence!

“Come unto me, all ye who labour and are heavy laden!” When we have obeyed this voice, and sought the sheltering presence of that Saviour who utters it, whose death has exhausted the penal sorrow to which we were sentenced, whose righteousness supplies our title to eternal life, and through whom alone the inconceivable God makes himself known to man—the promise is fulfilled, “I will give you rest.”

Nothing need alarm us now. We live in the full sunshine of all those perfections which are represented by the great word—“God.” We need no longer wish to deify the separate attribute of love, nor try, as perhaps we once tried, to believe that God is only infinite love personified. We may rejoice, not only in the presence of love, but holiness smiles upon us, justice sanctions our salvation, and the law confirms it. Salvation is a settled thing; pardon is a past act, and not merely a future possibility. When, day by day, we apply for forgiveness, this is but the daily appropriation of that which is already granted, and the successive expression of that faith which is now the habit of our existence. Perhaps we only faintly appreciate our true position. God is with us, but we hardly know it; we therefore know not yet how rich we are; how happy we ought to be, or how true it is, that “we which have believed *do* enter into rest.” Let us make this fresh “beginning of days” the beginning of a “closer walk with God;” and seek, through the cultivation of a faith more vivid, the enjoyment of a composure more serene.

2. The presence of God will give rest from the anguish which springs from a discordant nature. There must be an inward, as well as an outward change, in order to complete our peace. Not the warring ele-

ments above the surface, but those beneath it, make the earthquake. It is not the crushing pressure from without alone, but the stormy force within, that creates the anguish of the conscience. Everything we need to secure that peace which the world cannot give, is secured by the promise, “My presence shall go with thee;” for that tranquil presence does not merely attend us—it enters the very soul, and sheds its benedictions there. Christians! God is nearer to us than our nearest friend; nearer to us than Christ himself would be, if we *only* felt the touch of his hand and the sweep of his vesture, for he takes up his abode *within* us. He dwells within us as a pitying, purifying friend, to kindle celestial light in our darkness, to speak to us with a still, small voice, to bow the will into cheerful, chosen subjection to himself, and by removing the causes of discord, and restoring the equilibrium of the soul, to give us peace at the very seat of life.

3. The presence of God will tend to give rest from the cravings of an unsatisfied spirit. The spirit, like the body, requires not only freedom, not only health, but food—food suited to its noble nature. If no provision were made for the hunger and thirst of the spirit, and no appropriate sphere assigned for it, it would still be wakeful with the torture of its disappointed faculties, and weary for its native home.

Mere material good can never satisfy a mental nature, nor mere mental good a nature which is born, not for thought alone, but for love, for worship, and for heaven. Well might Augustine say, “O Lord, thou hast made us for thyself; and our hearts are restless till they rest in thee!” If we understand this promise, and are ready to receive what God has in these words declared himself ready to bestow, we have found that which will satisfy the mighty want of our life; we have found the “Desire of all nations;” we have found him who has said, “He that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.”

4. The presence of God will tend to give us rest from the distraction felt amidst un congenial scenes and associations. We are naturally more alive to his presence in some scenes than in others. Since the world is the sphere in which the greater portion of our existence must be spent, the field where the fight of faith is fought, and the enterprises of conscience carried on, can this be unconsecrated ground; and must we indeed go

out from the presence of man, if we would go into the presence of God? \* Surely not; for he has said, "My presence shall go with thee." Recollect his presence, and listen for his voice. Know that when your hand is upon the ledger, your eye upon the balance, and your mind strained to its utmost tension in the crisis of duty or the conflict of skill, you speak in his audience, act under his inspection, and may, if you will, be quickened with his inspiring strength. Feel that you have a Mentor, a Prompter, a Comforter, infinite in all his adorable perfections, and nearer than the nearest life that you can see; that you can turn to him at any moment, and look to him in every climax of embarrassment;—feel this, as you have a right to feel it, and then, will you not have rest?

If God indeed be with us now and with us everywhere, although the senses may be only alive to the distractions of an uncongenial sphere, we dwell in the court of the King; and if we seek it, there will be "rest for our souls" there, for he is the "Prince of Peace."

5. The presence of God will tend to give rest from the *disquietude which results from want of human sympathy*. We yearn for sympathy, and soon become weary and spiritless without it. We need the presence of some being with whom we can exchange ideas, and who will receive the confidence of our most secret life; whose quick, responsive, appreciating spirit will be sure to know us, although "the world knoweth us not," and whose glance of intelligence will rightly interpret us, even in those seasons of gloom and perplexity when we misinterpret ourselves.

Many a child in an unbelieving family, whose faith blooms like "a lily amongst thorns," which lacerate the beauty they conceal; many a Christian mechanic amongst his scoffing comrades; and many a student amongst his sceptical companions; may be at this moment ready to say, "No one understands me. 'No man careth for my soul.' I have thoughts which are as a fire shut up within me, but they must remain unspoken. I can pour my sorrows into no human ear. I am assailed with unbidden

doubts, which constantly bring me to a stand, and make pauses in the process of conviction, but which, if known, would only bring upon me the brand of infidelity."

But One there is above all others, who understands the sick and suffering spirit; who has himself felt the "heart of a stranger;" who, in the days of his flesh, "trod the wine-press alone," and was heard to say, "I am alone, yet I am not alone, for the Father is with me."

6. The presence of God will tend to give rest from *apprehensions regarding the future*. Moses was struck with consternation, for he knew that God might righteously withdraw his presence, suspend the action of those miracles by which they had hitherto been fed and guided, and leave them to die in the deep eternal silence of the desert. To calm these fears and give his troubled spirit rest, Jehovah said, "My presence shall go with thee."

We are as immediately dependent upon God as were those tribes in the trackless, shadeless waste. Our life is, moment by moment, as much at his mercy—our bread is as much the gift of his power, as was theirs; whether our supplies come in some flash of miracle, or through a million intervening agencies, they come from him, and from him alone. When he gives the showers and sunbeams that melt the snow-wreath, tempt forth the tender leaf, and mature the golden grain; when he gives us work to do and power to do it; when he gives those affections of parent or friend which nurse us in our feebleness or feed us in our want—he gives us our daily bread as truly as if he gave it from the clouds. "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us."

But now, perhaps, you have your misgivings. Bleak sights without, bleak thoughts within; winter in the scenery, winter in the soul, winter everywhere, may combine to make this a dreary day to you. Times may be hard; old age may be coming on; and freezing fears of helpless debt may turn your heart into ice. But only let the Lord be "your shepherd," and you will not want. Christ's messages to the poor disciple who is troubled for the future (Luke xii.), were meant especially for you, and have as much particular directness of appeal as if spoken in confidence to you alone.

Sometimes disquieting thoughts will arise, not from fear of want, but from doubt as to the true path of duty. "A sound heart is the best casuist," says Mr. Cecil; but this can only be maintained by communion with

\* "Thy spirit is around,  
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along;  
And this eternal sound—  
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng,  
Like the resounding sea,  
Or, like the rainy tempest, speaks of thee."  
BRANT.

God. His constant presence will impart to your spirit a delicate holiness of feeling—a faculty of perception, fine, sensitive, and accurate as instinct—which will be sure in the main to lead you right, and thus God will be your guide. Be at rest, for though you may take a wrong step, you will not take a wrong course. Be at rest, for although your way may be rough, it will be right. Be at rest, for even though you are blind, and can but slowly feel your way, the all-seeing Spirit is with you, “leading the blind by a way they know not.” There is a mountain-pass in Switzerland over which the traveller is conducted blindfold. He might lose his footing if he caught but one bewildering glimpse of the chasm below. In like manner, a wise love conceals from us those circumstances that might distract our attention from the immediate line of duty, and withholds the knowledge that might occasion bewilderment and a fall. We are led along by sympathetic conduct with God’s own Spirit; and our safety depends not on our clear vision of the way, but on our firm grasp of the guiding hand; for “we walk by faith, and not by sight.” Let us then be at rest.

The presence of God with us now is the pledge of perfect rest in the next life. Our present rest, though real, is not perfect. The presence of God has a tendency to create it, but we are in the presence of a thousand other elements which have a tendency to interrupt it. It is soothing to know that “there is now no condemnation to them that

are in Christ Jesus;” but it is the rest of the justified, and not yet the rest of the glorified.

If we are but assured of his presence with us now, by the earnest of his Spirit and the tokens of his love, although a prophet were commissioned to say to each of us, “This year thou shalt die!” we know that we shall only die into immortality; and death to us would be but the death of sin, the death of temptation, the death of every alarm and every calamity, and would be the introduction to perfect and eternal rest. “For there remaineth a rest for the people of God.”

The rest which God has to give, is not a selfish and a useless thing, but a thing eminently noble and practical. It is that sedate patience, that tranquil strength, that grand, patrician calm, peculiar to those who live every day in the best society, not of earth merely, but of heaven; and who acquire, through their walk with God, power to see things calmly, to do things calmly, and to bear things calmly. Seek it, that you may give your undivided powers to the service of the Redeemer; and that, through the enjoyment of more rest, you may put forth more efficient action. Try, in your measure, to be like those blessed spirits who combine the profoundest repose with the divinest activity; who “rest,” but “rest not;” and who cry, day and night, with all the powers of life as well as language, “Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come!”

## TRAITS OF TROUBLOUS TIMES.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF THE REV. MR. JOHN HICKS, AN EJECTED NON-CONFORMIST MINISTER, 1670-1.

TRANSCRIBED BY JANE BOWRING CHANCH.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### *The Field Meeting and the Conventicle.*

TROUBLE now leaves daily traces in my memory, by which I can reckon time near as well without as with a calendar; and, by one of these same sorrowful tokens, I mind 'tis three weeks ago this very night, that, as usual, under cover of the darkness, my wife and I got home safe from Surley Butte. Our clothes were mire and dank, for the heavy rain had soaked them thoroughly; and by reason of standing in this plight such long time in the field, my limbs ached and shivered so, I feared I was going to fall sick.

A month before, the brethren designed convene a meeting at this our old spot; but the spies were so thick about they durst not risk it; and when they did venture, we stole away singly or in pairs. As many as three seen together in company might have set them upon our track. Though John Lucas was believed to be out of the town, Master Beare was known to be at his own house.

On reaching the place appointed, I found several persons gathered there waiting my arrival; some of them I had not had speech with for months, and these gave me greeting so glad, yet, alack! so sorrowful, I was moved almost to

weeping. They had set a large stone for me to stand upon while preaching, and on this first kneeling down, I lifted up my voice in prayer. Just as I had made an end of praying, the black and gloomy clouds let fall great drops of rain, which quickly became a torrent that drenched us miserably. Scarce a quarter-mile distant was a barn; but, though empty, we knew we must not venture there. The sight of its warm thatch roof and mud walls, plainly discernible where I stood, begat in me at this moment a lively and strong desire for shelter—not on my own account (God forbid!) but for sake of the women and weaker aged folk standing around, meek and patient, in wet cloaks and doublets sodden with the rain; so that I groaned inwardly, "How long wilt thou forget us, O Lord? how long wilt thou hide thy face from us?" Yet though the flood showed no token of abating, all present signed me to go on, and, being greatly heartened by their steadfastness, I spake a good while from these words: "Thou, O Lord, art in the midst of us, and we are called by thy name; leave us not." And soon I warmed comfortably with my subject, so that to me it no longer mattered—and judging by the earnest faces of those a-listening, it mattered not to them either—whether 'twas fair sunshiu or foul weather. 'Tis true, more than once a gust of wind, sweeping and rustling among the trees, made the women start, and, the better to hearken, push their hoods back from their ears. I sometimes fear I may not always be let keep mine by the sides of my head. But, God be thanked, the enemy lay still, and this time gave us no disturbance.

Our good wives and sisters continue to help us greatly by their prayers, zeal, discreetness, and wonderful patience under suffering. If the "weaker vessels" in febleness of body, I am not ashamed to confess, in all other matters they approve themselves *our* equals: and here I make note, from my own private observes, that those among the sisters who prate most fluently—and few there be of womankind without a sort of natural gift that way—are not of so choice a spirit as they who say little, and that little modestly, and with reluctance to be heard speaking. These last are sure to be found the best minders of their homes and business, serving their husbands in love to the uttermost, and are exceeding particular careful in looking after and training their young children, doing all things in fear of the Lord. Yea, at times, with some confusion as well as wonderment, I have been inclined to conceit that gracious women, let them be never so burthened with work-a-day cares—and religion hindereth not, but rather inciteth to a more exact performance of all needful household duties—do show keener zeal and relish, and more lively enjoyment, in our assemblies for worship together, and other

solemn exercises, than their husbands and brothers. Taken generally, the very nature of woman seems to me finer, more spiritualized, and *devoted* than man's; and what I shall now jot down, in my opinion goes some way to prove it:—At those seasons, in days less troublous, when we were wont to gather regularly in our meeting-house, not only for Sabbath preaching (which I except), but also prayer among the brethren, expounding Scripture, and the like, the larger number of they who were present most-times proved to be sisters. On a certain occasion, I mind noting the unseemly odds of near two hoods to one wig.

The chill it turned out I had taken at the field-meeting kept me in-doors for some days, and shivering like one stricken with an ague, till I was fain to say, "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint." My good wife prepared and zealously administered a potion which, had any quacksalver given it, I should have conceited must be designed to make the man who swallowed it sicker than he was before, for to the palate 'twas bitter enow; however, by God's blessing, not long after the taking the the physic, I began to mend; and while slowly pacing my chamber, meditating upon the subject of my next sermon, and turning over in my thoughts when and where 'twas likely the Lord would see fit direct me to deliver it, who should glad us with a visit but Master Hope? The smile upon his cheery face spoke of good news, ere his tongue could utter it; and the first, and by far the best, was that Sir William Bastarde—of whom more anon—was daily expected at his seat of Garston, near Kingsbridge; the next that John Lucas had been seen leave his house very early in the morning, and go in the direction of Master Beare's, from whence 'twas known for certain this well-matched pair, in a very private manner, rode away together, with intent (Lucas's wife Joan whispered to her gossip, who lost no time in sending the matter a little further) of not returning till after the morrow.

"Female folk," said Master Hope, "how much soever they may differ in temper or conditions, are pretty much alike in this particular—the being sure to let the cat jump out o' the bag. I know them well," quoth he, conceitedly.

Alack! it never entered mind so artless as his that the tongue of a liar was here employed for none other purpose than to lure us into the snare our enemies had laid for us.

"You are still," he went on, "too disordered, Maseer Hicks, to preach out o' doors," (an I felt I was,) "but the brethren wish not to lose this most excellent opportunity"—meaning the alleged absence of our inveterate foe—"of assembling themselves at any hour you shall name at my house."

"Nay," said I, "rather let it be here; then if

a danger should follow—" and I looked round upon my bare-stripped walls.

"By this time we reckon," replied Master Hope, "there is a good forty miles—and I would 'twere forty thousand—betwixt us and Master Beare and his trusty servant, for we guess the road they've taken. Squire Reynells is a-bed, by reason of his gout, and cannot move a leg."

"And our good neighbours, Master Hope," interrupted I, "after the pitiful, friendly spirit they've shown, will never turn informers, and some of them may be among us at the meeting. A good seed, brother, hath been sown in the hearts of certain I could name, which giveth promise of bearing blessed fruit hereafter."

"Then I will order it as you desire," said Master Hope; and straightway he departed to tell the folk that very early on the morrow they might venture up the well-known garden-path, and, with little dread of molestation, once more gather under my poor roof.

That the dear souls a-hungering for the Bread of Life I along with other ministers had been wont to break to them—and in so doing be richly fed ourselves—are very anxious to profit by each scanty and uncertain time for worship we can now avail ourselves of, was shown by our back chamber (the largest we have), shortly after 'twas light, being filled so full that several persons were forced to stand upon the stairs. Dear Master Christian Jellinger entered, looking cheerfuller than usual; and, as I noted his white hairs and failing strength, a thought came over me like a presentiment, that, of all present, how much was he the nearest heaven. At a little distance from him sate a buxom wife, by name Cicely Pickweather, and whose tongue upon occasion, I do believe, can wag as fast as e'er the wing of a swallow can fly. Though neither ill-natured, nor otherwise unagreeable, Mistress Pickweather hath wrought some little mischief in the Church, through her vain desire—being a kind of she Diotrepes—to "have the pre-eminence;" and while striving to be thought of note and consequence, by her own talk soon discovereth herself at bottom to be a very shallow person. Now, regardless both of place and season, she must needs essay to gain the ear of Master Jellinger; but he, turning his head gently, yet resolutely, quite another way, fixed his deep grey eyes—which most-times did seem a-looking at what nobody else could see—on a portion of the sky discernible from our window, still ruddy, by reason of the newly-risen sun, who, coming "like a bridegroom out of his chamber," the crimsoned east, left, as he rose higher in the heavens, a track of brightness behind him, which seemed a path of light leading up to those gates not "shut at all by day." And this radiant parting in the clouds, Master Jellinger regarded as intently as if he were a

traveller then about to thread that glorious unknown way.

Meanwhile, Mistress Pickweather, balked in her forward attempt to engage him in converse, singled out next a bashful young country maid, sitting on the same bench, in kirtle of sad-coloured stuff, coarse straw hat, and with basket and pattens by her side; for this good girl had walked miles through a lonesome, miry road, that morn'ing, in order to be present at our meeting. The advances of busy Mistress Pickweather she responded to so innocently, and with such exceeding respect, that the former, quite elated at finding so meek a listener, began to hold forth in a manner which made it necessary for us to commence the service without delay.

An hour—it appeared like a moment spent in a better world than this—was passed in alternate exercise of prayer and exhortation. Master Jellinger could not speak much, but what he did say—though a man never exact in his composure—sunk deep into our hearts, and will be long remembered, for 'twas the spiritual, Divine language of one far more nearly akin to heaven than earth.

After this fine, tranquil breathing, Master Hope, who is of a gladsome nature, actually proposed our singing a hymn. There was a brief demurring among the prudentest; at length they consented; but, afore it was begun, my thoughts were drawn away an instant by the sweet, clear notes of a bird perched upon the extreme top of the thorn-tree in our garden. Methought the little, happy chorister warbled forth a matin of praise and gratitude more acceptable to his Maker than cloistered monk or nun had ever learned to chant; and he did appear so to enjoy *the liberty* of pouring out the gladness of his heart in song, as, at hour like that, could not fail touch mine sensibly.

Master Hope, in a sort of pleasing rapture, then pitched the tune, and we sung, "Thy mercies, Lord, for aye endure," with voices at first low and quavering—we knew we were doing a very bold thing—but, as our confidence increased, they grew steadier; and if, for lack of practice, we did get somewhat queerly out o' measure of the time, yet were our hearts knit in accord so harmonious, that I doubt not those feeble notes mingled acceptably with the songs and harpings of the angels above. A humble lay brother of "low estate" next prayed. Of scholarly learning he knoweth very little, but his soul is replete with "the wisdom that cometh from above." This Enoch Trueman's life doth seem more "hid with Christ in God," more mortified in carnal affections, than almost any other man's I wot of; and I count it a precious privilege to know and be joined with him in Christian fellowship. And lo, as he prayed, the Holy Spirit gave him such grand, earnest utterance of what filled his soul, as light fills a temple, even to overflowing,

A power did seem to tremble upon his lips which minded me of that vouchsafed the captain of the hosts of Israel, who commanded, and "the sun stood still, and the moon stayed" in her course; or the mighty prophet, at whose word fire came from the Lord, and rain fell in abundance from heaven.

How all feeling of our present oppressed, miserable condition, was lost, as the glories of an eternal future unrolled themselves before our ravished sense! The Angel of the Covenant was overshadowing us with his wings, though mortal eyes might not behold their awful splendours; and the stifled sob, the fervent response, or the rapt silence of the assembled worshippers, told how deeply, according to their several capacities, they were affected. Yea, mere children as yet in years did show, according to the imperfect nature of their small experience, that they too felt something not to be expressed by common words and emotions, as the cry of this "man of God" went up from among us. I noted one, "the only son of his mother," and she too a widow—and 'tis plain to many beside myself, our sister, a truly gracious woman in other particulars, doth err concerning this child, and is, I fear, unmindful of the Apostle's injunction, "Keep yourselves from idols;" for in her young son's slightness of frame, and the red burning spot on either of his cheeks, there are tokens which tell me her earthly punishment is preparing by Him who is "a jealous God," and will have the whole heart; that a worm is already gnawing at the root of the gourd, in whose hoped-for shadow she expecteth to find future solace and delight.

I watched this boy pluck gently his mother's mourning cloak, and when she turned, he, fixing his large, over-bright eyes upon her mild, tearful face, said softly, "Will Christ, sweet mother, count us worthy to suffer like the holy martyrs Master Trueman spake of—they who bear the palms, and wear the golden crowns? Ah, would I were among them!"

"Peace, my child," she answered, in a hurried voice; "and, dear heart, speak not to me again in this wise."

Then I moved aside, for their low murmured talk affected me.

But Mistress Pickweather must now forsooth (with a voice they on the stairs might hear) declare that, for her part, if death were to summon her that very instant, she felt more than ready—yea, would rejoice at thought of leaving

a world which she had found nought save a desert and a howling wilderness, whose paths were beset with pitfalls, and also very full of thorns. Yet, so far, few have had a smoother road, in regard to things temporal, than this same velvet friend of ours. And rumour saith she hath not failed both use and enjoy them pretty comfortably. "The words, 'Fear not,'" pursued Mistress Pickweather, "are the most fitting, I conceit, for myself, which can be thought upon. All doubts I cast behind me; indeed, I never was troubled with many. What say you, Mistress Hicks?"

I lost part of my wife's answer, as she spoke very low, yet caught the conclusion. "I feel I am so weak, that I pray daily to be preserved from ever becoming tempted like Peter to deny our Heavenly Master, or ashamed to suffer for his cause."

"Sheer want of confidence," retorted Pickweather briskly; "you lack the faith of assurance" (here Master Jellinger gave a short dry cough); "and we all know," continued this prating dame—and she smiled with immenseself-complacency—some believers have a much larger portion of grace than others. Ye are ware, my sister, a small poor vessel"—and her eyes fell disparagingly upon the young country maid, who happening to look up and meet them, blushed deeply—"cannot be expected to hold the same noble measure as a great one."

"Yet it may be every whit as full," quoth my wife, with displeasure; and taking the hand of the girl affectionately, said, in a pretty, soothing manner, "Of ourselves alone, what can the best, the bravest of us do? Why, nothing—absolutely nothing."

"Good mistress," answered the humble creature, brushing away a tear, "my cry to the Lord is, 'What time I am afraid I will trust in thee.'"

"Thou couldst not have a better," was my hearty rejoinder; and thinking that to a person so wise in her own conceit as Mistress Pickweather some rebuke was highly needful, I read, as impressively as I could, the second chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Philippians, and proceeded to make a few closing remarks, but I was interrupted almost at the first, by a woman on the stair-head screaming out—

"Master Beare and the constables are coming."

"They are here!" answered the voice of John Lucas, with a hoarse chuckle.

(To be continued.)

## THE WIFE'S CROSS.

THE Christian experiences related without premeditation at a prayer-meeting have often a more powerful effect than the most elaborate discourses, delivered with all the graces of both rhetoric and elocution.

The writer's mind was much affected a short time back by the following recital at a social meeting.

In a port town, not many miles from Boston, reside the family of a sea-captain, who, though

an excellent husband, and upright and worthy citizen, could not say with a free conscience that he felt a personal interest in the religion of Christ.

For a period of eight or nine years, his wife had seen the necessity of speaking to him on this important matter, but could never get the moral courage to open her mind to him on the subject in the way she wished. Every time that he went on a voyage, or that gales of wind would remind her of the dangers to which he was exposed, she would upbraid herself with neglect of duty, and resolve with God's help to comply with the calls of her conscience as soon as he returned.

Again and again those promises were made and broken, till the spirits of the lady became very much depressed by reason of the load she bore upon her mind continually, both while her husband was present, enjoying the comforts of the family circle, or away at sea, buffeting the waves for "the bread that perisheth."

A few months ago another opportunity was afforded this affectionate wife to unburden her heart. Her partner returned in high health and spirits, having made a quick and prosperous voyage, with cheering prospects of future employment. A few days passed, and the vessel was again laden and about to sail. It was the stormy season of the year. Equinoctial gales were of course to be expected, and the wife observed or fancied a degree of nervousness about the captain which was very unusual.

The hour for his departure was at hand. It was evening, and early on the morrow he proposed to sail. Again the wife's heart smote her, and her vows came up before her in painful array. She retired to her chamber, and poured out her soul in earnest prayer. She begged for strength. She entreated the Lord to give her courage. She implored him to be with her in this effort she was about to make for the conversion of her husband's soul. She confessed her shortcomings and omissions hitherto, and in agony of mind besought her heavenly Father's forgiveness for opportunities lost.

She then repaired to the room where her husband was sitting, examining his papers preparatory to the voyage. Blowing out the light, for she felt she could not speak to him face to face, she cast herself upon her knees, and then in the presence of the Great Invisible, before whom all hearts are open, and with whom light and darkness are as one, she poured out a heart-rending prayer, in which, while she blessed God for having united her to such a man, and given her so happy a home, and all the comforts essential to her earthly well-being, she mourned over the position in which her beloved husband stood before his Maker, an alien from the commonwealth of Israel, and without a well-grounded hope of

mercy when summoned before the bar of a pure and righteous Judge.

She arose, and threw herself into the arms of her astonished, but now deeply affected companion, whose cheeks were wet with tears.

"Why"—said he, with choked utterance, "What is this for? What have I done?"

She then told him what she had suffered on his account; how often she had determined to speak to him about his soul, but hitherto could not, and now she entreated him then and there to seek his peace with God.

The captain knelt down and endeavoured to pray; but though affected, they were nature's tears; he could not realize what his wife had urged upon him.

Next day he was to sail, and when the morning came, it was a time to be remembered. Such a separation had not been witnessed under that roof before. He could not say his sins were pardoned; but faithfully did he promise to seek for the gift until he had found it, to the joy of his soul.

The vessel got under way, and never was white sail watched with more prayerful eyes than was the \_\_\_\_\_'s on that occasion. She had not proceeded far, however, when the wind came ahead, and the ship had to be put on tack to weather the harbour. The captain went below to examine his charts, when lo! the principal ones were missing, they had been left behind. The night was setting dark and dreary; a storm was evidently at hand. The captain felt the responsibility of his position; a dozen of lives were depending upon him; he resolved to put about and run for the harbour. While pacing the deck, revolving in his mind what had occurred the night before, a ray of light-shot down from above. He saw himself a sinner, and in the same moment, as quick as thought, his pardon through Christ was sealed upon his heart.

Never did his vessel seem to him so dull a sailer. He wanted to fly with the wings of a dove to reveal the fact to his loving wife. At length the ship is moored, and he is once more over his own threshold.

"Glory to God," he exclaimed, "I am saved; saved not from the dangers of the sea, but of eternal perdition."

His wife wept for joy, and heaven itself could scarcely exceed the bliss now experienced by the happy family. Next day he re-sailed, but with far other feelings than ever he had done before. Both felt that his good ship was now secured with a new policy, even the assurance of One who holds the winds and waves in his hand, and whose express terms are, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

A result of the foregoing was the conversion of one or two other persons under circumstances scarcely less interesting.



## PROGRESS.

A FEW months since the plough passed over a certain field near the cliffs of the eastern coast, and a crop was sown, which was reaped. Farmer A. voted *progress*. But a strange sight presents itself to-day. About an acre of that field appears in confusion, and a great portion of it has sunk to a depth of nearly twenty yards.

Progress! If we step to the other side of the bank, and descend the cliff, we shall soon unravel the mystery of this pit. Look, here is a tiny rill, a land-spring, which has been oozing through the cliff to the sea for years. It has silently stolen away the soil beneath the crust of the field, and you see the result. That spring has been an *under-current*. Life's under-currents are not all so easily discovered, albeit many are making as certain fearful *progress*. If every ledger were compelled to disclose its secrets, it would be found that many tradesmen have been "losing ground"—others "getting on"—"gaining ground." But we cannot always believe our eyes, if we "give credit" to the ledger. Everybody says that Giles Hogg is "going ahead." Well, it may be so. He has put out a new shop-front and had a trade-cart built which presents his name in golden letters to the unsophisticated folk of the neighbourhood, who vote him a *rising* man. But when I think of him I am reminded of young James Strange, the butcher, who made headway for a few years and bade fair to be a man of substance—when lo! one day, the town was taken aback by his bankruptcy. The secret was soon out: he had a tiny rill of something stronger than water continually filtering into his mouth, and it had siphoned his *understanding*.

Promising young men of 1858—where are ye? Parental hopes have been blasted in hundreds of instances. Some evil habit has been making steady secret progress in these young men, and the sudden discovery is made that they have

fallen, when the outer crust of self-respect has alone been left.

Many societies, literary and religious, have their history for the past year sketched in that field.

Not a few Christians will find a difficulty in writing the first page of their diary for 1860. Amongst the queries may be these:—"What *advance* have I made during the past twelve months? Have I been 'reaching forth?'—pressing on towards the goal? Has there been *bona fide progress*? Or, has an *under-current* been thwarting my purpose and baffling my efforts?"

Sir E. Parry and Lieut. Ross having left the "Hecla" in Truerenberg Bay, in charge of Lieut. Foster, proceeded in boats across the ice towards 83 deg., N.L. After five weeks of laborious travelling, they had passed over 290 miles of ice. Observations were carefully made at the close of each day's hard work which showed clearly that their *real progress* was not equal to their *apparent advancement*, their *actual travel*. At the expiration of five weeks, they had travelled 290 miles—they had *advanced* but 172. It was like the rolling of the stone of Sisyphus, for the sloe on which they travelled ten or twelve miles one day, rolled back again that distance, and often more, the next. The whole body of the ice was drifting southerly.

Will any find their advance to have been thus deceitful? All is not gold that glitters, neither is all travel advancing. We may not know, we may care little, how the world wags, but we must "move on." Yet that motion may not be *progress*. Under-currents tell upon us. Accurate observations make alarming discoveries. Sir E. Parry withheld his discovery awhile from his men, lest they should be disheartened. But the sooner we know our whereabouts and *actual progress*, the better. Keep heart, maugre the under-currents of ill, and may God speed us; and we shall have to report *progress*, or others will do it for us, at the close of 1860.

## REVIEWS.

*Peden the Prophet: a Tale of the Covenanters. Founded on Fact.* By the Rev. A. MORTON BROWN, LL.D. 389 pp. London: John Snow.

THE volume, says its accomplished author, may be entitled a memoir, a tale, and a history. It answers to this description, and furnishes another instance in which truth appears stranger than fiction. We have read it with no ordinary pleasure. To all our young readers especially it will prove an interesting and instructive story. It would do the Protestants of the present age incalculable good to read it, as it would be the means of bringing before them the principles for which Knox, Cameron, Peden, and

a host of Scottish worthies, lived and laboured as evangelists, and suffered and died as martyrs. We predict for the book a circulation as extensive as "Father Clement." Under God's blessing, it cannot fail of doing much good.

*Central Truths.* By Rev. CHARLES STANFORD. Author of "Power in Weakness: Memorials of the Rev. William Rhodes." London: Jackson and Walford, 18, St. Paul's Churchyard.

EVERY WAY this is a volume of surpassing excellence, quite as evangelical and spiritual in its tone, and much more elegant in diction than the popular works of Dr. Wiuslow, of which Mr.

Stanford's volume greatly reminds us. We most heartily recommend these "Central Truths" to Christians of all sections of the Church. That our readers may have some idea of the sentiments and style of the author, we have enriched our pages with a portion of one of the chapters in a condensed form.

*Friendship with God.* By the Rev. C. STANFORD. Fourth Edition. Price 6d. London: Jackson and Walford, 18, St. Paul's Church-yard.

WE have already had occasion to express our admiration of this excellent discourse. Mr. Stanford has taken a very high position as a preacher and a writer.

*Revivals in Wales: Facts and Correspondence Supplied by the Pastors of Welsh Churches.* By EVAN DAVIES. London: John Snow, Paternoster-row.

WE have read the letters comprising the principal part of this book, and can cordially recommend them to our readers as giving a cheering account of the great work of God in Wales. The arrangement of the materials, and the comments upon them by Mr. Davies, highly commend both the book and the man, and we trust the perusal of such facts by English Christians will awaken a deep anxiety for similar blessings.

*Peace Stories for Children.* By KATE PYEB. London: Thickbroom Brothers. THIS acceptable little volume consists of exceedingly well-written tales, which are illustrated

with very beautiful engravings. We earnestly press upon those of our readers who are parents to put these interesting stories, illustrative of Peace principles, into the hands of their children.

*The Christian's Watchword and Encouragement.* By T. W. MEDHURST, of Kingston-on-Thames. London: G. Phillipson.

MR. MEDHURST'S little book will prove a reasonable monitor. We wish it much success.

*Sermons by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.* London: J. Heaton, 21, Warwick-lane.

THIS series of Mr. Beecher's discourses are reprinted from the *New York Independent*, and are highly characteristic of this very original thinker and preacher. Although we do not endorse all Mr. Beecher says, we have been greatly pleased with the singularly strong common-sense which pervades the whole.

*Foundation Truths: a Discourse Preached on the Opening of North Frederick-street Baptist Chapel, Glasgow.* By Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS.

THIS is a valuable production, and although we demur to some of the doctrinal statements of our author, yet we greatly admire the spirit which is redolent in every page, and commend it to the candid perusal of all our readers.

*Light at Eventide: a Narrative of Lydia M., a Converted Jewess.* Third Edition. London: Suow.

A VERY interesting narrative.

## P O E T R Y.

### THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

THIS winter's night, amid the cold and gloom,  
The year is dying fast;  
Soon, like a sire descending to the tomb,  
'Twill sink into the past.

Now a sweet peal of merry chiming bells,  
Welcomes another year;  
Through the night air, across the snow-clad dells,  
The sound comes soft and clear.

Another Book of Time is now unsealed:  
What will its record prove?  
We cannot tell—the future is concealed  
In wisdom and in love.

The God of providence in mercy crowned  
The vanished year with good;  
At his behest the seasons in their round,  
Filled earth with joy and food.

Let us thank him that in a quiet land  
In safety we have dwelt;  
May he preserve our peace, nor let the hand  
Of foreign power be felt.

Some glancing back upon the year by-gone,  
Behold its chequered way, [shone  
Strewn with dead joys and darkened hopes that  
So bright last New Year's-day,

How many a household circle, then complete,  
Now mourns some member dear;  
In life's fair wreath how many blossoms sweet  
Have died in one short year!

Servants of God, who in the vineyard wrought,  
Have been removed above;  
Others, by sovereign mercy, have been brought  
To taste redeeming love.

This day the child of God upon the throne  
His grateful praises brings,  
Sets up, like Samuel, his memorial stone,  
And "Ebenezer" sings.

Though sin and Satan laboured day and night  
His progress to oppose,  
God hath his helper been, and in his might  
He hath o'ercome his foes.

He still can trust, though storms and darkness  
Come,  
A Father's guiding hand;  
Each passing year conveys him nearer home,  
Nearer the better land.

Wellingborough.

THEODOBA.

"LEAD ME TO THE ROCK THAT IS  
HIGHER THAN I."

(Ps. lxi. 2.)

"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I:"  
In its shelter I'll hide while the storm passes  
by.  
I'll yield like the floweret that bonds to the  
gale,  
And bows without breaking when tempests  
assail;  
Then, rising anew when the storm is o'erpast,  
Adore him who sends both the calm and the  
blast.

"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I,"  
When the glare of the noontide is fierce in the  
sky.

When faint from the "burden and heat of the  
day,"

Oh, lend me thy screen from the sun's burning  
ray!

Within thy cool shadow my altar I'll raise,  
And send up the incense of prayer and of praise.

"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I,"  
When my path through the desert is scorching  
and dry.

My spirit shall find her deep craving supplied  
in the streams of salvation that flow from thy  
side.

I'll bathe where thy waters refreshingly stray,  
And then with rejoicing go forth on my way.

"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I,"  
When the night-wind is chill, to thy covert I'll  
fly:

Beneath thy protection my couch while I spread,  
No damp of the midnight shall fall on my head;  
And when the bright morning sheds light  
through the skies,

My grateful thanksgiving to thee shall arise.

Oh, draw me, kind Father, in faith to thy side;  
In thy "secret pavilion" I fain would abide.

My Covert in danger, my Screen from the heat,  
My spirit's Refreshment, my one sure Retreat,  
Oh strong Rock of Ages, my frailty sustain!  
Though mountains should crumble, thou still  
shalt remain.

"BE NOT SILENT TO ME."

(Psalm xxviii. 1.)

Be not thou silent to me, O my God!

Oh, breathe upon me with thy breath divine!  
The fragrant gales awake the wind-harp's chord,

And call forth music from the forest pine;  
But sweeter far the singing of the soul,

Aus'ring that voice which saith to it, "Be  
whole."

Shouldst thou be silent to me, O my God,  
Oh, what were Nature's harmonies to me?

The winds' grand anthem 'mid the solemn wood,  
Or voice majestic of the sounding sea—

The murmuring stream, with song of bee and  
bird—

Oh, what earth's concert when thou art unheard?

Lest thou be silent to me, O my God,  
Hush'd be the hollow voices of my soul,

While through its hidden caves, as with a flood,  
Shall the strong fulness of thine answer roll;

Making such music as an angel's ear,  
Mid choirs celestial, might delight to hear.

Be not thou silent to me, O my God!

These sighings answer from thy throne above.

And when, enraptured, I have found my Lord,  
And felt the power of his wondrous love,

To me unworthy it may then be given  
To help some traveller in the path to heaven.

Be not thou silent from me, O my God!  
Come near—yet nearer, to thy trembling child!  
The winds are shrieking! ah, the rising flood!  
I fear—I fear the billows black and wild!  
My Strength! my Helper! let thine arm of power  
Be quick to save me in this woeful hour!

A. L.

REFLECTIONS AT THE CLOSE OF THE  
YEAR.

How swift the moments fly!  
How soon the years are gone!

O tell me, Lord, am I

Prepared for yonder throne?  
Dear Jesus—say, my soul desires  
To know the way, whilst it aspires

To heaven's exalted place,

Where years no more are known,

To dwell in thine embrace,

Without a fear or frown.

Come, Jesus, come, no long delay,  
And take me home to dwell with thee.

This brittle thread of life

Must soon asunder part,

And put an end to strife,

And prove thee what thou art.

Oh, then may I, when time shall cease,  
On Thee rely, and die in peace!

As the year is gone,

And I on earth remain,

Whilst death has numbers borne

From sickness, toil, and pain,

To dwell on that delightful shore  
Where sorrows rack the soul no more.

Help me to contemplate

Thy favours to me shown;

My doubts, Lord, extirpate,

And bid my fears be gone.

Oh, may Thy grace sustain my soul  
While sorrows last, and billows roll!

And when the message comes

For me to yield my breath,

Then take me to Thy home

On wings of ardent faith,

To join the throng, and loudly sing  
The endless song, to Christ my King.

Winchester.

W. CHAPPELL.

SUFFERING.

"Therefore I take pleasure in distresses, for  
Christ's sake."—2 Cor. xii. 10.

MUCH have I borne, but not as I should bear:—

The proud will unsubdued, the formal prayer,

Tell me thou yet wilt chide, thou canst not spare,

O Lord, thy chastening rod.

O, help me, Father! for my sinful heart

Back from this discipline of grief would start,

Unmindful of his sorer, deeper smart,

Who died for me, my God!

Yet, if each wish denied, each woe and pain,

Break but some link of that oppressive chain

Which binds me still to earth, and leaves a stain

That only canst remove,—

Then am I blest—O bliss from man concealed!

If here to Christ, the weak one's tower and shield,

My heart, through sorrow, be set free to yield

A service of deep love.

\* The idea of distance from, clearly he  
wrapped up in that of silence.—*Hengstenberg.*

## DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

## BAPTIST ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND.

The fourth anniversary of this association was held this year in Glasgow. The conference opened in Hope-street chapel at eleven o'clock, a.m., on the 20th of October: T. Muir, Esq., in the chair. The following topics were brought under the notice of the conference:—"The Signs of a genuine Revival of Religion as affecting the Church and the World," by W. B. Hodge, Esq.; "The Duty of Christians, individually and socially, with Reference to the Revival of Religion," by Mr. McAlpine, of Paisley; "Parental and Pastoral Duty in Relation to the comparatively Adult Portion of our Congregations," by Mr. Culpor, of Stirling. These deeply-interesting subjects were discussed by Messrs. Dickie and Chapman, Tulloch, Wallace, Williams, and others, with great earnestness and much brotherly love. At half-past six o'clock the annual public meeting of the association was held in North Frederick-street chapel, Mr. Williams presiding. After prayer by Mr. Mansfield, of Rothesay, very effective addresses were delivered by Mr. Tulloch, of Edinburgh, Mr. Haig, of Kircaldy, and Mr. Forsyth, of Greenock. The report, which was read at the business meeting, informs us that during last session seven students had been under instruction by the tutor (Rev. Dr. Paterson), and other two had been received during the year; gratefully acknowledges the tokens of God's reviving grace enjoyed by several of our churches in Scotland; and urges the necessity of an educated ministry, and of increased union and co-operation on the part of all belonging to the denomination. We think in the efforts of the association there is encouragement given to look for better and brighter days amongst the Baptists of Scotland—a greater measure of Christian charity—that will heal all their breaches; and fidelity on the part of Baptists, who are now in the fellowship of Pædo-Baptist churches, will most assuredly give such strength and influence to our denomination as will make it a felt power in this land. We are comparatively weak here, not because those who hold our principles are few, but because Baptists and those who are Baptists in "sentiment" are not loyal to their convictions, but identifying themselves with Pædo-Baptist churches, are hiding their light under a bushel. Some who have ere now figured prominently in some of our English churches, when they came North were lost to our denomination altogether. And, what is very humiliating, there are Baptists in Scotland who submit to the indignity of being shut out from the full privilege of church membership, and because they are known to be Baptists, while said to be members of an Independent church. "Well," said an intelligent member of an Independent church, when referring to this matter a few days ago, "let them go to their own people—to those whose views are the same as their own. They have no business to be connected with a Pædo-Baptist church." Very right. It is high time for the Baptists to take the hint, and everywhere to stir themselves up, not only boldly to show their colours, but right heartily to uphold and propagate the views which they know are in accordance with the Word of God. We don't want to make too much of baptism, but we ought to give it the place that Holy Writ has assigned it among the institutions of the Great Head of the Church.

## MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

ST. CLEARS, CARMARTHENSHIRE.—The Rev. B. Williams, of London, has accepted an unanimous invitation from the church meeting in Zion chapel.

CALNE, WILTS.—CASTLE-STREET.—The Rev. James Wall has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation from the church to become their pastor.

RYMNEY.—The Rev. T. Lewis, Llanelly, has accepted an unanimous call from the Baptist church, at Jerusalem, and he will enter on his ministry there, the first Lord's-day in the new year.

HEREFORD.—The Rev. F. Leonard, LL.B. (late of Ross), has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist Church, meeting in Zion Chapel, and has already commenced his labours there.

PRESTON.—The Rev. E. Webb, of Liverpool, having accepted the unanimous invitation of the second Baptist Church, Preston, to become their pastor, purposes entering on the duties of the pastorate the second Sabbath in January.

CORSHAM, WILTS.—The Rev. J. Pooley, of the Upper Meeting, Westbury, Wilts, having accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the Baptist Church, Corsham, Wilts, intends commencing his stated labours the first Sabbath in January, 1860.

CANTON, NEAR CARDIFF.—The Rev. Josephus Bailey, of Brettle-lane, Brierly-hill, Staffordshire, has received a cordial and unanimous invitation to become pastor of the English Baptist church meeting in Hope Chapel, Canton, near Cardiff, and hopes to commence his stated labours there in January.

## PRESENTATION SERVICES.

WESTBURY.—On Sunday, Dec. 4, the Rev. J. Pooley preached his farewell sermon in the Upper Meeting Chapel, Westbury, to above 700 people, all of whom were deeply affected. At the close of the service the members of the chapel presented him with an address, beautifully got up.

DALSTON.—QUEEN'S-ROAD CHAPEL.—On the evening of Thursday, November 24, the church and congregation of Queen's-road Chapel held a social tea-meeting to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. William Miall. After an historical statement from the pastor, the senior deacon presented the pastor, on behalf of the church and congregation, with a handsome silver tea and coffee service. The pastor, in accepting the present, which to him was quite unexpected, expressed his strong affection for his people, and his earnest desire for their increasing exhibition of all Christian excellence. Several addresses were then delivered, all of them by members of the church, and all of them expressive of esteem and love for the minister.

YARMOUTH.—On Tuesday evening, November 15th, a meeting was held in the Baptist Chapel, Church-plain, Great Yarmouth, to celebrate the completion of the seventh year of the ministry of the Rev. J. Green in that place. After tea the Rev. H. Lee, minister of the General Baptist Chapel, was called to the chair. One part of the

proceedings of the evening consisted in Mr. Green presenting, in the name of the church, a silver tankard to Mr. S. Burton, as a token of their sense of the value of his services as the treasurer of the place; and the Rev. J. B. Dovey, of Lowestoft, presenting a similar tankard and a handsome writing-desk to Mr. Green, bearing the following inscription:—"The Rev. Joseph Green. The gift of his congregation, Yarmouth, November 15, 1856." It was stated that these valuable presents were in addition to a more valuable gift previously presented in a more private manner to Mr. Green. During the evening addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. Pacey (of the Methodist New Connexion), T. Backenbury (Wesleyan), and W. Tritton and W. Griffiths (Independents), expressive of their sympathy with Mr. Green, and congratulating the church and congregation on their continued advance and improvement, and strongly urging them to obtain a new chapel in a more appropriate locality, and more worthy of themselves and the denomination.

#### OPENING SERVICES.

**LEICESTER.—FRIAR-LANE CHAPEL.**—This spacious sanctuary, after having undergone extensive repairs and improvements, was re-opened for divine service on Sunday, 13th Nov. Two sermons were preached in the morning and evening by the Rev. J. B. Pike, of Bourne, and one in the afternoon by the Rev. J. Barker, LL.B. of Leicester. On Monday evening, a numerously-attended tea-meeting was held in the school-room. The Rev. S. Wigg, senior pastor of the church, presided, and appropriate addresses were delivered by several ministers of the town and neighbourhood. Collections, £111s.

**CROSS-STREET, ISLINGTON.**—This elegant Baptist chapel, which has been closed for some time for extensive alterations and repairs, was re-opened for public worship on Wednesday, Nov. 23, when two sermons were preached—in the afternoon, at three o'clock, by the Rev. John Graham, of Craven Chapel; and, in the evening, at seven, by the Rev. F. J. Sharr, of Worcester. In the interval between the afternoon and evening sermons, there was a *soirée* given in the spacious school-room behind the chapel, at which the Rev. A. C. Thomas (minister of the chapel), the gentlemen above mentioned, and a numerous gathering of influential members of the congregation and their friends were present. Collections in aid of the expense of alterations were made at the close of the sermons, and also at the *soirée*.

**LLANDDAUSANT, ANGLESEA.**—On Tuesday, Dec. 13th, and preceding evening, interesting services were held in connection with the opening of a new chapel at the above village, lying half-way between Holyhead and Amlwch. The following ministers preached on the occasion:—The Revs. T. Hughes, Pensarn; D. Thomas, Llangefti; Hugh Williams, Amlwch; H. W. Hughes, Liverpool; W. Morgan, Holyhead; W. Thomas, Liverpool. The Rev. W. Watkins, Bodedern, D. Roberts (C.M.), and the Rev. John Jones, pastor of the church, also took part in the proceedings, the latter by giving a brief account of the expenses incurred, &c.; from which it appeared that this neat and good chapel only cost £220, and that about £120 had been collected by the members and friends of the neighbourhood and surrounding churches. It is greatly to be hoped that the whole debt will be cleared when the collections are received from

all the churches in the island. The revival is spreading with great power through the island; all the churches have felt its blessed effects, by having large increases both in hearers and members, especially the following places. About 260 have joined the church at Holyhead; at Amlwch, 60; Pensarn, 140; Llanserchynedd, 20; Llangefti, 35; Caercoiliog, 30.

#### BAPTISMS.

- ASHFORD, Kent, Oct. 27**—Four by Mr. Clark.
- ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE, Nov. 27**—Four by Mr. Armstrong.
- BEDFORD, Nov. 27**—Three by Mr. Killen.
- BRULAH, Monmouthshire, July**—Three; Sept., Five; Oct. 3, Nineteen.
- BLACKFIELD COMMON, Hampshire, Dec. 4**—One by Mr. W. W. Martin.
- BOW, Middlesex, Oct. 30**—Five by Mr. Balforn.
- BRIDGEND, Hope Chapel, Nov. 27**—Seven by Mr. Cole.
- BRIDLINGTON, York, Oct. 23**—One by Mr. Morgan.
- CAERGEILIOG, Dec. 11**—Twelve by the Rev. Ezekiel Jones, Rhydwy.
- CARLTON, Beds, Dec. 4**—Nine by Mr. Silvertown, in the River Ouse.
- COLEFORD, Oct. 30**—Seven by Mr. Penny. Four were husbands and wives.
- COWBRIDGE, Glamorganshire, Oct.**—Six; Nov., Eight.
- CRADLEY, Worcestershire, Nov. 20**—Six by Mr. D. Jevons. The Lord is in our midst, and the time to favour Zion we believe is come.
- CREWKERNE, Dec. 11**—Three by Mr. H. Owen.
- CROWLEY, Lincolnshire, Oct. 23**—Two by Mr. Lovekin.
- CWMSARNDDU, Carmarthenshire, Nov. 25**—Six in the River Towy, by Mr. D. W. Morris; nearly all from the Sabbath-school.
- CYNDDELW, Carmel, Nov. 20**—Twenty-two by Mr. R. Ellis. Mr. Ellis's son was to have been one of the number, but to the grief of his relatives and the church, death has summoned him to his eternal home.
- ENSWORTH, Hampshire, Dec. 11**—Three by Mr. Sole; the husband of one of them was baptized by Mr. Sole, October 23rd, after being for several years connected with the Independents.
- FARLEY, York, Nov. 6**—Four by Mr. Parker; all from the Sabbath-school.
- FOWNHOPE, near Hereford, Oct. 16**—Three by Mr. Mudge.
- GILDERSOME, Dec. 11**—Six by Mr. O'Dell.
- GLASGOW, Hope-street, Oct. 16**—Ten; and Nov. 6, Three, by Dr. Paterson.
- HOLYHEAD, Dec. 4**—Eleven by the Rev. W. Morgan; these, with twelve restored, were received into the church on the same day. About 150 more are on the list of candidates.
- HONITON, Oct. 30**—Six by Mr. Footo (all young persons).
- HOOK NORTON, Oxon, Oct. 16**—Five by Mr. Bailhache, of Watford.

HULL, George-street, Nov. 24—Four by Mr. O'Dell.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, Nov. 30—Two by Mr. T. W. Medhurst.

KINGTON, Herefordshire, June 12—Two; Oct. 30, Two; Nov. 27, Two, by Mr. G. Cozens.

LONDON, Blandford-street, Oct. 29—Three; and Dec. 10, Three by Mr. Barriger.

———, New Park-street, Nov. 21—Nineteen by Mr. Spurgeon; Dec. 1, Twenty-one by Mr. Spurgeon.

———, Shoreditch, Austin-street, Nov. 27—Seven by Mr. Russell.

LONGTOWN, Herefordshire, Dec. 11—One by Mr. Rees, of Pontypool College.

MACKEN, Monmouthshire, Sep. 30—Thirteen by Mr. Jones; Oct. 28, Eighteen by Mr. T. Reeves. This branch of the mountain of God's house is experiencing the descending dews of God's blessing.

MERTHYR, High-street, Nov. 20—Seven by Mr. G. W. Humphrys, B.A.

MIDDLETON, Cheney, Northamptonshire, Dec. 23—Two by Mr. F. F. Medcalf.

MOCHEBE, near Newtown, Montgomeryshire, Aug. 7—Two; Oct. 2, Two; Oct. 30, One; Nov. 27, Four by Mr. G. Phillips. Two of the candidates were husband and wife.

NEWTON ABBOTT, Dec. 3—Two by Mr. F. Perkins, of Dorchester.

PAISLEY, Stores-street, Nov. 6—Two; Nov. 13, one by Mr. Wallace.

PENYRHUOL, Breconshire, Oct.—Eight by Mr. Lawrence.

POPPLAR, Cotton-street, Nov. 3—Three by Mr. Preece.

PONTYPOOL, Trosnant, Oct. 2—One; Oct. 23, Eleven; Nov. 17, Eleven, by Mr. D. Roberts. Most of the above were from the Sabbath-school.

SOUTHSEA, St. Paul's Chapel, Nov. 27—Seven by the Rev. J. H. Cooke. Three of the candidates were connected with the army, and were baptized with their full military decorations.

STOCKTON-ON-TEES, Sept. — One; Nov., One; Dec. 5, Two, by Mr. W. Leng.

THOVERTON, near Exeter, Nov. 20—Three by Mr. W. Davies; Dec. 4, Three by Mr. C. Crockwell. The three last were aged disciples of seventy years and upwards.

TORQUAY, Devon, June 30—Five; July 28, Two; Oct. 2, Four; Dec. 4, Eleven, by Mr. Kings. On the last occasion, Mr. Sheridan Knowles preached a very eloquent and powerful sermon.

TREDEGAR, English, Sept. 25—Four; and Nov. 11, Two by Mr. J. Lewis.

WANDSWORTH, Oct. 27, at New Park-street—Twelve; Dec. 12, Seven by Mr. Genders.

WRENHAM, Aug. 28—Three; Sept. 15, Two; Oct. 2, Three by Mr. Ashworth.

## AN INVITATION TO UNITED PRAYER

ADDRESSED TO THE CHURCH OF CHRIST  
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

THE following invitation to united prayer has been forwarded from India to different Christian friends in this country. With a view to carrying out the design of its authors, and making it known in all countries to those who desire the more plentiful outpouring of the Holy Spirit, we cheerfully join our recommendation that it be as far as practicable adopted. At the same time we wish it to be fully understood, that we do not desire to dictate to any individual minister or congregation, as to the particular mode of observing the time indicated for united prayer, nor to interfere with other arrangements for similar objects which have existed in this country for several years past.

The following resolution has been adopted by hundreds of evangelical ministers of different sections of the Church of Christ:—

Resolved, That we appoint the second week in January, 1860, beginning with Monday the 8th, as a time of special prayer that God would now pour out his Spirit upon all flesh, so that all the ends of the earth might see his salvation; that on the first day, that is, on Monday the 8th, be a holy convocation for solemn fasting, humiliation, and prayer; and that on the last day, that is, Sabbath the 14th, be a holy convocation for thanksgiving and praise; that the intervening time be spent in private and social exercises of prayer and praise, as the circumstances of each community may dictate; that all God's people of every name and nation, of every continent and island, be cordially and earnestly invited to unite with us in a similar observance of that time; and that from the receipt of this invitation, onward, all be requested, in their secret, family, and public devotions, habitually to entreat the Lord to pour out upon all his people so much of the Spirit of grace and of supplication, as to prepare them for such an observance of the time designated, as may meet with his approval and secure his blessing.

## A HINT TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We have received the following suggestive communication from a correspondent:—I value the BAPTIST MESSENGER far above any of the monthlies I am acquainted with. For the last three years I have bought twelve copies of the January number and given them away; the result has been that out of the thirty-six persons that received them, twenty-four have become regular subscribers to it; and I have reason to know that they have been the means of great spiritual good. I shall, if spared, give twelve more copies away to twelve other persons this January, and I hope to be as successful with them as in former years. I wish all your subscribers would try and help you in the same way. If they cannot give twelve copies let them give six, or three, or one; and try and get those they give them to, to give their orders for the MESSENGER to the local bookseller, for it only needs that it should be made known, and I am sure hundreds would become subscribers. It is the best and cheapest magazine published.—Believe me yours, very respectfully, G. H. GRAHAM, Maidstone.

Now ready, price One Penny, post free, Twopence,

## Spurgeon's Almanack and Daily Text-book for 1860,

Contains Original Articles written by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON (illustrated), and the usual Almanack Information, &c., &c.  
Published by Alabaster and Passmore, 21, Wilson-street, Finsbury; and may be had of all booksellers.

## THE GLORY OF GRACE.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL.

"The glory of his grace."—Eph. i. 6.

GOD is essentially glorious; even were there no eyes to behold him, no lips to hymn his praise, no intelligent creatures to obey him, he would be infinitely glorious in himself. Yet, nevertheless, God chooseth to exhibit his glory that he may get praise out of the hearts of intelligent beings, who, beholding the varied and wonderful manifestations of the exceeding riches of his grace, may be compelled, with joy and gratitude, to glorify him. In this sense God is glorious; that is, glory is given unto him—he is admired, he is beloved, he is adored. Every attribute of God has its glory, not only essential, but glory through its exhibition of himself. God's power is glorious, as we all know, in the works of his hands. His skill, his wisdom, his benevolence—all these are to be seen in those works of nature, as we call them, which meet our eyes every day. God's justice is glorious, and we sometimes tremble to think how awfully glorious it is in the lowest pit of hell. We have, on the present occasion, however, not to talk about other attributes of God, but about this one—the glory of his grace; but while we are doing so, I must remark that we shall have to see, incidentally, how this grace, in itself glorious, really brings glory to all the other attributes. When God glorifies his grace, he glorifies his whole character; grace becomes a platform upon which all the perfections of Deity exhibit themselves; grace becomes a light which shines upon all the rest, and they, albeit bright enough in themselves, seem to be doubly bright when they glow in its brilliance.

Where every place is rich, one scarcely needs to strike out a pathway. Let me, however, just notice the glory of Divine grace as it has been displayed, and then a few words on the qualities for which it is distinguished.

I. In the first place, then, let us meditate on THE GLORY OF DIVINE GRACE AS IT HAS BEEN DISPLAYED.

Grace has been displayed, of old, *in the great council-chamber*, where all the attributes of God sat in solemn congress to devise a way by which God should be glorified. Foreknowledge, as one of the attributes of God, prophesied that man, if made fallible, would sadly fall. Justice, therefore, arose and thundered forth his word, that if man fell and transgressed the Creator's command, he must be punished. Grace, however, asked the question whether it could not be possible that man should be saved, and yet justice should be satisfied. Wisdom, infinite Wisdom, answered the question, and God's own Son was the answer. He promised that in the fulness of time he would become a man for us, and, for our redemption, bear the whole weight of Jehovah's justly merited wrath, that the vessels of Mercy might be secured. Now, albeit that all the other attributes displayed themselves in the council-chamber, when our soul, in holy reverence, dares venture into that once secret, but now revealed counsel of the Most High, we are compelled to admire all the attributes of God, but most of all, his grace. Why, it seems to me that grace presided at this congress; that it was grace that pressed man's suit; it was grace that inspired wisdom; it was grace that invited wisdom to be its counsellor; it was grace that defended man when justice might have spoken against him; grace was our advocate. Christ Jesus, who was grace itself, of old, as he is now, stood then as the Wonderful, the Counsellor; and he devised the plan, pleaded our cause, and promised to work it out. The glory of grace, as it sits with its crown upon its head in the council-chamber of eternity, is a subject well worthy of your devout reflection and quiet meditation.

But now the council is over, and grace steps forth to be glorified in another manner. Now it glorifies itself in its gifts. See how grace gives to man blessings countless in

number and priceless in value, scattering them along his pathway as if they were but stones, while every one is so precious that heaven itself can alone tell its worth. At last, after having given man blessings through long ages, grace comes up to Calvary, and there gives its last—nay, its first, its all, its grandest gift. Grace gives up the incarnate Son of God to die. He gives up his own blood, and bows his head upon the cross. There may be much of shame and ignominy about the cross—assuredly there is, for there we see sin punished; but how much there is of glory and of majesty! for there we see grace triumphant over its own self—grace in the heart of Christ leading him to save others while himself he cannot save. We talk of these things now-a-days as household words, but not thus do the angels speak concerning grace glorified in the person of the dying Son of God. Not thus did we think when for the first time we saw him to be ours in the day of our sore trouble and sorrow. We shall not think so slightly of grace, as I fear we sometimes do now, when we shall see his face without a veil between, and then shall know what wondrous grace that was which made that glorious face become marred with sorrow, and bowed that glorious head Divine to the grave, and the depths thereof. Grace in its glory is to be seen best on Calvary, but I think it is rather to be seen and felt than to be talked of. My feeble tongue declines to bear the burden of a theme so weighty. I cannot stretch the wings of imagination and rise to the height of the grand argument. I cannot utter the praise of that grace which is to be seen in that dying Son of God on Calvary.

Since then, beloved, you have had to glorify grace in its continued gifts. You have found that he who spared not his own Son, but freely delivered him up for us all, has with him also freely given to us all things. What debtors you and I are! As Rutherford would have said, we are drowned debtors; we are over head and ears in debt; we are sunken fathoms deep in an ocean of indebtedness to God. How much owest thou unto my Lord? take thy pen and sit down quickly, and write up the account. Ah! thou mayest sit down quickly, but thou wilt not rise up speedily, for the account thou ne'er canst write. There are no scales in which to weigh those ponderous blessings; earth has no coin by which to represent their value. Talk of millions and of billions—we must get into the inconceivable before we can estimate the infinite, the unutterable value of those gifts which Jesus Christ continually gives to us, which grace pours into our lap from a cornucopia of love.

Now we go a little further. We have had grace in the council-chamber, we have had grace in its gifts; and in both these things we may well speak of the glory of his grace. Now we will speak of *grace in its triumphs*. Strange thing that love should be a warrior, and that grace should fight; but when grace came to make us gracious it found us graceless and averse to grace. The door was shut when Jesus came, though his hand and heart were open. Jesus himself burst the door—himself stormed the passage into the heart of man. When mercy comes to bless it finds us bent to curse. We will not receive the proffered boon; we reject the mercy, and grace must overcome our will. It must lead us captives in silken bonds, or otherwise it cannot bless us. Man, while his will is free, is graceless; it is only when his will is bound by fetters of sovereign grace that he is gracious at all. If there be free-will, Luther truly hit upon it when he called free-will a slave. It is only our will in bonds that is truly free. Our will constrained, then ranges at liberty; when grace binds it then indeed it is free, and only then, when the Son has made it free. And now think, my brethren, of the battles which grace has had with men—what glory it has gained! For remember, it has never once been defeated. When grace has come into the heart there may have been a long struggle, but it has always ended in a victory. In your case and mine how stern the fight! Do you not remember well the day when Jesus met you by the way; and he said, "Well, soul, what! hast thou no interest in me?" Do you remember how you spit in his face, and passed by him, and made a jest of the Crucified? Do you remember another time when he sent his black messengers, sickness and sorrow, and you lay



upon your bed, and he came to you again, and you uttered words to him which looked like truth, but alas! they were but lying, deceptive words; and you turned your face to the wall, and you vowed repentance, but you did not repent, and he went his way? You use no other friend so ill as you used him. And do you recollect how you were determined to be lost—how your soul set itself desperately on mischief? But you have not had your way. Grace has overcome you, and here you sit, a captive—

“A willing captive to your Lord,  
To sing the triumphs of his Word.”

Ah! this always delights me when I think about preaching the Gospel, that grace must be a conqueror where God sends it forth. We may sing in the language of one of those good Welsh hymns, which I think when translated runs something like this:—

“Ride forth, O Jesus!  
Hell trembles at thee,  
Earth cannot withstand thee,  
Man's heart will break before thee:  
Go forth and win the day.”

And when Jesus goes forth he does win the day; the man may kick and he may struggle, but if it be written it will be. If thus the mighty mandate runs, “Almighty grace arrest that man,” that man in God's time shall be arrested by the strong hand of sovereign grace; and he, converted, changed, and made a new man in Christ Jesus, shall be one of grace's willing captives, a trophy of its omnipotence. And then, my dear brethren, we speak of the triumphs of grace. What multitudes of triumphs grace has had in each soul! If you could bear in your body a mark for every triumph that grace has had in you, and if every mark were a jewel, would you not be covered from head to foot therewith? And then it is not merely one man in whom grace has worked, but think of the countless myriads of souls that grace has overcome. It has gone into every land and into every sort of habitation, and it has found out its trophies. Oh! what a glorious day will that day be when Christ, who is grace incarnate and embodied, shall enter into heaven with all his blood-bought saints, and shall cry, “Here am I and the children which thou hast given me. Here are they whom I have rescued from the jaw of the lion and from the paw of the bear; not one of them is lacking; triumphant have I been over all their foes, and I safely bring them to their promised rest.” The glory of his grace is seen, then, in its triumphs:

But let us remark further that *the glory of Divine grace is to be seen more fully by and by*, when the whole plan of grace shall be worked out. I take it, we have none of us a very clear idea of what the design of Divine grace is. We say it is the blessing of the elect; it is, moreover, the indirect blessing of the world through these elect ones; or, as good Coles has said, and we endorse his saying, “Grace gives some good things to all men, though it gives all good things to some men.” But I take it that we have not got quite the idea, any of us. We may have some little confusion in our minds. That confusion may be, probably, a better insight of what God is doing than if we were able to put it into an orderly system. I doubt not that in the millennial days which are yet to come, we shall see that God's grace will be so wonderfully magnified at the winding up that our little hearts have never thought of how grandly the scene shall end. At present I see the world continually going on in its wickedness. It seems to me that justice is rather magnified than grace, for multitudes are daily descending into hell. But there are happier days to come, and a brighter season, when Messiah the Prince shall stand a second time among the sons of men. Then shall the earth ring with his praise; then shall myriads of men and women be made to know him; then shall they come and bow down before him, and all people shall call him blessed; and then the enormous multitudes shall swell the roll of those chosen ones to such a marvellous degree, that at the winding up it shall be fully known and seen that there is a number that no man can

number whom Christ has redeemed out of all people, and kindreds, and tongues. And when the multitudes of infants, and all the myriads of these elect ones who shall be brought in, shall all be encompassed within the shining walls of heaven—then shall we see that the number of the saved infinitely outweighs the number of the lost; then shall we see that though the gate was narrow, though the road was strait, yet the number of them shall be greater than the number of those who shall go in the other road, broad as it is, and wide though its gates shall be. I do believe that over all the growlings of hell the songs of heaven shall prevail. Satan shall not be triumphant. Christ shall see of the travail of his soul, and grace when it counts up its numbers shall laugh in the face of hell, and cry, "I am triumphant over thee, the number of my trophies far exceeds the number of thine; for thou, black tyrant, hast done little in comparison with what I have. See, thou hast here and there a ruined soul; but I have multitudes of blood-bought ones, whom I have raised up to everlasting life and more than perfection, for it is the very perfection of Deity which I have given to them.

II. Well now, having just run briefly over these things—you may think of them at your leisure more fully—I want to talk about the subject in another way. Begin again for a little while. "To the praise of the glory of his grace." Now I take it that we may see the glory of this grace, if we notice here **THE QUALITIES OF THIS GRACE.**

Grace is glorious if we consider *its antiquity*. Grace is not a piece of new cloth put into an old garment. Grace is not an alteration which God made in his original plan; it is not some addition that he made because some unlooked-for catastrophe occurred. He foresaw the fall from all eternity, and every iota of the plan of grace was devised of old. Before <sup>the</sup> sun was born, long ere he had been swaddled in mists; before the stars had known their resting-places, and had sent the rays of their light through the thick darkness; long ere the mountains knew their places, or the water was poured into its fountains, God had chosen his people, he had set his heart of love upon them, had devised his plan and chosen the objects that should be embraced by it. I love to think of grace in its antiquity. There are certain churches that have a reverence for everything that is old—the Puseyite, for instance; he likes a thing because it used to be worn some six, seven, or eight hundred years ago. Now, I have a reverence for that which is old, I confess; but then it must be old enough. If it be as old as the time of Christ, a doctrine or a ceremony, I am content; but as to doctrinal truth, I can always rejoice if I can see the fact to be old as the everlasting hills. The geologist tells us that some rocks must have been fused myriads of years ago, and we tell him it may be so, but we are quite certain the covenant of grace is older than the oldest of these things. They are but yester-born infants, aged though they seem to be. But grace hath hoary age upon its head. Its head and its hair are white like wool—as white as snow. Venerable for age is the grace of God; and the plan of grace is no new chapter of modern compilation, but it is old as God's own eternity—an everlasting thing. O grace! thou art from everlasting to everlasting.

Then, again, the glory of grace consists not only in its antiquity, but in *its immutability*. The grace of God, old though it be, has never changed. Many a mighty river has been dried up, and now o'er its shingly bed men walk. The very sea hath changed. There are no furrows on its brow, but it hath forsaken its channels, and finds now a resting-place that is new to it. The very sun alters, everything grows dim with age; but grace flows just as it did at first. Its stream is just as deep, and its current just as mighty. There is no failing in grace, any more than there is failing in God. And I may remark that it has never failed of its objects. No, grace runs in one direct stream, and it has never been made to wind. The chosen vessels of mercy have been washed in that stream; it has not passed by a single one, nor has one more been washed by it than those chosen ones of old. Never, never can we permit the idea of the mutability of grace—grace given to-day and taken away to-

morning. I repeat what I said last Sunday: If grace could be given to a man temporarily, and then taken away from him, I cannot imagine a more awful malediction than that grace would really be. I would sooner perish as the dread archangel, that damned sinner, Satan, than as one whom God had loved if he did not love me for ever; because to give grace and then to take it would be the most awful specimen of tantalizing that was ever known. Better for God to send no Gospel if he did not send an everlasting one. The Arminian scheme of salvation is worse than nothing. I had rather have no revelation than believe it; if on that hypothesis I am but tantalized—I am but tempted to hope that I may be saved, but it ends in blackness and darkness for ever: because there is a condition annexed to it which I cannot fulfil, and there is something demanded of me which I cannot give—something which must be given by God and secured to me by God without any possibility of losing it, or else I am a lost man. The grace of God, then is greatly magnified in its immutability as well as in its antiquity.

And then to turn to another view of it. Grace derives great glory from *its freeness*. The grace of God is as free as the air we breathe. If any man here ask whether he may believe in Christ, my answer to him is—he not only may, he is commanded to do so. If, as I have often declared to you, it is the command of God that we believe on Jesus Christ whom he has sent, you are guilty of sin every moment that you live without faith in Christ. It is commanded of you, therefore you can clearly say you have a right to it; for any man hath a right to obey a command. If we be commanded, we have a perfect right to come. He who commands us to come to the feast gives us in that very command the only permit we need. Oh! I would that men would believe the freeness of Divine grace. I preach the sovereignty of Divine grace, and desire to preach it with reverence before God and with faithfulness to man; but the freeness of grace is not inconsistent with the sovereignty of it. Albeit that none ever drank of that sacred fountain but those whom God sweetly constrains to drink, if men do not drink the fault lies with them, and the blood is on their own head for ever. For thus cries the Gospel, “Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.” The grace of God is free; no preparation is needed before thou canst receive it, for God gives it even to men who do not ask for it: “I was found of them that sought not after me.” There is no preparation needed; I tell you, the preparation that you imagine would be just that which would disqualify you. Come now; you are commanded to come just as you are, and take it. Oh, may Divine grace that gives the command induce you to obey,—may it sweetly constrain you to obey! Oh! remember there is no barrier between you and Christ, except your own depraved heart. If once you have the will, if God give you the will to go to Christ, there is nothing that can keep you back—nothing that should intimidate you from coming; for the cry is, “Whosoever will, let him come.” This I think to be one of the glories of Divine grace—its freeness; but it is a glory which a great many cannot see. As soon as we touch upon it, some brother says, “Ah, he is not sound upon that point,” though when we expanded upon God’s sovereignty he liked it well enough. With regard to the matter of soundness, I do not so much consider soundness as sense. I always think if a thing be in Scripture it little matters to me if it be not in men’s creed. They can alter their creed as quickly as they like; I shall not alter mine. I will just stand to what I ever shall and always have preached, and take God’s word as it stands, whether I can reconcile it with another part of God’s word or not. One part of the glory of grace, then, consists in its freeness.

And now let me notice another thing. The glory of free grace will be found in *its benevolence*. What good has grace done? I will put it in another shape—What hurt has grace ever done? There is not a man in the universe that can blame grace for any hurt he has received by it. You know a great public good is often a private evil; but while grace is often a public good, it is never a private evil. No one was ever hurt by it. I love a Gospel that hurts nobody. If there be none saved by it, at

least they cannot point the finger at the Gospel, and say, "That has destroyed me." Their destruction lies with them. Grace scatters mercies, but never anything that is the reverse of good. Its path is that of a conqueror, but its garments are not stained with blood, except its own blood. It is true it marches o'er the world, beating down every high look and levelling every lofty thing. But then it is a blessing; for better to be levelled by grace than to be exalted by pride. Good, only good art thou, O grace! Thou art a continually gushing fountain of mercy. Thy stream is ever clear and unmixed. There is no adulteration here, or aught that is ill to man; but, as Milton said, "'Tis better still, and better still, and better still, in infinite progression."

And now let me say once more what I think in my own soul will be one of the greatest glories of Divine grace. I think it will be, if ever I shall see *the face of God with acceptance*. I have said, and do say it again,—

"Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,  
While heaven's resounding mausoleums ring  
With shouts of sovereign grace."

You remember the story of the three wonders in heaven. The first wonder was that we should see so many there we did not expect to see there; and then again that we should miss so many we did expect to see there; but the third wonder would be the greatest wonder—to see ourselves there. Oh! when I hear people censuring and condemning their fellow-Christians because they are not perfect—because they see some little fault in them—I think, do these people know that they are saved by grace, and that they have nothing which they have not received? I think, surely if they knew where they got what they have from, they would not be quite so hard with those that have not got the blessing. When we feel right, my brethren, we always feel ourselves to be veritable beggars. Nay, the more right we come to feel, the less we feel ourselves to be. That big letter I is so large with us all, pride is so interwoven into our nature, that I am afraid we shall never get it pulled out until we are wrapped in our winding-sheets. But if there be anything that can cure it, methinks it is the fact that it is all of grace. Heaven shall show us how gracious God has been to us; but on earth we shall never know the value of the grace we have received. Let us daily sing—

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

And, then, as a consequence, let us walk humbly with our God. Let us always be giving him glory, waiting and expecting that happy day when we shall glorify him with all his saints—when he shall come, with the glory of his Father, and all his holy angels with him.

Brothers and sisters, will we not sing if we once get across the Jordan! Oh, what leapings for joy! what shoutings! what praise! what thanksgiving! Ah! my hoary-headed brother, you are saying, "Would to God I were safely there!" And so you shall be ere long. Ah, my dear young friend, you are saying, "Oh! what temptations I have to battle! Would God that I were at rest!" Your rest may be nearer than you think it is; we are none of us sure how near we are to heaven. That trouble you are dreading may never come; that trial may never arrive, for Christ may come before the trial, and we may be caught up to dwell with Christ ere that trial shall come. Let us just antedate the day by an hour or two. Ah! I shall soon be dying; time quickly fades away. Speed on, O Time! roll on thy wheels and swiftly ply thy wings, and every year fly on apace! The shorter the road the sooner I shall be with him. The nearer I am to Jordan, the nearer am I to Canaan. Farewell, manna of the wilderness! farewell, ye fiery serpents and ye Amalekites! my soul shall cross the Jordan soon. I shall see His face whom, though I have not seen, yet unceasingly I do adore—in whom I have a heaven on earth, with whom I shall have an everlasting blessedness, in that day when he calls me home to himself.

## PREPARATION FOR USEFULNESS.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHELTENHAM.

EVERY ONE must be prepared for his work, and according to the nature of our work must our preparation be; but while preparing we are not always conscious of God's design. If my work is of a spiritual nature, I must be spiritualized to prepare me for it. If I am to be spiritualized, I must be born of the Spirit; for that which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit, is Spirit. A new birth, therefore, is indispensable; for the natural man, whatever his talents or abilities, understandeth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. spiritual work must be done by spiritual men. When a man is regenerated, whom God intends to use in any important work in his Church, his mind is generally directed to that work. He perceives its importance, desires to be engaged in it, and makes it a matter of prayer. And we may, as a rule, conclude, that if we are led to set our heart upon any good work, and, feeling our want of qualification for it, earnestly pray to the Lord to be engaged in it, he will clear our way, use us in that work, and honour us in doing it.

One who was made very useful in the conversion of souls, but whose talents were comparatively small, and whose position in life was anything but prominent, speaking of his conversion to God, says:—"I felt I must labour for souls, year after year I prayed that God would make me the means of saving souls." And God did make him the means of saving many. His heart was set upon it; his efforts were all in this direction,—he spoke to the young, to the careless, and to the unconcerned, with a view to their salvation. He wrote notes and letters to those to whom he could not speak, and followed them with his prayers, and God remarkably owned and blessed them. He lived to win souls; this was his object, nor did he miss it. Did any one ever miss it, whose heart was set upon it?

Beloved, if we sympathised with sinners more—if we more ardently desired their salvation—if we prayed day after day, and year after year, that God would make us the means of saving souls—and so doing, if we diligently made use of the means which God has put in our power for this purpose—we should save souls too. Oh, if we loved souls as we ought—if we realised the honour and happiness of saving souls from death, as we ought—if we prayed for Divine assistance as we ought—and if we seized every opportunity to speak or write to souls, in order to bring them to Christ, as we ought—we should unquestionably be made a blessing to many. How wonderful it is, that believing hell to be a dreadful reality—that every unconverted sinner is in danger of hell, of fire—that no sinner can be saved but by faith in Jesus—that faith comes by hearing of Jesus—that we have tongues to speak of Jesus—and that we are continually hearing of simple words about Jesus being made a blessing—that we do not constantly look out for, and seize every opportunity to speak to our fellow-man of him?

## O U R R E S T.

My feet are worn and weary with the march  
 Over rough roads and up the steep hill-side:  
 Oh, city of our God, I fain would see [slide.  
 Thy pastures green, where peaceful waters  
 My hands are weary, labouring, toiling on,  
 Day after day, for perishable meat:  
 Oh, city of our God, I fain would rest;  
 I sigh to gain thy glorious mercy-seat.  
 My garments, travel-worn and stained with dust,  
 Oft rent by briars and thorns that crowd my  
 way,  
 Would fain be made, O Lord my righteousness!  
 Spotless and white in heaven's unclouded ray.  
 My eyes are weary looking at the sin,  
 Impiety, and scorn upon the earth:

Oh, city of our God, within thy walls,  
 All, all are clothed upon with the new birth.  
 My heart is weary of its own deep sin—  
 Sinning, repenting, sinning still away:  
 When shall my soul thy glorious presence feel,  
 And find its guilt, dear Saviour, washed away?  
 Patience, poor soul: the Saviour's feet were worn,  
 The Saviour's heart and hands were weary too;  
 His garments stained and travel-worn and old,  
 His sacred eyes blinded with tears for you.  
 Love thou the path of sorrow that he trod;  
 Toil on, and wait in patience for thy rest:  
 O city of our God, we soon shall see  
 Thy glorious walls, home of the loved and blest.  
 S. R.

## THE PROFITABLE POSITION.

BY REV. JOHN COX, AUTHOR OF "OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST."

"Waiting for the adoption."—Rom. viii. 23.

BUT have not God's people *received* the adoption, and, if so, how can they be said to *wait* for it? Is it not said, "To as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God?" and, also, that God sent forth his Son to redeem them that were under the law, that they might *receive* the adoption of sons? All this is true, and well may such exclaim, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!" Yet the fact seems to be, that while God's people have received adoption, they have not received *the* adoption." God in his Word looks forward to ultimate things, and would have his people do the same, and anticipate with joy the completion of all that is now begun. It is observable that the same words are often used in Scripture to set forth present privileges and future blessings. Thus the terms "salvation," "redemption," "marriage," describe what is received in part now, and still point forward to the great consummation when Christ shall come "the second time without sin unto *salvation*," when full redemption shall be realized, and the marriage of the Lamb shall come. Thus likewise is it with "*adoption*." It here signifies the resurrection or "redemption of

the body." As Christ was declared to be the Son of God, with power at his resurrection, though Satan had tempted him with "If thou be the Son of God," and wicked men had accused him of blasphemy for assenting to it, so in the resurrection-day will all God's saints be openly declared to be his sons. Suspicions, doubts, imperfections, will be all gone by, and they, made fully like Christ, and fully in sympathy with their Heavenly Father, shall enter into all the glories of his love, and dwell therein for ever. For this they now "*wait*;" they look for it, desire it, expect it, and, conscious of their present imperfections, "*groan* within themselves." All such groaning, desiring, waiting souls shall be owned as sons, and "filled with all the fulness of God."

He that overcomes through me,  
Shall an heir of all things be;  
I his God, and he my Son!  
Saith the true and faithful One.

What an heritage is this!  
An eternity of bliss;  
Sons of God in heaven above—  
Oh, the miracle of love!

Can a worm such bliss receive?  
Fear not, faint not, but believe;  
He who gave his Son, shall he  
Any good withhold from thee?

## LESSONS OF THE PAST; OR, THE RETROSPECTION OF LOVE.

BY THE REV. W. P. BALFERN, AUTHOR OF "LESSONS FROM JESUS."

"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep his commandments, or no."—Deut. viii. 2.

THE memory is a very wonderful faculty, and as useful as wonderful; without the aid of memory there could be no experience, and without experience there could be no existence. And that which is true in relation to natural life, is no less true in relation to spiritual life. Were the Christian unable to keep in mind the dangers to which he is exposed, and the means by which he is to be delivered from them, he would speedily be destroyed.

From the above declaration, it is evident that the Christian's memory, as the result of God's work upon it, is a sacred thing, and God will have it used for a Divine pur-

pose; it is a repository full of heaven's wealth, and it is the duty of the Christian frequently to contemplate this wealth; it is a book full of moral lessons, drawn from the past, and it is the Christian's duty to turn over its leaves and endeavour to spell out their meaning to his edification and joy of faith.

"*Thou shalt remember.*" The words are imperative, you see, and no excuse will be admitted. The past to the Christian is not to appear like a heap of rude stones by the wayside, but like a stately temple in which the King of Heaven sits enthroned, upon the walls of which are written in legible

characters the teachings of his love. The past with many hangs up behind them like a dark curtain, shutting out the light of heaven and all intelligence and hope; but to the Christian it is to appear as a smiling landscape, in which he is to wander to mark the footsteps of Divine love, and observe all the way by which he has come, as upheld and supported by a Divine hand.

But mark, Christian, it is evident that the past may be to thee as a grave, in which inattention, sloth, and ingratitude may bury thy sweetest mercies. Should it be so with thee, the voice of thy God and Father speaks to thee, and says, "Thou shalt remember all the way thy God hath led thee." Charge then thy memory that it awake, and, in dependence upon Divine help, again exhume thy wealth, and place before the eye of thy faith the varied tokens of thy Father's care.

"Thou shalt remember ALL THE WAY which the Lord thy God hath led thee." God is in our entire history, and is to be recognized, not in some things, but all. We are led of God all the way, sustained of God all the way, supplied of God all the way, something of God is exhibited all the way, God meant something all the way, such is the fact; God will have us to see it, to feel it, to acknowledge it, to be instructed by it. We see, therefore, that the perception of Heaven's mercy, wisdom, and love, as they embrace us, is the result of prayerful, patient, and extensive thoughtfulness. All through life God has something to say, and we something to learn, and hence there must be attention, painstaking, here as in other things. With many the past is like a book full of strange and mysterious characters which they cannot decipher, simply because they will not ponder its contents. We are to study the past, then. And observe, this is to be done,—

1. *Lovingly.* It is commanded by God, who is a God of love, and who commands in love—commands as a Father; it is as though he said, "My child, you have been very careless sometimes: I have put many of the precious jewels of truth into your hand, but so intent have you been on grasping other things, that you have let many of them drop upon the road. Now turn back and go over the ground carefully again, and pick them up; they will exhibit my love." O this sweltering, bustling, noisy, turbulent, fast age! how frequently do the flowers of truth, though full of the honey of heaven's wis-

dom, win from us but a passing glance, or fall crushed and bruised beneath our thoughtless feet! "Well, now," says our covenant God and Father, "child, turn back and look at them—yea, study them again."

2. *Carefully.* The way of Divine providence is a winding way, and must be traced out frequently and carefully, or it will be lost in confusion and darkness. We must use care here, or we shall see but little of what is intended. We must take heed that the *great* things, as we deem them, overshadow not and hide the *little*, for God writes his name as clearly on the wing of a fly as upon the foot of an elephant; hence "thou shalt remember *all the way*. The drop of dew which hangs pendent upon a blade of grass, exhibits the face of the sun as clearly as the ocean, whose depths have never been fathomed by the eye of man; and the little things of thy life, Christian, as truly exhibit God to thee as the mighty aggregate of human affairs, which in their trumpet march call upon all to mark the footsteps of omnipotent and all-presiding love. Thy life, Christian, is a chain made up of many links, one end of which is fastened to the throne of God, the other embracing thee. Some of these links are so hidden from thine eye that thou canst not perceive the connection to thy full triumph and joy; but thou art to look and look until the whole appear. God has been careful to bless thee, thou art to be careful to observe when, and how, and where. It is said of wisdom that she shall give to "thy neck an ornament of grace;" the various pledges of God's love, Christian, with the hand of faith, thou art to put together, and to wear them as thy chief beauty and delight, and this will call forth the Divine approbation as of old. "Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse; thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck." Looks full of intelligence and love in quest of the tokens of God's favour, and a memory anxious to exhibit what it has found to his praise and glory, though the thing presented be but small, enlists the sympathy and brings commendation from the lips of the King of kings.

3. *Faithfully.* We are to be *willing* to look at all the way; the spots which appear to us most barren are to have our attention as well as the most fruitful fields. We are not only to think of the Delectable Mountains from whence we beheld the land Beulah, but of the Valley of Humiliation, where

through pride and faintheartedness we had our slips and falls; not only are we to bear in mind our days of rejoicing, but our nights of weeping; not only the high places of our journey, where we saw, went forward, and worsted our foes, but the plains where we turned aside in the day of battle. We are to charge our memory that it be faithful to the *whole truth*, that our covenant God and Saviour may have the honour due to his name and work.

4. *Constantly.* The past is not to become a strange country to us, where we are soon lost because we so seldom visit it, but the native land of our most sober thoughts in quest of the tokens of our Saviour's love; not only are its broad roads, flowing rivers, and mountains to be clearly defined upon the mind, but also the green lanes, quiet nooks, and dim solitudes are frequently to witness our anxious toil to discern the footprints of him who leads his people by a chequered but by a right way to a city of habitation.

5. *Prayerfully, and in dependence upon the teaching of the Holy Spirit.* We must bear in mind that we are not sufficient of ourselves to think a good thought as of ourselves, but that our sufficiency is of God; that it is the work of the Divine Spirit to take of the things of Christ and reveal them to us; that unless he throw light upon the past, a dark cloud will rest upon it, which mere reason can never dispel. Upon every Christian's memory much of a Saviour's love, wisdom, and care is written; but it is the work of the Spirit to touch the characters, and so to make them appear that their meaning becomes our own to our establishment and joy.

And if this work is attended to as we have endeavoured to indicate, the result will be, that we shall grow—

#### I. IN KNOWLEDGE.

1. *Of God.*—We learn to know God not only by what he says but by what he does; by his deeds he illustrates his words in our experience; "My people," he says, "shall know my name." Now it is by pondering over his dealings with us that we become persuaded that he is what he declares himself to be, especially as he declared himself to Moses.—Ex. xxxiv. 5, 6, 7.

2. *Ourselves.*—The past not only reveals God to us, but ourselves; and that we may not be the slaves of pride and self-deception, we must reflect not only upon what we are, but what we have been. The Divine conduct towards us not only illustrates what God is,

but what we are. Contemplating what God has done for us, we see what we *need* to have done, and draw just conclusions as to our condition, confirmatory of those declarations, which describe us as poor, and wretched, and blind, and miserable, and naked,—in fact, in ourselves considered, *lost*.

3. *The Gospel.*—We are exhorted to "take fast hold of instruction," to "keep her, for that she is our *life*." Now, it is by bringing the doctrines we hold to the test of their actual use in our past experience, that we discern their value, and cleave to them with purpose of heart, or, in other words, become rooted and established in the faith. "And," says the Apostle, "it is a good thing that the heart be established in grace."

II. *HUMILITY.*—This is the great lesson which the past reads to us, if we have ears to hear. Observe now, it says, how great God has been, how little yourself—how holy, merciful, long suffering, and faithful he, and how frequently you have been the very reverse of all these things. O, Christian, think of the past—remember the past, and be clothed with humility.

*Faith* grows in the soil of humility, and the lower we lie, the more we see of God, and the more we see of him the more we shall be led to trust in him—yea, to triumph in him. "Who shall separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord?" says Faith, looking at the past. "Why, he has proved himself to be better than all my fears, and infinitely above all my foes."

*Hope.*—It is written, "He is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all we ask or think." And Faith, looking over the past, declares the declaration to be a fact in her experience; and hence, in the midst of the darkest night, Hope looks up with the light of joyful expectation in her eyes, and says, "I will trust, and not be afraid, for the *Lord Jehovah* is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation."

*Love.*—And Love too gets food from the past. "Oh," she says, "how unmerited was that blessing—how timely was that gracious interposition—how marvellous was that preservation! O thou most faithful God, most loving Jesus, most patient and beneficent Spirit! how vast the debt of gratitude I owe to you!"

*Zeal.*—And bright-eyed Zeal, too, the child of Love, as she surveys the past, girds up her loins for more difficult, constant, and



persevering service. "Oh," she says, "what a deal of time I have lost, and what a many opportunities! O God, forgive me; O Jesus, strengthen me; O Spirit, revive me. Oh, save me from faintheartedness: help me to persevere, to work while it is day, seeing the night cometh, when no man can work."

And can and does the Lord, Christian, bring forth so sweet and benign a family as this from that past which has frequently pressed so many prayers from our hearts, and tears from our eyes; and can he indeed transform that memory, so torn by sin and many sorrows, into the lesson-book of his love, and make all our bleeding wounds but the chosen inlets of his tender mercy? He can; then may we ever seek for grace to "remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thy heart, whether thou wouldst keep his commandments or no."

Reader, in the present day many speak, write, and act as though they deemed it a sure mark of mental strength and transcendent intellect to view life as one scene of overhanging mystery, darkness, and sorrow, upon which no single ray of Divine love ever falls, and where the aching mind seeks in vain for any intimations of the all-presiding, all-embracing *love* of the Great Supreme. And hence such deem it just that the mind, in relation to either the past or future,

should give forth but one constant wail of hopeless sorrow and despair. Now while we admit that there is in life much that is *dark*, and much that can never be fully understood, and consequently much which should touch, chasten, and subdue; much which should make us self-diffident, lowly, tender-hearted, and call forth many a tear; yet to the Christian mind life presents great occasions for joy, because, when rightly studied, it presents so much of *God*.

Nor is it manly to indulge in a merely sentimental grief, which the light of heaven, if sought, would remove. Nor are the doubts and uncertainties of many minds the result of ingenuousness, or strength of intellect, but of treachery to themselves and God. Sloth, inattention, prejudice, love of sin, and hatred of that truth which God makes known through nature, providence, and in his Word, frequently fill many minds with the pangs of a morbid and unavailing sorrow. Permit us, therefore, reader, to commend to your attention and study *the book of your own life as it unfolds God*. Study it carefully and prayerfully, lovingly and constantly, and you shall know and be assured that God *did not* exhort to an impossibility when he said, "Thou *shalt* remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thy heart, whether thou wouldst keep his commandments, or no."

## BOCHIM; OR, THE WEEPERS.

BY THE REV. W. BARKER, OF CHURCH-STREET CHAPEL, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD.

(Judges ii. 1-5.)

SOON after the death of Joshua and the Elders who survived him, "there arose another generation after them, which knew not the Lord—nor yet the works which he had done for Israel." And these, we are informed, in the chapter from which this narrative is taken, did evil in the sight of the Lord, and served Baalim and Ashtaroth—the whole family of heathen gods worshipped by the Canaanites—by which they broke the covenant of their God, and unfitted themselves for the "high vocation," which they and their fathers had received from heaven.

The Tabernacle was at Shiloh, where it had been brought, towards the latter end of Joshua's ministry, from Gilgal, (compare Joshua xviii. 1, with v. 9;) and *probably* the congregation were assembled at one of

their solemn feasts when the soul-stirring voice of the Angel of the Lord aroused their fears, and converted the courts of His house into a house of weepers. He is said to have come from Gilgal, probably because no popular revelation of his will had been made since that time, although the appointed symbol of his presence had been hovering over the Tabernacle as a constant pledge of his good pleasure; his readiness to hear their prayers, and ratify all his sacred engagements made to their fathers when he led them forth out of Egypt.—Christian friends, let us pause and ask ourselves if there be not many reasons why the Sanctuary should be a house of weepers in this day; why many a closet should record the agonies of a broken and contrite heart, on account of the sins of

the Church and the short-comings of individual Christians? Let us consider—

### I. THIS SOLEMN SERVICE.

1. *And first we shall notice the people themselves.* We will go in amidst that multitude of the sons of Jacob. Surely there are many points of interest in such an assembly. It was large—"all the children of Israel" are said to have been there. It was not a solitary interview between some eminent leader of the nation and the Angel of the Lord, nor a mere gathering of their Elders to receive fresh instructions, to quicken them in the arduous duties of their office. The people were assembled, one and all.—Solemn feelings crowd into the mind, in the midst of a multitude met for worship. Such scenes should be like a little heaven below; but, alas! they do not always satisfy the mind, nor is the smile of the Holy One always amongst them. Ye who suppose yourselves so much nearer heaven when surrounded by a crowd than when alone in the closet, remember this company of people were under the Divine frown, and had words of reproof, not of comfort, spoken to them.

*They were the chosen people of God.* Their fathers had served in the brick-fields of Egypt, and borne all the hardships of a long subjection to the despotic sons of Ham. But their yoke had been broken from the neck; by a mighty hand they had passed through the sea; traversed the wilderness in safety; subdued the Canaanite before them in the Land of Promise, and gained their tribal possessions. They were the model people of the world—most highly-favoured—the fair type of the true Israel, who have a still higher calling; a more signal deliverance; richer privileges, and a more glorious rest in reversion.

But what a people in reality! How unworthy of their name; how unfaithful to their trust; how demoralized and polluted by the customs of the world! And what daring impiety had they committed in setting up heathen altars in the land they were charged to make holy unto the Lord, and in defiance of the true sanctuary, the abode of his ineffable glory!—Let our consciences faithfully use this mirror; and if self be reflected in it, humble the soul before God, in a true penitence, that his forgiving love may be exercised.

2. *The Preacher.* An Angel of the Lord. Some say Phineas, others a created angel. But surely this was the Angel of the Covenant—that Divine One, "whose goings forth have been from of old,

from everlasting" (Micah v. 2)—who was invested with the prerogative of forgiving their sins, and in whom the *Divine name* (nature) *was* (Exodus xxiii. 20, 21). He guarded the patriarchs in their pilgrimage; ratified the covenant to Abraham; and sustained Moses and Joshua in all their task. He had come from Gilgal; that is, he had not been seen by the people since he spoke to them there—from Gilgal (*the rolling away of the reproach*), when he instated them in the Land of Promise, in spite of the contempt of their enemies. And therefore he came as the true claimant of their love, homage, and faith; him from whom they would, we might have supposed, never have revolted.—Happy the privilege of the Christian Church that the same Divine Redeemer should walk in the midst of the golden candlesticks—should be in the holiest of all for us—and stands pledged to hasten our salvation, and the coming of his own kingdom.

3. *Mark the Sermon.* It was a solemn reminder of Divine privileges and deliverances abused. "I made you to go up out of Egypt, and have brought you into the land which I swear unto your fathers. And I said, I will never break my covenant with you." To you, their children, I appeal if my word has not been true? Have you not enjoyed all that your fathers expected, save what your sins have robbed you of?

*It was a reiteration of the solemn charge they had ever been expected to keep.* "Ye shall make no league with the inhabitants of this land; ye shall throw down their altars; but ye have not obeyed my voice. Why have ye done this?" Have I proved unmindful of you—unkind, unfaithful—that you should bring to Baal what belongs to me? Will this course enrich you? Have ye no love for your souls—for your children? No regard for my honour; and no recollection of past mercies? "Why have ye done this?"

*It was a terrible reproof*—"Wherefore they shall be as *thorns in your sides*, and their gods shall be a *snare* to you." Not one word of comfort in this sermon, brethren. The people did not deserve it; neither was the time come for it. Oh, how terrible is the presence of the Lord in the congregation, when such is the nature of his visit! Yet he is always there, with his eyes like a flame of fire, and his sharp two-edged sword. But, blessed thought! he has the "seven spirits of God likewise," and the sword is only resorted to when his professed

people become incorrigibly indolent, carnal, insolent, and impious. Let us live up to our privileges; keep the charge of the Lord, and walk in his fear all the day; and he will crown us with loving-kindness and tender mercies, and will make the place of his feet glorious. Zion shall become a praise in the whole earth; and out of her, "the perfection of beauty, God shall shine forth."

## II. THE SINGULAR EFFECT PRODUCED.

*"The people lifted up their voice and wept."* Charged with base ingratitude to God, with the most daring disobedience to his Divine commands, and all this under a cloak of piety—coming as they did to his altar and doing sacrifice to Baal at the same time—they might well weep.

*But were all their tears real?* No. We are constrained to take a contrary view. The subsequent part of the chapter is a record of their instability and hypocrisy. Some wept because such sad temporal calamities were threatened to them. Like many now who are penitent when poverty, sickness, and death overtake them; but worldly and carnal when they are full of the good things of life. They pray on a sick bed, but curse and ridicule religion when health returns; or they become devoted and zealous in times of calamity, but lose all thought of the soul when the terror is removed. What hypocritical tears! How offensive to God! How hardening to their own hearts! Indeed, such a state of mind is a Satanic device to ruin unstable souls.

*Some of them wept under a spurious impulse.* Oh, what self-loathings, what bitter self-reflections; what awful vows against their sins, were for the time expressed! but these loud weepers are also lewd laughers. These poor unworthy worms of the earth, as they call themselves, under such strange impulses, are the very embodiments of pride and self-righteous impudence at other times. They are sensuous, and not spiritual. They weep with the saints, and carouse with the drunkard and the

worldlings. Truly the seed falls into stony places where there is not much depth of earth, and it soon withereth under the scorching of the sun. Here is a picture of our religious assemblies, and of some of our most sacred solemnities; let it be laid to heart, and made a matter of prayer.

*But were there not some sincere weepers there?* Yes, O yes! These were not their first tears either. They had wept in secret over the iniquities of their children, their acquaintances, and neighbours. Men and women who were the salt of the nation—the precious amidst the vile—to whom the glory of God was the paramount thought—who had sighed for a visit from this Holy One for a long time. Now it was an unusually solemn day with them; but theirs was no fitful grief. Yet from their connection with such an inconstant multitude they must be content for awhile to see Zion mourn, and her altar forsaken. The time would, however, come for her deliverance and their joy, and as their prayers were registered in heaven, so their tears were all bottled up before the Lord.—Be encouraged, ye weeping ones in the churches. God shall regard your cry, and he will come and save you. Though to-day he speak not comfortably, faithfulness and love are in his heart. They mourned their own dishonour, and that the angel who had the prerogative of forgiveness should not hold out any hope of it then: be ye patient for awhile and all will be well.

Remember the Church has to do with a holy God, "whose eyes behold and whose eyelids try" the sons of men. Let us then examine our own hearts to ascertain how matters stand between us and him, and what he looks upon as the hindrance to the coming of his blessing. True contrition of soul is our proper feeling; and where true humility and contrition are, the Lord of Hosts delighteth to dwell; there he will command a signal blessing, and make his people a praise in the earth.

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## THE COMPASSION OF JESUS.

BY THE REV. W. BARRINGER, OF BLANDFORD-STREET CHAPEL.

"And Jesus saw a great multitude, and was moved with compassion."—Matt. xiv. 14.

SWEET thought, "Jesus was moved with compassion." In that mixed multitude there was many an anxious heart, a feeble step, and careworn brow; many sighing under burdens apparently irremovable,

and sicknesses hitherto deemed incurable. Loving parents were there, who had wept and prayed over a smitten son. Young men were there who had been too forward in the pursuits of folly and evil, and grey-

haired ones whose lives had been spent in vanity.

Some eyes had not for years been gladdened with the beauties of light. Some ears could not detect the sweetest and most harmonious sounds; and some, clad in the sombre robe of settled melancholy, were passing their days in much bitterness. Some eyes were lighted with the fire of scorn, and others dimmed by the anguish of despair.

Some for years had been waiting for the long-promised Messiah, and amid the alternate ebb and flow of fear and hope, came then to see for themselves if this were indeed he.

But though varied and tumultuous feelings rose high, yet one heart beat more audibly than the rest; one spirit heaved a deeper sigh over human misery; and one bosom possessed compassion deeper than all their woes, stronger than their unbelief, and with means of relief at command passing the utmost bounds of human expectation. That one was Jesus.

Look at the Son of God, he whose thoughts are as far above our thoughts, as heaven is higher than earth, and whose grace, as a majestic river rising in the upper regions, rolls onward, not spreading devastation, or producing misery; but bringing peace for trouble, health for sickness,

and the buoyancy of hope for the gloomy forebodings of despair.

He cannot look upon this misery unmoved; he cannot gaze on those trembling ones without the eye of pity being suffused with tears; he is moved, and that with a compassion which must work for their good.

Who can say how deeply moved? When men can fathom the depths of Divine grace; when its length and breadth can be measured, and all its stores searched out; and when with capacious powers they can grasp all its intentions, then, and then alone, shall it be fully known.

Yes, his heart is tender—his spirit most impressive: for every tale of sorrow he had an ear to listen, and for every distressing case brought him he had a heart to help.

This deep movement of his heart can never be restrained to mere sympathy—

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

It must soon assume the positive position of gracious help to every seeking one. “He healed their sick.”

He has undergone no change; he is the same yesterday as to-day. Haste then, mourner, and roll thy burden on him. And ye, poor sin-sick ones, his heart yearns, his bowels move, and he will surely have mercy on you, for he is God. Go to him, and he will heal you.

## CONFESSING CHRIST.

THE confession of Christ implies the possession of Christ—we must have him by the heart's free election, before we can declare him. Christ chosen by the heart, found as the heart's confidence and joy, must be made known, and will be—to those confided in and beloved—in the lesser circles; in the daily incidental contacts and interchanges of life. There is something in the nature of the experience, and of the mind to, which prompts to the declaring of what has been found, that others may be blest in the same way. How touching that early record in John; and how true to all that has followed! Andrew, one of the first called of Christ, immediately findeth his brother Simon, that he may declare his soul's new treasure to him—“We have found him, the Messiah, the Christ.” Then Philip, the next called of Christ, at once repairs to Nathaniel with the profession—“We have him of whom Moses wrote—Jesus, the Saviour.” Not

one possessing the fact can keep it secret—itself is the divulging, declaring force; and by this simple, personal process of confessing—declaring, others are won, and the new kingdom grows.

To confess Christ is to declare him in his true character; in the mystery and the glory of his person; and in all the functions he sustains toward us—as our Prophet, the revealer of all needed truth to our souls; confess him as our Priest, to atone and to intercede for us; confess and not deny the Lord that bought us; confess him as our King—as ruler supreme, by submission, and joyful recognition of his reign; confess him by reflecting his character and spirit; by a prompt, a spontaneous conformity to his just and benign precepts; confess him by recognizing the supremacy of his cause, ever regarding that as the chiefest, the ascendent interest of the universe; confess him by making sacrifices to advance this

cause, so that when what is personal and what is Christ's come in competition or conflict, the personal is put under, Christ's is put uppermost—no matter at what cost; confess him by suffering, if need be, following in this stern regard the Master who, before Pontius Pilate, witnessed a good confession—confessing even unto blood and cruel death.

Where there is the principle—the heart to do and confess, as in the circumstances already named—there will also be in that individual the more formal confession of Christ before the congregation, joining himself by solemn act and covenant to the Church, that he may have the comfort of its ordinances and privileges. The heart truly renewed by the Spirit of God inclines this way; comes to this act not as to a stern duty, but to a privilege and refreshment: its thirstings, and affinities, and affections have ever drawn it to the fellowship of the saints—to the communings of the Church.

The *heart's* confession is the great and availing act. No error can be greater, no practice more injurious than to suppose and proceed thereon, that the public act—joining the Church and receiving the ordinances—is the main thing; that if there be confession here it is enough; that one may do this and be accepted, though he plunge into all worldly conformities and pleasures.

And yet how much of this there is;—only the more formal and public confession—confessing Christ in the Church, denying him everywhere else; at least forgetting or ignoring him in most other places. How many who are grave amid the solemnities, and frivolous and reckless amid the temptations and the quieties! How many whose religion is coming into a place, taking an attitude, emitting an utterance, and receiving an ordinance; the whole, a dead formalism; and this the whole of their confessing Christ—just no confessing at all.

And there are those right in the opposite position—those who strive to fulfil their duty of confessing Christ in the more private and retired way. They shrink from confessing him in the Church and the public assembly—taking so openly vows so solemn, responsibilities so immutable. We assume that they have Christ in their hearts, though, perhaps, not all the evidence of this they desire. We present it to them as an unquestioned duty that they avow Christ; that they unmistakably range themselves on the Lord's side; that they take the risk of such a commitment; that they cease to

live as though ashamed of Christ; that they remember him in the ordinance of the Supper. "Most gladly would I thus remember him," says one, "but my hope is so feeble, my evidence so slender, that I recoil from the responsibility." To such a one we say, Do you avoid responsibility by neglecting to avow your Lord? Here, now, is the common fallacy, many supposing that, by keeping back under the plea of doubtful or deficient preparation, they maintain a species of neutrality. Avoid both sides of the offence. The duty cannot be, with impunity, avoided or neglected. Do you ask, "How can it be done by one so frail in faith and hope?" We admit the solemnity of it, and the guilt incurred by insincerity, by hypocrisy. At the same time we say, Do it, as the only thing you can do. You cannot go back; you cannot stand still; you must go forward. Then, gather up courage, and do it. Above all, rely on promised grace, and do it. If your hope is in Him, and your heart is toward him, then do it; commit and bind your heart more firmly to him, by willing vows and covenant obligations. To those who tremblingly come, he is compassionate and helpful. Those who thus diffidently come are not the ones, as a general thing, who wound him by their inconsistencies and offences.

This is a fact which has often been noted in the experience—many have so found it—that having gone forward, and confessed him, become eternally pledged and committed, doubts and fears were scattered,—a measure of assurance was reached not dreamed of before. It is safe to choose him, to confess and obey him. It is good also, yielding nutriment and growth to all the graces of the soul;—good and edifying is it to abide within the inclosures of his covenant, amid the privileges of his kingdom; to be a member of his house; to have a filial place and dwell in the mingled fellowship of fraternal hearts; to eat the bread from heaven—eat and hunger no more—drink and thirst no more. This consciousness of duty done, and these ampler refreshments by the way, make the confessing soul far stronger, and more peaceful and blest. Then, the promise of what is to come,—having confessed Christ here, the amazing reversion there—"Him will I confess before my Father who is in heaven." It is Christ who will do it—the final Arbitrer of destiny. And what words they will be in such a presence and scene! What scope and wealth of meaning! How calming and

blessedly assuring in that awful Assize—when he lays on the disciple his recognising and appropriating hand, saying, "This one is mine; I purchased him with my blood; drew him by my grace; sanctified

him through my truth; he confessed me on the earth; I will now crown him in heaven. Where I am, there I claim that he shall be, to see my glory, and share in the awards and joys of my kingdom."

### WHAT WILL IT COST ?

WHEN any great enterprise is to be undertaken, the first dictate of prudence is to inquire what will be the cost of the undertaking. The Saviour says in his instructions to his disciples, "Which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first and *counteth the cost*, whether he hath sufficient to finish it?" A man who wishes to purchase houses, or lands, or merchandise, asks, What will the estate or the amount of goods cost me, and can I afford the expense? The opposite course, that is, *running the risk*, is recognized by the world as dangerous recklessness, if not positive dishonesty, where interests of any moment are at hazard.

If it be prudent and the part of wisdom to ponder this question in our worldly affairs, how much more so in those which pertain to the soul in our everlasting welfare! Mistakes and misfortune in the business of human life may be retrieved—mistakes with reference to the affairs of the soul *never!* We may have ventured to live on in impotence to our allotted threescore and ten, without asking the cost of such a procedure; but it will be sure in the end to prove a fatal extravagance, a cheat practised upon one's own immortal well-being.

What will it cost to be a Christian?

Let us face the question with a firm purpose, to decide whether we will undertake the expense, or run the risk of following the ironic counsel given as a most solemn warning by the wisest of men—"Let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes"—be it remembered, however, he does not fail to add, "but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment!"

It will cost what human pride certainly shrinks from—*humiliation*. Our own high self-estimate must be dismissed. We must resolutely take that view of ourselves which the holy rectitude of God's law takes of us. Violators of that law in every precept, and thus open to its terrible malediction, doomed and utterly helpless, what possible founda-

tion for *pride* to stand upon in all this? Our best instructions, our most commendable deeds, are all stained with sin. We are sick and wasting with a deep-working moral leprosy, and if we would be healed, we must say, with the Hebrew lepers, "Unclean, unclean," and take our place in lowly dependence upon that Divine and unslumbering mercy, which always listens to the petition, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," while the self-satisfied Pharisee goes down to his house unjustified.

It will cost entire *self-renunciation*.

Christ trod the wine-press of Divine indignation alone, when "he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross;" and having wrought out such a mighty work of redemption as fills all the inhabitants of heaven with amazement, and wrought it alone, he will never divide his glory with the guilty ones for whom he bled and died. If such could be the case, how would it hush that "new song," swelled by the voices of a choir of "ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands: Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing; for thou hast redeemed us to God by thy blood."

If, then, we have any argument to bring in our own favour, if we have any plea of self-justification, it is in vain to go to the Lord Jesus Christ with it. He will certainly reply, "I know you not—depart." Redemption is not a sinking fund, generously designed to pay off liabilities which are not otherwise provided for. Christ, the grand centre, as well as the grand pervasive life of that glorious scheme, is, and will be, all in all. We must accept him as such, or, so far as we personally are concerned, he was crucified in vain, and the whole work is abortive. He died for our sins—he was raised for our justification, and he ever liveth to make intercession. These amazing truths, this summary of the Gospel, must be our confidence, our sole reliance, or we build upon a foundation so

frail that the first surge of the river of death will sweep it all away. Salvation by grace, the theme that will swell the hearts and attune the voices of the redeemed throughout eternity, must be *our* salvation. "By *grace* are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God. *Not of works, lest any man should boast.*"

It will also cost much *self-denial*, and the humble, patient exercise of the Christian virtues. "Jesus said to his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." A curb must be fastened upon those clamorous passions which riot in the unsanctified heart, and which, like the fabled Hydra, spring into new life when we thought them slain. Denying ungodliness and restraining every undue worldly affection, a sober, righteous, and godly life alone furnishes evidence that the spirit and disposition reign within us, which prompt to the outward "conversation" enjoined by the Apostle as in harmony with the Gospel.

This is but an outline of what it *may* cost to be a Christian. To some whose history we read it has cost all this and vastly more. Witness the company of prophets, apostles, saints, and martyrs, "of whom the world was not worthy," who have sealed their

testimony with their blood, "esteeming the reproach of Christ," with its glorious prospective compensation, of far greater value than all the treasures of Egypt, might they be multiplied a thousand times. Ah! it has cost, in many an instance, tortures, cruel mockings and scourgings, the sword, bonds and imprisonments, casting into the arena with wild beasts, furious with starvation and frantic with pain. It has cost the horrible agonies of martyrdom by flames—by the unrevealed and demonic cruelties of the *Auto-da-fe*—by inventions of wickedness and shame which could have had their origin nowhere but in the very council-chamber of Satan and his angels.

But what are its rewards? In this world, the "peace which passeth understanding" to flood the soul, though the body may be writhing with pain, a victory over death and the grave, and "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away" in "the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God!"

The cost of *not* being a Christian is fearfully foreshadowed by our Saviour, when he exclaims—"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

## TRAITS OF TROUBLOUS TIMES.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF THE REV. MR. JOHN HICKS, AN EJECTED NON-CONFORMIST MINISTER, 1670-1.

TRANSCRIBED BY JANE BOWRING CRANCH.

### CHAPTER VIII.

*Fighting with Beasts at Ephesus—Departure of Master Jellinger for "the land that is very far off."*

OR rushing to the door, and then the window, we discovered a party of men had been lying in ambush for our unsuspecting selves, by creeping stealthily through the fence which parted my plot of ground from our neighbours, some of whom were at the meeting, and those not present protested their unconsciousness of the treachery (and I piously believe they spake the truth). Our enemies completely surprised us. The street porch was guarded by persons armed with rapiers, while at the back door peered in the malignant, ill-favoured visage of John Lucas; but, loud above all other sounds, the voice of Master Beare might be heard roaring in the passage that "now he had unearthed the fox." Meanwhile the struggling folk upon the stairs

made a kind of barrier between him and myself, and Master Hope, leaning over the rail, demanded his warrant for making us prisoners.

"Warrant, quothe," shouted he. "Why, *this* (drawing his sword), and 'tis the best such knavish traitors as ye can be served with;" then (fearful words upon his blasphemous tongue) struck out right and left, producing the maddest terror and confusion.

But just as Master Beare succeeded in setting a foot upon the stair, one of our friends, watching the opportunity, suddenly closed and grappled with him. Master Beare, thus taken unawares, had barely power to attempt the giving a desperate thrust by way of reprisal, when the fingers of a hand like a vice of iron—'twas the smith's I have before made mention of, who showeth us much kindness, whether in part for the sake of the country damsel, I will not take upon me to determine—wrested it out of his grasp, snapped it in twain as if it had been a

lady's riding-wand, and contemptuously flung away the fragments; which John Lucas perceiving, presented (as he thought, unobserved) a pistol—for this time our foes came provided with deadlier weapons than staves and cudgels. I felt a pair of soft arms wildly flung around me, while something passed my head near enow, and of a power—though I remained unscathed—to make me stagger, and for the moment feel stunned. But, thanks to God's protecting mercy, the bullet spent itself in the plaster of a wall just beyond us, which it cracked, and sent into a shower of fragments on those around; also my poor wife, whose life is dearer to me than my own, escaped unhurt from the effects of the cruel aim her eye detected taking at mine.

"'Tis the third time I've been baffled, Master Parson; but, alive or dead, I'll have ye," said Lucas, as my eyes again encountered the baleful gaze of his, which now did seem actually to burn with smothered fury; and their silent rage had in it, I confess, a certain power, strong enough to make me shudder. Yet have I studied God's Word too closely to fear, beyond a moment of passing weakness, aught that one of his sinful creatures can do to injure me. Satan himself might not harm a hair of Job's head, otherwise than as the Lord permitted; and he is likewise, thought I, "my strength and my shield;" of whom or what, therefore, shall I be afraid?

But such a feeling of horror and indignation possessed the minds of the brethren at the attempt of John Lucas upon my life, that they decided, let the consequences to themselves be what they might, on driving Master Beare and his men out of the place. Declaring boldly they would risk all things rather than leave me helpless and a prisoner in the hands of persons so void of ruth as our persecutors, and being more than a match in number, they carried out their purpose; though, what with the struggling together of men below, and the clamour and shrieking of women above, I did make sure my poor house would now be certainly pulled about our ears.

And there was one voice whose screams rose louder than any of the others: their knife-like sharpness was so remarkable, that, amid all the horrid din, I caught these words—"Don't kill me! Ah, spare my life! Sweet sir, show pity! I'll give ye money, or do whatsoever ye list."

"Oh! bragging tongue, that didst wag so glibly," thought I, "scarce half-an-hour ago, how is thy note changed!" Then followed such dismal, unearthly cries of "murder" from the same quarter, that I darted at once into the thick of the fray, and lo! who should I espy but Mrs. Pickweather, with a creature of Master Beare's pointing his rapier towards her heart, as if he fully meant despatching the poor thing

upon the instant? That the fellow had no serious intention of slaying our friend I feel certain; yet what to him was nought save brutal sport, to her was like the bitterness of death itself. Frighted out of her five wits—for the *faith of assurance* was all gone—*Mistress Pickweather* had fallen upon her knees, and, in most abject wise, implored compassion. At sight of the woman's distress, I felt my blood boil, and seizing with all my strength her assailant—whereby I got an ugly cut from the sword—succeeded in making him desist tormenting his victim; but before I was aware, he, very nimbly disengaging his right arm, dealt me a blow on the temple, which felled me to the ground, and ere I could recover myself, I saw him catch the buckram skirt of *Mistress Pickweather*, and, with a scornful laugh, give her a twirl—as if she had been some very light matter indeed—right on to my trampled garden, from whence this poor soul fluttered off much in the condition of a bird spoiled of all its fine feathers, and no other hurt beside, I rejoice to say, save terror. Moreover, our sister hath, I trow, gotten a *practical* lesson in humility that will last her her lifetime.

Meanwhile, Master Beare, though a very strong-built, powerful man, and nearly beside himself with fury, had found this, his work of "unearthing a fox," so hard, it compelled him to measure his length in the passage. John Lucas was thrust into the street, where the 'prentice lads—and I wot the fathers and brothers of some of 'em—who for reasons of their own dislike him hugely—(doubtless they remembered in what merciless sort he hath clapped as many of their number as he could in the cage, or the stocks, with oftentimes a set-up in the pillory to boot, and gathering somewhat from those ejecting him of his late murderous attempt on myself)—declared they would not lose such an opportunity of paying him (ay, and with usury) back in his own bad coin; but Master Hope, who is a favourite with most of the town-folk, and another of the brethren, gat among the young men, and besought them, as they valued their lives, to do the plotting, mischievous, cruel fellow no hurt; and their counsel so far prevailed, that, with exception of a general burst of abhorrence at his wickedness, which pursued him to his threshold, he escaped without a hand being raised in reprisal.

The great boots of Master Beare, still kicking desperately against the shins of those who had overcome him, followed ignominiously after. He was conveyed to the town tavern, and certain friendly folk promised to keep an eye upon his movements, and report them to us. The remainder of this evil crew, though they flourished about their swords, (thereby causing several persons who, conceiving from the uproar we were being massacred, had come to our help, to take



to their heels instead,) when they perceived what unexpected as well as resolute numbers they would have to contend with, and noting beside unmistakable signs of a sound dressing, like very quickly to be administered, themselves dispersed without giving us much further annoyance.

And here, I must observe, it caused me not a little uneasiness to see how Robin Cheke\* comported himself, the stripling that fared so ill at the hands—perhaps I ought rather to say *hoofs*—belonging to Master Beare, and afterward, the staff of John Lucas. There was he, upon the stair-head, regarding his enemies' rout, and present discomfiture, with such a vengeful expression in his face, that I intend reproving him the first opportunity; a hearty forgiveness of those who injure us being one of our Lord's especial commands, and a feature of import in his Divine prayer. Alack! the evil spirit of persecution gendereth hatred, and bitterness, even in natures gentle, sweet, and affectionate, as, till then, I believed our young Robin's to be.

We were none of us unmindful of dear Master Jellinger, but to get him removed during the tumult was a thing impossible; and to our consternation a kind of fit seized him, from which we feared he would hardly fetch again. After my house had been cleared of the foe, Master Trueman and I spread a pallet, and laid him carefully upon it, while another of the brethren bled to the house of a very ancient, well-respected gentleman, who for more than half a century practised physic in this town, and having gotten much wealth, hath ceased to follow his calling; yet, to his credit, he is ever ready to give the poor and distressed advice and help for sake of charity. To him, therefore, went our brother, with tidings of Master Jellinger's being struck, as it appeared, for death, and prayed the old physician come see if he could do aught to save him; and Master Rich readily consented, though one of those Episcopalian gentlemen, of whom some highly disapprove what they are pleased to call our contumacy, while others of their sect scruple not in private to declare we are too hardly dealt by, and likewise show symptoms of displeasure at the conduct of our oppressors.

Master Rich, before leaving his house, opened the door of a sitting parlour to speak with his lady, and our friend looking in, to his very great amaze saw sitting upon a carved chair none other than the poor little country maid, looking as if just recovered from a swoon, and tended by Mistress Rich herself. It appeared, this girl, during the affray, had contrived to squeeze herself, though somewhat plump in person, out of

a little casement my wife showed her in the side wall, which appears to me scarce big enow for a cat to go through. Being very active, she lighted safely upon the ground, and, with a parting nod, away the damsel sped. But ere well out of sight, some lynx-eyed man of Master Beare's caught sight of the flying figure, and, joined by another comrade in wickedness, started in full chase after her. If nearly "swift of foot as a wild roe," she knew the long legs of her pursuers were gaining upon her, and coming to a pair of stately gates which stood open, she rushed into the court of the mansion beyond. Heading not a serving-man just a-coming out of the porch the girl bounded up the wide staircase in the hall, and then, half-dead with fright, dropped down before a chamber door, which was instantly opened by an aged gentleman, clad in a loose flowing kind of robe, with a brodered night-cap on his head—to wit, Master Rich himself, who gazed astonished upon the panting, speechless creature, without hat or cap (she had lost both in her flight), and unbound hair, lying at his feet. And surely 'twas by the ordering of Providence this good young maiden fled for shelter where she did; for though, as I've already said, Master Rich is a stiff Episcopalian, and at first felt disturbed by the notion of harbouring or giving countenance to a Conventicler, his kindness gat the better of his prejudice, and under Master Rich's roof even, followers rude and rough as Master Beare's presumed not intrude themselves.

But a poor young man I have hitherto made no mention of, was handled so cruelly in his attempt to get away from my house, that we fear the consequence; and he could ill bear this treatment, by reason of a heavy sickness, which, some short time since, brought him very near the grave. "So near," quoth he to a friend, "that ever since I seem to see my shadow rest upon it." And 'twas during this affliction he became, we trust, "born again," left his former carnal companions, and so delighteth in seeking instruction from, and holding pious converse with, godly folk, that, without fear, we have received him among us, as giving what I will always maintain is the best token of a renewed heart—to wit, an amended life,—though none hold more strongly, according to the sound and comfortable doctrine of election, than I, that by God's free grace alone can man be saved; and, touching his own salvation, "it is the gift of God." But oh, the "exceeding riches" of that grace, the greatness of that gift, the freedom of the pardon offered through Him who "liveth and reigneth to make intercession for us;" so, then, if good works profit nothing, yet are they the certain fruits of a new nature in Christ; for unless the conversation be agreeable to the Gospel our faith in him is only a dead faith.

\* From a mistake in the original MS., this youth, evidently the same person, is called Mark Groye in chap. iv.

At the meeting I, noting how eagerly this youth seemed as it were to drink in the words of those who took part there, said to myself, "Truly here is 'one that thirsteth for the waters of life,' and if he hath no money yet shall he 'buy and eat, yea, buy wine and milk without money and without price.'" Seeing, moreover, his wan cheeks and wasted limbs, I thought fit to say somewhat concerning the brevity, even at its longest, of that span of time *we* call a life, and our tenure of it as being just as uncertain as the stroke of death is inevitable; therefore did not the main concern of the former ought to consist in solemn preparation for the latter? "Our earthly house of this tabernacle," continued I, "is a structure so marvellous, fine, and delicate, that in prime of health and strength a very little accident, which produeth a few swift hours of suffering, yea, it may be scarce a moment's space of agony, proveth sufficient to bid it return to the dust from whence 'twas taken. Yet the believer in Christ, how sudden soever his summons to enter his Master's presence, is *always* ready, for he knoweth whose blood hath ransomed, whose grace is sufficient, whose strength is made perfect even in his very weakness; yea, that the more feeble, trustful, and like a child in heart, the closer will he feel the everlasting arms embracing and supporting him, till the 'deep waters' through which he is passing prove but a tide of hope and bliss, on which his frail bark is borne calmly, ofttimes triumphantly, towards its glorious haven."

The apostolic injunction of "Let the strong help the weak" was, methinks, well followed, when those of the church who were able cared for the old and weak, sheltering them as best they might from the violence of our assailants; and though some were sorely bruised, and others greatly ruffled in spirit, yet none received the hurt which did the young man I just made allusion to. Two of the brethren having gotten him away some considerable distance, and believing he was safe, at his earnest entreaty went back to assist the folk left behind. He made shift to get along till, upon turning a corner, the same ruffians who had chased the country-maid came up, and seized the poor, feeble soul, shouting,—

"We make you a prisoner!"

"I pray you let me go, my masters," answered he, "for, as ye can perceive, I am scarce strong enow to walk, and feel as if anear the end of my last journey."

"Mayhap, thou whining hypocrite, I know how to make the journey yet a little shorter," said the stoutest of his assailants, at the same time plucking a pistol from his belt, and holding it close to the defenceless sick man's head, who thereupon naturally expected instant death; and the effect of this brutishness to a person in his condition proved such that blood gushed out of

his mouth and nostrils, which the wicked ones seeing, thought he was killed with fright, and so left him.

The poor youth remained in this state till some Christian folk spied his misery; he was lifted up as carefully as they could do it, and carried to a bed, from which we hardly think he will be permitted rise again.

And now, having made this wide digression, I return to dear Master Jellinger, and would I had power to pourtray in fitting language how he passed away from among us, leaving our poor converse for the society of angels, and his earthly cares and dolours to dwell with Him in whose "presence is fulness of joy"—at whose "right hand are pleasures for evermore."

Master Rich, the physician, upon ascertaining the nature of his seizure, pronounced that he had only a few hours to live; but applying certain means, with the skill of his wonderful art and long experience, our brother recovered the use of his organs, though for a season his mind remained in utter bewilderment.

"He will again," said Master Rich, keenly regarding him, "become sentient and reasonable before he dies"—and so it proved.

In poor Master Jellinger's delirium there was something more than ordinarily moving, for, as I've already mentioned [see chap. ii.], he came from foreign parts, and we could make but, though he spake rapidly in the language of his native land, that his spirit had flown back to the days of his youth. Now he conceited himself in the streets of a very ancient city, with stately gates and cathedral towers, while his ears grew filled with the sound of the river rushing past its walls. Then he babbled much student lore, and once started wildly at what he said was the sound of the trumpet calling him to battle; for, strange to tell, this most retiring, melancholy gentleman bore arms awhile in the righteous cause of civil and religious freedom in his own country, and had had before his hair-breadth 'scapes from a foe hastening toward him upon scarce peacefuller ground. Anon our poor chamber became transformed into a lake (for years he was a teacher in the schools at Geneva), of wondrous, almost celestial beauty, intermingled gloriously with a "sea of fire mingled with glass."

But the most tender image of all arose while my good wife was gently bathing his temples with something Master Rich had given her for the purpose.

"Ah, little precious hand," quoth he, "how many a year hath thy poor son longed to have it laid again upon his head! Sometimes in dreams of sleep it might; yet when I waked 't would crumble into dust. Ah, mother mine! The little Bible at thy girdle I've kept close, close to my heart, when 'twas pierced and broken

by what proved crueler than death. No love of earth e'er found I deep and true as thine."

I shall here observe Master Jellinger married early, and lost his wife before he became an exile for the faith. In England, his gentle birth and other valuable qualities procured him (at the time I speak of) much consideration. My Lord of Winchester was one of his good patrons. He never re-married, and if a topic of that sort was casually introduced in his presence, would check it with a sigh so deep—it might be taken for a groan—from which Master Burdwood and I concluded his sorrow for his dead wife was unlike most other men's—who do oftentimes bear these kind of bereavements with a considerable degree of resignation—and 'twas either so profound as to hinder his making the least allusion to her, or, if otherwise, he might not have been so happy in his wedlock as we were in ours.

But just what Master Rich prognosticated took place: ere the weary wheels of life stood still for ever, his reason returned to him again, and clearer, methinks, in greater vigour and acuteness, than I before remembered, along with the full consciousness that he was a-dying. Calling Enoch Trueman, Master Hope, and myself, each severally by name, he said to us:—"Thanks to the blood of Christ Jesus, which cleanseth from all sin—and nothing, *nothing* else will do for such as ye behold me now—I am going into the haven our Brother Hicks spake of this morning; and you, dear friends, must still abide the storm. 'Have faith in God;' he will stablish, and strengthen, and keep his saints alive till the miseries of the present time be overpast. Yet as gold is tried in the furnace, even so shall ye be tried by the purifier."

I write this down, because I incline think to dying folk is sometimes vouchsafed a prescient knowledge of things hidden to those who are further removed from the confines of the spiritual world.

Then a change passed over the countenance of Master Jellinger; the messenger of his departure had come. And he whom the Lord of Life himself in the flesh "became obedient unto," we knew was beside us. Master Trueman fell upon his knees, and prayed for our dear brother deep in the swellings of Jordan, till we said, "He is one chosen by God to convoy this parting soul to glory."

Looking earnestly upon the face of Master Jellinger, whose head I supported, and believing him still conscious, I cried, "Give us yet another comfortable token, my beloved brother, if thou canst, of thy everlasting welfare."

He heard me, and through the gathering mist of death, his eyes gazed into mine, while stretching out his right hand, he struggled for speech. bent down my ear close to his lips, and caught

distinctly those blessed words, "To die is gain;" and, so saying, he gave up the ghost.

After a short space, Master Rich went below with me, and I saw fit to tell him, without reserve, the particulars of the circumstance which had brought us to such a disastrous pass; for that we were now within reach of the statutes made o' purpose to punish Nonconformists, I nothing doubted. Moreover, the nature and disposition of our oppressors were too well known: not to foresee the rigour with which they would procure their enforcement.

Quoth Master Rich, who had listened patiently, yet still evincing some trifling signs of displeasure, as I proceeded with my sad narration, "You have omitted, Master Rich, to mention what I incline to think by no means unimportant; and (pardon me) indiscreetly and perversely, as I must say you've acted, touching this late assemblage at your house, it might turn the scale. Master Beare came with no other authority to seize you and your friends, than that he thought proper to bestow upon himself. This daring breach of law should be properly resented by the other justices of the peace."

"Alack!" said I, "full well he knew Squire Reynells, who is a willing accessory in our ruin, would readily overlook this assumption of power on his part."

"Well, however much I may differ from, and condemn you, in some matters," replied Master Rich, "I've both seen and heard enough this day to make me ready to depose before any magistrate, that, all things being duly weighed, I consider the resistance made, to wit, the defence of your property—"

"Property! good sir; look round you."

"Well, let it be your lives—that cowardly villain, John Lucas, deserves what I fear there's little chance of his getting—should be viewed as—"

"Sir, I thank you heartily for your kind intentions," said I, interrupting him o' purpose—for I felt the innate pride of my corrupt heart rise against this suing for compassion, when 'twas justice we craved from our fellow-men.

Master Rich shook me by the hand so cordially that I wiuiced. "What is it?" asked he in surprise.

"I'd forgotten," replied I, "that Wat Camption gave me a prick with his rapier."

But worthy Master Rich would not leave without seeing my hurt, the bleeding of which I had contrived to staunch, and keep to myself; and while he attended to and dressed it, I heard my wife called by a woman's voice outside. 'Twas a wench of the tavern.

"Mistress," cried she, "I've slipped away to tell ye Master Beare hath plied himself so hard with liquor that he's now lying dead drunk upon our oaken settle, his wig inside out, and his fine ruffles torn to shreds. I'll engage, from

the cups of sack I've served him myself, he'll do ye no further harm to-night, and as soon's his dark enow his men mean to get him away—and a good riddance—from our house to his own. Better," continued the wench, kindly, "he'd keep to coursing, and killing his hares and foxes, than such quiet folk as ye are."

"You mean us well, I perceive," said my wife, bursting into tears; for good-will and sympathy from such a quarter fairly overcame her. "But, my girl," sobbed she, "we wish Master Beare no harm, and may he be forgiven his cruelty,

and turned from the evil he seems bent upon doing us!"

Robin Cheke here ran in with news that the sky westward was red by reason of a great light; so great was it, the four pinnacles of the old church tower on the hill could be seen distinct as if 'twas day."

"Ah!" exclaimed Master Hope, starting up, "I know what that means—Sir William is come." And so it proved. Amid the blazing of bonfires and ringing of bells the knight was entering his place at Garston.

(To be continued.)

## POETRY.

### THE GUARDED HOUSE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

One night there reigned in Sleswick town  
Confusion and dismay,  
For but a little distance off  
Pierce troops of soldiers lay.  
A truce restrained them for awhile,  
But that short time of rest  
Ended at midnight, when the town  
By foes would be possess.

Upon the outskirts of the place  
An aged widow dwelt:  
That wintry night beside her hearth  
She with her grandson knelt;  
And from her lips to heaven above  
A fervent prayer arose,  
That God would raise a wall around,  
And save them from their foes.

Then said the youth, "So strange a prayer  
Will surely be denied.  
What! will Jehovah build a wall?"  
And thus the dame replied—  
"I prayed for God's preserving care:  
But recollect, my son,  
Nought is impossible with Him;  
He speaks, and it is done."

The dreaded midnight came at length,  
And bands of soldiers past  
Into the town from every side,  
While snow fell thick and fast.  
The widow heard them pass her house,  
With oaths and brutal jests;  
Soon every cottage round her own  
Was filled with soldier guests.

But, strange to say, not one approached  
The aged dame's abode,  
Though larger than the dwellings near,  
And close beside the road.  
When morning came they saw the cause  
Why all had passed them by:  
Before the house the drifted snow  
Was piled up white and high.

"In this, my son," the widow cried,  
"The hand of God is plain;  
Behold the wall that he hath built,  
Nor doubt his power again.  
He stooped to hear my evening prayer,  
And answered from above,  
Making the elements subservive  
His purposes of love."

Wallingford Reg.

THEODORA.

### UNSEEN PATHS.

"I will lead them in the paths they have not known."—Isaiah xlii. 16.

How few, who, from their youthful day,  
Look on to what their life may be:  
Painting the visions of the way  
In colours soft and bright and free.

How few who to such paths have brought  
The hopes and dreams of early thought!

For God, through ways they have not known,  
Will lead his own.

The eager hearts, the souls of fire,  
Who pant to toil for God and man;  
And view with eyes of keen desire  
The upland way of toil and pain;  
Almost with scorn they think of rest,  
Of holy calm, of tranquil breast.

But God, through ways they have not known,  
Will lead his own.

A lowlier task on them is laid,—

With love to make the labour light;  
And there their beauty they must shed  
On quiet homes and lost to sight.

Changed are their visions bright and fair,  
Yet calm and still they labour there;

For God, through ways they have not known,  
Will lead his own.

The gentle heart that thinks with pain,  
It scarce can lowliest tasks fulfill;

And if it dared its life to scan,  
Would ask but pathway low and still.  
Often such lowly heart is brought  
To act with power beyond its thought:

For God, through ways they have not known,  
Will lead his own.

And they, the bright, who long to prove,  
In joyous path, in cloudless lot,  
How fresh from earth their grateful love  
Can spring without a stain or spot;—

Often such youthful heart is given  
The path of grief to walk to heaven:

For God, through ways they have not known,  
Will lead his own.

What matter what the path shall be?  
The end is clear and bright to view.

We know that we a strength shall see,  
Whatever the day may bring to do.

We see the end, the house of God,  
But not the way to that abode:

For God, through ways they have not known,  
Will lead his own.

A. H.

## DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

### MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

**BUCKINGHAM.**—The Rev. H. H. Bourn, late of Wednesbury, has accepted the unanimous invitation to become the pastor of the Baptist church.

**LYDNEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**—The Rev. E. E. Elliot has resigned his charge, after a pastorate of twenty-four years.

**BRADFORD-ON-AVON.**—The Rev. W. Hawkins has given six months' notice of his resignation of his pastoral charge at Bradford-on-Avon, after labouring among them over eighteen years.

**LLANDUDNO.**—The Rev. John Jones, of Llanwchillyn, has accepted a unanimous invitation from the Baptist church to become their pastor, and intends (D.V.) commencing his ministry there early in the coming spring.

**HOOK NORTON, OXON.**—The Rev. W. H. Cornish, of the Mission Church, Greenwich, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the Baptist church and congregation here to become their pastor, and has entered upon his labours under very encouraging circumstances.

### PRESENTATION SERVICES.

**ADERGAVENTY.**—The Rev. T. Lewis is about leaving this place. He leaves behind a great number of friends. Many have shown the sincerity of their love by various gifts, among which was the very appropriate one of Dr. Neander's works, in ten volumes, presented to the rev. gentleman by Mr. Joshua James.

**MANCHESTER.**—A very interesting tea-meeting was held on Monday, January 2nd, at York-street Baptist chapel, Manchester, when a splendid timepiece, accompanied by an address, was presented to the beloved pastor, the Rev. Richard Chenery, by the members of the church and congregation. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. John George and Arthur Mursell, and other friends. The proceedings were altogether of a deeply-interesting character.

**WESTBURY, WILTS.**—On Friday, December 30, the friends met at the Rev. Joseph Preece's, to present a parting testimonial to the Rev. James Pooley, who has recently become the pastor of the Baptist Church, Corsham, Wilts. After tea Mr. B. Lane, deacon of the Baptist Church of Westbury Leigh, presented the rev. gentleman, in the name of his friends, with an elegant silver inkstand. This is the second testimonial Mr. Preece has received within the past year from his people.

**UPTON LOVELL.**—A public tea-meeting was held on Old Christmas-day, in the above place, to give the friends an opportunity for testifying the affectionate regard felt toward the Rev. John Scoble, who is about to leave the neighbourhood. In the course of the evening, Mr. J. Pegier, in the name of the friends and subscribers, presented the rev. gentleman with a handsomely-bound Bible and a purse of money. Mr. Scoble responded in a most appropriate speech, dwelling upon the mutual affection which had subsisted between pastor and people. Excellent addresses were then delivered by the Rev. D. Mallard, and other gentlemen.

**CARDIFF, GLANORGANSHIRE.**—On Tuesday evening, Dec. 27th, the teachers and members of the Sabbath-school belonging to the Tabernacle chapel held a meeting; the object of which was to present a testimonial to their pastor, the Rev. N. Thomas, as a mark of the affectionate

Alder concluded in prayer. During the ensuing week the members of the church raised subscriptions and purchased a very handsome timepiece, which they presented to the retiring pastor on the following Wednesday evening, Jan. 3, 1860, after a social tea, as a mark of their affectionate esteem, and which was appropriately acknowledged by Mr. Scorey. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. N. Heaven, J. Alder, B. Bryant, T. Totterdale, — Avery, G. Lusty, and N. C. Pitt, and concluded by a farewell address to the church, and prayer by the Rev. P. G. Scorey, who has accepted of the unanimous invitation of the church meeting in the Baptist chapel at Worthington.

### RECOGNITION SERVICES.

**SPENCER-PLACE CHAPEL, GOSWELL-ROAD.**—On Tuesday, Jan. 17, recognition services were held in the above place of worship to commemorate the settlement of the present pastor, the Rev. Standen Pearce. In connection with the morning service, the Rev. J. H. Hinton, A.M., delivered the introductory address. The Rev. Francis Wills proposed the usual questions and offered the recognition prayer; after which, a discourse on the "Christian Ministry," was preached by the Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel, A.M. In the evening, the Rev. Francis Tucker, B.A., addressed the church and congregation.

### SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

**CLARE.—NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL.**—The opening services will (D.V.) be held on Tuesday, March 6th. Mr. Collins, of Grandisburgh, will preach in the morning, and Mr. J. E. Bloomfield, of Loudon, in the afternoon and evening. Services to commence at half-past ten, two, and half-past six. Collections in aid of the building fund. Dinner and tea will be provided. On Wednesday, March 7, Mr. Collins will address the Sabbath-school children, after which they will partake of tea, &c. In the evening a public meeting will be held, to commence at seven o'clock.

**MEARD'S-COURT, SOHO.**—On Tuesday, Feb. 7, 1860, will be holden the eighth anniversary of the Rev. J. Bloomfield's pastorate at Salem Chapel, Meard's-court, Soho. The friends will meet for tea at five o'clock, after which a public meeting will be held, commencing at half-past six o'clock. Mr. W. Topley will preside. Mr. Bloomfield will give a short account of God's goodness to the church during the past year. Messrs. Pells, Moyle, Dickerson, Field, Chivers, Wyard, Thurston, Griffiths, Meeres, and Williamson, have promised to attend and take part in the services. The brethren are expected to address the meeting on the following important subjects:—"The Religious Aspects of the Age in which we Live;" "The Advantages of Union and Stability in the Ways of God;" "The Agencies Most Suitable to be Employed to Maintain and Extend the Knowledge of the Doctrines of Sovereign Grace;" "The Benefits of a Scriptural Adherence to the Ordinances of Christ as King of His Church."

### OPENING SERVICES.

**BALA, NEAR CORWEN.**—The opening services of the Baptist chapel, Bala, were held January 3rd and 4th, when the following ministers officiated, viz.:—Revs. A. J. Parry, Cefon; R. Roberts, Plas-y-bannau; H. Morris, Dalgelly; J. Roberts, Gefaillyrhed; J. G. Owen, Pandy-

capel; and J. Prichard, Liangollen. The esteem in which he is held by them. A numerous and respectable company sat down to tea, after which a public meeting was held. The chair was occupied by the Rev. D. Davies, of Waentroda. The testimonial consisted of a gold watch and chain, value £38, with a suitable inscription, and was accompanied by an elegant address, which was read by one of the female teachers. The rev. gentleman, with considerable emotion, acknowledged the gift. The meeting was then addressed by the Revs. J. D. Williams, Canton; D. Jones, B.A., Cardiff, and several of the teachers of the school and members of the church. The choir lent their efficient services.

**WALNUT-ST. CHAPEL, LIVERPOOL.**—On Monday, 26th Dec., 1859, an interesting tea-meeting was held in the above chapel, previous to the departure from Liverpool of the Rev. R. Webb, who has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Pole-street, Preston. The Rev. C. M. Birrell occupied the chair, and, on behalf of the friends connected with Pembroke Chapel, presented the retiring pastor with a beautiful time-piece, and a sum of money. Mr. Job C. Smith, on behalf of the congregation, presented him with a silver cruet-stand as a small token of their love and esteem. The Band of Hope also testified their regard by presenting him with an illuminated address in a neat gilt frame, for the valuable service rendered to the temperance cause. The rev. gentleman has laboured harmoniously for the last seven years with the Rev. C. M. Birrell, and leaves Liverpool with the earnest good wishes of the congregations of both chapels for his future welfare.

**KING'S STANLEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**—On Tuesday, Dec. 27th, the congregation meeting in the Baptist chapel here held their annual tea-meeting. After tea, Mr. Froot engaged in prayer. The Rev. P. G. Scorey, in a very interesting and affecting address, gave his reasons for resigning his pastorate over them, after four years' successful labours among them. S. S. Marley, Esq., Messrs. Esau Fegler, and G. Scorey, addressed the meeting, and Mr. John Vices were good throughout. This is the first Baptist church in the town, and it is in a very flourishing state.

#### SPECIAL SERVICES.

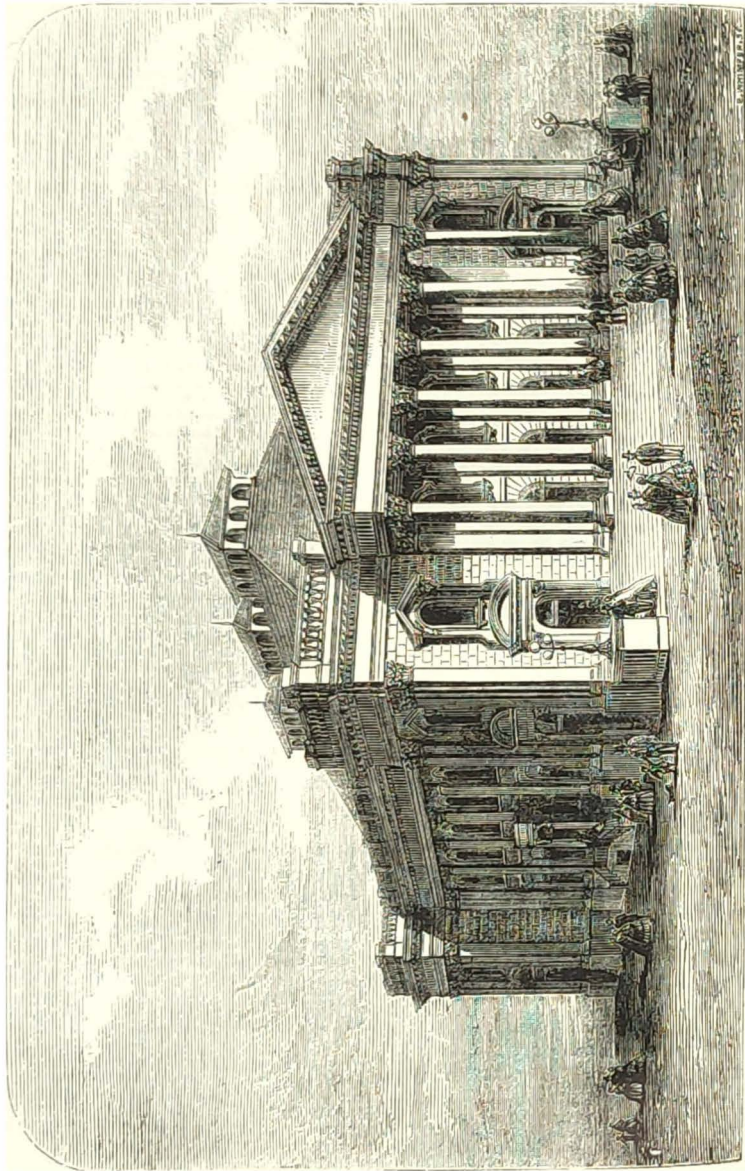
**RUGBY.**—On December 18 the congregation meeting in the Baptist Chapel, Rugby, held a thanksgiving service, in celebration of the payment of all liabilities in connection with the recent repairs and improvements of their place of worship. The preacher, the Rev. H. Angus, stated that the sum raised amounted to £200 8s. 0½d., in addition to the work given of the value of £20.

**PRESTEIGN, RADNORSHIRE.**—A great and extraordinary revival of religion has been experienced in this town and neighbourhood. God's people have been stirred up to take hold of his strength, and many have been turned unto the Lord. Previous to this general awakening, evening prayer-meetings had been held for about six weeks at the Baptist chapel, which were characterised by deep earnestness and devotion. Other Dissenting bodies in the town then united with those worshipping there, and the consequence of their praying mightily and unitedly, in their several places of worship successively, has been that the arm of the Lord has been made bare, and numerous conversions have taken place. On Friday evening, the 6th inst., between four

and five hundred assembled at the Baptist chapel for purposes of prayer and praise; many were impressed, and while many of the converts have, and will probably join the Wesleyan and Primitive Methodist sections of the church, about thirty have expressed a wish to be buried with Christ in baptism.

#### BAPTISMS.

- AYLESBURY, Dec. 18**—Six by Mr. Beazley.  
**BAENSLEY, Nov. 6**—Seven by Mr. J. S. Brown.  
**BATTLE, Sussex, Oct. 30**—Two by Mr. Ewence, of Henley-in-Ardon.  
**BEULAH, Monmouthshire, Nov. 20**—Twenty-two, in the river Ebbw, by Mr. James.  
**BRIDLINGTON, Yorkshire, Nov. 27**—Two by Mr. Morgan.  
**CARDIFF, Dec. 4**—Six by Mr. Tilly.  
**CORSHAM, Wilts, Jan. 1**—A baptism by Mr. J. Pooley; number not given.  
**CRADLEY, Worcestershire, Dec. 25**—Five by Mr. D. Jeavous.  
**DONINGTON, near Louth, Nov. 20**—Four by Mr. Burton.  
**EAST DEBENHAM, Norfolk, Jan. 12**—Seven by Mr. Whitley. One of the candidates was a daughter of the late esteemed pastor. One only of that family now remains outside the fold.  
**GLASGOW, North Frederick-street, Nov. 27**—Seven; and Dec. 25, Seven (making in all Eighty during the year 1859), by Mr. Williams.  
**HADDENHAM, Cambs, January 1**—Seven; on a former occasion Three, by our new pastor, Mr. T. A. Wales.  
**HAY, South Wales, Nov. 27**—One; Dec. 25, Two, by Mr. Wiles.  
**HINCKLEY, Leicestershire, Jan. 8**—Four by Mr. Parkinson.  
**KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, Dec. 26**—Four by Mr. T. W. Medhurst, making a total of Fifty-one during the year.  
**LIVERPOOL, Great Crosshall-street, Nov. 27**—Six; and Dec. 11, Two by Mr. Thomas.  
**LLANELLY, Nov. 20**—Six by Mr. D. M. Evans.  
**LLANVHANGEL, Ystern, Llewern, Monmouthshire, Nov. 20**—Three by Mr. Rees.  
**LONDON, New Park-Street, Jan. 5**—Sixteen; and Jan. 19, Eleven, by Mr. Spurgeon.  
**MARKET DRAYTON, Dec. 11**—One by Mr. Burroughs.  
**MERTHYE, English Baptist Church, Enon, Nov. 20**—Three; Dec. 18, Three; Jan. 15, Two, by Mr. H. Evans. God is greatly blessing us.  
**NANTYGLO, Monmouthshire, Jan. 8**—Seven by Mr. Williams; all from the Sabbath-school.  
**NUNEATON, Dec. 4**—Nine, eight of whom were scholars.  
**PETERBOROUGH, Dec. 4**—Two.  
**RAGLAN, Monmouthshire, Dec. 25**—Eight by Mr. Johnson. Total increase during the year, Fifty-one.  
**RISELY, Beds, Jan. 1**—Two by Mr. W. Wilson.  
**SNAILBEACH, Salop, Dec. 4**—Ten by Mr. Evans; four from the Sabbath-school.  
**ST. PETER'S, Isle of Thanet, Dec. 11**—A Primitive Methodist preacher and his wife, by Mr. Crofts.  
**STOCKTON-ON-TEES, Dec. 4**—One by Mr. Lenn.  
**STONEY STRATFORD, Dec. 4**—Five by Mr. Forster.  
**SUNNYSIDE, Lancashire, December 3**—By Mr. Nicholls.



VIEW OF THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

## THE SLUGGARD'S REPROOF.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL.

"The sluggard will not plough by reason of the cold; therefore shall he bog in harvest, and have nothing."—Proverbs xx. 1.

LAZINESS is the crying sin of Eastern nations. I believe that the peculiar genius of the Anglo-Saxon character prevents our being, as a nation, guilty of that sin. Perhaps we have many more vices more rife in our midst than that, but in the East almost every man is a lazy man. If you tell a Turk in Constantinople that his street is filthy—and it certainly is, for there the offal lies and is never swept away—he says, sitting with his legs crossed, and smoking his pipe, "The Lord wills it." If you tell him there is a fire at the bottom of the street, he does not agitate himself, but he says, "God wills it." Or if you were to tell him he was sitting on a heap of gunpowder, and that he had better take heed lest a spark should blow him up, a great many chances to one that he would never move or take his pipe out of his mouth, except to say, "God wills it." Some of the most extraordinary instances of idleness are told us of that people by travellers in the East to this day. The further you go East the less activity there is; the further you go West in the world the more restless does the human mind become, and consequently, I suppose, the more active. Yet, while the fact of the super-abundance of idleness in the East is a great explanation of the reason why Solomon speaks so much against it in the Proverbs—seeing that this book was meant to be read not only in the East but everywhere else, I should fear that there must be some laziness in the West also; and as this book was meant to be read in England, I should imagine there must be a few sluggards in England. Now this happens to be not a matter of imagination with me at all. I know there are such. You can brush them at the corners of our streets. There are to be found many such who are slothful in business, who certainly are not worth their salt, who do not earn a livelihood for themselves even with regard to the things of this life. It sometimes happens, too, that these idle people are religious people, or profess to be so; though I have no faith in that man's religion who is lazy. He reminds me always of a certain monk who went to a monastery, determined to give himself up entirely to contemplation and meditation. When he came to the monastery he saw all the monks at work, tilling the ground, ploughing, trimming the vines round the monastery, so he very solemnly observed as he entered, "Labour not for the meat that perisheth." The brethren smiled, and they still continued their labours. He thought it his duty a second time to reprove them by saying, "Martha is cumbered with much serving, but I have chosen the good part which shall not be taken from me." However, it was taken from him, for the bell didn't ring for him at the usual time for meals, and our brother, after waiting some few hours in his cell in prayer, beginning to feel certain calls within, came out, and accosting the prior of the monastery, said, "Do not the brethren eat?" "Do you eat?" said he; "I thought you were a spiritual man; 'Labour not for the meat that perisheth,' you know." "Oh, yes," said he, "but I thought the brethren ate." "Yes," said he, "but we have a rule in our monastery that none eat but those that work. There is such a rule to be found in Scripture too," he reminded the monk; "Paul himself hath said it, 'If any man will not work neither let him eat.'" Now I think the master of that monastery had got the truth by the right end. A man must work in this life. He was sent here to this present world that he might be diligent in his calling, in the place and position in life in which God has been pleased to place him.

However, I do not intend to treat now of this phase of the subject. I am about to direct your attention to spiritual things. I am no legalist; I know that the works of the law can save no man, for, "by the works of the law shall no flesh living be justified." I know that the work of salvation is by grace alone, and that all our



works are not our own, but are wrought in us by Divine grace ; yet, at the same time, I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that, although Scripture continually denies that salvation is by works, it always speaks of the work of grace in the heart of man, and of the experience of the believer as being a hard work. For, do we not continually hear the Christian described as a pilgrim—as one that is on a long and a weary journey ? He is described not as a gentleman who is carried on other men's backs, or who is borne along in a vehicle, but as a pilgrim who has to toil ; and he is told not to be weary and faint in his mind ; he is warned that the road will be very rough and very long, and that he will have to run with diligence the race that is set before him. That does not look as if religion were a lazy thing—the very use of such a figure as that. Then, again, we find religion described as a battle. The Christian is continually exhorted to take unto himself the whole armour of God, to fight, to wrestle. I am told he is to wrestle even unto blood, striving against sin. That does not look as if it were a very easy thing to be a Christian—as if Christianity were a kind of thing to be kept in a band-box. It looks as if there were something to be done, something to fight with, some great striving to be accomplished. When I find another figure used, also, which is, perhaps, yet more forcible, because it combines the idea of pressing forward with that of fighting—when I find the figure of agonizing used—“ Agonize to enter in at the strait gate,”—press, push, labour, strive, toil—I cannot imagine that, to be a Christian, is to be an idle sluggard. No, my brethren, though salvation is not by our works, yet, as sure as ever the Lord puts Divine life into us we shall begin to labour for the meat that endureth to eternal life ; we shall strive to enter in at the strait gate, and we shall run and endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

Now it is just this point in religion that many men don't like. They would like an easy religion—flowery meads, flowing streams, and sunny glades—all those things they like, but they don't like the climbing of mountains, or the swimming of rivers, or going through fires, or fighting, struggling, and wrestling. They don't like that. They go along the way till they come to some slough, and then they are offended. When it was all clean walking they did not mind, but when they tumble in and begin to bemoir themselves they straightway creep out on that side of the slough that is nearest to their own house, and—like Mr. Pliable in “The Pilgrim's Progress,” of whom you have often heard—they go back to their house in Turnagain-street. They started for a little while, but they found that religion was not so easy a thing as they expected, and therefore they turned back.

Now, it is of these people I am going to talk to-night. “The sluggard will not plough by reason of the cold ; therefore he shall beg in the harvest, and have nothing.” And when I have talked about him, then I shall talk a little to those of you who are ploughing in God's field, exhorting you not to make excuses, not to be dilatory in your Master's field, but to plough all the harder the colder it is, because the day is coming when a joyful harvest shall reward all your pains.

I. Now, first I am about to speak of THIS SLUGGARD. Ploughing is hard work, and the sluggard does not like it. If he does go up and down the field once or twice, he makes a short turn of it, and leaves a wide headland ; and, moreover, he leans on the handle of his plough, and therefore the plough does not go in very deep—not so deep as it would if he were to do as the active ploughman does, hold the handles up, in order that the share may go deep into the soil. But he goes nodding along, half dragged by his horses, and glad to do nothing. He would be very pleased indeed if his feet would go without being moved, and if the clods would but move one another, and lift his feet up for him, so that he might not have the trouble of carrying himself after his plough. But, good, easy man, he knows he will be laughed at if he says ploughing is hard work, so he does not like to say that. “I must get better excuses than that,” he thinks ; and so he says, “It is so cold ; it is so cold ! I would not mind going out to plough, but I am frozen to death ; I shall have chilblains ; I have not clothes enough to keep me warm ; it is so cold

to my fingers. Oh, how the snow comes down! The ponds are all frozen; the ground is so hard; the ploughshare will get broken; it is so cold!" Lazy fellow! Why don't you say ploughing is hard work? That is the English of it. But no, he must have a more genteel excuse, that he may not be so likely to be laughed at. Suppose it were not cold, do you know what he would say? "Oh, it is so hot! Oh, I cannot plough; the perspiration runs down my cheeks. You wouldn't have me ploughing in this hot weather, would you?" Supposing it were neither hot nor cold, why then he would say, I believe, that it rained; and if it didn't rain, he would say the ground was too dry, for a bad excuse, he holds, is better than none; and therefore he will keep on making excuses to the end of the chapter; anything will he do rather than go and do the work he does not like—that is, ploughing.

Now I have made you smile. I wish I could make you cry, because there will be more to cry about than to smile at in this matter, when I come to show you that this is spiritually the case. There are men and women who would like to go straight to heaven. They like the harvest, but they do not like the trouble of ploughing. They have not the common honesty to say, "I do not like religion." But what do you suppose they say? Why, they make another excuse. Sometimes it is this: "Well, I am as anxious as anybody to be a Christian; but, you know, these are such hard times." Hard times! The times always were hard to such people as you are. "But in these times," say they, "there is no warmth in Christians: they are all so cold-hearted. Why, I go up to the chapel, and nobody speaks to me. There is not one-half the religion that there used to be; and what there is, is not half so good as it once was. The article is depreciated. Now, if I lived over in Ireland, then I would plough; if I lived over where there is the Revival, then I would be a saint; or if I had lived in the Apostle Paul's days—heard such a man as that preacher, or if I could have talked to those early Christians, I would not object to be a Christian. But these are such cold-hearted times—such lots of hypocrites, and so few Christians—I don't think I shall think about religion at all." Ah, that is a pretty excuse, that is; for you know what you are saying is false. In the first place, you know that there is life in Christ's Church even now, and that there are still (if you would but look) a few men to be found—good, loving, warm-hearted, Christian men. You know that there are still left faithful preachers. The faithful have not failed from among men; and although hypocrites be plentiful, still there are many sincere souls. And what if there were not? What business is that of yours? Are you content to be lost, because the Church is not what it ought to be? Now, just look at it in that light. Because there are a good many hypocrites, you have made up your mind to go to hell. Is that the English of it? Because there are such multitudes going there, you think you will go too, and keep them company. Is that what you mean? "No!" say you, "not that." That is it, Mr. Sluggard, though you don't like to say so. It is a bad excuse you have made. It won't hold water—you know it won't. You know very well that when your conscience speaks, it tells you that this excuse is a bad one. It is one that will not stand you when you are lying on your dying bed; and, above all, it is one that will vanish in the day of judgment, just as the mists vanish before the rising sun. What business can it be of yours, what the Church is or what the Church is not? If you will not think about the things of God in these times, neither would you be converted in the best of times; and if the present agency is not blessed to you, neither would you be converted though one rose from the dead.

But, says Mr. Sluggard, "Well, if that is not a good excuse, I will give another. It is all very well for you, Mr. Minister, to talk about being religious, and that like, but you don't know where I live; you don't know my business, and the sort of shopmates I am engaged with. You know very well it is a hard matter for me to hold my own as it is, with merely going to a place of worship; but if I really were to throw all my heart into it, I should have them all down upon me. I tell you, sir, my business is such a one that I could not carry it on and yet be a Christian."

Mark ye, Mr. Sluggard; suppose it is a business that you cannot carry on without going to hell with it—give it up, sir. “Ah, but then, sir, we must live.” Yes, sir, but then we must die. Will you please to recollect that also, for that seems to me to be a great deal more of a necessity? Sometimes when people say to me, “Why, you know we must live,” I sometimes think I do not see any necessity for that. They would be almost as well dead as alive—some of them. “But we must live.” I am not sure of that. I am sure of another thing, you must die. Die you certainly must. Oh that you would sooner think of that—rather of dying than of living! But, besides, it is all nonsense about your business being one that you cannot carry on and be a Christian. I tell you, sir, there is no business that is a legitimate one which a man cannot carry on and not adorn his Master in it; and if there be such a business, come out of it as you would out of the burning city of Sodom. “But then I am in such a house, sir. I am so laughed at.” Yes, sir, but if somebody were about to leave you a thousand pounds on condition that you wore a red riband round your arm—you know you would be laughed at if you did;—or suppose it were that you were to wear a fool’s-cap for a week, and you would have a thousand pounds a-year for life afterwards, would not you wear it? Ah, I should not like to trust you. I believe you would put it on, and when people laughed you would say, “Laugh, laugh, but I am well rewarded for it;” and yet here is your soul at stake, and a little laughter, you say, drives you back. I do not believe you, sir. I do not think you are such a fool as that, to be laughed into hell, for you cannot be laughed out again by all their laughter. I believe your second excuse is as bad as your first one. I shiver it into a thousand pieces. The fact is, sir, you don’t like religion. That is it. You don’t want to give up your sins. You are willing to be what you are—a sinner dead in trespasses and sins. That is the plain, simple English of it, and all the excuses you can make won’t alter it.

“Nay,” says one, “but it is such a hard thing to be a Christian. Do you know, when I hear the preacher saying what manner of persons ought we to be, I think, ah! I had better not set out, for I shall never go all the way. When I hear of the trials, and temptations, and troubles of the child of God, I think I will not go. Ah, there you are again, Mr. Sluggard, you will not plough by reason of the cold. But you recollect what has been so often impressed upon your mind—though we have many troubles and many trials, yet grace is all-sufficient for us? Do you not know that though the way is long, yet our shoes are iron and brass, and though the work is hard, yet Omnipotence has promised to give us strength all-sufficient? You only look at one side of the subject and not the other. Why not think for a moment on that grace of God which guarantees to assist and to carry through all in whom it begins the good work? Sir, your excuse is an idle one. I tell you again that the naked truth is this, that you love your sins; that you love them better than heaven, better than eternal life, that you are a lazy fellow, that you don’t like prayer, nor faith, nor repentance, and I warn you that your fate will be that of this sluggard, who begged in harvest, and he had nothing.

Says one, “I have no time, I have not indeed.” Time for what, sir? What do you mean? “Why, I have no time to pray an hour in the morning.” Who said you had? “But I have no time to be attending to religion all the day long.” Who asked you to, sir? I suppose you find time for pleasure; perhaps you find time for what you call recreation, and the like. There are many precious bits of time that you sweep away and never look up. Where there’s a will there’s a way; and if God has made you love religion and love the things of God, you will find time enough. That is a worse excuse than any other, for God has given you the time, and if you have not got it you have lost it. Look for it, you will be accountable for it at the last great day. You have been hiding your talent in a napkin, and now you say you cannot find it. You had it, sir; where it is, is your business, not mine. Look it up; and God he lp you to shake off your sloth, and may you in earnest be constrained by the

Holy Spirit to be a Christian, and to espouse the life of the pilgrim, and run with diligence the race that is set before you.

I have thus tried to describe the sluggard as the man who would not plough by reason of the the cold—the man that would like to be a Christian, only he does not like the cross; who would like to get to heaven, only he does not like the road there. He would be saved, but oh! he can't, can't give up his sin. He can't walk in holiness. He would like to be crowned, but he does not like to fight. He would like to reap a harvest, but he neither likes to plough nor to sow. Mr. Sluggard, I have three little sentences to say to you before I go on with my next head. Will you try to treasure them up? No pains, no gains; no sweat, no sweet; no mill, no meal. Will you just recollect those three little things? I will tell you again, lest you should forget them. No pains, no gains; no sweat, no sweet; no mill, no meal. So just get up, sir, and may God grant that you may get up to some purpose. Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light. "Let us not sleep, as do others, but let us watch and be sober, and hope to the end."

But now we see, Mr. Sluggard, this life is the time of ploughing and sowing. It is winter-time with us; wait awhile, the spring-time shall come, and after that the harvest. There are some of us here who are longing for that time when we shall reap the golden harvest, the harvest given us by grace, but yet a harvest which we have sown; for Hosea beautifully puts it: "Sow to yourselves in righteousness; reap in mercy." We sow in righteousness, but the harvest is not given us as the effect of righteousness; it is given us by mercy! Reap in mercy! What a joyous day will that be when God's true sowers shall reap their harvests! The angels shall be with us. They shall cry harvest home with us; and men and angels hand in hand shall enter the gates of Paradise, bringing their sheaves with them.

Where's our friend the sluggard? Oh, there he is, there he is. Is he cold now? No; how altered he looks! He looked to me quite a smart gentleman, when he was sitting by the fire last winter-time, and began rubbing his hands, saying that he would not plough. What does he look like now? What is his disembodied spirit like? Alas! poor wretch, he is *begging*. The saints are shouting; he is moaning. They are rejoicing; he is sorrowful. They are taken into heaven and housed in the Lord's garner; but he is himself a houseless wanderer, begging. Look at him; he has just gone up to the great golden gate, and he has lifted that trocker of pearl—hark at the noise,—and he cries, "Lord, Lord, I have eaten and I have drunk in thy presence"—just like you, Mr. Sluggard; you are all for eating and drinking—"and thou hast taught in our streets:"—very likely, sir; you are just the man to be taught; but you never did anything. Do you hear the words "Depart from me. I never knew you; depart from me, you worker of iniquity!" The golden gate does not open to him. He is begging, but the answer comes, "Your time of sowing you neglected, and now your time of reaping must be a time of beggary for ever." And now he goes up to yonder angel, and he cries, "Bright spirit, introduce me to the courts of heaven. It is true I wasted my time on earth, but oh, how bitterly do I repent it now! Oh, if I could have back my wasted hours, what would I not do? If I could but hear the Gospel preached again, I would hear it with both my ears. I am sure I would receive it and be obedient to it." But the angel saith, "I have no power to let you in. Besides, if I could, I would not. You had your day, and it is gone, and now you have your night. You had your lamp, but you did not trim it. You took no care to have oil in your vessel for your lamp, and now your lamp is gone out, and the bridegroom's door is shut, and you cannot enter." And now I see him—for he is very sad indeed—I see him begging of a saint that is just come up, and saying to him, "Give me of your oil, for my lamp is gone out. But the other replies, "Not so, for there is not enough for me and for you. God has given me grace for myself; I have none to spare." What a miserable beggar he is! I remember a mother's dream—a mother who once, after having exhorted her children, and talked, and prayed, and wrestled with them,

retired to rest, and she dreamt that on the day of judgment herself and her children arose from the family tomb. The trumpet was rending the air with its terrific blast, and there was she "saved," but her children unregenerate. She dreamt that they clasped her round the waist, they clung to her garments, and they cried, "Mother, save us! take us into heaven with you." But she dreamt that a spirit came—some bright angel—dashed them from her, and wafted her aloft to heaven, while they were left. And she remembered, too, in that dream that she had then no care for them, no thought for them; her spirit was so swallowed up with the one thought that God was dealing justly with them—that they had had their day for sowing, and that they had not sowed, and now must not expect a harvest. The justice of God had so filled her breast, that she could not weep even for them when she was taken from them. Ah, sluggard, you will be begging in another world, man; and though you will not be thinking of your soul's concerns now, you will be thinking of them then. There is a place where there is a dreadful prayer-meeting every day, and every hour in the day; a prayer-meeting where all the attendants pray—not one, but all; and they pray, too, with sighs, and groans, and tears, and yet they are never heard. That prayer-meeting is in hell. There is a begging meeting there, indeed. Oh, that half the prayer there were on earth! Oh, that the tears shed in eternity had but been shed in time! Oh, that the agony that they now feel had but been felt beforehand—that they had repented ere their life was ended! Oh, that their hearts had been made tender before the terrible fire of judgment had melted them! And the sluggard shall beg in harvest.

But now notice, though the sluggard begs in harvest, *he gets nothing*. Now, in harvest time, when everything is plentiful, every man is generous. If a man sees a beggar in the streets in harvest time, he will refuse him nothing. He may go and glean in the field, for there is enough for all and to spare. It is a season of abundance; no man grudges his poor fellow-man then. But here's the terrible point. In that last harvest, when the slothful man shall beg for bread, no man will give him anything. He will beg, but none will give. I see him standing at the gate of heaven, and he looks in. There they are feasting, and he says, "Give me a crumb—a crumb, 'tis all I ask; let me have what the dogs have that feed under their master's table." But it is denied him. There he is in the flames of hell, and he cries, "Father Abraham, send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue," but it is refused him. He begs in harvest and he has nothing. The beggary becomes all the more terrible because its results are so disappointing. "And to think that others should have so much, and yet I myself should have nothing; others blessed, but myself cursed." I do think that one of the stings of hell will be for the sinner to see some of his own relatives and friends in heaven, and himself shut out. Think, my dear hearer, what if you should see your wife in paradise, and yourself eternally expelled! Mother, what if you should see those babes of yours, those precious infants, who took an early flight to heaven—if you should see them above, but between you and them a great gulf fixed so that you can never reach them, but you are shut out and they are glorified! Turn that thought over, I beseech you, and may God grant grace to every one of you, that by the love of Christ you may be constrained to escape from hell and fly to heaven; for thus saith the Lord unto your souls, "Escape, flee for your life, look not behind you, stay not in all the plain, but flee to the mountain of Christ Jesus—lest thou be consumed." Be wise to day, O sinner; to-morrow may never come. *Now, now, bethink thee, now repent, now cast thy soul on Christ, now give up thy sins, now may the Spirit help thee to begin a new life, and to be in earnest about salvation; for remember, though you laughed when I described the sluggard just now, it will be no laughing matter if you are found in his hot shoes at the day of judgment—if his rags shall be on you, and his beggary shall be your everlasting portion. God grant that you may have done with your idle excuses; may you look truly at the matter as in the light of the day of judgment; and God grant you so to act, that from this time you may*

be found among the most diligent, the most fervent, and the most anxious of the followers of Christ, ploughing every day with a plough drawn by a superior power, but a plough which shall enter into the world and leave some furrow of usefulness behind it, so that in the day of harvest you may have your portion, and not, like the sluggard, beg and have nothing.

II. Well, now, having thus addressed the sluggard, I have a few minutes to spare to address THE PEOPLE OF GOD; and, knowing you to be by far the larger portion of those whom I address, I am sorry that I have so little time for you, but can only make just these few remarks.

My dear brothers and sisters, the Lord has, by his sovereign grace, set our hand to the plough. We once, like our poor fellow-sinners, hated this plough, and we never should have come to it unless sovereign grace had brought us. Now we have shaken off that old sloth of ours, and we are in earnest about the matter of salvation; but do we not at times feel this old sluggishness creeping on us? When we are asked to do something for the cause of Christ, do we not make excuses? There is one brother yonder; he ought to join the Church, but he doesn't, and his excuse is a very stupid one; I will not tell you what it is. There is another brother over yonder—never mind who it is—the man the cap fits let him wear it till it is worn out, and may it be worn out soon—he ought to teach in the Sabbath-school; but he lives quite conveniently—moreover, he thinks he does not like the school. There is another brother, he ought to be doing something or other; but really his position is, just now, such, that he does not see that he can. The fact is, it is cold, my brethren, and you don't want to plough. Now, recollect, those are always coldest that don't plough, for those that plough get warm. I have always noticed that the people in a church, that quarrel, are the idle ones. Those that do nothing always grumble. They say, "Ah, there is no love in the Church"—because you haven't got any! "Ah," say you, "but they don't speak to one another,"—you mean you don't speak to them. "No," says one, "but they are not active." You mean you are not active, for that which you think they are, depend upon it you are yourselves, for we mostly see ourselves in other people, and the idea we get of others is close upon the heels of the idea we ought to have of ourselves, except when it is a good notion, and then the less we indulge the thought as being a picture of ourselves, the better.

But whenever this sluggishness creeps upon you, I want you to think of one whom you love, who will be an example to you. Now, who do you suppose it is to whom I am about to direct your eye, if you begin to be weary and faint in your minds? Ah, it is not to a deacon of the Church or to a minister; it is not to some renowned preacher of the olden time—Yes, it is—I have made a mistake there: *it is* to a renowned preacher of the olden time—one whom you love. Whenever you feel faint and weary, will you think of one who ploughed more than you ever can plough, and deeper furrows too, and ploughed more terrible ploughing, on a harder rock and a more terrible soil than you have to plough upon? Whenever you are weary and faint in your minds, consider Him. "And who is that?" say you. Why, you know. It is your Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. Whenever sloth creeps on you, you begin to lean on the plough handles, and the devil whispers, "Look back!" Don't look back; look up, and see Him—the Crucified One—and you won't be weary. I am sure. Myconias, the friend of Luther, had made up his mind that he would not help Luther, but that he would keep in a monastery, quiet and alone. The first night he went there, he had a dream to this effect:—He dreamed that the Crucified One appeared to him, with the nail-prints still in his hands, and that he led him away to a fountain, into which he plunged him—a fountain of blood. He beheld himself washed completely clean, and being very rejoiced thereat, he was willing to sit down; but the Crucified One said, "Follow me." He took him to the top of a hill, and down beneath there was a wide-spreading harvest. He put a sickle into his hand, and he said, "Go and reap." He looked round him, and he replied, "But the fields are so vast, I cannot reap them." The finger of the Crucified One pointed to a spot

where there was one reaper at work, and that one reaper seemed to be mowing whole acres at once. He seemed to be a very giant, taking enormous strides. It was Martin Luther. "Stand by his side," said the Crucified One, "and work." He did so, and they reaped all day. The sweat stood upon his brow, and he rested for a moment. He was about to lie down, when the Crucified One came to him, and said, "For the love of souls and for my sake, go on." He snatched the sickle again, and on he worked, and at last he grew weary once more. Then the Crucified One came to him again, and said, "For the love of souls and for my sake, go on." And he went on. But once he dared to pause and say, "But, master, the winter is coming, and much of this good wheat will be spoiled." "No," said he, "reap on; it will all be gathered in *before* the winter comes—every sheaf. I will send more labourers into the harvest, only thou do thy best." So now, methinks, the Crucified One takes me to the brow of that hill, and with me yourselves, and shows us this great London, and says, "See this great London! The great field is ripe to the harvest." He says, "Take your sickle, and reap it." You say, "Lord, I cannot." "Nay," says he, "but for the love of souls and for the sake of the Crucified One, go on and reap."

Ah, brethren, I beseech you cease not from your labour. Be more diligent than ever you have been. Think more of Christ; and that will nerve you to duty, and remove all sense of weariness; this will make you strong to run the heavenly race, like giants refreshed with new wine.

And if this suffice not, one more thought and I have done. Remember, brethren and sisters, it may be hard ploughing; it may be true that this is a frozen time, that the winter is very sharp upon Christ's Church; but let us plough on very hard, for the harvest will pay for all. Why, I can say the little harvest I have reaped already pays me for ten thousand labours, ten thousand times told. When I have grasped the hand of some poor woman who has been saved from sin through my ministry, I have felt it were worth while to die to snatch that one soul from hell. Ah, it is a blessed harvest that God gives us here; but what a harvest will that be when we shall see all souls gathered above—when we shall see the face of Christ, and lay our crowns at his feet! Then look, labour, hope. An hour with your God will make up for all. Oh, may God the Holy Ghost fill you with energy, give you fresh strength, and may you, all of you, begin to plough straighter, deeper, longer furrows than you ever made before. Never look back, never take your hand from the plough, for in due season you shall reap, if you faint not. Keep at it still, and be ye not like the sluggard, who would not plough by reason of the cold—who shall beg in winter and have nothing.

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## THE DESIRE.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHELTENHAM.

Two believers were one evening walking and talking together, and they were talking as believers should, about their own personal experience of Divine things. The one was full of doubts, fears, and misgivings, and the other was trying to comfort him. This is lifting up the heads that hang down, and confirming the feeble knees. O, that there were more of this! When they came to the end of their walk Mr. Diffidence concluded by saying, "I don't want to be anything great; *I want to be a humble Christian.*" I have no doubt but the feelings of friend Thomas were right; but I am not so sure as to his knowledge of what a humble Christian is. I shall take no notice of the negative part of his wish, but only of the positive; for there is a sense in which we should not seek great things for ourselves, though there is another in which we should aspire to be great. But let us look at our friend's wish a little carefully: "*I want to be a humble Christian.*" To be a Christian is a great thing, for a Christian is the noblest work of God. Every Christian is humble, but all are not alike humble, though all are exhorted to be "clothed with humility;" and we are reminded that "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble."

"*I want to be a humble Christian.*" Very good, then you want to be converted, and to become as a little child. You want to be stripped of all self-importance, to be emptied of all self-consequence, and to be nothing in your own estimation. This is very hard to nature, and it takes much grace and much discipline to bring us to this. The humble Christian has many severe conflicts with the pride and other evils of his heart, and has often to carry them to the cross, to confess them before God, and to mourn over them as he lies prostrate before the mercy-seat. The humble Christian *believes as a child*, who takes his father's word as the ground of his faith. He believes because his father says it. So the humble Christian, being persuaded that the Bible is God's book, believes all that he finds there, whether he understands it or not. He admits that God is wiser and knows better than he does; and expects that he shall be wiser and know better by-and-bye. He therefore receives doctrinal statements with implicit faith; admits historical relations without gainsaying; places confidence in the promises, and allows all the precepts to be right. The humble Christian *obeys like a child*. God commands it, that is enough. He does not ask, "What will men say?" nor does he look around to see what is the usual custom. True, he may at times distrust his own judgment, and will therefore consult others; but he will wait upon God most, and seek Divine teaching on the point. When he is fully persuaded that he knows what God intends and requires, he does not ask, "What will it cost?" but says, "My Father requires it, and I will obey him;" or, with David, "I made haste, and delayed not to keep thy precepts." The humble Christian *expects like a child*. He does not dwell on his own unworthiness so much as on the grace, love, and kindness of his Heavenly Father's heart. He naturally expects that God will give good and great things unto his children, not on account of what they do, though he will not be unmindful of their conduct, but out of his own large and loving heart. He may think heaven and eternal glory too good for such a sinner as he is to receive, but then he will not think it either too good or too great for the God of all grace to bestow; and as eternal life is the gift of God, he expects it to be freely conferred on him. Just so in reference to all that God has promised: he expects it, not because he deserves it, for he knows that he does not; but because God has promised, and takes pleasure in bestowing it. The humble Christian *feels like a child*; there is even a childishness about his feelings at times, which are, in general, childlike. He feels confidence in God as his father, reliance on Jesus as his elder brother, who has become his Saviour, and reverence and affection toward the Holy Spirit as his comforter. Toward sinners he feels pity as his brethren after the flesh, and pity when he views them as their own enemies, and the enemies of God. Towards believers he feels love, notwithstanding all their imperfections, and is always ready to forgive an injury when repentance is shown. But I must stay my pen: the humble Christian has sweet joys, hallowed pleasures, and precious foretastes of glory; and, with these, experiences much self-loathing, self-abhorrence; and, wishing to be wholly like Christ, desires to be entirely devoted to Christ. For the humblest Christian aspires to say with Paul, "I live, and yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

"*I desire to be a humble Christian.*" Do you? Then seek the Spirit, as the Spirit of Christ. Set your heart upon this; pray incessantly for it, believing that, as God has promised it, he will assuredly bestow it. You cannot believe this too firmly, nor can you seek this blessing with too much fervour or importunity. All true humility flows from the Spirit's work in the heart, who, while he humbles us on account of what we are in ourselves, fills us with joy and peace on account of what we are in Christ. While you thus seek for the gift of the promised Spirit, expressly with the view that he may make you a humble Christian, let your mind dwell much on the greatness, freeness, and sovereignty of God's love. Few things have a greater tendency to humble us, and lay us low in the dust, than a sense of God's free, undeserved, and everlasting love to us. Think, also, of the sufferings of Jesus, in the garden, before his unjust judges, and on the cross, and think of these habitually: nor think of him as suffering these things for somebody, but as suffering them for



you—for you, a sinner—an ungodly sinner—a harsh, unfeeling, ungrateful sinner. View him as wounded for your transgressions and bruised for your iniquities, and as bearing your sins—all the guilt of them, and the punishment deserved by them, in his own body, on the tree. Dwell, also, on the freeness of Divine grace, as free for the vilest, therefore as free for you; and also on the distinguishing nature of Divine grace, as shown to you, and not to every one in the same way, or in the same degree. And then think of the greatness of the glory which is to be revealed in us—glory provided for us by the Father, given to us by the Son, and now made known to us by the Spirit; glory so great, so grand, so magnificent, that the sufferings of the present time, however great or long-continued, are not worthy to be compared with it. Dwell, daily dwell, on these things, and pray the Holy Spirit to apply them to your mind, and to seal to you your interest in them, and if you do not become a humble Christian I shall be surprised. You will no longer be tortured with doubts or tormented with fears, or be glued to the world; but, with holy confidence, you will depend on Jesus; with steady courage, you will overcome your inward foes, and, walking with God, you will live above the world, its smiles and its frowns.

Well, reader, what do you say to my representation of a humble Christian—is it correct? Do you admire it? Do you desire to be one? Such are peculiarly favoured—"For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." The humble Christian, therefore, will have God for his guest, and as such he will revive, comfort, and make him happy. God will be the portion of his inheritance and of his cup, and will maintain his lot. His trials may be many, but his supports will be great—his sorrows may be various, but his comforts will be strong. With God for his Father, providence for his friend, the promises as his security, and all things as his property, he will learn, in whatsoever state he is, therewith to be content. Gratitude will become natural to him, his peace will flow like a river, his joy will be unspeakable and full of glory, his life will be honourable, and his death will be happy. If all this were understood, I do not wonder at friend Thomas saying, "*I only want to be a humble Christian.*" I hope he did not mean a little Christian, or only just a Christian, for that is neither wise nor becoming. Friend, are you a Christian—one with Christ, possessing the Spirit of Christ, and living to the honour of Christ? Are you a humble Christian—having low views of yourself, high views of your fellow-believers, and the most exalted views of Jesus? Do you, while you realize that your desert is hell, believe that your portion is heaven; and while you at times wonder that God should even cast a propitious look at you, yet rejoice that he loves you with an everlasting love? If so, I doubt not but you are humble, and the more you know and enjoy of these things, the deeper and the more influential will your humility become. May every reader, after reading these lines, be able to lay his hand on his heart, and say, "*I want to be a humble Christian.*"

## THE LOSING AND TAKING OF MANSOUL;

OR,

### LECTURES ON THE HOLY WAR.

BY THE REV. A. S. PATTON, A.M., AUTHOR OF "KINCAID, THE HERO MISSIONARY."

'Tis strange to me that they that love to tell  
Things done of old, yea, and that do excel,  
Speak not of MANSOUL'S wars, but let them lie  
Dead, like old fables, or such worthless things,

That to the reader no advantage brings: [Down,  
When men, let them make what they will their  
Till they know them, are to themselves unknown.

BUNYAN.

#### INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THERE are few subjects more intensely absorbing than war. The sad and graphic details of bloody contests waged by opposing armies, whether found in the public journal or in the

pages of history, awaken an interest which might almost be construed into a reflection on our humanity. And even Christians, whose aim and end is peace, while profoundly impressed

with the unmitigated horrors of war, cannot help being moved by its terrific incidents, nor refrain from sympathizing with those whom they conceive to stand and bravely fight upon the line of right.

But there is a warfare raging in our world, in the results of which every man, whether Saint or Sinner, is more deeply interested than in any of the contests which have ever enlisted the forces of fleets and armies. It is a conflict between the immortal Soul and the powers of darkness, and in this war we all engaged, and must *fight or perish*.

This is the war so graphically treated by Bunyan, in the volume which forms the basis of the following lectures. It is the history not of a brief campaign, but of a life-long contest, sketched by an old, experienced, and faithful warrior. It is an allegorical narrative, written by one who was spiritually instructed and guided by deeply penetrating and searching powers of mind. It is the record of his own severe brunts with the great enemy; presenting us with a vivid view of a soul made subject to sin, yet conquered and recovered by Divine mercy. But while we have here portrayed Bunyan's own feelings, in reading it we cannot fail to discover a faithful sketch of our own spiritual exercises. It is a record authenticated by our own personal experience, and every regenerate man, at least, must be charmed with the truth and power of the allegory.

The ability displayed by Bunyan in the whole structure of the work, is universally regarded as most extraordinary. To use the words of one who has made the works of Bunyan the favourite study of his life: "It is written by one who possessed almost boundless resources of imagi-

nation. It is more profound, more deeply spiritual than the pilgrimage from Destruction to the Celestial City; and is believed by many to be the most beautiful and extraordinary allegory that mere human genius ever composed in any language."

But, besides the resources of a most fertile imagination, and deep spiritual experience, our author possessed a practical knowledge of military tactics, which evidently gave him peculiar skill and facility in arranging the various details of his work. He had been engaged as a private soldier in the civil war which raged during the middle of the seventeenth century, and was at the siege of Leicester, when it was taken by Prince Rupert. This, doubtless, gave him that intimate knowledge of trumpet and bugle sounds, and of the various customs of warfare, to which we find frequent allusion in the course of his wonderful allegory.

In attempting to explain and apply the spiritual lessons suggested by the work, the writer has been careful to avail himself of the hints afforded in Bunyan's own notes, and while he has thus endeavoured fully to express the author's own meaning, he has also attempted to show its perfect agreement with the higher teachings of the Divine Oracles. Supported by such authority, he indulges the earnest hope, that its deep and vital truths may be powerfully felt by every reader.

"But I have too long held thee in the porch,  
And kept thee from the sunshine with a torch.  
Well, now go forward, step within the door,  
And there behold five hundred times much more  
Of all sorts of such inward rarities  
As please the mind will, and will feed the eyes  
With those, which if a Christian thou shalt see  
Not small, but things of greatest moment be."

### I.—MANSOUL TAKEN BY THE ENEMY; OR, MAN IN HIS PRIMAL INNOCENCE AND FALL.

"From the day  
He first set foot on earth—of rancour full,  
And pride, and hate, and malice, and revenge—  
He set himself with most felonious aim  
And hellish perseverance, to root out  
All good, and in its place to plant all ill;  
To rub and raze from all created things  
The fair and holy portraiture divine,  
And on them to enstamp his features grim;  
To draw all creatures off from loyalty  
To their Creator, and to make them bow  
The knee to him."

"These are ruins indeed; but they proclaim that something noble hath fallen into ruin,—proclaim it by signs mournful yet venerable, like the desolations of an ancient temple—like the broken walls, and falling columns, and hollow sounds of decay, that sink down heavily among its deserted recesses."—DEWEY.

"God hath made man upright."—Ecclesiastes vii. 29.

"All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."—Romans iii. 23.

IN Bunyan's other great allegory—"The Pilgrim's Progress"—we have the Christian life represented under the figure of a journey, and the pilgrim is conducted through a great variety of incidents from his native City of Destruction, to Mount

Zion, the City of God. In the "Holy War" the same subject is presented in a military view. Man is here figured under the simile of a town, which, from a state of great prosperity, is subdued by a mortal enemy, after which, it is besieged by its lawful

Sovereign,—re-taken, and eventually restored to something approaching its first beauty.

With such a work before us, so full of beauty, so suggestive of truth, and so practical in all its teachings, we can but cherish the fullest confidence in its adaptation as a means not only of interesting, but of instructing all who may accompany us in our attempt to unfold its meaning. Let us, then, enter upon its study.

The structure and order of the narrative lead us, first, to view the original splendour of the town of Mansoul, while under the dominion of Shaddai, together with the cunning devices of Diabolus, which resulted in its criminal subjection to his power. The book opens with the imaginary journeyings of its author through a famous country, where he chanced to fall upon a fair and delicate town called Mansoul.—“A town, for its buildings so curious, for its situation so commodious, for its privileges so advantageous—I mean with reference to its original—that I may say of it, there is not its equal under the whole heaven. As to the situation of this town, it lieth between the two worlds: and the first founder and builder of it, so far as by the best and most authentic records I can gather, was one Shaddai; and he built it for his own delight. He made it the mirror and glory of all that he had made, even the top-piece, beyond anything else that he did in that country. Yea, so goodly a town was Mansoul, when first built, that it is said by some, the gods, at the setting up thereof, came down to see it, and sung for joy. And as he made it goodly to behold, so also, mighty, to have dominion over all the country round about. Yea, all were commanded to acknowledge Mansoul for their metropolitan, all were enjoined to do homage to it. Ay, the town itself had positive commission and power from her king, to demand service of all, and also to subdue those that any-ways denied it.”

In this description of the town of Mansoul, we have a truthful and beautiful portrait of man in his state of Primal Innocence. God created him upright, fashioning the soul after his own moral image, and giving for its tenantry a body “fearfully and wonderfully made.” Hence, to higher intelligences, when contemplating the divine work, man is represented as appearing of first consequence, and when the foundations of the earth were laid for his abode, “the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.”

The author of this marvellous moral and physical creation is here spoken of under the appropriate title of SHADDAI, one of the Hebrew names of God, signifying the pourer-forth, the source of existence, the all-sufficient, and generally translated in the Old Testament, ALMIGHTY. In this town of Mansoul, Shaddai, it is said, reserved for himself “a most famous and stately palace,” allusion being evidently had to man’s soul. And very fitly does Bunyan employ this figure to set forth its noble capacities, and to exhibit the undoubted claim of its only rightful owner and occupant. But while Shaddai made this noble place his garrison, we are told that the keeping of it was committed entirely to “the men of the town;” that is, the *conscience*, the *will*, the *understanding*, and the *affections*, in the exercise of their respective offices, were left to maintain a guard against the assaults of those powerful foes that seek to invade the soul in defiance of God’s authority, and to the utter exclusion of the Divine presence. And though such a defence was exceedingly formidable, indeed, absolutely invulnerable so long as consistently maintained, the sequel shows that it was not proof against the powerful attacks to which it was exposed. In the walls of the town there were “five gates,” and through these the enemy, it is said, looked for special advantage.

The allusion here, as the marginal note explains, is to the five senses. While these are carefully guarded, it must be a difficult thing for any enemy to invade the town, or harm the garrison, but alas! if “by the will and leave of those within,” an entrance be once effected, the result can but be most disastrous.

Thus it was, that in the beginning, the soul forfeited its honour, and sacrificed its dignity and peace, so that almost the first thing recorded of man is his voluntary and disgraceful fall from his holiness and integrity, into sin and rebellion.

To this sad event in human history, Bunyan refers in the very next feature of the allegory.—Upon a certain time, he tells us, there was one Diabolus, a mighty giant, who made an assault upon this famous town, to take it and make it his own habitation, so, with his wicked confederates, “ranging in much fury from place to place,” he came, at last, upon Mansoul, and calling a council of war, began to meditate in what way and method they should attempt its capture. And these

four things were then propounded to be considered—

“*First.*—Whether they had best all of them, show themselves in this design to the town of Mansoul.

“*Secondly.*—Whether they had best go and sit down against Mansoul, in their now rugged and beggarly guise.

“*Thirdly.*—Whether they had best show to Mansoul their intentions, and what design they came about; or, whether to assault it with words and ways of deceit.

“*Fourthly.*—Whether they had not best give out private orders to some of their companions, to take the advantage, if they see one or more of the principal townsmen, to shoot them; if, thereby, they shall judge their cause and design will the better be promoted.”

In the grave discussion of these propositions, it was concluded to be wisest, that but few, or but one, should assault Mansoul at a time, lest, taking the alarm, and assuming an attitude of defence, it should be impossible to capture the town, since “none could enter it without its own consent.” It was also deemed impolitic to appear before the town in their true and proper guise, lest, by such a repulsive spectacle, they should “put them into a consternation of spirit and necessitate them to put themselves upon their guard.” It was farther decided, that they had better conceal their real design, and assault the town in all pretended fairness, covering their intentions with all manner of lies; feigning things that never would be, and promising the men that which they never should find; and by such means induce them to open their gates, yea, and even to desire and invite them in.

And among the reasons assigned in support of this course, were these—that the people of Mansoul were then, “every one, simple and innocent, all honest and true: nor do they, as yet, know what it is to be assaulted with fraud, guile, and hypocrisy. They are strangers to lying and dissembling lips; wherefore, we cannot, if thus we be disguised, by them at all be discerned; our lies shall go for true sayings, and our dissimulations for upright dealings. What we promise them, they will in that believe us, especially, if in all our lies and feigned words we pretend great love to them, and that our design is only their advantage and honour.” In this policy, therefore, they all cordially united, or, as Bunyan quaintly ex-

presses it, “it went as current down as doth the water down a steep descent.”

And, finally, coming to the fourth proposition, it was determined to destroy, if possible, by some stratagem, some of the principal men of the town, especially one Mr. Resistance, whom, it is said, “Diabolus and his band more feared than they feared the whole town of Mansoul besides.” And accordingly, one Tisiphone, a fury of the lake, was especially deputed to accomplish his murder. “Thus, having ended their council of war, they rose up and essayed to do as they had determined. They marched towards Mansoul, but all in a manner invisible, save one, only one; nor did he approach in his own likeness, but under the shape, and in the body of the Dragon. So they drew up and sat down before Ear Gate, for that was the place for hearing for all without the town, as Eye Gate was the place of perspection.”

But what, you are ready to ask, is the meaning of all this? Let us try to unfold it. The history of evil in our world dates back to the treacherous devices of Satan in Paradise. There was developed that hellish plot, by which the grand Deceiver, the great Adversary of God and man, here styled Diabolus, sought to destroy our allegiance to Jehovah, to blast our fairest prospects, to fill our world with untold woe, and to people perdition with the souls of the lost.

With the inspired narrative of this fearful transaction, we are all, doubtless, familiar. But while familiar with the fall as an admitted Bible record, and as a fact in our own experience, involving us in a condition out of which we cannot raise ourselves, do we not sometimes detect within us a lurking feeling of scepticism, suggesting a doubt of the verity of the record, and especially as connected with the Tempter's personality? Now, without an argument for the truth of the whole narrative of the fall, it will be seen that that part of the allegory immediately before us naturally leads to an inquiry touching the question of Satan's existence. Is there, then, such an intelligence or being as the Devil? Who, we would ask, professing to give any credit to the truth of revelation, can for a moment doubt it? What, for instance, is the import and evident meaning of that passage, in the second Epistle of Peter, which acquaints us with the fact that “God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness to be reserved unto judgment?” Or, what are we to un-

derstand by the similar record found in the Epistle of Jude, which informs us that "the angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, he hath reserved in everlasting chains, under darkness, unto the judgment of the great day?" The chief or leader of this infernal host is Satan, whose subtlety, and power, and influence are represented in the Scriptures as being appallingly great. He is variously described, as "the prince of the power of the air," as "the god of this world," and as an adversary who, like "a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." Such representations are clearly opposed to the notion that we are merely to understand by the devil, a "symbolical personage," or "the principle of Evil personified." Nor can such a view, by any possibility, be reconciled with any consistent principle of Biblical interpretation.

Now the power and influence of this arch-fiend, as we have just said, is described as appallingly great;—all his cruel and crafty efforts being employed to tempt, to betray, to destroy, and to involve us in guilt and ruin. Hence, that he may be defeated in his purpose, we are again and again admonished to arm ourselves for a steadfast and constant resistance. The proof of our great enemy's *deplcity* is strikingly presented in the counsels adopted with reference to the siege of Mansoul, and the evidences of his *power* were fully and fearfully revealed in its assault and capture. It is this feature of the allegory that next claims our attention.

"So, as I said," continues our author, "he came up with his train to the gate, and laid his ambuscade for Captain Resistance, within bow-shot of the town. This done, the giant ascended up close to the gate, and called to the town of Mansoul for audience. Nor took he any with him but one Ill-pause, who was his orator in all difficult matters. Now, as I said, he being come up to the gate (as the manner of these times was), sounded his trumpet for audience; at which, the chief of the town of Mansoul, such as my Lord Innocent, my Lord Will-be-will, my Lord Mayor, Mr. Recorder, and Captain Resistance, came down to the wall, to see who was there, and what was the matter. And my Lord Will-be-will, when he looked over, and saw who stood at the gate, demanded what he was, and wherefore he was come, and why he roused the town of Mansoul with so unusual a sound."

Diabolus, then, as if he had been a lamb, began his oration and said, in substance, "I am come to show you how you may obtain great and ample deliverance from a bondage, that, unawares to yourselves, you are captivated and enslaved under." At this the town of Mansoul began to prick up its ears. "And what is it? pray what is it?" thought they. And he said, "I have something to say to you concerning your King concerning his law, and also touching yourselves. Touching your King, I know he is great and potent; but yet, all that he has said to you is neither true, nor yet for your advantage. \* \* \*

"Why should you be holden in ignorance and blindness? Why should you not be enlarged in knowledge and understanding? And now, O ye inhabitants of the famous town of Mansoul, to speak more particularly to yourselves, ye are not a free people: ye are kept both in bondage and slavery, and that by a grievous threat, no reason being annexed, but, So I will have it, so it shall be. And is it not grievous to think on, that the very thing you are forbidden to do, might you but do it, would yield you both wisdom and honour? for then your eyes will be opened, and you shall be as gods. Now, since this is thus, quoth he, can you be kept by any prince in more slavery, and in greater bondage, than you are under this day? You are made underlings, and are wrapt up in inconveniences, as I have well made appear; for what bondage greater than to be kept in blindness? Will not reason tell you that it is better to have eyes than to be without them? and that to be at liberty is better than to be shut up in a dark and stinking cave."

Now, while listening to this impious but plausible speech, Captain Resistance received a mortal wound in the head, and fell dead, quite over the wall. Upon the discovery of this, Mansoul, it is said, lost all courage, and had no heart farther to resist. So, following up the advantage, Mr. Ill-pause, whom Diabolus had brought with him, proceeded to endorse the views presented by his master, and in a bantering tone, urged the people of Mansoul fearlessly to disregard the restrictions which Shaddai had made the test of their obedience. And while he was thus speaking, my Lord Innocency, it is said, ("whether by a shot from the camp of the giant, or from some quail that suddenly took him, or whether by the stinking breath of that treacherous villain

old Ill-pause, for so I am most apt to think,") sunk down in the place where he stood, nor could he be brought to life again. Thus these two brave men died; "brave men I call them," says Bunyan, "for they were the beauty and glory of Mansoul, so long as they lived therein." And now, the rest of the townfolks, to prove the truth of the giant's words, took of the forbidden fruit and did eat, and having eaten, they became immediately so drunken that they opened the gates of the town, and the hosts of Diabolus poured in upon them like a flood.

Oh! what a vivid and faithful representation is this of that cunning device of Satan, by which our first parents were tempted to that sin which

"Brought death into the world and all our woe."

And here we have suggested too, the true cause of that apostacy, as well as the ground of our personal peril—*dalliance with the tempter*. When resistance to the suggestions of Satan failed in our first mother, and she parleyed with a proposal which ought to have been promptly and indignantly rejected—it was to her an *ill-pause*, resulting in consequences beyond her ability to retrieve. An old and excellent writer has well said—"If you would not be foiled by temptation, do not enter into a dispute with Satan. When Eve began to argue the case with the serpent, the serpent was too hard for her; the Devil, by his logic, disputed her out of Paradise. Satan can mince sin, make it small, and make it look like virtue. Satan is too subtle a sophist to hold an argument with. Dispute not, but fight. If you enter into a parley with Satan, you give him half the victory." And Bunyan, in one of his quaint poems, gives us this stirring admonition—

"Sin will at first, just like a beggar, crave  
One penny, or one halfpenny to have:  
But if you grant its first suit, 'twill aspire  
From pence to pounds, and still will mount up  
higher

To the whole soul. Then, if it makes its moan,  
Say, "Here is nothing for you—get you gone!"

For, if you give it entrance at the door,  
It will come in, and may go out no more."

Yes, only let a man, when assailed by the power of our spiritual adversary, forget that Divine command which enjoins *resistance*, and consent, for a time, to listen to that seductive voice which seeks to subvert and destroy his innocency, and soon he will find himself utterly estranged from God, and his whole nature a fearful prey to the craft and cruel malice of the enemy.

Nor is such a tendency, on our part, to yield to these influences, a mere *contingency*. On the contrary, we recognize it as a *direct result*, flowing from the first apostacy.

There are those, we know, who profess to believe that men, as they now come into the world, are in the same moral state in which the first man was created—who boldly affirm that human nature has not been changed by the fall of Adam; who hold that every man starts in life entirely disconnected with the past, and that the corrupt tendencies which he exhibits have their rise entirely in a wrong education, and from the influences which flow from a bad state of society.

Now, this theory of man, which admits of no unitary life, but "cuts the thread of history from behind us every hour," and resolves the human family into a state of extreme individualism, we conceive to be as contrary to the teachings of our *personal consciousness*, as it is to the facts of history, and the more positive testimony of revelation. Let cavillers say what they will, we firmly believe that we have powerful, innate, irresistible tendencies to sin, which neither the influence of education, nor the force of virtuous example, are able to correct, and under the sway of which we are often obliged to acknowledge our utter impotency to good and our perverse inclination to evil. Ah! yes, there is some mighty power standing behind our personal volitions, and bending and swaying our faculties at its will, so that, in the language of Paul—no longer a paradox—we are forced to exclaim, "*What I would that do I not, but what I hate that I do.*" And in the language of an eloquent writer, "What is the meaning of all this, unless it be that this sea of being, out of which we rise like bubbles out of some mighty deep, has its undertides and currents, whose force and swell have increased from remote generations, and they break into our consciousness, and we tremble with their motions and struggle against the downward rush of the waves!"

But, to return to the allegory, Diabolus having gained an entrance into Mansoul, we are next led to notice the wicked policy by which he sought to establish himself in power; and, first of all, he took possession of the castle, after which, he "put out of place and power" the Lord Mayor, Mr. Understanding, and Mr. Conscience, the Recorder. By these steps he thought to rid himself of the two persons whose influence he feared would be most formidable

against his authority. And, indeed, especially with reference to the latter, his apprehensions were well founded, "because, though he gave his consent to his coming into the town, yet he could not, by all wiles, trials, stratagems, and devices that he could use, make him wholly his own. True, he was much degraded from his former King, and also, much pleased with many of the giant's laws, and with his service; but all this would not do, forasmuch as he was not wholly his. He would now and then think upon Shaddai, and have dread of his law upon him, and then he would speak with a voice as great against Diabolus as when a lion roareth: yea, and would also, at certain times, when his fits were upon him (for you must know that, sometimes, he had terrible fits), make the whole town of Mansoul shake with his voice; and, therefore, the new king of Mansoul could not abide him."

Since, therefore, he could not make him wholly his own, what does he do but debauch him, in order to stupify his mind, and harden his heart in the ways of vanity. But this was the farthest that he could go.

"Wherefore he bethinks himself of another project, and that was, to persuade the men of the town that Mr. Recorder was mad, and so not to be regarded. And for this he urged his fits, and said, If he be himself, why doth he not do thus always? But, quoth he, all mad folks have their fits, and in them raving language; so hath this old and doating gentleman. Thus by one means or other he quickly got Mansoul to slight, neglect, and despise whatever Mr. Recorder could say. Besides, he would, at one time, be hot against that about which, at another, he would hold his peace, so uneven was he now in his doings. Sometimes he would be as if fast asleep, and again sometimes as dead, even then when the whole town of Mansoul was in her career after vanity. Wherefore, sometimes, when Mansoul did use to be frighted with the thundering voice of the Recorder that was, and when they did tell Diabolus of it, he would answer, that what the old gentleman said was neither out of love to him, nor pity to them, but of a foolish fondness that he had to be prating; and so would hush, still, and put all to quiet again."

Did ever human pen more eloquently and graphically sketch the dreadful influence of sin in the heart, and its power over the understanding and the conscience! The heart of fallen man, signified by the castle,

is in the possession of Satan, the *understanding* is wholly perverted, and the *conscience* is so abused that its counsels are, at best, but uncertain and fitful. Indeed, instead of regarding it as their truest and most faithful friend, the majority of men are found treating it as though it were a positive and dangerous enemy—wishing it oftentimes "a thousand miles off."

But happy for us, though very unequal, the power of conscience cannot easily be destroyed. It will sometimes speak, yea, roar aloud, testifying for God and against sin. And if, O fellow man, this voice *now* speaks to you, heed, we beseech you, its warnings, lest, at last, its awful suggestions drive you to despair.

"O, give it leave to speak, 'twill speak ere long,  
Thy leave unasked.—hear it now.  
While useful its advice, its accent mild."

As regards my Lord Will-be-will, he, it seems, scorned to be a slave in Mansoul, heartily espoused the cause of Diabolus, and was made principal governor of the town. The completeness of his apostacy may be inferred from his subsequent guilty and perfidious course. Not only did he deny all allegiance to his former Prince, swearing fidelity to his great master, Diabolus, but he even turned against his old associates, Mr. Understanding and Mr. Conscience, and brought himself down to companionship with all the vile and the base.

By the title and description of this personage, Bunyan evidently alludes to the *human will*, or that governing power of the soul which constitutes the basis of our free agency. And inasmuch as the natural will is not subject to the law of God, but obstinately opposed to it, we have it here most fitly represented as in league with the adversary, and as stooping to give countenance to all our vain thoughts and carnal lusts.

And now, it will be observed, the designs of this wicked giant on Mansoul were well nigh accomplished; nothing, indeed, remained for him to do but to destroy, wherever found, the image of Shaddai, setting up his own in its stead, and to organize a new government, and build for himself a few additional defences. Accordingly, with all possible despatch, the work was brought to a completion. The image of the blessed King Shaddai was basely defaced from the marketplace, and from the gates of the castle, the hideous likeness of Diabolus being put in its stead; Lord Lustings was appointed Mayor, and Forget-good was made Recorder, while

such men as Mr. Incredulity, Mr. Haughty, Mr. Swearing, Mr. Pitiless, Mr. Falsepence, Mr. Cheating, Mr. Atheism, and others like them, were elected as burgesses, aldermen, councilmen, and constables. After this, for special defences, Diabolus built three strongholds, that seemed to be impregnable, and placed them in charge of such governors as, in any emergency, would be sure to make them serve his interests.

"And now, Diabolus thought himself safe. He had taken Mansoul; he had ingarrisoned himself therein; he had put down the old officers, and set up new ones; he had defaced the image of Shaddai, and had set up his own; he had spoiled the old law books, and had promoted his own vain lies; he had made him magistrates, and set up new aldermen; he had built his new holds and had manned them for himself. And all this he did to make himself secure, in case the good Shaddai, or his Son, should come to make an incursion upon him."

Thus has Satan fixed his empire in the soul; thus, through his wicked machinations, has the understanding been darkened, the conscience debauched, the will perverted, the image of God defaced, and the

whole moral nature of man corrupted. Oh, what an awful but accurate picture is here sketched, then, of the human heart brought completely under the influence and rule of sin! Who can contemplate it without feelings of the deepest humiliation and grief? And who, especially, can view it as setting forth his own moral likeness,—as discovering the very lineaments of his own depraved heart, without exclaiming, in deep self-abasement,—*"God be merciful to me a sinner!"*

Ah! yes, it is a true picture, sketched by a master hand, of our wretched and guilty condition as set forth in the Word of Truth, and as more fully revealed by the Spirit, to every believer, through a knowledge of the law. And this, fellow-sinner, is your fearful state. You are "carnal, sold under sin." You are "led captive by Satan at his will." And yet, blessed be God, you need not despair; there is a way provided for your deliverance. A great price has been paid for your ransom; and, depending upon the influences of Divine grace, in this very hour, you may be brought to enjoy "the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free."

\* \* We have very great satisfaction in announcing to the readers of the BAPTIST MESSENGER that we have made arrangements to publish in successive Monthly Numbers, during the present year, the whole of Mr. Patton's excellent work, which has just been published at Seven Shillings.

## TRAITS OF TROUBLOUS TIMES.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF THE REV. MR. JOHN HICKS, AN EJECTED NON-CONFORMIST MINISTER, 1670-1.

TRANSCRIBED BY JANE BOWRING CRANCH.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### *A Gracious Magistrate.*

Of all country gentlemen in these parts is Sir William Bastarde reckoned the chiefest. When he cometh into them, which I grieve to add is rarely — (during the period of my sojourn here, I've ne'er till very lately had the hap to see him)—all poor, oppressed, and wretched folk—guided by the instinct which leads weak and helpless creatures seek protection in the quarter most likely to afford it—flock to his house at Garston. For this representative of an ancient and knightly family is so courteous in demeanour, that a curtsy from a servant wench, or awkward attempt at a bow from the most rustical clown, will he acknowledge with a grace that makes them feel they could run their lives out to do him service. But this freedom and charmingness of manner doth not, I've been told, hinder his possessing in the completest degree a certain cool, high-bred, undescribable power of checking any insolent, presumptuous approach to familiarity from his inferiors in station; and

they who experience its rebuke once generally take care to provoke not the like a second time.

"Let me advise that there be no delay," quoth Master Hope, "in laying our present hard case before Sir William; he'll not turn a deaf ear, take my word for't, to what we have to say."

I readily assented, though of not quite so sanguine a temper as our brother. I had felt, upon hearing of the arrival of this gentleman in our neighbourhood, pretty much like one who sees a sudden flash of light illumine an abyss of darkness into which he is fallen, and showing him a rope: it may prove a rope of sand, yet he hopes to cling awhile to it in safety.

"If Sir William Bastarde," mused I, "be only half as excellent as report makes him, he will surely evince a spirit tolerant enow in some degree to shield us from the lawless assaults of our most intolerant enemies, who, unless they receive speedy check from a person of weight and influence sufficient to restrain their present procedures, will be sure to pounce upon us with even a savager fury than before."

Of Master Rich's proffered kindness, I declined



for the present avail myself. Though of too upright and gentle a nature to countenance the wickedness practised toward us, he belongeth, as I've already said, to the Episcopal party; and they, as a class, have been heard, even in this nook o' the earth, express a pretty decided opinion that we ought to be more conformable, and seeing we cannot free, submit ourselves to the yoke those in high places seek to lay upon us. With a large share of prudence, of a *certain kind*, they cautiously avoid and shun the seeming to lend assistance to our cause, or being any way mixed up in the conflict we are now engaged in; and God forbid they should! Some of them I believe to be very worthy persons: kind Master Rich is a notable example. Yet say I again firmly, if sorrowfully, God forbid they should!

The friends now quickly decided among themselves to act according to Master Hope's suggestion; so the day after the last attack made upon my premises, four of us, beside the lad Robin Cheke, who we judged right to take likewise (I had got him to confess his fault with a becoming penitence), set out for Garston, which is scarce a two-mile walk from Kyngsbridge, and situate in a very sheltered spot, quite near the water-side. Its surrounding elm trees attest, by their size and beauty, the richness of the soil they thrive in.

We had passed the first entrance gate when I perceived a gentleman and his attendants, gallantly mounted, with a hawk and several spaniels, riding toward us, who Master Hope at once recognized as Sir William himself. Stepping hastily forward, he made a low bow, which the other gracefully returned; and seeing our brother wished speak to him, reined up his horse, and seemed encourage his communication with a courtesy I could not fail contrast with the churlishness and brutishness we are wont receive from men, how greatly his inferiors in birth and worldly station.

"Sir William," said Master Hope, earnestly, "my friends" (pointing to us a little behind) "and I have come to Garston this morning upon business of so urgent a nature, that I take the liberty of humbly craving you will be pleased give this matter a hearing. Believe me, sir," pursued our spokesman, with some little tremulousness of voice, "our errand is to the full as grievous as 'tis pressing."

"In that case," replied the knight, blandly, "I will return to the house and go through it at once; the distance is too short for you to keep me long waiting." And before Master Hope could thank him, he had made a sign to his servants, and was riding swiftly thither.

"Said I not truly, Master Hicks, when I told ye that Sir William is one of the best and finest gentlemen in Christendom? Liken him with Squire Reynells or Master——"

"Prithee, do no such thing," interrupted I, hastily; "'tis worse than comparing gold to brass."

For while Master Hope and the knight were conversing, I narrowly observed his outward bearing. Sir William Bastarde is still in the first prime of manhood, being scarce thirty years old, and of a face and person singularly handsome and elegant. His eyes, of a deep clear hazel, are changeful in expression; methought there slept in them a fire, which, upon occasion, I doubted not, could as completely alter the character of his winning, gracious countenance, as that of a storm-cloud can obscure the smiling beauty of a summer's sky. His hair, of a pale, fair brown, he wears in the cavalier fashion of the times. His attire suiteth his station: fine costly clothing to him is as natural, becoming, and indifferent as a leathern jerkin is to a countryman, or a woollen bed-gown to a kitchen-wench. I also failed not remark an air of perfect, dignified, unconscious ease pervading his entire deportment, which spoke him one of those accustomed to have their wishes anticipated, and their requests obeyed as commands.

Upon our reaching Garston-house, we found a serving-man ready waiting to conduct us to his master. I was about to follow him across the hall, when the silken rustle of a sack made me pause at its threshold, and bow, perhaps lower than Master Hope had done to Sir William, as a lady, very fair and stately—none other than the knight's nobly-born wife—swopt grandly by. A miscing young gentlewoman, holding a bright-haired child by the hand, came tripping daintily after her mistress, who, for a moment, let her great dark eyes, flashing beneath still darker brows, rest upon us; then, with a slight inclination of her queenly neck, passed on. There was the sparkle of diamonds in the long tresses, black as night, that, being wholly turned back from the forehead, gave me a full view of her beautiful, noble face; every feature of which, even to the delicate, sharply-cut nostril, spoke the high lineage (I know it well) from whence the lady descended. Her little son, pulling the skirt of his conductress, made the girl linger a minute, for he seemed disposed to regard us more curiously than his stately mother; and catching my eye, in a very pretty child-manner, he kissed his hand, and smiled a smile of such arch, dimpled sweetness, ere he vanished through an opposite doorway, that I, struck by his resemblance to his father, remarked to Master Hope, "Yon little pleasant branch biddeth fair prove worthy of its goodly parent stem."

We then were shown into an oak-pannelled parlour, with a low, richly-wrought ceiling. The windows looked out upon a spacious pleasure-ground, gay with flowers, of as marvellous richness and profusion as if they had been transplanted from the sun's own garden in the East;

here and there mingled with trees, whose dark green glossy leaves, and fruit of a golden hue, spoke them natives of another and more southern clime; yet they had taken kindly to, and grew and flourished, in this favoured spot, not a bud or blossom of which but was worthy the plucking of the gallant Philip Sidney and his fair and favourite sister, to picture in the gentle pages of their "Arcadia."

At further end of this apartment sat Sir William; he had laid his hat and fringed gloves upon a table before him, strewn with books and papers. A little distance off stood a young man, with, I conceived, a somewhat sinister cast of countenance; the ink-horn at his girdle, and the pen stuck behind his ear, spoke him a justice's clerk in waiting.

Sir William kindly requested us to be seated, an invitation of which Master Hope and myself accepted; but Enoch Trueman, Master Best, and the lad Robin could by no means think of doing any such thing; for the carven chairs and settees were covered with a damask finer than the last might dare to dream of for a wedding doublet.

"I'll not press the matter," said the knight, smiling; "having heard before that your backs are not a *little* stiffish,"—all finished gentleman as he is, a slightly scornful expression flitted across his handsome features;—"and doubtless, friends, I'm now to learn the truth, of what I've known by report only, that ye're somewhat unpliant and hardish to bend."

Then Master Hope, in plain, terse, simple language, and a manner which was so due an admixture of respect and confidence that I was at loss sufficiently to admire it, went direct into the marrow of the grievances we were come to complain of; namely, the wanton outrages perpetually committed upon us by our oppressors. In his own charming, artless way, he movingly depicted our sorrowful plight, and the treatment we are subject to; that the result of the distressful struggle which had taken place the day before would be for some of us a gaol, or, perhaps, exile beyond seas, was most certain, unless a counter-influence could be exerted in our behalf sufficiently powerful to restrain a man like Master Beare, aided and abetted as he was by such a magistrate as Squire Reynells.

Throughout his statement Master Hope preserved a delicate discreetness and humility which yet had not the least flavour of fawning or servility in its address; and Sir William listened with the most polite attention, though, I could scarce help conceiving, at the first with a somewhat amused expression. As Master Hope proceeded it became graver, thoughtfuller, and at length deepened into absolute sternness.

"What!" I heard him say in an under-tone, "insult women—maltreat mere children," glancing at Robin—"and hound the sick to death!

Why, this comes up—" He did not finish the sentence; but when Master Beare's answer was repeated to the question we had put to him at my house, touching the warrant of his authority for the late treacherous and brutal attack upon us which I have elsewhere set down—namely, Master Beare's drawing his sword and saying "*that* was his authority"—"He shall flud it otherwise by —," exclaimed the knight, in a mood so fiery it startled us. And good Enoch Trueman, who, as I said, remained standing, cried out at once, "Hold, sir! what is man, whose breath is in his nostrils, that you should take God's name thus hastily upon your tongue!"

"Sirrah, keep thine still," said Sir William haughtily; but his dark kindling eyes meeting Master Trueman's all sorrowfully fixed upon him, I saw that quick as thought he instantly divined the true meaning of this faithful soul's rebuke; for his gracious aspect immediately became its cloudless self again.

"This Beare, of whom ye report so ill," said he, "I will lose no time in acquainting Edward Reynells must be made comport himself differently. The honour of those who hold his Majesty's commission as justices of the peace ought to do, is concerned, and requires it. I'll know what he means by allowing an affront of this sort to the bench on which, like myself, he sits as magistrate, thus pass unnoticed. But mark," and the fine face of the speaker assumed a vexed, disturbed expression, "those miserable conventicle meetings of yours are the plea that will be set up as an ample excuse for the wrongs and insults of which you not unjustly complain. If persisted in, they assuredly must work your ruin—perhaps death." And for a short time he proceeded rapidly, in a precisely similar strain to that of which Master Rich the night before had sounded the key-note.

"I am not ignorant, though seldom in this part," continued Sir William, "of some of your places of resort. Touching those alleged meetings, my people have already told me"—("Ah," thought I, "then we've our secret foes even in *this* household")—"that two of these spots," and his brows grew slightly compressed, "are rather near Garston itself; and oftentimes, in the lower grounds, your psalmody has reached their ears across the water."

"Ay, Sir William, to such mean shifts and sorry refuges are we driven," said I, feeling 'twas now my fit time to speak, for hitherto I had thought proper to remain a listener, "by our adversaries; but upon the rock of Saltstone, to which you allude, they may not molest us; there at least, when winds and tides permit, we can assemble."\*

\* At a low tide this rock, on which for years the persecuted Nonconformists were wont occasionally to hold their meetings, can be reached nearly dry-shod.

"Perhaps," cried the knight, gaily, "ye think ye're taking the Israelites of old for pattern in thus marching through the sea."

"And the God who smote a king and his host," replied I, gravely, "protecteth and comforteth us; for he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Then I firmly, but temperately, proceeded to advocate those sacred and fundamental principles of religious freedom, which led to our separation from the Episcopal Church. "We reckon among our numbers," said I, "men of sterling piety and godliness, likewise high birth, and rare attainments; priests and scholars, who have lacked no worldly inducement, which their friends, or the partisans of the present Government, could hold out in order to induce them conform. He now lying dead in a chamber of my house was one of these, and preferred solitude, poverty, contempt, to a shackled, reproving conscience. We are willing, in most temporal matters—mark me, sir, temporal—to submit ourselves to 'the powers that be,' and" (I smiled) "'obey magistrates;'" but when they seek to gain dominion over what belongs to God, and was never by him designed for man to presume meddle with, we will resist, ay, to the death. Let the gao! and the halter do their worst upon us, they cannot daunt men who, in following the command of their Divine Master, 'fear not them who at the worst can but kill the body.'"

"Yet why," said Sir William, who, while listening to me, gave answering signs of a generous sympathy—"why do you of the Nonconforming clergy, disapproving the present state of things in ecclesiastical matters, not be content to remain passive, and wholly lay down your ministry?"

"Nay," answered I, "this may not be. I for one could not do it on many accounts, nor my brethren either; we fear the guilt of breaking our ordination vow, by which we have pledged ourselves to be diligent in the performance of our work, as called and chosen servants of the Lord. Many still seek our conduct, as shepherds in holy things, and not only utreat, but claim the continuance of our old relation toward them. If the authority of magistrates is generally set against us, we still hold ourselves under the solemnest obligations, to a higher and more sacred authority than theirs, to fulfil the duties of our ministry, though at peril of life and liberty, as long as God shall permit us. For neglecting these things the command of an earthly monarch can furnish us no just excuse: we dread above all things the doom of the unprofitable servant, that went and hid his talent in the earth."

Sir William then motioned the clerk to withdraw, which the latter, all obsequiousness, did, I noting the same covert, sinister cast in his eye I disliked and mistrusted the moment I

beheld him. We all felt relieved when he was gone.

"Now," said the knight, "once, and for all, attend to what I shall communicate."

We bowed.

"My presence in this part, short, I regret, as it must be (for urgent business requires me in town by the end of the month, and may keep me there the whole winter), will, nevertheless, serve as some restraint upon those the present aspect of affairs"—here he remarked upon the late very severe statutes enacted against Nonconformists—"makes it impossible for me to chastise, as their cowardly insolence deserves to be chastised; and they know it, and 'tis this knowledge which makes a man of Beare's stamp thus bold. But, by my troth, he shall be kept chained to his staple whilst I am here. My tolerance, would I might say approval, Master Hicks," giving me his hand (we knew the full value of the former word from his lips), "after the facts you have stated, is secure; yet we must not part, without my warning you against this practice of assembling in each other's dwellings," (I thinking on the solemn shadow then resting upon mine, sighed deeply); "until," he added, kindly perceiving the pained expression of my face, "the Government see fit to withdraw its opposition to such meetings."

He then beckoned Robin Cheke draw near; and Robin, with a little trepidation and shamefacedness, obeyed. A very ugly scar upon his temple attracting Sir William's attention, he made inquiry respecting it. The poor boy for a good while was forced to wear a patch over his left eye, the sight of which had been greatly obscured by the cruel beating he got from John Lucas.

Master Robin now grew bold enow to tell his own tale; and, remembering the destruction of his best beaver, said, ruefully looking at a dismal castor he was holding in his hand, "This, honoured sir, belonged to my grandfather, who's been dead these many years; and 'tis the only one my mother can afford me, in place of that I lost."

"An ancient relic, truly, for a curled pate like thine to carry," said the knight, laughing, as he laid a hand, sparkling with rings of price, upon the lad's shoulder (and a mighty pretty sight it was, methought, to see rank, wealth, and power thus gracious to weakness and poverty); the other he thrust into a pocket of his brodered vest. I caught the shimmer of gold upon Robin's palm, and heard a rich, mellow voice say, "Take it, boy, and get thee another hat, with crown less like a church steeple than that thou now hast;" and hastily disclaiming all thanks, while gracefully bidding us farewell, he passed out from a window which partially commanded the entrance to the house. We saw

him directly afterward vault into his saddle and ride off at full speed.

The serving-man who had received, now appeared to re-conduct us; in the hall was the young clerk, and the sneer upon his features he now took no pains to conceal; moreover, I observed him exchange a wink with our guide, and, at the same time, hearing a titter from another part, looked up, and in a little stone gallery espied a cluster of giggling young chamber wenches, who were scanning our outward garb (plain enow, I grant) with an impertinence 'twas wise not notice.

After we were gotten outside the court-gates, Robin Cheke said eagerly, "Sir William has given me two guineas, Master Hicks, and I pray you take them both."

"What for," quoth I. "If 'tis to keep the money safe, I have no strong box."

"Nay, sir, that's far from my meaning. Through God's mercy, I've enow to eat and drink, but there be they that deserve much better than I, sorely pinched with hunger: this money will buy many loaves of bread."

"When Sir William so graciously gave you this gold, Robin, I heard him say, 'twas designed for a beaver in lieu of that upon your head."

"Ay, sir," he replied, his blue eyes smiling up at mine from under its shady brim, for the sweet and trustful look of old had again come back to them; "I'll work hard to get me a better; but these brave tokens (showing his guineas), e'en for sake of the grand gentleman who gave 'em me, I'd like put to the best of use, and I can think of none better."

"Then your own mother is a widow, and burthened with care of many children; she is also poor."

"True," replied he, quickly; "but there was a widow once as poor, who 'cast in all that she had' into the treasury, honoured sir. Is it your wish to turn me from my purpose?"

"Nay, good Robin, for I believe 'tis out of the abundance of your warm young heart your mouth hath spoken; but I wish that part this money be laid out in purchase of a hat suited to your years; the remainder, with your good mother's approval (I knowing what a kind soul Patty Cheke is), divided between her and they to whom, as ye truly said, a loaf of bread will prove indeed acceptable."

While thus pleasantly conversing, the sound of abundance rushing along at great speed made us look backward, and what should we spy but a huge dog, known by report the whole country round, and most-times, by reason of its size and fierceness, kept close chained in the Garstou kennel. Flight before such a pursuer was impossible; yet nimbly as a squirrel the boy had darted up the nearest tree; the other friends managed to scramble through the hedge; and I, planting myself firmly against the trunk of

the beech among whose boughs Robin was perched, folded my arms, and awaited the result of the hound's advance.

All this took place in what seemed less than a moment of time, as on he came with an arrowy swiftness, till a few paces distant the spot where I stood; and though, I confess, full of inward dread, I kept my eyes fixed steadily upon him, for I had heard—neither felt inclined treat altogether as a fable—that a man hath been able to daunt even a lion by the power of his eye; and the creature confronting me was near as big as one, of the same tawny hue, his nervous limbs of a strength and suppleness which could have made, had he been so disposed, the springing upon and throttling me scarce the work of a minute. But whatever his impetuous advance might indicate, at the distance I have named he stopped suddenly, and save for his restless fiery eyes, which watched intently the slightest gesture or motion on my part, became still as if turned to stone. Even at a moment like this I could not help noting with admiration the symmetry and fineness of his proportions: he reminded me of a dog carved by the cunning chisel of some rare sculptor.

Now, there be few of the brute kind, after a very little while, I've not found incline to grow trustful and familiar with me. As never wilfully I worked the woe of any of these creatures, so when their dumb looks meet mine confidently, I see how true they are to the instinct planted in their natures by a Divine Creator, that thus maketh them discern a friend who hath oft-times shown a care and concern about their treatment for which hard-hearted folk have ridiculed him not a little. Yet others—and my heart glows at the remembrance—have been so wrought upon by my reproofs and moved by my exhortations, to my certain knowledge they have eschewed bull and bear baits, and other the like cruel pastimes, ever afterward. Where the Apostle speaketh of "the whole creation groaning and travailling in pain together," I recognize in these poor fools an important part of that creation; and he "who meted out heaven with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance," we are expressly told by our Lord himself, noteth the fall of a sparrow.

The organs of dogs are so subtle, and their perceptions so nice, a conceit hath thereby arisen in some folk's minds that they can, in a manner, reflect on what passeth around them; and certes, my new acquaintance the hound, as he then stood, with his broad chest dilate, and his fine head a little thrown back, was, I saw, grown rather puzzled, and at loss how to proceed. It then occurred to me my best chance for safety lay in greeting him boldly. A strange

power dwelleth in the tones of the human voice over inferior and bestial natures.

"My brave dog," quoth I, speaking cheerfully, and advancing a step—though a slight rising of his back, and very low, smothered growl, made the blood pause at my heart—"tis none but thieves, or sturdy beggars, *you* should be sent in chase of—nay, hardly them, to my way of thinking: but I'm a very honest, harmless kind of man. Come hither, friend, and examine for thyself."

"Master Hicks, ye're surely taken mad," cried Robin, among the boughs.

"Frithee, be not so fool-hardy," said another voice, a little way off; "and maybe the dog will turn aside."

The dog, however, showing no such inclination, I seated myself as composedly as I could at foot o' the tree: then he came gradually nearer, and began to smell my clothes, hands, and at length considered my features, with such a grave, careful scrutiny, that for my life I could not repress a smile. Certain it is they were not displeasing to him. He set his great, heavy paws upon my knees, and we became friends on the instant.

"Thou art indeed a noble beast, and most sagacious," exclaimed I, laying my hand now fearlessly upon his head, "in that thou scornest to worry the weak and the defenceless—though, doubtless, unchained and sent after us for the purpose."

Looking down the road as I spoke, a good way off I spied the figures of two men, skulking as if they wished not to be seen. Perceiving this, I ran, the dog bounding on before, till I had overtaken them. The serving-man proved one, and the other had the badge of the family on his sleeve.

"By whose orders," cried I, "did you set that dog after us?"

"Nay, master," they both exclaimed, with marks of fear as well as shame depicted in their faces; "he broke loose, and we were coming in pursuit of him."

"I believe ye not," said I. "Yet is your wicked malice defeated. Servants such as ye may well go take a lesson from a dog."

The knaves answered me never a word, but hanging down their heads, returned to the house.

Upon the evening of the third day after dear Master Jellinger's death, we buried him in a grave, which, though far away from land of his birth and those of his kindred, yet tears o' truest sorrow fell upon it, and 'twill be oft-times visited by the gentle regrets of many who loved the peaceful sleeper there.

Ere the coffin was nailed, a sister asked me to take my farewell look of the body. *The body!* How strange smote those two little words upon my heart! I went again into the chamber where he died; and weeping, Mistress Hawes, softly and tenderly, as if she feared disturbing him, drew away the face-cloth.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," seemed writ, by a heavenly finger, upon the serene, tranquil features before me. The last words the pale, still lips had uttered appeared again whispering in my ear, but as by an angel's voice. 'Tis our intent to have them graven on the stone with which we design to mark our brother's bed of rest. At the head of it, Master Hope hath already planted a fair young maple tree.

(To be continued.)

## P O E T R Y.

### "THE LORD LOOSETH THE PRISONERS."

(Psalm cxlvi. 7.)

In Holy Scripture we may read  
Of God's delivering grace;  
He brought forth Joseph from his cell,  
And ransomed Israel's race.  
And oft as cruel men shut up  
The Apostles of the Lord,  
So oft Jehovah set them free  
To spread abroad his word.  
There is a prison dark and drear,  
By man's transgression built,  
Where mortals lie in Satan's power,  
Bound fast by sin and guilt.  
Though now the flowers of sinful joy  
May hide the iron chains,  
If grace prevent not, they will drag  
The soul to endless pain.  
Each child of God, while unrenewed,  
Is Satan's willing slave;  
But he must give up every one  
Whom Jesus died to save.  
In God's good time the Spirit makes  
The soul its bondage know;  
The fetters break when Christ commands:  
"Loose him, and let him go."

Another prison, we are told,  
Is Doubting Castle called,  
There many an heir of grace hath been  
By dread Despair enthralled.  
When, by God's help, the hand of Faith  
The key of Promise takes,  
The bolts yield quickly, and the soul  
A happy exit makes.  
In Joseph's tomb the blessed Lord  
Was laid, in grave-clothes bound,  
The sealed stone closed up the door,  
And soldiers watched around.  
But God released his well-loved Son,  
In spite of all his foes;  
Captivity was captive led,  
When Christ to heaven arose.  
Why should Jehovah's children fear  
Death's prison-house, the tomb?  
For surely Jesus' sojourn there  
Hath robbed it of its gloom.  
The grave can have no victory now  
Since Christ the Saviour died;  
He rose, and they shall rise to reign  
For ever at his side.

Wellingborough.

THEODOIA.

## DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

## MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

**ACCORDARE.**—The Rev. James Owen, of Bristol College, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the English Baptist Church in this place. He intends to commence his labours there the first Sunday in March.

**OLNEY, BUCKS.**—The Rev. R. Hall, B.A., has resigned the pastorate of this church and congregation. Mr. Hall intends to close his ministerial services here on the last Sabbath in March.

**HALSHAM, SUSSEX.**—The Rev. Cornelius Slim has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church in this place; and, after May next, he will be at liberty to supply any Baptist church which may be destitute of a minister.

**SPRINGHEAD, NEAR OLDTAM.**—The Rev. J. G. Short, of Wrexham, commenced his stated labours, in connection with the church worshipping at Springhead Chapel, near Oldham, on Sunday, Jan. 29, with good signs of usefulness and success.

**TALYBOUT, CARDIGANSHIRE.**—The Rev. H. Cefni Parry, of Brymbo, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation from the Baptist church at the above place to become their pastor, and to enter upon his sacred duties, in his new sphere of labour, in the beginning of April.

**LAKFIELD, SUFFOLK.**—The Rev. Robert Edward Sears has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the Baptist church in this place to become their pastor, after supplying the pulpit nearly twelve months.

**BLOXHAM, OXON.**—Mr. C. J. Eden, of Hinton, son of the Rev. Thos. Eden, of Chadlington, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the Baptist church and congregation in this place, to become their pastor; on which labours he entered the first Sabbath in the present year.

**ROMFORD.**—The Rev. John Gibbs, late of Millwall, Poplar, has received and accepted a most cordial and unanimous invitation to become pastor of the Baptist church meeting in Salem Chapel, and commenced his labours there with a prospect of great success on the 23rd of January.

**EBENEZER, LLANGFNFI, ANGLESEA.**—The Rev. J. D. Evans, of Penyardren, having accepted the unanimous invitation of the Baptist church to become their pastor, intends commencing his stated labours in March. The church at Ebenezer is in a flourishing condition, having shared in the great revival that is now progressing through the island.

**BRIDGNORTH.**—The Rev. D. Jennings, of Newport, Isle of Wight, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate at the church at this place, and expects to commence his labours here on the first Lord's-day in March.

**PLYMOUTH.**—The Rev. T. C. Page, late minister of the Anglo-Indian Baptist Church in Madras, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to undertake the pastoral oversight of the church assembling in George-street Chapel.

## OPENING SERVICES.

**PORTLAND CHAPEL, SOUTHAMPTON.**—This place of worship was re-opened for public service on Sunday, Jan. 22, when the Rev. Joseph Augus, D.D., preached two able and appropriate

sermons to large and interested audiences. On Monday, Jan. 23, a bazaar was held in the Victoria Rooms in aid of the Chapel Building Fund, followed by a tea-meeting, at which about 700 persons were present. At seven o'clock in the evening, a public meeting was held in the chapel, when the Rev. Thomas Adkins, the venerable and esteemed pastor of the parent Nonconformist Church of the town, took the chair. Prayer was offered by the Rev. — Little (Baptist). Addresses, expressive of Christian union and brotherly feeling, were delivered by the respected chairman, and by the Revs. Messrs. Turner, Roberts, and Carlisle (Independent); Wright (Presbyterian); Williams (Wesleyan); Caven (Baptist); and also by Alderman Paik, J.P. The pastor, the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, laid before the meeting the financial statement, showing that the cost of the enlargement, with new pulpit, heating of the chapel, and improvement of organ, amounted to £1,603, towards which the committee had received in collections, donations, and promises, £1,047. The proceeds of the bazaar and opening services amounted to £100, leaving a balance of £432, which will most probably be cleared off within two years. There is every prospect of the increased space (which will accommodate 400 persons) being shortly filled with regular and attentive hearers.

## SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

**RISELY, BEDS.**—On April 3, two sermons will (D.V.) be preached at the Baptist meeting by Rev. J. Bloomfield, of Loudou; afternoon at half-past two, evening at six. A public tea will be provided at 6d. each.

## BAPTISMS.

**AIRDRIE,** Sept. 18 — Twenty-seven; Nov. 20. Five; Dec. 18, Four; Dec. 25, Three; Jan. 8. Two, by Mr. Dunn.

**BARNSELY,** Nov. 6 — Seven by Mr. Brown.

**BATHGATE.**—On Sunday, February 5th, after the usual services of the day had been dispensed in the Evangelical Union Chapel, Bathgate (Scotland), the pastor, the Rev. A. C. Gray, intimated that he desired now to resign his charge over the congregation, and in doing so, stated that he had become a convert to the Baptist persuasion, and in support of his change quoted several scriptural passages which he read off a written paper. In breathless suspense the members and adherents listened with consternation depicted on their faces to this sudden and altogether unexpected turn of affairs, and had the slightest movement taken place, even to the falling of a pin on the floor, the walls would have reached back the sound amidst the solemn silence that prevailed with awful grandeur. All was hushed, and nothing was heard save the clear, deep-toned voice of the pastor *telling his own tale*. No event in the clerical profession could have caused so great a sensation as this has done here among the keen and warm supporters of a pastor beloved and respected by his congregation. Mr. Gray was highly esteemed as being devoutly attached to the faith and cause he espoused. Kind and affable in his manner, he has drawn a very large congregation around him since inducted to the pastorate; indeed we might almost say that he has been the means of bringing many to the church who went to no place of worship at all. We understand that it was only lately that he and his

lady received from the congregation each a handsome gold watch and chain as tokens of regard.

**BRAINTREE**, Essex, Jan. 8—Seven by Mr. Mouton.

**CARLTON**, Beds, Jan. 29—Eight by Mr. Silverton, in the river Ouse.

**CARDIFF**, Bethany, Jan. 1—Seven by Mr. Tilly; two were husband and wife, and had been notorious in Cardiff as drunkards and swearers.

**CATSHILL**, near Bromsgrove, Nov. —One; Jan. 1, Two.

**CHELTFHAM**, Cambray Chapel, Jan. 22—Eight by Mr. Smith.

**EMSWORTH**, Hampshire, Jan. 29—One; and Feb. 1, Three, by Mr. Sole.

**FORNCEY**, Norfolk, Jan. 1—Four.

**GREENWICH**, Kent, Feb. 1—Three by Mr. Caunt. One of these was the pastor's only daughter.

**HAMSTERLY**, Bishop Auckland, Dec. 27—Two; Jan. 22, Six, by Mr. J. Marshall. In this case a household was baptized.

**KETTERING**, Dec. 25—Eleven by Mr. Mursell.

**KINGSTON-ON-THAMES**, Feb. 1—Six by T. W. Medhurst, five of whom had been united with the Congregational body.

**LAXFIELD**, Suffolk, Feb. 9—Eight by Mr. R. E. Sears.

**LIVERPOOL**, Great Crosshall-street, Jan. 15—Eight by Mr. Thomas.

**LONDON**, Bloomsbury Chapel, Jan. 16—Six by Mr. W. Brock.

—, Regent's-park Chapel (late Diorama), Feb. 1—Eighteen by Mr. W. Landels.

**MARESBROOK**, Salop, Jan. 1—Three by Mr. T. Rees, late of Haverford West College.

**MELBOURN**, Cambs, Feb. 6—Six by Mr. E. Bailey, making a total of fifty-eight during the past twelve months.

**OGDEX**, near Rochdale, Feb. 12—Six by Mr. L. Nuttall.

**RUSHDEN OLD MEETING**, Jan. 25—Eight by Mr. Bradfield; three of the number were from the Sabbath-school.

**SANDY**, Beds, Oct. 30—Two; Jan. 29, Four, by Mr. Voysey (two from the Sabbath-school).

**SALISBURY**, Feb. 8—Fourteen by Mr. Bailhache. Several others are waiting to be received into the Church of Christ.

**SHOTLEY BRIDGE**, Feb. 5—Four by Mr. Whitehead.

**SKAILBEACH**, Jan. 22—Seven by Mr. Evans.

**STDBURY**, Jan. 29—Three by Mr. Morgan.

**STAFFORD**, Jan. 8—Three.

**ST. CLAIRS**, South Wales, Feb. 12—Eight by Mr. B. Williams. Seven of these were from the Sabbath-school. One had long been a member of the Church of England.

**SWANSEA**, York-place, Jan. 1—Eleven by Mr. Hill.

**TORQUAY**, Devon, Feb. 5—Seven by Mr. Kings; three of whom were from a Pedobaptist church.

**WILLEHALL**, Staffordshire, Little London, Feb. 4—Eight by Mr. Pearce.

#### DEATHS.

**MR. JOHN RABBETH**.—Jan. 23, at Hemel Hempsted, Herts, Mr. John Rabbeth, late of Holborn, aged seventy years. For more than fifty years he had loved and served that dear Saviour who was his hope in life and solace in death. A short time before his departure, on being asked if he found him precious now, he replied, "Altogether lovely,—

'A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On thy kind arms I fall;

Be thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Jesus, and my all.'

Hangs my helpless soul on him." A kind friend who watched by his side, and was pained to see him suffer so severely, said, "He has promised never to forsake; underneath will be the everlasting arms." He replied quickly, "They are, I do feel them; I can trust him." His end was peace. Almost his last words were, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly."

**THE REV. SAMUEL WARD**.—Our departed brother was born at Sutton-in-Ashfield, about the year 1779. Early in life he removed to Nottingham, and there was led to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. Whilst yet a youth he was baptized, and added to the church. From that time he sought to be useful to others, and was one of the first to aid in establishing Sabbath-schools in Nottingham. He also began to speak in the name of the Lord, and in 1810 was formally recognized as a local preacher. He was frequently engaged in preaching at Aroold and other villages. In 1831 he began to preach at Woodborough and Calverton, and in 1834 accepted a call to the pastorate there. The Revs. Messrs. Hawkins, Dawson, Edwards, and Pottenger took part in the ordination services. His connection with the church continued till March, 1859, when, in consequence of his advanced age, he resigned his charge. He then removed to Sherwood Rise, where he died, January 24th, 1860, aged 81 years. On his deathbed he said to a relative, "I am going home. This is not my home. I have a far better home than this. I shall soon be there; and there will be many friends to welcome me." His death was improved at Woodborough and Calverton, to large congregations, by the Rev. William Wallis, his successor in the pastorate; and at Nottingham by the Rev. J. Edwards. Mr. Ward was an acceptable and evangelical preacher, and a firm adherent to our denominational principles.

Servant of God, well done!

Rest from thy loved employ:

The battle's fought, the victory's won—

Enter thy Master's joy!

**MR. ROBERT SMITH**.—Feb. 7, at Golcar, near Huddersfield, this useful servant of Christ departed this life, aged sixty-six years. He was converted in the year 1812, through the instrumentality of Mr. Robert Hyde, then pastor of the Baptist church at Salendine Nook. After twenty-two years of Christian communion with the friends there, he, with other members from neighbouring churches, was dismissed to lay the foundation of a Baptist church in Golcar. Chosen to be a deacon, through reliance on his solid judgment and knowledge of Church order and discipline, for many years the guidance of the church's affairs was chiefly entrusted to his care. Under his superintendence the church, with the blessing of God, weathered many storms, and increasingly prospered. His active performance of duty, skill in overcoming difficulties, and peacemaking disposition, fitted him pre-eminently to be a leader, and gained for him the confidence of all parties. For upwards of twenty years he was not absent from the house of God on the Lord's-day, save once, and then through an accident. In 1858 his health began to decline; and during the first week of this year he received the final attack. At first he thought he should recover; but for some time before he died this belief gave way. His desire to depart was fervent; the truths that he had advocated for upwards of forty years were his support; and to all questions he would answer that he was settled on them, and firm as a rock. He was never heard during his illness to express

## ON CONSECRATION TO THE SAVIOUR.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL.

CHRIST rightly known is most surely Christ beloved. No sooner do we discern his excellencies, behold his glories, and partake of his bounties, than our heart is at once moved with love towards him. Let him but speak pardon to our guilty souls, we shall not long delay to speak words of love to his most adorable person. It is utterly impossible for a man to know himself to be complete in Christ, and to be destitute of love towards Christ. A believer may be in Christ, and yet, from a holy jealousy, he may doubt his own affection to his Lord; but love is most assuredly in his bosom, for that breast which has never heaved with love to Jesus, is yet a stranger to the blood of sprinkling. He that loveth not, hath not seen Christ, neither known him. As the seed expands in the moisture and the heat, and sends forth its green blade—so when the soul becomes affected with the mercy of the Saviour, it puts forth its shoots of love to him and desire after him.

This love is no mere heat of excitement, nor does it end in a flow of rapturous words; but it causes the soul to bring forth the fruits of righteousness, to its own joy and the Lord's glory.

One of the earliest and most important signs of love to Jesus is the deed of solemn dedication of ourselves, with all we have and are, most unreservedly to the Lord's service.

Dr. Doddridge has recommended a solemn covenant between the soul and God, to be signed and sealed with due deliberation and most fervent prayer. Many of the most eminent of the saints have adopted this excellent method of devoting themselves in very deed unto the Lord, and have reaped no little benefit from the re-পরusal of that solemn document when they have afresh renewed the act of dedication. The writer conceives that burial with Christ in baptism is a far more Scriptural and expressive sign of dedication; but he is not inclined to deny his brethren the liberty of confirming that act by the other, if it seem good unto them. The remarks of John Newton upon this subject are so cautious and sententious, that we cannot forbear quoting them at length:—"Many judicious persons have differed in their sentiments with respect to the propriety or utility of such written engagements. They are usually entered into, if at all, in an early stage of profession, when, though the heart is warm, there has been little actual experience of its deceitfulness. In the day when the Lord turns our mourning into joy, and speaks peace, by the blood of his cross, to the conscience burdened by guilt and fear, resolutions are formed which, though honest and sincere, prove, like Peter's promise to our Lord, too weak to withstand the force of subsequent unforeseen temptation. Such vows, made in too much dependence upon our own strength, not only occasion a further discovery of our weakness, but frequently give the enemy advantage to terrify and distress the mind. Therefore, some persons, of more mature experience, discountenance the practice as legal and improper. But, as a scaffold, though no part of an edifice, and designed to be taken down when the building is finished, is yet useful for a time in carrying on the work—so many young converts have been helped by expedients which, when their judgments are more ripened, and their faith more confirmed, are no longer necessary. Every true believer, of course, ought to devote himself to the service of the Redeemer; yea, he must and will, for he is constrained by love. He will do it not once only, but daily. And many who have done it in writing can look back upon the transaction with thankfulness to the end of life, recollecting it as a season of peculiar solemnity and impression, accompanied with emotions of heart



neither to be forgotten nor recalled. And the Lord, who does not despise the day of small things, nor break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, accepts and ratifies the desire; and mercifully pardons the mistakes which they discover, as they attain to more knowledge of him and of themselves. And they are encouraged, if not warranted, to make their surrender in this manner, by the words of the prophet Isaiah:—“One shall say, I am the Lord’s, and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob, and another shall *subscribe with his hand* to the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel.” (Isa. xli. 5.)

Whatever view we may take of *the form* of consecration, we must all agree that the *deed* itself is absolutely necessary as a first-fruit of the Spirit, and that where it is absent there is none of the love of which we are treating. We are also all of us in union upon the point that the surrender must be sincere, entire, unconditional, and deliberate; and that it must be accompanied by deep humility, from a sense of our unworthiness, simple faith in the blood of Jesus as the only medium of acceptance, and constant reliance upon Holy Writ for the fulfilment\* of our vows. We must give ourselves to Jesus, to be his, to honour and to obey, if necessary, even unto death. We must be ready with Mary to break the alabaster box, with Abraham to offer up our Isaac, with the apostles to renounce our worldly wealth at the bidding of Christ, with Moses to despise the riches of Egypt, with Daniel to enter the lion’s den, and with the three holy children to tread the furnace. We cannot retain a portion of the price, like Ananias, nor love this present world with Demas, if we be the genuine followers of the Lamb. We consecrate *our all* when we receive *Christ* as all.

The professing Church has many in its midst who, if they have ever given themselves to Christ, appear to be very oblivious of their solemn obligation. They can scarce afford a fragment of their wealth for the Master’s cause; their time is wasted, or employed in any service but that of Jesus; their talents are absorbed in worldly pursuits; and the veriest refuse of their influence is thought to be an abundant satisfaction of all the claims of heaven. Can such men be honest in their professions of attachment to the Lamb? Was their dedication a sincere one? Do they not afford us grave suspicion of hypocrisy? Could they live in such a fashion, if their hearts were right with God? Can they have any just idea of the Saviour’s deservings? Are their hearts really renewed? We leave them to answer for themselves; but we must treat them also to ponder the following questions, as they shall have one day to render an account to their Judge. Doth not God abhor the lying lip? And is it not lying against God to profess that which we do not carry out? Doth not the Saviour loathe those who are neither cold nor hot? And are not those most truly in that case who serve God with half a heart? What must be the doom of those who have insulted Heaven with empty vows? Will not a false profession entail a fearful punishment upon the soul for ever? And is he not false who serves not the Lord with all his might? Is it a little thing to be branded as a robber of God? Is it a trifle to break our vows with the Almighty? Shall a man mock his Maker, and go unpunished? And how shall he abide the day of the wrath of God?

May God make us ever careful that, by his Holy Spirit’s aid, we may be able to live unto him as those that are alive from the dead; and since in many things we fall short of his perfect will, let us humble ourselves, and devoutly seek the moulding of his hand to renew us day by day. We ought ever to desire a perfect life as the result of full consecration, even though we shall often groan that “it is not yet attained.” Our prayer should be—

“Take my soul and body’s powers;  
Take my memory, mind, and will;  
All my goods, and all my hours;  
All I know, and all I feel;  
All I think, or speak, or do;  
Take my heart—but make it new.”\*

\* “The Saint and his Saviour.”

## I WANT TWO THINGS; OR, REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHELTENHAM.

It is no uncommon thing for many persons to look too much to their feelings, and to judge of their state thereby: such never enjoy settled peace. Such very often set up a standard for God to work by, and except texts of Scripture are applied to the mind, producing sudden joys, they cannot conclude that they are the children of God. Now, however pleasant and profitable these things may be, they are never set forth in God's Word as necessary to salvation, or even as the evidences of it. Men are to be known, like trees, by their fruits; and salvation by its effects. Without faith in Christ, repentance toward God, and love to the brethren, there cannot be salvation; but there may be all these without the impressions, applications, and sensations, which some people talk of and require as essential to salvation. A minister, some short time ago, was in company with one of his hearers, who had fallen into this mistake. He had experienced a great change in himself, he prayed privately and publicly, his moral conduct was good, and he had regularly sat under the Gospel for twenty years; but because he had no singular manifestations, no striking texts suddenly applied to his soul, which he had been looking for in vain for years, though, at times, he had a little hope, yet he had no joy in God, no peace in believing, no assurance of salvation. His one great complaint is, "*I do not feel what I want to feel—even in prayer; I do not feel what I say as I want to feel it; I am afraid, after all, I shall be lost.*" I KNOW," said he, "I WANT TWO THINGS, THAT IS, REPENTANCE AND FAITH."

It is a great mercy to be convinced of our need of spiritual things, for when the Lord shows us our need, and gives us the desire to possess them, in his own time, he intends to confer them. Then the promise is ours, and will be fulfilled to us, where it is said, "He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him; he also will hear their cry, and will save them." But we often fancy we need what we have already got, and I have no doubt but the friend referred to has both repentance and faith already; for if he had not, he would neither feel, desire, act, nor talk as he does. But does he understand what repentance and faith are? Or, has he mistaken the nature of the things which he says he needs, and which are, indeed, necessary to salvation? I apprehend this is the case with many; let us therefore look at these two points a little.

REPENTANCE is a change of mind. It supposes that we have thought wrongly, and have therefore felt and acted wrongly. When, therefore, it is said, "*Repent and believe the Gospel,*" the meaning is, "Change your minds in reference to God's kingdom, the Messiah, &c., and believe the good news I bring you." So when it is said, "*Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand,*" it supposes that they had wrong views, and therefore false expectations, in reference to the kingdom of God; and they are required to change their views, and expect the kingdom of God at once. So when Peter says, "*Repent and be baptized every one of you,*" &c., he means, "Change your minds in reference to Jesus of Nazareth, and, by baptism, profess faith in his name." Repentance towards God is changing the mind in reference to God's nature, purposes, and designs towards us; so that, instead of looking upon him as wrathful, purposing to punish us, and intending to sacrifice us to his justice, we believe him to be love, that his purposes are gracious, and that he intends to do us good and bless us. Then we look upon God, in Jesus, as gracious, merciful, and long-suffering; we believe that he has no pleasure in the death of a sinner, but would rather he should turn from his wickedness and live, even though it cost him the life of his own Son to save him; and we see that he is so desirous of being on good terms with us, that he beseeches us to be reconciled unto him, promising that he will not impute our trespasses unto us, or place one of our sins to our account. This is God's own representation of himself, and it is totally different from man's conceptions of him; he therefore commands us to repent, to give up all our false ideas of him, and receive his own representations of himself. This will be sure to change our feelings towards

him, and, instead of hating him, dreading him, or wishing to flee from him, we shall begin to love him, draw near to him, and mourn and grieve that we have ever sinned against him, or in any way grieved or offended him. This is godly sorrow for sin, which is the effect of a change of mind in reference to God; and this godly sorrow flows forth most freely, and is felt most deeply, when we perceive the depth of God's love to us, as it is seen in the gift of his Son, and in the agony and bloody sweat, the crucifixion and death of that Son for us, and for our salvation. Godly sorrow for sin always leads us to hate the sin we are sorry for, and to forsake that sin in our lives. By repentance, therefore, we generally mean the whole three—a change of mind, a change of feeling, and a change of conduct. In proportion to our former wrong views of God, our misconduct toward God, and our change of mind respecting him, will be the depth of our sorrow for thinking wrongly of him, and acting wrongly towards him; so also will be the marked difference in our outward conduct and conversation. A man, therefore, may have true repentance, who has had no very dreadful feelings in reference to sin, or intense and overwhelming sorrow. It may have been given him to receive into his mind right views of God, and by these right feelings may have been produced, and from both a consistent course of conduct may flow. The man loves God as he views him in Jesus, is sorry that he ever sinned against him, especially that he sins against him now, and desires and aims so to walk, so to speak, and so to live as to please him. Such an one is a true penitent, and has experienced—yea, does daily experience—the repentance that is unto life; which repentance is the gift of Jesus, who is exalted to give it, with the remission of sins.

**FAITH:** what is faith? *Faith in God* is believing that he is, and that he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him. It is believing, and receiving into the mind, all that he has said of himself in his own holy Word; which leads us to exercise confidence in him, and expect good things from him. *Faith in Christ* is believing him to be the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world; and that he has done and suffered all that the law and justice of God required, in order to the salvation of all those who trust in him. *Faith in his blood* is believing that his blood made a full atonement for all sin, and that it cleanses from all sin all who depend upon it. In a word, faith in Christ is renouncing all and everything, as a ground or cause of our acceptance with God, and depending on him alone to save us fully, freely, and for ever. It is not believing that I am interested in Christ, or even that Christ died for me in particular, though this will grow out of our faith; but it is simply trusting Christ to be, and to do, as he has said in his Word. If, therefore, I renounce all dependence on my own works, if I refuse to place any confidence in my feelings, and trust alone in what Christ is, what Christ has done, and what Christ is doing, I have faith, saving faith in Christ. And this faith will produce good works; for while I depend on Christ alone to save me, and expect salvation by his grace alone, how can I do otherwise than feel grateful to him? And if I feel grateful to him, surely I shall seek to please him; and how can I please him but by keeping his commandments? And what is keeping his commandments, but performing good works?

*Repentance toward God*, then, implies, that we have wronged God in our thoughts of him, and in our feelings and conduct towards him; but that now we have changed our minds, and think of him as he wishes us to do, in consequence of which we are sorry, heartily sorry that we have ever grieved or dishonoured him, either in our hearts or lives, and, therefore, we now seek to do only those things which please him. *Faith in Christ* is depending upon Christ alone for life and salvation, or trusting in Christ to save us, as he has promised to do in his holy Word; out of which faith springs a desire to honour Christ and serve him, on account of his great love to us, and wondrous work for us. Repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ, are essential to salvation; but as to many of the feelings, manifestations, and singular experiences which some men talk of, however desirable some may

think them, or however much some may be depressed because they are strangers to them, they are not necessary to salvation. Then, as to our feelings, they will be very much regulated by our faith; though they will be a good deal influenced by the books we read, the company we keep, the ministry we sit under, and our own natural temperament. Some are naturally gloomy, others cheerful; some are nervous and fearful, others stout and courageous: we must not, therefore, set up any standard to which all alike must come, or draw any rule according to which the Holy Spirit must work, for he will exercise his sovereignty while he displays his power. Whatever, therefore, may be thy feelings, whatever thy defects, complain as you will, or fear as you may, the Holy Spirit, by the Apostle, affirms, "That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, *thou shalt be saved*. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. For the Scripture saith, *Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed*. For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him. *For whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved*."—Rom. x. 9-13.

Reader, have you repented? You once thought highly of sin, and therefore you preferred it to holiness; you thought highly of the world, and preferred it to the Saviour; you thought highly of self, and preferred it to God: have you changed your mind? Do you now look upon *sin* as that abominable thing which God hates? Do you hate it? Do you forsake it? Do you look upon the *world* as God's enemy, see that the works of it are evil, and that it lieth in the wicked one; and as the consequence, have you come out of it, separating yourself from it, refusing to touch the unclean thing? Do you look upon *self* with loathing, and abhor yourself, repenting in dust and ashes? Do you hate sin, cleave to the Saviour, and love God? Have you faith in Christ? Have you committed your soul to Jesus, to be saved by him? Do you look to him alone for wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption? He is able to save you—he is willing to save you—he waits to save you, if you are not saved. To you his word at this moment is, "Look unto me, and be ye saved; for I am God, and there is none else." And for your instruction and encouragement he has said, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that **WHOSOEVER** believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that **WHOSOEVER** believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Believe and live. Look to Jesus, and eternal life is yours. Not by works of righteousness, but according to his mercy he saves us. By grace we are saved, through faith. Let us not, then, torment ourselves, because our experience is not just like the experience of some of whom we have heard or read; neither let us doubt or despond because we do not feel just as we wish or think we ought to do; neither let us listen to the lies and misrepresentations of Satan; but let us cast ourselves on God's mercy, commit our souls to Jesus, trust him with them, and give him credit for being faithful and true to his Word, and so shall we be saved.

## SWEET COMFORT FOR SUFFERING CHRISTIANS.

BY THE REV. J. WILLIAMS, OF GLASGOW.

"But the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you."—1 Peter v. 10.

PETER wrote for the comfort and encouragement of tried, suffering Christians. Judgment had begun at the House of God. The saints of God needed all the consolation which the inspired Apostle could impart.

"After thou art converted," says Christ to Peter, anticipating his fall, and foreseeing his recovery, "strengthen thy brethren." Peter's first epistle seems to have been written with his Lord's words in view, for

the express purpose of promoting the steadfastness of his suffering fellow-Christians. The text comes before us in the form of a prayer. Dr. John Brown says, "There can be no doubt that was his wish and prayer for them; but a closer consideration of the words convinces me that this verse is not a prayer but a promise." Let us consider,

I. WHAT GOD HAS ALREADY DONE FOR US. "He hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus."

1. To what God hath called us. "His eternal glory." That is, some say, *eternally to glorify him*. This is true. We are not our own, we are bought with a price, and are therefore bound to glorify God in our body and in our spirit, which are his. But we understand the Apostle to say that God hath called us—Christians—to participate in the eternal glory—the everlasting happiness and honour which he himself enjoys and bestows. (Psalm lxxiii. 24; Rom. viii. 18; 2 Cor. iv. 17; Col. iii. 4; 1 Thess. ii. 12; Heb. ii. 10; 1 Peter v. 1.) So in our text the glory is the complete and unending honour and happiness of the saints in heaven. This is the glory which God not only bestows but also enjoys—the prime element in which is *perfect holiness*. The same moral dignity, the same spotless purity that distinguishes the character and constitutes the heaven of God, will distinguish the character and constitute the heaven of the ransomed Church of God. As it is not place, but character—not living amidst scenes of outward grandeur and magnificence, but personal excellency—that makes God the *ever-blessed One*; so it will not be place but character, as we are too ready to imagine—but conformity to God in his personal excellency or holiness, that will constitute the saints' eternal glory—their ever-enduring heaven. The design of the work of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, is to raise them up to this. And is it not hope's bright prospect that, though here too oft beset with "sin, and doubts, and fears," by-and-by Christ will present us before the Father, "not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing." Blessed thought! The redeemed before the throne are "without fault"—washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Is heaven rest? It is rest *from sin*. Is it a crown? It is a crown of *righteousness*. Is it an inheritance? It is an inheritance incorruptible, *undefiled*. Is it a city? It is a city into which there shall in no wise enter anything that defileth. Ah,

beloved, unless perfection is the crowning blessedness of "heavenly glory."

"Eternal glory!" Perpetuity adds bliss to bliss." Earthly glory, the brightest and the most enduring, will grow dim and fade away. The glory of man is as the flower of grass. The pleasures of sin are but for a season. Man, being in honour, abideth not. The fashion of this world passeth away. Man's earthly lot is subject to a thousand changes—what he loves best is often soonest, by some unlooked-for event, snatched away. "There is nothing sure but heaven." Heavenly joys are sure, lasting, *ever-lasting*—once in glory, then in glory for evermore—

"No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin, nor hell shall reach the place;  
No groans to mingle with the songs,  
Which warble from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes,  
No cares to break the long repose,  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high eternal noon."

Brethren, to that the God of all grace hath called you! "Rejoice and be exceedingly glad, for great is your reward in heaven."

2. In whom we are called. "In Christ Jesus." In the common version it reads "by Christ Jesus," as if the Apostle meant that we are called either by the personal agency or by virtue of the atonement of Christ Jesus. It appears to us, however, that the Apostle means that we are called by virtue of our connection with or relation to Christ as *believers*. We are called *in* Christ! Our union with Christ is the condition of our being called to eternal glory—God calls none to his eternal glory who are not in his Son Jesus Christ—he calls to eternal glory all who are in him.

You must have often observed in reading the New Testament, how uniformly all the blessings of redemption are limited as to their actual enjoyment to them who are *in Christ Jesus*. Are we chosen before the foundation of the world? We are chosen *in Christ*. (Eph. i. 4.) Are we justified? There is no condemnation to them who are *in Christ Jesus*. (Rom. viii. 1.) Do we stand in the favour of God? We are "accepted *in the Beloved*." (Eph. i. 6.) Are we new creatures? It is because we are *in Christ Jesus*. (2 Cor. v. 17.) What makes the whole of the redeemed one family? Their common union with our Lord Jesus Christ. (Gal. iii. 28.) And what gives us our right and title to eternal glory? Our

being in Christ Jesus. If in Christ, then are we blessed with all spiritual blessings. Do I ask, May I appropriate to myself the blessed assurance that I am called by God to his eternal glory? What can I say to this question, *Am I in Christ?* If I am, I am called—there is no doubt about that. If I am not in Christ, I am not called.

3. *By what means* “the God of all grace hath called us.” It is quite evident that more is meant by this *calling* than simply *inviting* by means of the Word. It is a calling that goes farther than the ear—that results in more than hearing. It is a calling that is felt, is obeyed by the will and the heart. It is a calling that involves nothing less than *the actual bringing the sinner* out of darkness into light, out of the kingdom of Satan into the kingdom of God’s dear Son *by the personal operation of the Holy Spirit*. When Paul says, “All things work together for good to them who are *the called according to his purpose*,” he must mean by the *called*, not simply those to whom the Gospel is preached, or to whom the calls of the Gospel are addressed—for not to all such is the comforting assurance, “All things work together for good,” applicable. When he says, “Whom he did predestinate, them he also called;” he cannot refer to “the many” who “are called” by the simple preaching of the Gospel, to partake of the blessings of salvation; seeing he adds, “Whom he called, them he also justified,” which is not true of all who hear the Gospel’s joyful sound. He must mean those who are called, or are actually converted with a view to their glorification “through sanctification of the Spirit, and belief of the truth.” This is a calling which is of the Divine Spirit—an operation which involves the actual turning of sinners out of the broad way that leads to destruction into the narrow way that leads to life (1 Cor. i. 9; 1 Tim. vi. 12; Heb. iii. 1; 1 Pet. ii. 6.)

We must remember, however, that while this calling is a process or operation which essentially involves the active agency of the Holy Spirit, it is one that *is never carried on but by the instrumentality of the Gospel* (2 Thess. ii. 13). What more plain than that the God of all grace hath called us unto his eternal glory in Christ Jesus *by means of the truth?* It is not denied that the events of Divine Providence and the voice of the Divine Law often do good, and contribute to the important end of bringing the sinner out of his sin into the way of holiness; but

we do maintain that never, but by the instrumentality of the Gospel, does the God of all grace actually call any sinner into his eternal glory. Men may be melted down and made thoughtful by affliction; by the terrors of the law they may be convinced and alarmed, and made even to tremble; but the Gospel alone can bring them to the turning-point. It is the Gospel that is the instrument of God’s saving power (Rom. i. 16). If the truth have not made you free, you are not free indeed. Dreams and visions can never take the place of the truth as it is revealed in the New Testament; and he who has not been called by the Gospel in some form or another, has not been Divinely called at all.

II. WHAT GOD WILL YET DO FOR US. “After that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect.” We may not expect to escape suffering altogether. (John xvi. 33; Heb. xii. 8; 1 Pet. iv. 12, and v. 9.)

“The path of sorrow, and that path alone,  
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown:  
No traveller e’er reached that blest abode,  
Who found not thorns and briars on the road.”

1. Our sufferings, however, are of a *very mitigated character*. “After that ye have suffered awhile.” Literally, it is having suffered a *little*—and may refer either to *time* or *degree*. In both respects the declaration concerning afflictions is true. They are *short* compared with eternity; they are *light* compared with the exceeding and eternal weight of glory (2 Cor. iv. 10-18). Brother, don’t make too much of your trials—they will soon be past—and, oh! the eternal glory that shall come after.

2. Our sufferings *shall be sanctified*. That appears to be the precious truth which the Apostle specially seeks to impress upon the mind of his tried fellow-Christians. Peter expresses a far weightier and more important truth than if he had said, “The complete sanctification of believers *will follow* their present sufferings.” It would indeed be a comfort to know that we are not always to be in a suffering state—that our sufferings will, sooner or later, end for ever, and be succeeded by a state of perfect and ever-enduring holiness. It is well that we are not to be for ever in the vale of tears—not always to be conflicting with sins and doubts and fears. One day we shall be freed from sin and sorrow too. But the Apostle clearly intimates that our suffering a little has something to do with God’s making us perfect. Perfect holiness not only comes after, but is in some

sense a consequence of present suffering—not that there is a *natural* and *necessary* connection between them, as if those who suffer here *must* be made holy hereafter—facts oppose such a conclusion—but through the working of the God of all grace our present sufferings, being disciplinary, are made to advance our spiritual and eternal well-doing. Our light afflictions *work* for us a far more, and exceeding, and eternal weight of glory! Yes, just because our afflictions are Divine chastisements—discipline which our Heavenly Father, in his infinite wisdom and love, makes subservient to this glorious end!

“The God of all grace, after that ye have suffered awhile, shall,” by means of your suffering, “*make you perfect.*” In a general way, the Apostle may be understood as saying, The God of all grace, after ye have suffered awhile, shall *complete your sanctification*. Your enemies may attempt to destroy your Christian character and ruin your souls, persecution may rage long and fiercely; but fear not: though you have no promise that you shall be delivered from suffering here, yet you have many promises to assure you that God will make even your trials to promote your Christian well-being, your moral and spiritual improvement. Some think that the different phrases here used are architectural—that the Apostle has in view the figure of chap. ii. 5,—and thus explain them:—“*Make you perfect,*” put you in complete joint as the timbers of a building. “*Stablish,*” make you join in every part, and that you may be mutual supports, the whole building being one in the Lord. “*Strengthen,*” cramp and bind every part. “*Settle,*” cause all to rest so easily and firmly upon the best and surest foundation, that ye may grow together to a temple holy in the Lord. Bengel explains:—*Will perfect*, so that no defect remain in you, *will stablish*, so that nothing may cause you to waver; *will strengthen*, so that you may overcome all the violence of your adversaries; and thus he shall *settle* you more firmly than ever on the foundation, by those very means which are intended to remove you from it, and to convert into an unsightly heap of ruins, all the lofty dispositions, and all the glorious hopes, which, like a stately edifice, polished after

the similitude of a palace, rested on that foundation. Blessed assurance! what our enemies mean for evil, our God over-rules for good; and the very means they take to destroy us, God makes use of for promoting our steadfastness, security, and happiness. Oh, troubled Christians, be not dismayed; but as ye pass along through your “ *manifold temptations*” to eternal glory, sing—

“Since all that we meet shall work for our good,  
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food;  
Though painful at present, ’twill cease before  
long,  
And then, oh, how pleasant the conqueror’s  
song!”

3. *We owe the sanctification of our trials to “the God of all grace.”* The expression “*God of all grace,*” may mean *the God of all kindness*—grace means kindness or favour—and the Apostle may suggest that God, in great *kindness*, or in the abundance of his free favour, would by means of their suffering make them perfect. There is much kindness—fatherly love—in God’s permitting his people to suffer, seeing that by their suffering he is working out their entire sanctification. Or the Apostle may have intended to direct them to the all-sufficiency of the Source from which the blessings assured to them were to spring. The God of all grace—of all-sufficient grace—grace sufficient to do exceeding abundantly above all that ye ask or think, after ye have suffered awhile—perfect you. Brethren! it is enough to excite joy unspeakable, and to awaken gratification the most intense, to know that our character and our destiny are in the hands of Almighty Love. Trials must and will befall; but if God be for us, who shall harm us so long as we are followers of that which is good?

To many of you there is not a word of comfort in this precious text. By your persistent unbelief, you put yourselves beyond its reach. Ah, poor Gospel-rejecting, Christ-hating, soul-neglecting child of wrath, thou dost not know what thou art losing by thy unwillingness to come to Christ. “*All spiritual blessings*” now—eternal glory hereafter! Be wise to-day, so long as the lamp of life burns; and, ere thy day of salvation ends in the blackness of darkness for ever, enter in through Christ to the enjoyment of a present and everlasting salvation. God help thee, ere it be too late.

## THE PARDON OF SIN.

BY THE REV. R. H. CARSON, TUBBERMORE, IRELAND.

"Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins."—Acts xlii. 38.

IN the doctrine of pardon, as here unfolded, three things are implied—*guilt on our part, mercy on God's part, mediation on Christ's part.*

I. WE ARE GUILTY. Yes, the very language that assures us of forgiveness, convicts us of criminality. *We could not be forgiven were we not guilty; and guilty beyond all question we are. Who among us will venture to deny the charge? Especially, who will do so under the eye of the all-seeing and holy God? Job dared not. "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes." (Job xlii. 5, 6.) David dared not. "Against thee, thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight. . . . Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me." (Psa. li. 4, 5.) Paul dared not. "For I know that in me (that is, in my flesh,) dwelleth no good thing. . . . O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" (Rom. vii. 18, 24.) John dared not. "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. . . . If we say that we have not sinned, we make him a liar, and his word is not in us." (1 John i. 8, 10.) And if Job, and David, and Paul, and John—men whose shoes it were an honour for us to carry—might not presume to justify themselves, who are we that we should think for a moment to stand acquitted? Surely that were the extreme of presumption. Alas! our place is the dust, our language "unclean!" We enter life with a nature wholly alienated from God, and at enmity with his character. If at all acquainted with ourselves, we must know that our state in the sight of heaven is one of unmixed depravity, of utter guiltiness. *We are diseased to the very centre of our souls.* There is not a sentiment of the mind, there is not a desire of the heart, there is not a movement of the spirit that sin has not defiled. The entire inner man is under the power of the evil. "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint: from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds and bruises, and putrifying sores" (Isa. i.*

i. 5, 6.) From the dawn of reason till the day of renewal, sin is our master and God our hated foe. Our course, without intermission, is a course of evil. (Eph. ii. 1-3.) We are "alienated and enemies in our mind by wicked works." (Col. i. 21.) To the command of God, that we diligently observe his precepts, we respond only by diligently breaking them. (Rom. iii. 9-19.) Nay, such is the inveteracy of our opposition, that to the very requirement of his love, "My son, give me thine heart," we reply not merely by refusing the surrender, but by saying, "Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways." (Job xxi. 14.) What wickedness! What desperate wickedness! And yet, my reader, it is no greater than you and I must confess to be ours. May the Lord the Spirit open our eyes to our true condition, and discover to us all our guilt!

II. GOD IS MERCIFUL. This is the second truth implied in the words of the Apostle. Pardon, not punishment, is the order of the Gospel. We had deserved, if possible we had more than deserved, to die; but the sword of justice is turned aside, and we escape. The Gospel is a solemn act of grace, burying in oblivion our past misdeeds, and restoring us to the favour of God. To us, even in our deep depravity, our bitter enmity, our proud rebellion, is "preached the forgiveness of sins."

Here is mercy. *Forgiveness* is proclaimed, and proclaimed to *rebels*. Who could have anticipated anything like this? That transgressors, such as we, should escape, and that we should escape by a simple act of grace: does not this seem almost too much for us to believe? Yet it exceeds not by an iota the truth of God. Such is the mercy of Jehovah, that sin, in all its enormity, in all its aggravation, is remitted—and remitted too without any consideration on the part of man. The mercy of the Gospel is as great as it is free, and as free as the air we breathe—mercy *without merit, without mixture*. Indeed, were it otherwise, what would it avail? Were salvation to be purchased, did we require to give for it even the smallest consideration, it never could be ours



But ours it may be "without money and without price." Nay, in no other way can we ever hope to possess it. If saved at all, it must be as objects of mercy. Many think they need not come to God for salvation, unless they can bring something in their hand—some pious sentiment, some virtuous resolution, some meritorious act. The sinner will not come to Christ just yet, because, not having *prepared* himself, he fears to be rejected. But is not such a notion most dishonouring to God? Why, the reverse is the case. *Preparation for coming to Christ!* I know of none; the Bible knows of none; God knows of none, except it be that the soul is sensible of its utter helplessness. Here, sinner, is your only qualification for receiving mercy—that you feel your misery, that you know your wretchedness. The moment you have learned the ruin of your condition, that moment you are prepared for the salvation of Jesus. Jesus asks not, God requires not that you carry him even a good thought to induce his favour. *It is your misery that draws him.* Misery, not merit, is the ground of his mercy. He sees you about to perish—"cast out and in your blood;" his bowels of compassion are moved toward you, and in loving tenderness he exclaims—"Live!" Yes, fellow-sinner, however great your guilt, however aggravated your offences, you may come to God *just as you are*. The mercy of God is not only so great that it reaches to the utmost bounds of human guilt, but so free that it may be obtained by him who has absolutely nothing to pay. What had the dying thief to offer as the purchase of his pardon? (Luke xxiii. 42, 43.) Was the wretched adulteress, brought for trial to our blessed Lord, spurned from his presence, and told to go and *prepare* herself to seek his favour? (John viii. 10, 11.) Nay, was even Saul, of Tarsus—in the eye of Jesus the vilest of the vile, the very "chief of sinners"—delayed for a moment in his return to God? (Acts ix.) And if the dying thief, the convicted adulteress, and the enemy of Jesus and his Church, were straightway received, must you, poor sinner, postpone salvation till something can be thought, or felt, or done, to fit you for receiving it? Blessed be God! nothing of the kind is needed. You may be saved—nay, if saved at all, you must be saved as a *child of mercy*, as one that is "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." This is your state, and—O wonderful grace!—just because it

is your state, salvation is offered you. Were you equal to your own deliverance, to yourself you would be left, for Jesus came not to call the "*righteous*;" but because you are not equal to such a work—because you are utterly without strength—because you are a "*sinner*," mercy interferes, and he who was mercy's revelation to man calls you to repentance. Here let the unsubdued and the rebellious soul pause for a moment. Proud rebel! look at the God of mercy. If the penalty of a broken law, if the terrors of avenging justice, fail to turn thee from thy wicked course, canst thou resist the sweet constraining influence of *all-forgiving* mercy? Is thy soul so hardened in its enmity against God—is thy heart so embittered in its opposition to the Almighty, that the very outgoings of his compassion will not move thee? Against whom hast thou raised the arm of rebellion?—against whom dost thou continue to oppose thyself? Mark, I beseech thee, mark well. Against "the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, and transgression, and sin." Were it a dark demon of hell, who would wonder to see thee buckle on thy armour, and prepare for the contest? But that thou shouldst war with him whose name is LOVE—whose memorial is MERCY—who even WAITS to be gracious, is not this the extreme of wickedness? O thy hardened, thy impenitent heart! Yet, sinner, even now turn to the Lord. Desperate as has been thy opposition, fierce as has been thy enmity, still for thee, if thou wilt, there is mercy. To you this day is "preached the forgiveness of sins." To you the Sovereign of all now says, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

III. CHRIST MEDIATES. Though last, not the least of the solemn teachings before us. Forgiveness is proclaimed, and proclaimed *through* Christ. To us, as we have seen, pardon is absolutely free—as free as the light or air of heaven. It is not, however, the work of mercy *in the face of justice*. When a king remits the offence of a rebellious subject, he does so at the expense of justice. When God pardons the sinner, justice has all its own. How is this? How can the exercise of mercy in the latter case, any more than in the former, be consistent

with the claims of justice? If the rebellious subject may not be pardoned except in opposition to justice, how can the rebellious sinner obtain forgiveness in consistency with that attribute? Simply thus—for the rebellious sinner the penalty has been borne, and satisfaction made. Here is displayed, in all its glory, the central truth of our holy religion—CHRIST IN THE SINNER'S PLACE MEETING THE CLAIMS OF JUSTICE. In the economy of redemption, Jesus, the Son of God, takes our nature, assumes our responsibility, and bears our punishment. Like sheep we had all gone astray, turning every one to his own way; but on him, the Shepherd, was laid the iniquity of us all. He suffered, the just for the unjust, being wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities. Our very sin became his, that he might endure its penalty; and that penalty he did endure in the agony of the garden and horrors of the cross. He died the accursed death, being made a curse for us. Who now will say that justice has not had all its own? Its claims, indeed, the poor helpless sinner may not—nay, never could have met. But have they not been met, fully met, by the Great Substitute? Yes, to the last farthing the debt has been paid, to the last drop the cup has been drunk. Jesus has finished transgression, and made an end of sin. Justice has nothing now that it can demand, except it be the release of the sinner. In the sufferings of Immanuel it has everything it can claim—the most perfect, the most glorious satisfaction. Do you ask, reader, for a proof of this? Turn, then, to Isa. xlii. 21, and you will read—"The Lord is well pleased for his righteousness' sake; he will magnify the law and make it honourable." Do you desire again an illustration of this the Divine acceptance of the Saviour's work? Go to the grave of Jesus, and you

will see it empty, and perhaps, too, you may catch the words from angels' lips—"He is not here, he is risen." Yes, blessed Jesus! the grave could not hold thee. Thy dark prison-house must open its gloomy doors, and let thee go. Thy work was done; the debt was paid—the penalty was borne. Now henceforth neither law nor justice hath ought against thee; thou and thine are for ever free.

Here, sinner, is mercy's channel. "*Through this man* is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins." *Jesus mediales*, and by the efficacy of his work mercy triumphs. Our way to the Father's house law and justice had combined to close. But where is now the hindrance? The requirements of law, the claims of justice, by "the man who is Jehovah's fellow," have been once and for ever met. Not a jot, not a tittle, has been left unsettled. What now shall obstruct the course of the Divine compassion? All hell could not arrest it. Henceforth let mercy flow, and flow to the chief of sinners. That man lives not who may not now be forgiven. To the very murderers of Jesus pardon was offered, *through the blood which their own hands had shed*. Sinner—unforgiven sinner, think of this. Thou art deep in guilt—thy whole life a rebel against God. Thy desert is hell—all-consuming, never-ending hell. But thou mayest yet be saved. To thee, *just as thou art*, is preached through Jesus the forgiveness of sins. Oh, reject not the blessed call! Submit thy proud soul to the God of heaven, and accept the mercy offered. Lay down thy weapons of rebellion, and come—receive thy pardon. Saints will be glad at thy submission; angels will rejoice over thee; nay, the Lord of saints and angels himself will bid thee welcome. Come, then, oh, come and be forgiven.

## IS INFANT BAPTISM SCRIPTURALLY DEFENSIBLE?

BY REV. J. INGRAM COBBIN.

THE writer of the following remarks, after having been long and actively connected with a Pædobaptist branch of the Christian Church, was induced, a few years since, by grave doubts respecting the Scriptural authority for the practice of infant baptism—so called—to investigate the subject for himself, with an earnest and prayerful desire to arrive at the truth, as fundamentally based on the Word of God.

Having diligently, but fruitlessly, sought, in the Scriptures themselves, for direct preceptive command, or practical example, in favour of that view, he began by reading such works as he could procure on the Pædobaptist side; but without meeting with any argument sustained by Scriptural proofs. Finding this main question invariably untouched and unanswered, he proceeded to read on the other side; when he

was amazed by the overwhelming mass of evidence in favour of believers' baptism. Setting aside the proofs afforded by ecclesiastical history, or any subordinate testimony—the answers to all the ingenious, but by no means *Scriptural*, Pædobaptist arguments—and the collateral proofs on other branches of the controversy—the confirmation of his own impressions derived from Scripture alone, became so strong as to leave him no choice in the exercise of an honest judgment in search of truth, but to believe that Pædobaptism has *no Scriptural foundation whatever*. On this ground alone—the only one which really ought to weigh in any *Protestant* controversy—he now earnestly submits to his Pædobaptist brethren the short arguments contained in these pages.

It seems to the writer that there has been abundant waste of time, talent, ingenuity, argument, and paper—not to mention occasional losses of Christian temper—in the discussing of points arising out of this controversy, which ought really to have been met *in limine* by a direct appeal to the New Testament, as the only authoritative standard. There is, perhaps, no question which has been the cause of so much controversy among professing Christians, to which might have been more usefully applied the maxim, "*obsta principiis*." Its very beginning and threshold should be "to the law and to the testimony;" to which may truly be added, "if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."

Now, let our Pædobaptist brethren honestly answer this simple inquiry—"Can you adduce a *single Scriptural proof*, either preceptive or practical, in favour of your view? On the other hand, can you deny that *both* abound in favour of ours?" Not content with the honest categorical "*No*," which one would think *ought*, at least, to stagger them, they begin at once to take refuge in what they call *inferential proof*.

But here presents itself a very serious and solemn question. *By what right does any Protestant, professing to base all his principles and practice upon the Word of God alone, DARE to seek PURELY "inferential proof" of any doctrine not found in that infallible Book?* What would be said by our Pædobaptist brethren of the attempt to set up this plea, under similar absence of direct evidence, for *any other doctrine* of Christian faith and practice? Among all the diversities of opinion obtaining in the Protes-

tant Church of Christ, there is not one that does not *profess*, at least, (discipline alone, as a matter of human expediency, sometimes excepted,) to find its authority somewhere in the Scriptures; unless, indeed, we also except certain sects who bow to the teaching of *soi-disant* revelations or revealers; thus plainly departing from the only rule of faith common to all evangelical Christians. We would not be understood as receiving inferential argument under no circumstances whatever. But we distinctly maintain that inference alone—*without any positive evidence*, would not be allowed to prevail in any court of justice, or in strictly logical argument; and we challenge our Pædobaptist brethren to extricate themselves from this dilemma.

Still, lest we should be thought to shrink before these alleged inferences—the *pillar and ground of Pædobaptism*—and thus seem tacitly to admit the strength of its cause, and the weakness of our own, we will presently devote a brief space to their examination.

But let us first propound another question, hardly less essential to be answered than the former. As authority for this infant baptism is not to be found recorded among either the precepts or the practice of the Apostolical times, as handed down to us in the pages of the New Testament, *whence did it originate?* The answer is plain and simple: *from the Romish Church*. It was found there by the first Reformers, and by them retained for want of sufficient Scriptural examination. Thus the newly-made Protestants were not called upon to sacrifice the conventional prejudices of centuries, by changing the mode and subjects of baptism. Yet, it is not to be overlooked that the Church of England distinctly recognises *immersion*, either for infants, or those of riper years not previously christened in their infancy; and that that mode (by trine immersion) is, to this day, actually adopted in the Eastern Churches. It is in consequence of this lapse on the part of the Reformers, that the practice has been perpetuated through the great majority of other Protestant churches and sects.

But, if the Church of Rome was the *channel*, what was the *source* of this practice? The Romanists themselves unhesitatingly tell us, *the Church of Rome also*. More than once, in the course of public discussions on Romanism and Protestantism, the Romanists have said to their Pædobaptist opponents, "You profess to get all your

dogmas of the Christian faith from the New Testament. In what part of it do you find your infant baptism? *We know it is not there*; but we receive it from our Church, which we hold to be our supreme authority." Can you, then, dear Pædobaptist brethren, be content to receive this doctrine, which you cannot find in Scripture, at the hands, and through the vain traditions, of a corrupt and unscriptural Church,—and then, having thus received it, to set about sustaining it by the equally unscriptural subtleties of *purely inferential argument*? Really, dear brethren, this appears to involve considerations infinitely more serious than those connected with the mere controversy itself. What is it but casting aside the supreme authority of the unerring Word of God, and substituting "the commandments and traditions of men?" What is it but endorsing the error, and so far recognizing the authority, of that apostate Church?

But we are to glance at some of the principal inferential excuses alleged in favour of this practice.

First, there are the *households*. "These might have included infants." Our answer distinctly is, that they might not. Our ground for this positive denial is simply the terms of the commission given by our Lord to the eleven disciples, as recorded, first by Matthew (xxviii. 19), "Go ye, therefore, and teach (Greek marg., *disciple*, and *make disciples of*) all nations, baptizing them," &c.; and by Mark (xvi. 15), "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature: he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Now here baptism was distinctly ordained to follow *discipleship* and *faith*—which faith was to "come by hearing." Unless, therefore, the Apostles can be believed to have gone completely wild of their commission, by dispensing with these commanded pre-requisites to baptism, we say it is impossible that infants could have been included among any of the households thus baptized. If only as *honest* men, zealously devoted, even to the death, to the obedience which was the whole business of their lives,—to say nothing of their being *inspired* men, who could not err from their straight-forward path, as enjoined by the last breath of their departing Lord,—we repeat that it is impossible that unconscious infants, incapable either of hearing or of believing, could have been found, under any circumstances, among the number of the baptized. In proof, also, of the meaning

attached to the expression "house," we may cite the case of the converted gaoler (Acts xvi. 34), who "believed, with all his house." Also that of the nobleman, whose son Jesus had healed, who "himself believed, and all his house." Let our Pædobaptist brethren tell us how many of the members of these "households" they conceive to have been infants.

But then there is that sheet-anchor, "*the Abrahamic covenant*." "This was," say our brethren, "clearly the type of infant baptism." Do they forget that we have recorded, not one covenant made by God with Abraham, but two covenants? The first covenant (Gen. xv. 5 *et seq.*), of *grace* and of *faith* (ver. 5), in distinct and separate reference to his *spiritual* seed, compared to "the stars of heaven" for multitude; on which occasion (ver. 6) "he believed in the Lord; and he counted it to him for righteousness," circumcision then forming no part or condition of the covenant. The second covenant (Gen. xvii. 2 *et seq.*), of *works*, with circumcision as the sign and seal (ver. 10 *et seq.*), and as the visible *bodily* mark of introduction to membership among the community who were henceforth to be God's own chosen people. This covenant was in confirmation of the promise previously made to Abraham (Gen. xiii. 16), when his *natural* seed were compared, in prospect, to "the dust of the earth" for number.

We are children of Abraham according to the covenant of the "faith which he had being yet uncircumcised," and by virtue of which he became "the father of all them that believe, though they be not circumcised." (Rom. iv. 11.) But the Israelites *alone*, his seed *after the flesh*, were bound by the covenant of circumcision. And it could only be by most ingeniously jumbling these two covenants, and calling this illogical mixture by the name of the Abrahamic covenant, that any passing excuse could be found for bringing the covenant of *works*, under a ritual dispensation, to bear upon that dispensation which is no longer of *works*, but wholly of *faith*.

But again, "Are we to deny our children the privilege of a marked introduction to the Christian Church, such as was enjoyed by the Jewish children to theirs?" Irrespective of the total inapplicability of this sign of the Abrahamic covenant—existing only, as has just been shown, in the ingeniously illogical imaginations of our Pædobaptist brethren—to the argument of Christian baptism, we submit that our

brethren are quite wrong in designating that rite as a *privilege*. It was rather the first painful link of the galling chain of that covenant of rites and ceremonies, the scrupulous performance of which was to be through life the absolute condition of approval in the sight of God. From this burdensome and complicated ritual we of the dispensation of Gospel liberty are "free;" nor ought we to put on, even in a type, the appearance of being "entangled again with the yoke of bondage." (Gal. v. 1.)

But, if *circumcision* is to be the type, guide, and pattern, the Pædobaptist practice must be singularly imperfect. Infant baptism should *then* be (as has been pointedly observed by a recent writer) administered on the *eighth day, and to male infants only*. What, then, we must ask, is to be done with the females? *New Testament* baptism makes express provision for them; for we are distinctly told (Acts viii. 12), "When they believed Philip preaching the things concerning the kingdom of God, and name of Jesus Christ, they were baptized; both men and women."

But again, "We have no instances on record of believers' baptism having been submitted to by the children of believing parents." Neither were any necessary. The principle once established, would, of necessity, apply equally to all. Where do we read that grace is hereditary? Do we not rather know that we are *all* "born in sin, and shapen in iniquity?" But for the privilege of early example and education, as parts of the means appointed with promise by the great Head of the Church, for leading to that "believing" which the commission constitutes an indispensable pre-requisite to baptism, the children of Christian parents are in no better position than those of the pagan or the Jew.

But, further, "It must be sometimes a means of grace in after-life, to the children thus baptized, to know and remember that they have been thus dedicated to God in their infancy." If this alleged Christian rite is otherwise destitute of Scriptural authority, we have no right to "do evil that good may come." Cannot Christian parents adopt *other* and more effectual means of dedicating their children to God, than that of the performance of a service for which *inferential argument* is the only defence that can be pretended? Are not the holy example, the Scriptural instructions, and "the effectual, fervent prayer" of devoted,

godly parents, likely to "avail much" more?

But, yet further, "*believers' baptism was intended only as a proselytizing ordinance.*" In an age when all who believed were previously either Jews or Pagans, this must, in the great majority of instances, have been necessarily the case, as among believing converts under the missionary efforts of every denomination in our own day. But we have a remarkable proof that it was not exclusively so, in the 19th chapter of the Acts, in which we read that "Paul came to Ephesus," where he found "certain disciples," who, having previously been baptized with John's baptism, were afterwards "baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus." Not only do we find this decided case of direct proof, but neither have we also *any recorded exception* to the terms of the declaration in the commission, "*He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned.*" The obligation to submit to the *outward ordinance*, as an act of obedience and profession, is clearly of simultaneous and equal authority with that of the necessity of the *inward grace* of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Some Pædobaptists tell us that "there is so *very little* about baptism at all in the New Testament, that it may fairly be considered an open question." If, by "baptism," is to be understood *Pædobaptism*, there is, indeed, little enough; "*very little, absolutely nothing*;" not a shred of a text on which to found their *inferences*, nor a shadow of an argument. It would admirably suit *their case* if as much could be alleged of *believers' baptism*. But how stands the fact? A direct command and commission, recorded by two evangelists—instances of fulfilment in thousands of cases—and allusions elsewhere to the mode and subjects, that, pointing entirely to *those capable of believing*, cannot possibly apply to *infants*. "*Very little*," truly, on the one side, but *all that can be needed on the other*. It is not even a question of the *balance* of evidence or argument.

Then, again, "Christ received little children, and took them in his arms, and blessed them, and forbade his disciples to discourage their being presented to him; and, therefore, they ought to be brought to him in baptism now." Undoubtedly, the bringing of infants to Jesus was a blessed privilege *then*, as it is *still*; but do we find added to the commission—be it remembered, *our only rule*

and authority—such words as these: “And baptize their infants also in my name”? When infants can be proved capable of repentance, faith, and “the answer of a good conscience towards God,” then, and not till then, can they be brought within the terms of the baptismal commission.

It is to be believed that the vast majority of Pædobaptists do not know of the true origin and gradual introduction of this unscriptural custom into the ancient church. After descending, by degrees, from riper age to that at which the candidates were just old enough to ask for baptism, the idea of the insalvability of all who died unbaptized began extensively to obtain. Parents adopting this belief were naturally as anxious for their children's salvation as for their own; and thus the baptism of

infants was introduced, in order that the children's safety might not be jeopardized by waiting for the more advanced age, which they might never live to attain. Hence, the only consistent Pædobaptists are those who believe in baptismal regeneration.

The writer would, therefore, earnestly invite all sections of evangelical Pædobaptists solemnly to consider the extent to which, by *their* countenancing of this untenable doctrine and practice, they unwittingly uphold the frightful and soul-destroying error of baptismal regeneration; so that, casting aside all prejudices of early education and conventional habit, they may be ready to examine candidly and prayerfully for themselves, and then boldly to abide by the testimony, and obey the authority, of the Word of God alone.

## THE LOSING AND TAKING OF MANSOUL;

OR,

LECTURES ON THE HOLY WAR.

BY THE REV. A. S. PATTON, A.M., AUTHOR OF “KINCAID, THE HERO MISSIONARY.”

II.—A PLAN FOR THE RECOVERY OF MANSOUL; OR, THE GREAT REDEMPTION.

Eternal love,  
Eternal love, and sovereign grace,  
Wisdom, and power, and mercy infinite,  
The Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, God,  
Devised the wondrous plan—devised, achieved;  
And in achieving made the marvel more.  
\* \* \* \* \* God was made flesh,  
And dwelt with man on earth! the Son of God,  
Only begotten, and well beloved, between  
Men and his Father's justice interposed:  
Put human nature on; his wrath sustained;  
And in their name suffered, obeyed, and died.

“The spiritual restoration and regeneration of the world; in other words, the establishment of a reign of God in the human soul, forms the true idea of the personal ministry of Christ, the true idea of his life, the true idea of his death.”—YOUNG'S “Christ of History.”

“For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil.”—John iii. 9.

CLASSIC mythology exhibits one of its heroes, when wrecked upon a rock in the ocean, as angry with the gods, and defiantly shaking his clenched hand at heaven. With the same spirit, though in a prouder position, Satan, after his triumph, may be imagined as standing for a while in Paradise. He had accomplished his hellish purpose. He had not only marred the works of God, but blasted the hopes of man, and now, having full possession of the field, he laughs at heaven, and presumes to challenge its power.

Man in his apostasy from God, as we endeavoured to show in the preceding lecture, entered into a covenant with death, and an

agreement with hell, and having cast off the Divine authority, he became an abject vassal of the Prince of Darkness. And though we believe the Almighty might justly have left the sinner to reap the fearful fruit of his rebellion, he has been pleased, in his infinite mercy, to make known a way for his recovery and reconciliation. This plan, in its ETERNAL ORIGIN AND PARTIAL DEVELOPMENT, TOGETHER WITH THE WICKED MALICE OF SATAN AS EMPLOYED TO ACCOMPLISH ITS DEFEAT, constitutes the basis of that suggestive portion of the Holy War to which, in the present lecture, we invite your attention.

When the intelligence respecting the re-

volt and loss of Mansoul was carried to King Shaddai, it occasioned in his court, we are told, no little sorrow. And yet, says Bunyan, "The King and his Son foresaw all this long before, yea, and sufficiently provided for the relief of Mansoul, and in such a way as that both the King and his Son would get themselves eternal fame and glory thereby." The provision was this, "that, at a certain time prefixed by both the King's Son should take a journey into the country of Universe; and there in a way of justice and equity, by making of amends for the follies of Mansoul, he should lay a foundation for her perfect deliverance from Diabolus, and from his tyranny. "Moreover, Immanuel resolved to make, at a time convenient, a war upon the giant Diabolus, and even while he was possessed of the town of Mansoul; and that he would fairly, by strength of hand, drive him out of his hold, his nest, and take it to himself to be his habitation."

Here, then, we have a clear recognition of the *eternal* origin of that scheme of mercy which is revealed in the Gospel—*revealed*, we say, because it was devised long before it was made known, just as it was promised long before it was actually accomplished. Now, we are not of those who limit the knowledge of the Almighty, by supposing that the apostasy was a contingency which he did not foresee; for, with such a view, we should be compelled to acknowledge the validity of that objection sometimes urged against the atonement, on the ground that the doctrine involves a change of purpose in the mind of Deity. So far removed are we from this notion, however, that we believe the love of God was from *everlasting*, and consequently, that the wonderful plan of human redemption, as unfolded in the Scriptures, had its origin long anterior to the fall. Indeed, so we read, for, says the Apostle, guided by the Holy Ghost, "God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation." A truth yet more explicitly declared in the same Epistle, when he denominates this amazing scheme of mercy an "ETERNAL PURPOSE."

And how, it may be asked, was that purpose of mercy manifested? And what were the features of that gracious scheme by which God was to be honoured, and Christ glorified, in the salvation of the guilty? The answers to these questions are found in such declarations of the Gospel as these—"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever be-

lieveth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Who hath reconciled us unto himself by Jesus Christ;—for he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him."

But before this gracious arrangement was yet made known to the inhabitants of earth, it excited the most intense wonder and joy among the hosts of heaven; for when that awful crisis came, which marked the triumph of our adversary, and the fall of man, O how unexpected and cheering was that voice which came from the most excellent glory, saying, "Deliver him from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom." And, how thrilling the spectacle, when, ready both to satisfy and suffer for the guilty, Jesus interposes, saying, "Here am I, send me." It is by this substitution, where all had else been death, that grace now reigns through righteousness unto eternal life.

When contemplating this amazing exhibition of Divine love and justice, who can help exclaiming, with the Apostle, "Great is the mystery of godliness,—God manifest in the flesh!" O! wonderful provision, for, lo! while the sinner is pardoned his sins are punished, "and, as we have seen a discharged account pierced by a nail, and hung to gather cobwebs on the dusty wall, he who paid our debt, nor left us one farthing to pay, has taken the handwriting that was against us, and nailed it to his cross."

When these tidings were first made known, they were hailed with unutterable joy by those who were attached to Shaddai's court, while they occasioned the greatest distress and anxiety to Diabolus. But, "after a few casts in his mind," he concluded, first, to keep this good news, if possible, from the ears of Mansoul, and, in order to accomplish this, "he renews his flattery with my Lord Will-be-will, giving him charge to keep watch by day and by night at all the gates of the town, but especially Ear Gate, and Eye Gate." Moreover, he was to suppress all rumours; and to destroy all that should be found plotting against his government. And, fearing that this might not be enough, Diabolus imposed upon all the townsfolk a new and horrible covenant; to wit, "that they should never desert him, nor his government, nor yet betray him, nor seek to alter his laws; but that they should own, confess, stand by, and acknowledge him for their rightful king, in defiance to any that do, or hereafter shall,

by any pretence, law, or title whatever, lay claim to the town of Mansoul." And that they might be yet more degraded, and, therefore, the better fitted for fulfilling this covenant, they received from one Mr. Filth an odious and lascivious paper, licensing them to do whatsoever their lustful appetites prompted them to do, without let or hindrance.

By such means Diabolus sought to destroy any hope of mercy that Mansoul might secretly indulge from him against whom it had rebelled; yea, and he was even foolish enough to imagine that, seeing the aggravation of their guilt, Immanuel might yet repent of his purpose, and break the covenant into which he had entered for effecting their redemption. But fearing lest all these devices might fail, he endeavoured to forestal things, by exciting their fears and filling their minds with false and wicked apprehensions respecting Shaddai's designs, asserting that whatever he might say, his real purpose was to make them the trophies of his merciless victory: "Come, therefore," says he, "to my castle, and harness yourselves for the war."

It is in this way, that Satan wickedly seeks to subvert the grace of God, and to maintain his accursed rule over the soul. His first object is to keep men in ignorance of the Divine mercy; blinding their minds, "lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." And to insure this the rebellious will is incited to vigorous efforts of resistance, and desperate purposes are sometimes formed to continue boldly in the ways of sin; while influences from without are also brought into use to fill the heart with sensuality, or overwhelm it with fear, and thus out of all hope of its recovery.

It is in this way that Satan prepares men to go forth, at length, clad in an armour well-nigh invincible, and which Bunyan well describes as consisting, *first*, of an *helmet*, or head-piece, by which we are to understand a vain hope of doing well at last, whatever may be the manner of our lives; *second*, a *breastplate*, made of iron, which is nothing less than a hard heart, a heart as hard as iron, and as much past feeling as a stone; *third*, a *sword*, or a tongue set on fire of hell, and that can bend itself to speak evil of all that is good; *fourth*, a *shield*, or wicked unbelief, cherishing which, they can resist alike all the invitations, all the threatenings, and all the promises of God's Word; and *fifth*, a *dumb and prayerless*

*spirit*, a spirit that scorns to cry for mercy, which nourishes sin in the soul, and seals the lips with pride. This is the whole armour of Satan, and O what an ingenious but fearful panoply it is for sheltering men from the shafts of truth, and rendering them impervious to conviction! Yet this is actually the spiritual armour with which the devil too often succeeds in harnessing his captives. And, if not with all, with one or more of these devices the majority of impenitent men are striving, but too successfully, to resist the reproofs and gracious appeals so often made to them in the Gospel.

But, while the subtle devices of the enemy for maintaining his hold are numerous and most formidable, so that, like "a strong man armed he keepeth his palace," there is, as our blessed Redeemer taught, "a stronger than he, that shall come upon him and overcome him, and take from him all his armour wherein he trusted."

As suggested, then, by the next feature or the allegory, we pass to notice some of the means which Divine wisdom is pleased to employ to defeat this wicked adversary, and wrest from his grasp his deluded victims.

Having made known his purpose to assault and recover Mansoul, we immediately read that good King Shaddai collected an army, consisting of above forty thousand men, whom he placed under the conduct of four stout generals, named BOANERGES, CONVICTION, JUDGMENT, and EXECUTION. And when these forces were mustered under their respective captains, each division bearing its appropriate ensign, the King gave to the commanders their several commissions, charging them in the audience of all the soldiers that they should take heed faithfully and courageously to maintain their allegiance, and carry out his designs. They were first to offer to the town conditions of peace, but, if these were rejected, they were then to make use of all their "might and force to bring them under by strength of hand." So, with flying colours, they set forward to march towards the famous town of Mansoul, and, coming up to Ear Gate, they pitched their tents, and after entrenching themselves, began at once to make ready for an assault.

The imposing aspect of these gallant forces, with their excellent discipline and glittering armour, made an impression on the people of Mansoul, which Diabolus greatly feared might result in the opening



of the gates, and the surrender of the town. He reproves them, therefore, for looking upon them with anything like complacency, and sternly reminds them that they should rather have given the whole town "an alarm concerning them, that they might all have been in a posture of defence, and been ready to have received them with the highest acts of defiance." "Fie, fie," says he, "put yourselves into a posture of defence, beat up the drum, gather together in warlike manner, that our foes may know that before they shall conquer this corporation, there are valiant men in Mansoul."

"Now," says Bunyan, "were the townsmen strangely altered; they were as men stricken with a panic fear; they ran to and fro through the streets of the town of Mansoul, crying out, 'Help, help! the men that turn the world upside-down are come hither also;' nor could any of them be quiet after, but still, as men bereft of wit, they cried out, 'The destroyers of our peace and people are come.' This went down with Diabolus. 'Ay!' quoth he to himself, 'this I like well, now it is as I would have it; now you show your obedience to your prince, hold you but here, and then let them take the town if they can.'"

Here, again, we have a striking illustration of Satan's vigilance and craft, in attempting to foil every effort put forth for the soul's recovery. And we have also suggested the prominent instrumentality employed by God for advancing his amazing designs of mercy. This instrumentality is the Gospel Ministry, and it is here appropriately indicated in the names given to Shaddai's four captains;—each title fitly representing a certain style of preaching, and designating a class of God's servants, whose faithful and powerful exhibitions of truth are eminently and variously useful in commanding attention, in producing con-

viction, in warning of judgment, and in exhibiting the fearful doom of the finally impenitent. And it is by such means that the unconverted are usually awakened. True, God is often pleased, first, to reach the hearts of men, and subdue their enmity through the power of his love; yet there are few, if any, that are not beset as by "an army of forty thousand,"—discovering, in almost every text of the divine Word, a shaft of truth which, entering the soul, produces a deep conviction of sin, of righteousness, and of a judgment to come.

And well does Satan know this; hence, when his guilty subjects are thus approached by the heralds of salvation, he finds it necessary to rally their courage, to excite their prejudice, to stir up their pride, and to rouse them to concerted and daring acts of resistance.

Such, impenitent man, is your history. Again and again has Jehovah, by his Word and Spirit, come nigh unto you, making you deeply sensible of guilt—pointing out your danger—proffering you his mercy, and threatening you with judgment; but, alas! amid it all, you have gone on hardening yourself in sin, and, as the sworn vassal of Satan, you have secretly and impiously said, "Who is the Lord, that I should serve him?" But, through the long-suffering of God, you are still spared the righteous infliction of his wrath. In the exercise of his amazing mercy he stoops to win you to his love, and, not willing that you should perish, he even now beseeches you to come to him for life. Be persuaded, then, to pause at once in your career of guilt, consent to look your danger in the face, and while you may, make haste to avert your impending doom. Oh, lay hold on the hope set before you in the Gospel—even upon Christ Jesus, the only name given under heaven and among men, whereby we can be saved.

## BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF SEVENTY-FIVE DISTINGUISHED BAPTIST MINISTERS.\*

BY THE REV. J. J. OWEN, OF LONDON.

1. JOHN GILL, D.D., was born on the 23rd of November, 1697 (o.s.), at Kettering, Northamptonshire. In early life, he was a subject of deep religious impressions, and at the age of twelve gave evidence of true conversion. He entered the ministry while young, and in 1719 was called

to the charge of the Baptist church meeting in Horselydown, Southwark (now worshipping in New Park-street Chapel). Here he passed the remainder of his days, in labours abundant, and died, 1771, in his seventy-fourth year. His published works are voluminous, and bear honour-

\* We have very great pleasure in publishing with this month's MESSANGER the long-promised steel engraving of the BAPTIST MEMORIAL PORTRAITS, which has been executed in a superior style of art by Mr. G. Stodert, involving an ADDITIONAL EXPENSE OF NEARLY ONE HUNDRED POUNDS. Besides an almost incredible amount of trouble in procuring the originals, which the artist has faithfully reproduced. This large expenditure necessitates an extra charge, which we have no doubt will be regarded as merely nominal, considering the unprecedented character of the effort.

able testimony to his industry, scholarship, and piety. Besides numerous controversial pamphlets, he edited the works of Dr. Crisp, published a work entitled "Cause of God and Truth," in four large octavo volumes; a Commentary on the entire Scriptures, seven folio volumes; a Body of Doctrinal Divinity, and a Body of Practical Divinity. The substance of his works was first preached to his own people in courses of sermons. Though his style was cumbersome and unadorned, his earnest manner rendered him not only acceptable, but even popular. As a theologian, he was a good representative of that type of Calvinism prevalent before President Edwards' works led to considerable modification. The influence of a familiarity with the schools is everywhere discernible in his works, while his unimaginative mind led him to a bald literalism in his interpretation of the Scriptures.

2. WILLIAM WINTERBOTHAM was, for five-and-twenty years, the devoted and beloved pastor of the Baptist church at Shortwood, Gloucestershire. As a Christian minister his excellencies were great and varied. His sermons were replete with information, and emphatically plain, forcible, and practical. Although Mr. Winterbotham received no regular scholastic training, such was his fondness for reading, and so ardent was his thirst for knowledge, that he became a man of well-disciplined mind and of considerable attainments. He bestowed the utmost labour on his preparations for the pulpit—deeming it a crime to offer to God what had cost him nothing. He was warmly attached to the principles of civil and religious liberty, and suffered imprisonment for four years in Newgate for his zeal in the good cause. Mr. Winterbotham died March 3, 1829.

3. ALEXANDER CARSON, LL.D., was educated for the Presbyterian church, and gave up an advantageous position when he embraced the distinguishing tenets of our denomination. He subsequently became pastor of the Baptist church at Tubbermore, in the neighbourhood of Belfast, where he laboured till his death. In 1844 he preached one of the sermons for the Baptist mission. When returning from this visit, he fell from the quay at Liverpool into deep water; and though he was taken up immediately, congestion of the lungs rapidly supervened, and he expired in the following week, at Belfast, August 24, 1844. He was a man of great powers, and the author of many valuable works. His work on baptism presents clear proofs of his eminent philological attainments.

4. SAMUEL WILSON was descended from eminent Dissenting ministers. He studied under Dr. Hay and Professor Ward, of Gresham College. He received instruction in theology from Dr. Ridgley. His first religious impressions were produced by a sermon from the Rev. Daniel Wilson, a distinguished Presbyterian minister. He was baptized by Mr. Wallin, and became a member of the church at Mazepond. Having been called to the ministry he became assistant at Tallow Chandlers'-hall. "He came forth," says Dr. Gill, "even at first, with clear, evangelical light, with great warmth, zeal, and fervency of spirit, and, like another Apollo, with a torrent of eloquence, being mighty in the Scriptures." In 1724 he settled over the church in Old Gravel-lane, Wapping. A place of worship was afterwards erected for him in Prescott-street. Here he was eminently blessed in his work. His popularity continued until the end of his life. He died Oct. 6, 1750, in the 48th year

of his age. "It is affecting," says Dr. Stennett, "that he bowed his head in the midst of his strength, and when a large treasure of experience and great ripeness of judgment gave us encouraging hopes of his growing usefulness for many years to come."

5. ANDREW GIFFORD, D.D., was a native of Bristol, and was born Aug. 17, 1700. His father and grandfather were pastors of the Pithay church in that city. He was received into church fellowship Aug. 2, 1715, and soon after entered on the work of the ministry. He studied under Mr. Jones of Tewkesbury, Dr. Secker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, being one of his fellow-students. His first settlement was at Nottingham; from there he removed to Bristol, where he assisted Mr. Bernard Foskett. In 1729 he became pastor of the church in Little Wild-street, London. In 1754 he received a diploma from Marischal College, Aberdeen, and in 1757 was appointed Assistant-Librarian of the British Museum. Painful circumstances led to the removal of Dr. Gifford from Little Wild-street. A large number of members left with him, and formed themselves into a church under his pastoral care. In 1736 a new place of worship was opened for him in Eagle-street. Here he continued to preach with great popularity and success. Dr. Gifford was a pathetic and powerful preacher. His valuable books, pictures, and manuscripts, he bequeathed to Bristol College. He was summoned to his reward June 19, 1784.

6. CHRISTMAS EVANS was a native of Cardiganshire, and was born on Christmas-day, 1766. He first united with the Presbyterians. His views on baptism having undergone a change, he was baptized by the Rev. Timothy Thomas at Aberdour, and became a member of the church there. He had before commenced preaching, and now he was regularly called to the work of the ministry. In his twenty-third year he attended an association at Maesyerllan, Breconshire, where he met several ministers from North Wales. These brethren represented to him the great necessity there was for ministers in the north, and besought him to accompany them thither. This he consented to do. In 1790 he was ordained to the pastoral office at Salem, Carnarvonshire. During the first year of his labours fifty were added to the church. In 1792 he removed to Anglesea. In fact he became bishop of the whole island; his emoluments, however, being only seventeen pounds a-year. His poverty was great. In 1794 he attended the association at Velinvoel, Carmarthen-shire. The meetings were held in a field, and a large concourse of people were present. Christmas Evans was selected as one of the preachers. The day was sultry, and two brethren were to preach before him—the second in English. The latter seemed long, and the people appeared weary. When Mr. Evans commenced nothing extraordinary was expected. His subject was, "The Return of the Prodigal Son." As he proceeded, a group here and a group there drew closer to the platform. So graphically was the prodigal described, that the effect was thrilling. The people wondered, wept, and wept aloud. This sermon made his name "as household words." After a long residence in Anglesea he removed to Caerphilly, Glamorganshire. Here his ministry was eminently blessed. Eloquent and mighty, as he had always been, many thought he now surpassed himself at any former period. He afterwards settled at Cardiff, and finally removed to Carnarvon. He died at Swan-

sea while on a tour, July 19, 1888. His last words were, "Good-bye! drive on," as if horses of fire and chariots of fire had come to bear him home.

7. JOHN RIPPON, D.D., was born in Devonshire, in 1751. He was called to the ministry, and introduced to the college at Bristol, by the church at Up-Ottery. In 1773 he accepted the pastoral charge of the church in Carter-lane, Tooley-street (now New Park-street), as successor to the venerable Gill. For upwards of sixty-three years he sustained this office with considerable success. He died in his 86th year, Dec. 17, 1836. Dr. Rippon rendered an important service to the denomination, both in England and America, by the compilation of his selection of hymns, which, in many respects, is, as it has long been, without a rival; and by the publication of the *Baptist Register* from 1790 to 1802. Drs. Gill and Rippon were pastors of the church for 117 years.

8. J. HINTON, M.A., was born Sept., 1761. When eleven years of age he was placed under the instruction of his uncle, the Rev. Thomas Strange, of Kilsby, Northamptonshire. Having resided there for two or three years he returned to Buckingham. He now became the subject of strong religious impressions, and soon gave satisfactory evidence of decided conversion. May 27, 1781, he was baptized at Osham. In August, 1784, he entered the Academical Institution at Bristol. The Rev. Robert Hall was then classical tutor. In 1788 he received a cordial invitation to become pastor of the Baptist church at Oxford. For this position Mr. Hinton was pre-eminently adapted. His mind was fervid and vigorous. His activity and perseverance were so conspicuous that they have been mentioned as the most prominent features of his character. Mr. Hinton died rather suddenly in the 62nd year of his age, having served his generation according to the will of God.

9. JOHN SUTCLIFF.—The amiable Sutcliff was born near Halifax, in the county of York, on the 9th of August, 1752 (o.s.). Having experienced the renewing influence of the Holy Spirit, under the ministry of the venerable Dr. Pawcett, he united with the Church at Hebden-bridge in the year 1769. He soon after entered Bristol College. In 1775 he settled at Olney. Here he laboured indefatigably for thirty-nine years. He was one of the noble band by whom the Baptist Missionary Society was originated. It was by his suggestion that the association at Nottingham, in 1784, resolved to set apart an hour on the evening of the first Monday in every month for social prayer for the success of the Gospel, and to invite Christians of other denominations to unite with them. Sutcliff possessed, in no ordinary degree, integrity, benevolence, and prudence. His zeal for the cause of Christ was uniform, and increasingly ardent to the end of his life. He entered into rest June 22, 1814.

10. JOHN HERRING was the beloved and devoted pastor of the Baptist church at Cardigan. He was emphatically one of the giants of the Welsh pulpit. We hesitate not to say that, in some respects, he was superior even to Christmas Evans. He would lay hold of his subject, as the harp-er of his harp, and, after a few minutes' preparation, would pour forth such sweet sounds, that if any one present was unmoved it must have been because he had stopped his ears like the deaf adder, lest he should hear the voice of this skillful charmer. Mr. Herring was a man of most benevolent disposition. His readiness

of wit and unsuspecting frankness, like the distinguished Robert Hall, sometimes exposed him to the unkind remarks of the malevolent. He was not faultless—but who is? We know of no one, except the late amiable and devout John Philip Davies, of Tredegar; who was more beloved by the young ministers of the Principality. The late excellent John Jordan Davies, of Llanon, was baptized and introduced into the ministry by Mr. Herring. He died April 2, 1832, aged 43, deeply lamented by a large circle of friends.

11. JOHN GEARD was for nearly sixty-four years the beloved and venerated pastor of the Baptist church at Hitchin. He was ordained there April 13, 1775, and entered into rest Nov. 20, 1833. He was a devoted and successful minister of Jesus Christ.

12. EUSTACE CAREY was nephew of the Rev. Dr. Carey, and was born at Paulerspury, March 22, 1791. He was baptized by Dr. Ryland, at Northampton. Having been accepted for foreign service, after going through a course of preparatory study at Bristol, he was ordained Jan. 19, 1814, Fuller, Sutcliff, Blundell, and Hall taking prominent parts in the service. In the latter part of the summer Mr. Carey arrived in India. Eustace Carey, John Lawson, and W. H. Pearce, were the fathers of the Calcutta Mission, as distinguished from Serampore. His health failing, Mr. Carey returned to England in 1825. In 1826, he preached the annual sermon for the Baptist Mission. During the remainder of his days he was employed as travelling agent for the society. His principal literary production is an octavo vol., "The Life of Dr. Carey." He died at Kentish Town, July 19, 1865.

13. JOHN STEVENS was born at Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire, June 8, 1776. He was received into fellowship with the church in Grafton-street, London, and when nineteen years of age was encouraged to devote himself to the work of the ministry. In about three years he returned to his native village. Dr. Haweis made proposals to procure his admission to one of the universities, but this he declined. In 1797 he accepted an invitation to settle at Oundle. From there he removed to St. Neot's. Here he remained five years, after which he settled at Boston. In 1811 he became pastor of the church in Grafton-street. After various changes, a new chapel was erected for Mr. Stevens in Meard's-court, where he continued until his death. He believed that the human nature of Christ was in existence before Adam. Still Mr. Stevens was a man of considerable ability, and of no ordinary power in the pulpit. His last sermon was preached Sept. 19, 1847. He died on the 6th of the following October.

14. MARK WILKS.—The scene of Mr. Wilks' labours was Norwich. He entered on his duties in this city as a minister of the Countess of Huntingdon's connexion, and preached for some years at the tabernacle. At length he seceded from that body and formed a Baptist church, which after worshipping for a time in a small chapel in a low neighbourhood, erected a spacious place of worship in a better situation, where Mr. Wilks ministered until his death. It is well known that towards the commencement of the present century, Government was peculiarly jealous of the promulgation of liberal principles. The excesses of the French Revolution unquestionably contributed not a little toward strengthening this spirit. The doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance was loudly inculcated in high places. Mr. Wilks, like the

venerable William Wilberforce, severely suffered for his manly defence of civil and religious liberty. Mr. Wilks was a man of great ability, but of great eccentricity. His preaching was faithful and searching. His peculiarities, however, gathered around him in the fellowship of the church many members with whom no minister after could work in harmony. His force of character, and even his eccentricities, kept them in their right position. He was distinguished by high integrity. He lived to a good old age, and died loved and honoured by a large circle of friends.

15. DR. JOSEPH STENNETT was born in London, Nov. 6, 1692. He studied under Ainsworth, the author of the Latin dictionary, and Dr. Ward, Professor of Rhetoric in Gresham College. When fifteen years of age, he made a public profession of religion, and at the age of twenty-two, commenced his public ministry at Abergavenny. In 1719 he removed to Exeter, and became pastor of the Baptist church there. At this time the memorable dispute between Hallet and Pierce respecting the Trinity commenced. Mr. Stennett, though young, made a noble stand for the Divinity of our Lord, and greatly distinguished himself in defending the fundamental truths of the Gospel. After spending sixteen years at Exeter, he accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church in Little Wild-street, London. The University of St. Andrew's, in 1754, created him Doctor in Divinity at the instance of the Duke of Cumberland. He finished his course Feb. 7, 1758. He was a man of eminent abilities and attainments. Dr. Gill says respecting him, "His mien and deportment in the pulpit were graceful, his voice, though low, was soft and pleasant, and his language accurate and correct." He had a large compass of thought, great freedom of expression, and fervour of soul.

16. MICAH THOMAS.—The Rev. Micah Thomas was born near Usk, Monmouthshire, in the year 1778, and was baptized at Glasgow in 1795, when seventeen years of age; but he became a member of the church at Penygarn, near Pontypool. In the year 1801 he entered Bristol College. Among his fellow-students was the devoted Chamberlain. About the close of 1802 he was ordained at Ryeford, Herefordshire. After spending some years in much labour and usefulness here, in 1806 he removed to Abergavenny, where in the next year an English Baptist church was formed, and he became its pastor, and continued so until the close of his life. In that year also the Baptist Academy at Abergavenny was commenced, and he presided over it for twenty-nine years, until its removal to Pontypool. His memory is blessed. He was the leading instrument in the hand of God in giving correct views to the Baptist denomination in Wales of the common salvation. At the close of the last, and the beginning of this century, the majority of Welsh Baptist ministers and churches had imbibed most exclusive sentiments. Sinners were seldom addressed and never exhorted to believe in Christ; but by Mr. Thomas's ministry, and the direction he gave to the studies of those committed to his charge, a happy change was effected. He was taken to his reward Nov. 28, 1853.

17. BENJAMIN KEACH was born Feb. 29, 1694, at Stokeham, Bucks. From a child he knew the Holy Scriptures. In his fifteenth year he publicly devoted himself to the service of Christ. Three years after his baptism he was called to the work of the ministry. In 1664, he published his "Child's Instructor," for which he was im-

prisoned a fortnight, made to stand in the pillory at Aylesbury and Winslow, and fined £20. In 1663, Mr. Keach removed to London, and became pastor of a Baptist church in the Borough. To avoid molestation the little flock often met in private and obscure houses. In 1672, availing themselves of the indulgence granted by the Government, they erected a meeting-house in Horselydown, where Mr. Keach preached with great acceptance and success. In common with the great body of Nonconformists, he hailed the glorious Revolution as a fatal blow to despotism, and the dawn of an auspicious day to our country. He finished his course July 18, 1704.

18. DR. JUDSON.—To the Rev. Adoniram Judson belongs the distinguished honour of having originated foreign missionary societies in the United States of America. He was the first in that country who seriously thought of becoming a missionary to the heathen, and his desire led to the formation of the Congregational, and subsequently of the Baptist Missionary Societies in America. Mr. Judson was born at Malden, near Boston, Massachusetts, August 9th, 1788. In 1807 he graduated at Brown University, and at that time entertained deistical sentiments. Shortly afterwards he was induced to enter upon a close investigation of the Divine authority of the Scriptures, which convinced him they were a revelation from God, and that he must be renewed by the Holy Spirit to be fitted for the felicities of heaven. At this time the theological seminary at Andover was established. Mr. Judson applied for admission; stating, however, that he did not think himself a converted man. The directors thought otherwise, and he was received. It was not long before he had himself satisfactory evidence of his interest in Christ. Dr. Buchanan's "Star in the East" made a deep impression on his mind, and turned his thoughts to an Eastern mission. In 1811 Mr. Judson embarked for England, but was captured on the passage by a French privateer, and sent to prison at Bayonne; from which, with great difficulty, he was liberated. His design in visiting England was to secure support from the London Missionary Society for himself and colleagues, should the American board be unable to sustain them. This he accomplished. On February 6, 1812, Messrs. Judson, Newell, Nott, Hall, and Rice were set apart as missionaries at Salem, and on the 18th sailed for Calcutta. During the voyage, Mr. Judson began to doubt the propriety of baptizing infants. He pursued closely his researches on the subject. The vessel arrived at Calcutta on the 18th of June. On the 6th of September, Mr. and Mrs. Judson were baptized. At this time the Government of India was opposed to missions, and an order was issued, requiring Judson and his associates at once to leave. After many difficulties and discouragements, Mr. and Mrs. Judson were able to commence missionary operations in Burmah. For some years their labours seemed in vain. On May 9, 1819, Moung Nau declared himself a disciple of Jesus; and on the 27th of June this first Burman convert was baptized. During the war between Burmah and England, Mr. and Mrs. Judson suffered most severely. Mr. Judson's labours were most onerous. He was ever striving to do what others had not done, or could not do. His piety was eminent. To Judson it was granted not only to found the first Christian church in Burmah, but also to give it the entire Bible in its own vernacular. After an interesting visit to America, he employed himself without intermission on the Burmese dic-

tionary. In 1849 he was taken ill, and it was thought that nothing but a sea voyage could benefit him. After much deliberation, he determined to make the trial, and sailed for the Isle of France. He, however, gradually became weaker, and on the 12th of April, 1850, he gently fell asleep. All that was mortal of this eminent man was committed to the deep in lat. 13 degs. north and long. 93 east.

19. BERNARD FOSKETT was a native of North Crawley, Bucks. When seventeen years of age, he became a member of the church in Little Wild-street, then under the care of the venerable John Piggott. In 1711, he became assistant pastor to the church at Henley-in-Arden. In 1720 he removed to Bristol, to undertake the pastorate of Broadmead and the tutorship of the Academy. This important position he occupied for thirty-eight years. He was summoned home, Sep. 17, 1758. Mr. Foskett was a man of good natural abilities, of extensive attainments, and eminent piety. As a minister and tutor he was judicious, faithful, and laborious. Not a few of the most prominent men in the denomination were educated by him.

20. W. H. MURCH, D.D. was born at Honiton, Devonshire, May 17, 1784. He preached his first sermon when he was fourteen years of age, and soon after entered the academy at Wymondley. In May, 1802, he was baptized by Dr. Rippon, at Carter-lane. In 1806, he settled with the church meeting in Sheppard's Barton, Frome. Of this church he remained the happy, useful, and renowned pastor for twenty-one years. In 1827, he became the theological tutor of Stepney College. In 1844, Dr. Murch relinquished this post of labour, through failure of health. After a twelvemonth's rest, he was sufficiently recruited to take the oversight of the church at Rickmansworth. From here he removed to Bath, and aided in the establishment of a new church there. He fell calmly asleep July 12, 1859.

21. ROGER WILLIAMS was a native of South Wales. He was educated at Oxford, under the patronage of Sir Edward Coke. He was ordained as a minister of the Established Church; but having embraced Puritan principles, and therefore become opposed to all ecclesiastical tyranny, he sailed with his wife to America, Dec. 1, 1630, and arrived at Nantasket Feb. 5 following. He was soon after invited to become an assistant minister at Salem. When it became known that he had embraced the views of the Baptists, he was banished, and sought from the Indians the rights denied him by Christians. In Rhode Island he established the first state in the world founded on the broad principles of full religious freedom. Here was formed the first Baptist church in America. In 1643 Mr. Williams embarked at New York for England, and he succeeded in obtaining a charter for Rhode Island. He was repeatedly elected to the office of governor of the colony.

22. HUGH EVANS, M.A., was descended from eminent ministers in Wales. His grandfather, Thomas Evans, suffered greatly for conscience' sake. His father, Mr. Caleb Evans, was minister of the church meeting at Doleu and Pentre, Radnorshire. Mr. Hugh Evans received a sound education under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Pryce, at Talgarth, in the county of Brecon. Divine providence led him early to Bristol, and there he was baptized by Mr. Foskett in 1730. In 1733 he was invited to become Mr. Foskett's assistant. He afterwards succeeded this excel-

lent man as pastor of the church in Broadmead and tutor of the Academy; these responsible stations he well filled for many years. His pulpit compositions were clear, nervous, and pathetic, his language was striking, and his elocution manly. He had a full command over his audience. His end was peaceful and triumphant.

23. ROBERT ROBINSON was born at Swaffham, Norfolk, Jan. 8, 1734. He came to London in 1749. At this time he attended the ministry of Drs. Gill and Guise; but the minister to whom he was most affectionately attached was George Whitefield, whom he regarded as his spiritual father. In 1757, Mr. Robinson began to preach to a few poor people at Mildenhall. In 1769, he was invited to Cambridge. The church then contained only thirty-four members, who were so poor that all they could propose to raise for his support was £3 6s. per quarter. The place soon became too small for the congregation. Mr. Robinson's popularity was great, and his labours were abundant. He was a man of extraordinary powers, and for many years occupied a position of high eminence. Some time, however, before his death he seemed to have abandoned the fundamental truths of Divine revelation. It appears almost incredible that this should be the case with the man who composed the beautiful hymns, "Jesus, lover of my soul," "Come, thou fount of every blessing," "Mighty God, while angels bless thee," and our impression is that he became *insane*, and the incoherency of the sermon he preached the Sabbath before he died amply confirms this. His death took place at Birmingham, June 3, 1790.

24. JOSEPH SWAIN was born in 1760. He was called to the work of the ministry by the church in Carter-lane. He settled at Walworth in 1792. The church was then in its infancy, but under his faithful ministrations it speedily increased. Mr. Swain delivered a Lord's-day evening lecture at Devoushire-square, and attracted a large congregation. His labours, however, were soon terminated, as he was taken away by death April 14, 1796, in the 36th year of his age. He was eminently a man of God.

25. JOHN MACGOWAN was born at Edinburg in 1726. He commenced his ministry among the Wesleyans. Embracing the Calvinistic system, he ultimately united with the Baptists. His first settlement was at Bridgenorth. In 1767 he was ordained pastor of the church meeting in Devonshire-square. He possessed superior abilities, but of a peculiar order. He had not been settled a year in London before an occasion offered for the display of his satirical power. He published a tract, entitled, "The Shaver, or Priestcraft Defended." Notwithstanding his talent for satire, he had a serious and devotional mind. His zeal for the Gospel was ardent. As a preacher he was faithful, judicious, and affectionate. His "Dialogue of Devils" is a quaint and entertaining work. His "Arian and Socinian Monitor" is a fearful representation of those systems. Mr. Macgowan departed this life Nov. 25, 1780.

26. CALEB EVANS, D.D., was the son of the Rev. Hugh Evans, of Bristol, and was born in 1737. He became his father's assistant in 1759. In 1770, through his extensive influence, he was able to establish a new society in connection with the former academy at Bristol. In 1789 the university of Aberdeen conferred upon him the degree of Doctor in Divinity. He presided over the affairs of the church with prudence,

candour, and steadiness. As a tutor he discharged his duties most faithfully, and was the means of raising the institution to a flourishing

and prominent position. He stood high for probity, honour, and benevolence. He died Aug. 9, 1791, in his 54th year.

(To be continued.)

## P O E T R Y.

## SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

How quickly on an April day  
Doth sunshine follow shade!  
In this an emblem of our life  
Is strikingly displayed.  
For grief and pain like shadows fall,  
And joy yields sunshine bright,  
Making this life a chequered scene  
Of mingled shade and light.  
And of the Christian pilgrim's course  
The emblem will hold true,  
For he, upon his heavenward way,  
Finds shade and sunshine too.  
When Christ, the Sun of Righteousness,  
First rises on his heart,  
Before his bright and healing beams  
The shadows all depart.  
Whilst Jesus sheds around, within,  
A cheering, heavenly ray,  
With joy the child of God pursues  
His onward, upward way;  
But sometimes sin and unbelief  
Will raise a cloud between,  
Hiding the Saviour for awhile—  
Then, oh! how changed the scene!  
The pilgrim walks in shadow now  
And scarce the path can see;  
He moans—"Alas! my sun has set,  
To rise no more on me."  
But no, ere long its light breaks through  
The clouds that shade it o'er,  
And on the pilgrim's road it shines  
As brightly as before.  
When he shall reach his mansion fair  
Prepared beyond the skies,  
His Sun's meridian beams will fall  
Upon his raptured eyes:

In that blest sunlight he shall dwell,  
And sing his songs of praise,  
While not one cloud shall intercept  
The bright, eternal rays!  
Wellingborough. THEODORA.  
LIGHT AND SHADE.

LIKE a waving speck in the pale blue sky,  
The lark at sunrise is seen on high,  
Singing merrily.  
The flowers give their scent to the morning air,  
And spread to the sunlight their petals fair,  
Smiling cheerily.  
But my heart is filled with anxious care,  
For the shadow of sorrow falls darkly there,  
And life's current, check'd by cold despair,  
Flows onward drearily.  
'Mid the spacious fields of purest air  
The lark gaily sings, and is fed by the care  
Of a hand Divine.  
Free from thought and toil, in the sunny ray,  
In more than an emperor's bright array,  
The lilies shine.  
But my faith, like a trailing plant, lies low,  
Where hope and joy may rarely grow,  
Nor even peace the heart can know,  
And the thoughts repine.  
Yet, taught by the lark, from whose eager wings  
Falls the dewy pearl, as he upward springs  
From the grassy sod—  
By the flowers, that life, and scent, and hue,  
With silent, mysterious influence, drew  
From the earthy clod—  
Let earnest faith rise heavenward, still  
Deriving good from seeming ill,  
Striving life's mission to fulfil,  
Trusting in God;  
In meek submission to his will,  
Kissing the rod. B. L.

## DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

## MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

PONTYPRIDD.—The Rev. H. W. Hughes has left Liverpool, and has commenced his pastoral duties at Dinas, Pontypridd.

CEFNACH.—The Rev. H. C. Howells, of Pwllheli, has accepted the unanimous call of the Baptist church in this place.

BAGILLT.—The eloquent Mr. John Roberts, of Brynmawr (*Hen Droed*), has taken the charge of the Baptist church at Tabor, in this town.

PENBALL, HOLYWELL.—The Rev. L. Rees has settled as pastor over this church, with very encouraging prospects.

PANTYGO, HOLYWELL.—The Rev. J. L. Owens has received an unanimous call to take the care of this church in connection with his congregation at Bagillt.

LONGHOPE.—The Rev. E. Davis, late of Marham, Norfolk, has accepted a unanimous invitation from the Baptist church at Loughope, Gloucestershire, and has entered upon his duties there.

CLIFTON.—The Rev. John Penny, of Coleford, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church assembling at Buckingham chapel, Clif-

ton, and will enter upon the labours of his pastorate about the middle of May.

SOUTH MOLTON.—The Rev. C. W. Vernon resigns his charge at Broughton, Hants, and having accepted a unanimous call from the church at South Molton, Devon, enters upon his new sphere of labour early in April.

WALSALL.—The Rev. William Lees, Baptist minister, of Berwick-on-Tweed, has received, and accepted, a most cordial and unanimous invitation to become the pastor of the Baptist church meeting in Ebenezer chapel, Stafford-street, Walsall, and is expected to commence his labours on the second Lord's-day in April.

HUGGLESCOTE.—The Rev. J. Salisbury, formerly of Horton College, Bradford, and now of Barrowden, Rutland, has received a cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church at Hugglescote and Ibstock, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and enters upon his new sphere of labour on Lord's-day, April 1st.

## PRESENTATION SERVICES.

HUNTINGDON.—The members of the church and congregation under the pastoral care of the

Rev. Charles Clark, B.A., have recently presented him with a very handsome timepiece, as an expression of their appreciation of his labours.

**HAWORTH, YORKSHIRE.**—A few weeks since a gratifying testimonial was presented by the working people of Haworth to the Rev. J. H. Wood, pastor of the West-lane Baptist Church, in the shape of an elegant and costly time-piece, as an acknowledgment of his interest in their welfare, and of his labours for their benefit.

**BRAINTREE.**—On March 14th, the inquirers in connection with the Rev. John Mostyn's chapel, Braintree, held a social tea-meeting, at which about forty persons were present. The evening was spent in profitable conversation, and some stirring and encouraging appeals were made. In the course of the evening one of their number, on behalf of the inquirers, presented Mr. Mostyn with a copy of Bengel's *Gnomon* of the New Testament, as an acknowledgment of the great good they had experienced under his preaching and Christian advice.

**MELBOURN, CAMBS.**—On Monday, March 12, an interesting meeting, convened by the members of Zion Chapel, was held, to give a hearty welcome to the newly-married pastor (the Rev. E. Bailey) and his bride. An overflowing congregation sat down to tea in the capacious chapel. At half-past seven the chair was taken by the Rev. J. C. Wooster, when Mr. Bawlings, in the name of the church, presented to their beloved pastor, the Rev. E. Bailey, a valuable richly-ornamented inlaid stand, as a proof of their sincere attachment. Appropriate speeches were delivered by Messrs. Stanford, Hale, Dodkin, French, and Greenhill.

**DEVONPORT.**—The fifth anniversary of the opening of Hope chapel, for the congregation under the pastoral care of the Rev. T. Horton, was celebrated on the 11th and 12th of March. The Rev. S. Manning, M.A., of Frome, preached in the morning and evening of the Lord's-day. On Monday, March 12th, a tea-meeting was held in the hall of the Mechanics' Institute, when about 600 persons assembled. After tea business was commenced, J. R. Jeffery, Esq., of Liverpool, in the chair. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, who has most materially assisted the effort, by the Revs. S. Manning, J. Charlton, M.A., President of the Western College, T. C. Page, of Plymouth, Peter Adams, Esq., and other friends. The Rev. J. P. Haddy, of Ravens-thorpe, presented Mr. Horton with a purse containing £100, as a token of the affection and esteem of the congregation. Mr. Horton very feelingly acknowledged the gift.

**SHEFFIELD.**—On Tuesday, Feb. 28, a social tea was held in the schools connected with the Baptist chapel, Cemetery-road, Sheffield, after which a presentation was made to the pastor, the Rev. H. Ashbery, consisting of the following works, in value about £27:—Baxter's Works, 2 vols.; Bunyan's Works, 3 vols.; Olshausen's Commentaries, 9 vols.; Hengstenberg's Commentary on the Psalms, 3 vols.; Bickersteth's Works, 5 vols.; Macaulay's History of England, 7 vols.; Brown on our Saviour's Discourses, 2 vols.; Cecil's Works, 2 vols.; Leighton's Works, 2 vols.; South's Sermons, 2 vols.; Milton's Prose Works, 5 vols., and other works. The presentation was made by Mr. H. Hillier, Barker Pool, and was intended to express the love which the church and congregation cherished for their minister, and their high anticipations of future benefits to be received from his ministry. Mr. Ashbery, with much emotion, thanked his friends for their

kindness. Addresses were afterwards delivered by several members of the church.

#### RECOGNITION SERVICES.

**ROCHDALE.**—On Tuesday, February 21st, the Rev. John Horne was ordained to the co-pastorate, with the Rev. W. F. Burchell. The service commenced at two o'clock in the afternoon, by singing a hymn, after which the Rev. E. C. Lewis read the Scriptures and prayed, and the Rev. S. G. Green, A.B., classical tutor of Rawden College, delivered an introductory discourse. The usual questions were then put by the Rev. F. Bughy, of Preston, and suitably answered by Mr. Horne. The ordination prayer was then offered by the Rev. W. F. Burchell, and the charge was delivered by the Rev. J. Acworth, LL.D., president of Rawden College, from 2 Cor. iv. 2. In the evening the Rev. C. M. Birrell, of Liverpool, delivered another discourse.—On Tuesday, February 28, Mr. Horne was presented with a testimonial in acknowledgment of his services to the working-classes, in delivering to them a course of Sunday afternoon lectures. The presents amounted to £16, and, with the exception of three individuals, the donations were given entirely by working-people.

#### SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

**RITSELY, BEDS.**—On April 3, two sermons will (D.V.) be preached at the Baptist meeting by Rev. J. Bloomfield, of London; afternoon at half-past two, evening at six. A public tea will be provided at 6d. each.

**RIDGMOUNT, BEDS.**—Anniversary sermons on behalf of the day-schools will (D.V.) be preached by the Rev. C. H. Hosken, at the Baptist chapel, Ridgmount, on Easter Sunday, April 8th. Collections after each service.

**CLAPHAM.—GARNER CHAPEL, WIRTEMBERG-STREET.**—On Tuesday, April 17, Mr. Wells will preach here in the afternoon at three o'clock, and Mr. Forman in the evening at a quarter to seven. Tea provided at 6d. each.

**LEIGHTON BUZZARD, BEDS.**—On Good Friday (April 6), anniversary sermons will be preached at Ebenezer Chapel by the Rev. C. H. Hosken, of Fenny Stratford, afternoon and evening. Tea will be provided. Collections after each service.

**LAXFIELD, SUFFOLK.**—On Thursday, May 3, a public recognition of the Rev. R. E. Sears, as pastor of the Baptist church, in the above place, will take place (D.V.) Rev. S. Collins, of Grundisburgh, will deliver the opening address in the morning, after which Mr. Sears will state his call by grace, call to the ministry, and give a declaration of his faith. In the afternoon the Rev. J. Foreman, of London, will deliver the charge to the youthful pastor. In the evening, Rev. G. Wright, of Beccles, will preach to the church. Service will commence in the morning at ten precisely; afternoon, at half-past two; evening, at half-past six. Dinner, 1s.; tea, 6d.

**KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.**—The anniversary services on behalf of the Baptist Sunday-school will be holden as under:—Good Friday—The annual meeting at St. James's-hall, Kingston. Tea at five o'clock; public meeting at seven o'clock. Addresses will be given by the Revs. B. Davies, J. W. Genders, L. H. Byrnes, B.A., C. Hunt, S. K. Bland, T. W. Medhurst; Mr. T. Williams, E. Phillips, Esq., and C. Higgs, Esq. On Lord's-day, April 15th, the annual sermons will be preached at the chapel by the Rev. W. P. Balfour, of Bow, author of "Glimpses of Jesus," and "Lessons from the Life of Jesus."

## OPENING SERVICES.

**STOTFOLD, NEAR BALDOCK.**—A new Particular Baptist chapel has been recently opened in this village.

**HITCHIN.**—The opening services of Mount Zion Chapel, Park-street, for the church and congregation of Particular Baptists (under the pastoral care of Mr. Tucker), took place on Wednesday, March 7. Sermons were preached morning and evening by Mr. Orwiler, of Gomershall, near Leeds. Mr. Tithe, of Potton, preached in the afternoon.

**ALCESTER.**—On Wednesday, March 7, the new Baptist chapel, Alcester, was opened for Divine worship. The Rev. S. Evans, of Arnsby, Leicestershire, commenced the morning service by reading and prayer, after which the Rev. Isaac Lord, of Birmingham, preached from Ps. xxvii. 4. After the morning service the friends repaired to the Town-hall, where dinner was provided. In the afternoon, after singing and prayer, addresses were delivered by the Rev. M. Philpin, pastor; Rev. J. Green, of Upton-on-Severn; S. Dunn, of Atch Lench; Rev. S. Evans, Arnsby; Rev. J. Stephens, Cirencester; Rev. T. Ashwell, Redditch; Rev. J. Phillips, Astwood; Rev. J. Evence, Healey-in-Arden; Rev. F. Overbury, Pershore; Mr. Stephenson, Stratford-on-Avon; and Mr. Brock, jun., London. The evening service was commenced by the Rev. John Stephens, of Cirencester, after which the Rev. C. Vince preached to a densely-crowded congregation from 1 John iv. 8—“God is love.” On the following Sabbath, March 11, the Rev. H. E. Sturmer, of Worcester, preached to overflowing congregations. The collections during the services amounted to £62.

## SPECIAL SERVICES.

**WANDSWORTH.**—A tea-meeting was held in the Assembly-rooms, Wandsworth, on Wednesday, March 7, to celebrate the first anniversary of the new Baptist interest in that place. A public meeting was afterwards held, W. Olney, Esq., in the chair. An interesting report of God's dealings with them in the past was read by Mr. W. H. Passmore, from which it appears that a church of nine members was formed at the end of April, 1859, which now consists of eighty-two. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. W. Gelders, G. Rogers, E. Hunt, B. Davies, and T. W. Medhurst, and Messrs. G. Moore, T. Williams, and T. Haden. Through the proposal and energetic appeal of the chairman, £100 were promised as a nucleus for a fund towards the erection of a suitable place of worship.

## BAPTISMS.

**ACCARYTON, Blackburn-road, Jan. 31**—Three by Mr. Williams.  
**AMLETON, March 10**—Thirty-two; March 12, Twelve, by the Rev. H. Williams.  
**BAGILL, March 4**—Two by Mr. L. Owens.  
**BARNSELY, March 4**—Four by Mr. L. B. Brown.  
**BEDFORD, Feb.**—Three by Mr. Killen.  
**BULAI, Monmouthshire, Jan.**—Seven; Feb. 12, Six, by Mr. Morgan, in the absence of the pastor, Mr. James.  
**BIRGEND, Hope Chapel, Jan. 29**—Nine by Mr. Cole.  
**BISTOL, Broadmead, Jan. 20**—Sixteen by Mr. Haycroft.  
 —, Counterslip, Feb. 1—Six by Mr. Winter.  
**BRICKLAM, Oct.**—Six; Dec. 29, Six; March 18, Six, by Mr. M. Saunders. The majority of them were young people.

**BRYNMAWR, Tabor Chapel, Jan. 8**—Nine; and March 4, Six, by Mr. Roberts; several of them were from the Sabbath-school.

**CARDIFF, Bethany, Feb. 5**—Three by Mr. Tilly. **CLYDACH WORKS (English), Feb. 19**—Twelve by Mr. Rosser.

—, Bethlehem, Feb. 5—Twenty by Mr. Lewis.

**CORISTON, near Ambleside, March 4**—Four by Mr. J. Myers.

**CORSHAM, Wilts, Feb. 5**—Five; Feb. 9, Two, one an Independent minister; March 4, Three, by the Rev. J. Pooley. We are pleased to add nearly twenty other persons are waiting for admission into the Church.

**DALSTON, Queen's-road Chapel, March**—Seven by Mr. W. Miall.

**DABENELEN, Feb. 5**—Nineteen by Mr. Williams.

**EAST PEARL, Haits, Feb. 5**—Three by Mr. Shick.

**ERWOOD (Ramah), March 4**—Four by Mr. S. Thomas.

—, March 11—Three by Mr. G. Llewellyn. We are glad to add others are waiting for the same privilege.

**GARN, Nov.**—Ten; Dec. Three, by Mr. Davies.

**GREAT ELLINGHAM, Dec. 25**—Three by Mr. Williams. One of the candidates was the eldest son of the pastor, a youth of thirteen.

**GREAT GRIMSBY, Jan. 29**—Seven; Feb. 26, Twelve, by Mr. Smart.

**GREAT SAMPFOLD, Essex, Mar. 2**—Two by Mr. W. C. Ellis.

**HADDENHAM, Cambs, Feb. 29**—Eight by Mr. T. A. Williams.

**HAY, South Wales, Feb. 28**—Two by Mr. Wiles.

**HOLBEACH, Jan. 15**—One.

**HOLYHEAD, Jan. 8**—Twenty; Jan. 20, Thirty-six; Feb. 23, Eighteen; Feb. 27, Four; March 14, Twenty-six, by Rev. W. Morgan.

**KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, Feb. 29**—Five by Mr. T. W. Medhurst; one of whom was from the Congregational body.

**LIVERPOOL, Great Crosshall-street, Jan. 22**—Two by Mr. Thomas.

—, Stanhope-street (Welsh), Jan. 20—Four by Mr. Hughes.

**LLANELLY, Zion, Feb. 12**—Seven by Mr. Morgan.

**LLANILLETT, Monmouthshire, Feb. 1**—Six by Mr. Lloyd.

**LLANWENARTH, Jan. 26**—Five by Mr. Johns.

**LONDON, Soho Chapel, Oxford-street, Feb. 26**—Six by Mr. Pells. A husband and wife and four others. Making forty-two baptized by Mr. Pells since his settlement in November, 1853.

—, New Park-street Chapel, Southwark, March 8—Twenty-five by Mr. Spurgeon.

**LONG CRENDON, Bucks, March 8**—Eight by Mr. Dyson, two of whom formed a household.

**MAESTRHELM, Radnorshire, March 4**—One by Mr. M. Morgan, Newtown.

**MARKEYATE STREET, Herts, Feb. 26**—Two by Mr. J. W. Wake.

—, 2nd Church, Feb. 5—Three by Mr. H. Biggs.

**MERTHYR TYDVIL, Jan. 29**—After a sermon by Mr. Tovey, Three by Mr. D. Edwards.

**MIDDLE MILL, Feb. 5**—Two by Mr. Owen.

**MOONDRE, near Newtown, Montgomeryshire, Dec. 25**—One; Jan. 23, Five; Feb. 19, Four; March 18, Three, by Mr. G. Phillips. Many are still inquiring the way to Zion.

**NEW WELLS, Montgomeryshire, March 13**—Twelve, in the river Severn, in the presence of three thousand spectators: by Mr. M. Morgan, Newtown.



**PENSARN**, March 12—Eighteen, on the top of Paris Mountain, by the Rev. Thos. Hughes.  
**PORT LYVENI**, Carnarvonshire, Jan. 29—Two by Mr. Roberts.  
**PRESTEIGN**, Feb. 12—After a sermon by Mr. Consens, of Kington, Thirty-four by Mr. T. L. Davies.  
**PRESTON**, Pole-street, Feb. 26—Eleven by the pastor, Mr. Webb.  
**RAGLAN**, Monmouthshire, Feb. 26—Five; March 11, Three by Mr. Johnson.  
**ROCPDALE**, Jan. 8—Three by Mr. Batey.  
**SANDERSFOOT**, Pembrokeshire, Jan.—Two by B. Lewis.  
**SHEFFIELD**, Barker Pool, March 4—Two by Mr. D. T. Ingham, at the public bath.  
**SOUTHAMPTON**, East-street, Feb. 5—Eight by Mr. R. Caven. Four from the Sabbath-school.  
**ST. CLEAR'S**, South Wales, March 11—Nine by Mr. B. Williams. All from the Sabbath-school.  
**SUDBURY**, Jan. 25—Four by Mr. Beutly.  
**WALTON**, Suffolk, Nov. 6—Three: March 4, Eleven, by Mr. S. Perrin. Four of the above were from the Bible-class.  
**WANDSWORTH**, at New Park-street Chapel, March 1—Fourteen by Mr. Geuders.  
**WHITEBROOK**, near Mounmouth, Dec. 25—Ten; Feb. 5, Five; March 4, Five, by Mr. Howells.  
**WHITTESEA**, Zion Chapel, March 4—Five by Mr. D. Ashby.

#### DEATH.

**Mrs. F. D. STEVENS**, of TROWBRIDGE—Mrs. Stevens, wife of Mr. Felix D. Stevens, was a consistent and very useful member of the church in Back-street for more than thirty years. On Friday evening, March 2, she sat down to supper with her family in her usual health and cheerfulness, but immediately on rising from table, she was seized with paralysis. The attack was so sudden and severe that, by the time she was taken up-stairs, consciousness had nearly left her. Before it quite departed, she made an effort to speak to her weeping husband, and, with difficulty, but with calmest submission, said, "The Lord will do all things well." This was her last utterance, and one ever to be cherished by her bereaved family; the more so, because it was in happy keeping with her lifelong trust in Jesus. She lingered until the following Monday about noon, when the released spirit departed to be with Christ. On Sunday morning, March 11, her pastor, the Rev. W. Barnes, preached her funeral sermon to a large and sympathising congregation, from Mark vii. 37.

#### ANNUAL SERVICES OF THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETIES FOR 1860.

**THURSDAY, APRIL 19.**—A SPECIAL PRAYER-MEETING will be held in the Library of the Mission House, at eleven o'clock, a.m. The Rev. D. Wassell, of Bath, will preside.—**BIBLE TRANSLATION SOCIETY**, in the evening, at Kingsgate Chapel, Holborn, at seven o'clock. Sir S. M. Peto, Bart., M.P., in the chair.

**FRIDAY, APRIL 20.**—The annual sermon in connection with the **BAPTIST IRISH SOCIETY** will be preached at seven o'clock, p.m., at the Poultry Chapel, by Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel.

**MONDAY, APRIL 23.**—The **ANNUAL MEETING** of the **BAPTIST HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY** will be held at Finsbury Chapel. Chair to be taken at half-past six precisely, by Benjamin Scott, Esq., Chamberlain of the City of London. Tea will be provided at the Mission House at half-past five, for ministerial and other friends of the society.

**TUESDAY, APRIL 24.**—The **ANNUAL MEMBERS' MEETING** will be held in the Library at the Mis-

sion House, at ten o'clock, a.m.—In the evening, the annual meeting of the **BAPTIST IRISH SOCIETY** at Kingsgate Chapel. E. Ball, Esq., M.P., will preside.

**WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25.**—**ANNUAL MORNING SERMON**, at Bloomsbury Chapel, by Rev. F. Bosworth, M.A., of Bristol, at eleven o'clock.—On the same day, the **ANNUAL EVENING SERMON**, at Surrey Chapel, by the Rev. J. Stoughton, of Kensington. Service to commence at half-past six.

**THURSDAY, APRIL 26.**—**PUBLIC MEETING** of the **BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY** at Exeter Hall. G. T. Kemp, Esq., of Rochdale, will preside; chair to be taken at eleven o'clock. Tickets for the meeting may be obtained at the Mission House, or at the vestries of the various chapels.—The **ANNUAL MEETING** of the **YOUNG MEN'S MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION** will be held at Albion Chapel, Moorgate-street. The Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury is expected to preside. Service to commence at half-past six o'clock.—A **SOCIAL MEETING** will be held in connection with the Young Men's Association, in the Library of the Mission House, in the evening, at five o'clock precisely. Tickets, sixpence each, may be had at the Mission House. Country ministers are cordially invited to attend, and will be presented with tickets on application.

#### BAPTIST UNION.

(To the Editor of the BAPTIST MESSENGER.)

Sir,—Allow us, through your columns, to draw the attention of the ministers and other brethren of our denomination to the approaching annual session of the Baptist Union. The session is to be held on Friday, the 20th of April, at the usual hour of ten in the forenoon. In order to render it more attractive than some of its precursors have been deemed, and to give it a character in fuller harmony with the time, it has been resolved by the committee that the entire forenoon—from ten till one—shall be appropriated to conference and prayer in relation to the Revival of Religion; and that refreshments being had at one o'clock, the regular business of the Session shall be attended to in the afternoon. The Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel has kindly complied with the request of the committee to open the conference by a short address. The object of the committee in making the arrangement above stated cannot be mistaken, and we are instructed to express their earnest hope that ministerial and other brethren, both in town and country, will so warmly sympathise with it, as to draw in considerable, if not in large, numbers to the meeting. It will be truly gratifying if the scanty attendance, which has so often been both our regret and our reproach, should be exchanged for a numerous gathering. It is obvious also, that *the whole day* should be given up to the proceedings of the Session.

Commending this matter to the kind and serious regard of the brethren, we are, dear sirs, on behalf of the committee, yours faithfully,

JAMES HOBY, Chairman.  
 EDWARD STEANE, } Secs.  
 J. H. HINTON, }

London, March 12, 1860.

We express our warm sympathy with the object of this arrangement, and engage (D.V.) to give our personal attendance and aid.

(Signed) JOSEPH ANGUS, D.D.,  
 JABEZ BURNS, D.D.,  
 BENJAMIN DAVIES, Ph.D.,  
 JOHN LECHMAN, D.D.,  
 JOSUUA RUSSELL,  
 CHARLES STANFORD,  
 FRANCIS TUCKER,  
 FRANCIS WILLS.

## THE MINISTER'S TRUMPET-BLAST AND CHURCH-MEMBER'S WARNING.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL.

"Set the trumpet to thy mouth. He shall come as an eagle against the house of the Lord, because they have transgressed my covenant and trespassed against my law. Israel shall cry unto me, My God, we know thee."—Hosea viii. 1, 2.

WE do not use instrumental music in the worship of God, because we consider that it would be a violation of the simplicity of our worship. We think it infinitely better to hear the voices of Christian men and women than all the sounds which can be made by instruments. Yet I am sure there is no Christian here who would object to a minister who can play well upon an instrument; and indeed a minister is good for nothing if he does not know how spiritually to give forth instrumental music. A true minister of Christ should know how to blow the ram's horn, so that the walls of Jericho may be made to tremble and fall; he should understand how to play the harp, so that when any of you are disquieted he may be as David to you, and may play a goodly tune upon an instrument that may comfort you, and drive away the evil spirit. He should be able, too, to play upon the timbrel, and to lead you forth sometimes in the sacred song of joy and thanksgiving; he should be able to go forth like Miriam, and cry aloud to you, and ask you to follow him, while he says, "Sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously." His sermons should often seem to you to fulfil that exhortation of David, "Praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord upon the cymbals; praise ye the Lord upon the high-sounding cymbals." The minister of the Gospel should understand also how to blow the silver trumpet, and he should know how to declare that the year of jubilee is come, and that the ransomed debtors may once more receive their lost inheritance. And there is one instrument upon which he should be well skilled, and which he should often use, namely, the trumpet. I do not mean here the silver trumpet, but the war trumpet—that clear, shrill-sounding instrument, that gives the certain sound whereby men prepare themselves for the battle.

Now I have that trumpet to use to-night; that shall be my instrument; and in looking at my text, I will just go through several things that are here hinted at. First, there is a command to the Gospel minister, "Set the trumpet to thy mouth;" there is, secondly, the particular reason for it—in order that he may warn God's people—"Because they have transgressed my covenant, and transgressed against my law;" then, thirdly, there is another special reason appended—because God is about to execute judgment upon these sinners—"He shall come as an eagle against the house of the Lord." In the second verse we find our fourth point—the blessed result of the blowing of this trumpet,—*"Israel shall cry unto me, My God, we know thee."*

I. First, then, here is THE EXHORTATION TO MINISTERS, "Set the trumpet to thy mouth." The Hebrew hath it, "Set the trumpet to the roof of thy mouth." Set it to thy mouth; keep it there; do not put it up sometimes and then down again, but have it always in readiness, so as to sound the note of alarm. Set it to the roof of thy mouth; blow with all thy might, and let men see that the alarm comes not merely from thy lips, but from within thy mouth—from thy very heart. With such earnestness shalt thou sound upon the trumpet of warning.

1. Now what is meant by the minister *setting* the trumpet to his mouth? I think just this. In the first place, *that when the minister is dealing with the souls of men, the tone which he uses should be very decisive.* He should not set some little Jew's harp to his mouth, so that people hardly know whether he is making a noise or not; he should blow a trumpet, and produce a decisive sound, so that men may know what sin is reprov'd—what virtue is commended. They should

never have to ask themselves, "What does the minister mean?—does he really intend to condemn sin, or does he palliate it?" The declaration should be decisive, as the sound of the trumpet is. When men hear the trumpet sounded in the East they do not ask themselves, "Does that mean dancing? Is that the sound of them that make merry?" but they hear the sound of the trumpet, and they say at once, "That means war; we are sure it does. Let us prepare ourselves for the battle." So with God's servant. He has not to say, "*If* this," or "*if* that;" but to come down with the sledge hammer of truth upon every sin, setting the trumpet of Gospel warning to the roof of his mouth.

But it means not only a decisive sound, but a *clear* sound. Of all sounds, perhaps the trumpet sound is the clearest; so should it be with the ministry of Christ's servant. It should not be cloudy, full of hard words that cannot be understood; it should not be a piece of music, the tune of which is so difficult that no man can possibly follow it or even know what is meant by it; but it should be the one, two, three notes of "Awake! awake, ye sleepers! what mean ye?" or this yet more solemn note, "Awake, ye dead, and come to judgment." "Prepare to meet thy God." There should be something so clear that the moment the minister's statement is heard those who are willing to understand it should have no difficulty in coming at its meaning.

2. Again, in setting the trumpet to his mouth, the minister should not only give a decisive and clear testimony in all his ministrations, but it should also be a *loud and startling testimony*. Why, don't you know some preachers who send all their congregation to sleep; not only because of their monotonous style of address, but because their matter itself is sleepy? The people seem to say, "Well, if that is all the man has got to talk about, we may as well be asleep as awake." Sometimes they happen to be the doctrines which teach men to sit still and do nothing, and then they say, "Well, let us sit still and do nothing; only, let us sleep by the way, and enjoy ourselves." There are too many droning preachers that Satan employs to rock the cradle of souls, while he is standing by waiting till the time shall come to carry them off. "You play," says Satan, "I will dance to them, and between the two of us, we will lead them to hell." There will be fearful blood upon the skirts of a man whose ministry has startled nobody. When a trumpet is blown in a besieged city there are many persons with weak nerves who are quite frightened, and many children too, and many timid souls that are quite alarmed. And some one might come to the trumpeter, and say, "Why sound thy clarion? Weak women are made to tremble." "Yes," says he, "but better that weak minds should be made to tremble than that stout-hearted ones should perish; better these should be alarmed now than go quietly on until the enemy invests the city and puts them all to the sword." A startling time is often to come to the minister; the minister is not to be content to keep to ordinary subjects and deal with them in an ordinary manner. He must go out with a "Thus saith the Lord," and, like a new Elias, he must speak with fire from heaven hanging on his lips, and the thunders of God resting on his brow. He will never fully discharge his office if he is always playing on the harp, with its soft dulcet notes; he must take down the trumpet, the war trumpet, and blow an alarm, that all men may be warned thereby.

3. Again, I think I may add that *when the minister of Christ blows this trumpet aright, it is one that is pretty sure to be heard further than he himself is seen*. Men do not see a trumpeter sometimes, when they nevertheless hear the sound of his trumpet; and let but the minister of Christ preach out his Master's word, and "his line shall go forth to the ends of the earth." Let him be honest and faithful, and he need not fear that he shall lack hearers. That trumpet sound, it may be, shall be heard all over England here—across the channel shall it be heard—upon the Continent—shall go beyond the Alleghanies, and make the Rocky Mountains echo with the sound. Let him but preach the Gospel, and set the trumpet to the roof of his mouth, and all the world shall hear; or, at least, if they hear not he shall have ful-

filled his duty; and God will always find ears to listen to the sound that comes from an honest mouth. "Set the trumpet to thy mouth."

II. That is the command, and I mean to try and fulfil it while I deal with the second head—THE PARTICULAR REASON ASSIGNED. The reason why Hosea was to become a trumpeter at this particular time was this: The children of Israel had broken God's covenant; they had gone astray, and transgressed his law; therefore God was angry with them, and was about to smite them with sore judgments. Before, however, he smote them, he warned them. God does not give a word and a blow, but he gives a word and another word and another word, and, after that, there comes the blow; he warns before he strikes. The axe of God, like the axe of the Roman lictor, is bound up in a bundle of rods; he smites with the rod first, and if that suffice not, then he draws out the axe, and smites once, and its strokes are enough to destroy the soul.

Now, with regard to this church—God, I think, has put it into my heart to speak to you about your transgressions and your sins. And in this the trumpeter includes himself; and while he addresses the church and congregation, he intends, thereby, not to exempt a single person, unless there be one, indeed, who can claim exemption. Well, my brethren, to begin with ourselves—the members of this church—is there not good reason that the minister should always have the trumpet in his mouth to warn us of our particular sins. God has blessed us very greatly as a people; we have lived in the sunshine of his countenance; he has been pleased to give us success in our labours beyond our most sanguine anticipations. Whatever way our brethren turn their hands, God seems to prosper them—if not in their worldly business, yet certainly in their business for him. There is nothing which this church has undertaken but God has been pleased to give us success in it—nothing that I am aware of. But have we not, with all this, great, very great sins to confess before God? When I sit down and think of myself, I am, to my own self, a wonder and a marvel that God hath not cast me off; that he hath not said to me, "I will no more speak the word through thee. I will leave thee to thyself; thou shalt be like Samson when his hair was lost." And, oh! if he should say that to any of us, where should we be then? Brothers and sisters in the church, may not you, personally and collectively, cover your faces, and mourn, and weep, by reason of your own private and individual sins. Are you perfect? are you quite clear? Are your garments unspotted and unsullied? God forbid that you should say they are, for this were indeed to vaunt yourselves in pride. No, every man may weep apart, and his wife apart, and his children apart; for, with us, even with us, there are sins against the Lord our God. I sometimes fear, lest, as a people, we should be tempted to pride; lest we should conceive that the success with which God favours us is owing to something in ourselves—lest we should begin to say, "We are the men, and wisdom shall die with us." We stand in a position in which God has made us eminent by his blessing; but let us take heed lest, by exalting ourselves, we become like Capernaum—once lifted to heaven, but afterwards brought down to hell. There have been many churches which God has left. Riding through the country, we can see every now and then a large chapel, and when we inquire how the cause prospers, we are told that it is in the worst position possible. "But was it always so?" "No," it is said; "there was once a servant of God there, and the people gathered round him, and they walked well for a time, and there were many conversions." But, alas! they fell into sin and God left them, and there is Ichabod written on every piece of mortar in the walls; if you could see it, there is the great Tekel of Belshazzar put upon the pulpit. They have been weighed in the balances, and they have been found wanting. Shall it be so with us as a church? shall we be found wanting?

Shall I tell you—and here I speak without the slightest tone of severity—what I think some of our friends are somewhat wanting in? *A conscientious regard to social prayer.* There are some who are constant at the meetings for prayer, but I cannot conceal from myself the fact, that there are many also whose faces I never see there; or, if I see

them once a year, it is indeed a treat. I doubt not but that their business is so urgent that they could not constantly attend, but then I know there are others who do attend that have business that seems to me to be equally as urgent, and I think these absentees might come sometimes, at any rate. Now, if we begin by some of us neglecting the meetings for prayer, and if our neglect should increase, and those things spread abroad, we shall then be on the high-road to the loss of God's favour, and to the lacking all future prosperity.

Besides, may I not also say that there are *some, I fear, in the church, that have lost their first love?* It is remarkable to me, that there are so few in this church who have turned out to be deceivers. Sorrowful are the meetings when we have to excommunicate here and there one; but out of so vast a number we have great reason to thank God that they are comparatively so few. But oh! may there not be many among us who, if they cannot be made amenable to church discipline, are nevertheless rotten at the core? Have not we some that are like trees, fair on the outside, but inwardly their hearts are but fit to be tinder for the devil's tinder-box? Have we not too many among us who secretly are living in sin, whose practice in trade would not bear strict investigation, but who, nevertheless, cannot be laid hold of, because there is no gross vice, no open, no public and flagrant sin? And oh! brethren, if these things increase, if this spreading leprosy breaks out in the garments, it will spread, and God will come to abhor his own inheritance—will say of this church, "I will get me gone; I will abide here no more; but I will find a people who shall be more faithful to my word; who shall live more true to the promises and vows which they have made." I will set the trumpet to my mouth to-night, in behalf of every member of the church, and in behalf of myself also. Oh! brothers and sisters, the time is past that should suffice us to have wrought the will of the Gentiles; let us seek grace, that we may be purged from all the former conversation in the days of our flesh, that we may come out from the world, that we may be more and more separate from it, that there may be a greater distinctness between us and the sons of men; that we may prove to be what we profess to be—Israelites indeed, in whom is no guile. Oh, Christian Church! and oh, church in Park-street! if thou shalt fall from thine integrity thou wilt soon fall from thy prosperity. Suspend prayer and you suspend success. Break down our hedges, let in the hypocrites—or let them even come in by stealth—and the wild boar out of the wood must waste this church. And where are the goodly clusters now? Where are now the grapes of Eschol and where are the winepresses gushing with new wine? Famine hath devastated the land; black death hath covered all the vineyards; and the vines lament and they are burned up with fire. If God forsake us—and he will do it if we turn aside from him as a church—then this must be the result. The lamentation that I have taken up must be the lamentation of this place of worship, unless God keep us true in prayer, and diligent, and holy. God doth not cast away his people for ever, but he often casts away a separate church from its degree of usefulness; he doth not put out his lamps, but he does let them burn very low indeed, so that there is scarcely anything but a smoking flax left. May it never be so with us!

Having set my trumpet to my mouth to the members of the church, yet once more another blast of it to every one of you. Brothers and sisters in Christ, in the days of Jesus there was found a Judas in the midst of his twelve chosen apostles. "I have chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil." Is there not reason to fear that among the many hundreds of this church, there are to be found some who are like Judas? O traitor, if thou art still in the ranks, tremble to hear thy doom. O thou deceiver, the day is coming when judgment must begin at the house of God. Though chaff mingle with the wheat, the rushing, mighty wind is rising now; I hear it—I hear it in the distance and soon must it come and winnow this church, and thou—where art thou? Where wilt thou be when Christ shall take his fan in his hand and thoroughly purge his floor? Do not think, my dear friends, members of the church, that you

will be saved if you are out of Christ because you are members of the church. Remember Joab; he ran right into the tabernacle and took hold of the horns of the altar. Solomon said to Benaiah, "Fetch him forth." And Benaiah said, "Come forth from thence;" and he said, "No, but I will die here." And Benaiah sent to Solomon, and what think you? did the king spare Joab because he had his hands on the horns of the altar? No; he said, "Go and slay him there," and Benaiah thrust his sword through his loins while he had his hand on God's own sacred altar. So must it be with you. You may put your lip to the sacramental cup, you may come and sit round this table; even, as a deacon, you may come and enter this pulpit as a preacher; but unless your heart is right with God, with your hand upon the horns of God's altar you must be damned. From the pulpit you must go to the pit; you must descend from the table to commune at the feast of fiends; go from the general assembly and Church of the firstborn, to the general assembly and congregation of the lost in hell. I can blow my trumpet no louder than this to each one of you. Oh, hear it, hear it, hear it, church-members! listen to it and regard it now, and search and try yourselves and see whether ye be in Christ or not.

Yet one more blast at my trumpet, and this for those who are not members of the church, but who constantly attend upon the ministry of the Gospel. Oh! ungodly hearers, the day is coming when you shall have no man to warn you, when you shall have no one to invite you to come to Christ. Sabbath-days will not last for ever; eternity is drawing near, and bears in its hand the stamp that must seal your doom. I remember a sermon of William Dawson's on Death, the three heads of which were—"First, Death is following after us; secondly, he will certainly catch us; thirdly, we don't know when." That third head is a very solemn one—we don't know *when*; and what if it should be to-night? Hear the blast of my trumpet—"Consider your Ways;" "Prepare to meet thy God." "Stand in awe and sin not; commune with thine own heart upon thy bed and be still." "Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way when his wrath is kindled but a little." Sinner, while the lamp holds out to burn, turn thou and live; else this know, that when that lamp is quenched God's mercy is quenched too for thee, and thou art cast away into the outer darkness, where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. "He heard the sound of the trumpet, and he took not warning; his blood shall be upon his own head." Remember that; if all that is said shall be of no avail to you, then shall he that blew the trumpet be clear, but on your own head shall be your doom for ever and ever.

And now I have to stand here and mourn because I cannot sound this trumpet as I should. Oh that I had a voice powerful enough to find its way into the poor, dead, stony hearts of sinners dead in trespasses and sins! Oh! it were easy work to preach if we preached to none but the living in Jerusalem; but to have to talk to hard stones that will not break, and speak to icebergs that will not melt, that is a work that requires large faith, and which often is enough to damp our spirits. And yet must we come back to it again, for the thought of eternity rises upon us; we see sinners plunging down to hell in one awful stream; we see the grave glutted with their corpses, and hell swollen with their blood; we mark how every night sucks in its prey, and how every day shuts its devouring jaws upon the helpless thousands of our race, and we cannot be still; especially when we have before us some who will go there from these galleries and from these pews to help to feed the everlasting burnings. Did I say there should be some such? I mean, "Except they repent they shall all likewise perish." If we could but look any one man in the face, and know that he would be in torment within a year, oh, what pity we should feel for him! We should scarcely rest. I am quite sure I should not sleep to-night—I should lie tossing on my bed, crying to God for mercy on that poor man. Methinks I would not stop a moment before I would go to him and tell him the way of salvation. Ah! but there is not one only, but scores, perhaps hundreds, in this place of worship, who have no hope. They are prayerless men, whose

knees never bend in prayer before their Maker—hard-hearted men, that never trembled yet—never sought and never found Christ. Ah! poor friends, poor friends, we can well weep for you and sigh for you, and all the more because you will not weep and will not sigh for yourselves. To be on the high-road to hell, and yet be trifling with eternal things! to be on the brink of perdition, and jesting at religion! to be nearing the everlasting burnings, and yet to afford to break the Sabbath-day and tread the blood of Christ beneath your feet! Oh! this is mad work. Bedlam has not a man more insane within its walls—a more mad, manacled wretch—than the creature who knows that the wrath of God abideth on him, and yet makes merry, and dances to the sound of his own funeral knell—goes leaping to the gallows tree, and, chanting a song, bows his neck to the death-block and the gleaming axe. O Spirit of God, it is thine to wake the dead and thine to turn the heart; do thou it, for all the blast of our trumpet cannot do it unless thou take the work in hand.

(To be continued.)

## ON SERVING CHRIST.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHELTENHAM.

SOME persons, now-a-days, don't like the title MASTER. It must be EMPLOYER, or GOVERNOR, or something of that kind. But I confess, I have no sympathy with such. I should not like to call Jesus my EMPLOYER, or my GOVERNOR, but I do love to call him my MASTER. I rejoice in the fact, that I am in his service, and that I can say, "*I love my Master, and I will not go out free.*" I consider it an honour to serve Jesus, and I find much of my happiness in it. I propose, therefore, that we shall for a few minutes consider, "*The honour and happiness of serving Christ.*" Serving Christ implies that we know him, for no one can serve Christ while ignorant of him. We know Christ first as a Saviour, and receiving salvation from him, we come to know him as a Master, and obey him. The Holy Spirit teaches us our need of Christ, and our misery without Christ. He then leads us to Christ, revealing the glory of his person, the merit of his blood, and the freeness of his grace. He prompts us to seek, until we find an interest in Christ. He then unfolds to us his claims upon our persons and obedience, and leads us to surrender ourselves to him, with, "What wilt thou have me to do?" Enjoying peace through his blood, and desiring to be engaged in his service, we soon find out our proper sphere of labour, and engage heartily in his work. For him we speak to sinners. For him we visit the fatherless and the widow, the sick and the afflicted. For him we circulate Bibles, Testaments, and religious tracts. For him we build houses of prayer, and help, by our contributions and prayers, to hold up the hands of his ministers. For him we deny ourselves, mortify the deeds of the body, and strive to save souls from death. Not to be praised or applauded by our fellow-men, not to satisfy conscience or gratify a vain mind, but to serve and honour Jesus, we part with our property, give our time, and employ our talents.

In order to serve Christ, *we must love him*, for it is only the service that flows from love that is pleasant to him, or is accepted by him. He wins our love by showing us that he has taken our place, suffered our desert, and died in our stead; by proposing to take us into the closest union with his person, and make us sharers with him, in his riches, honours, and glory. Having now our warmest love, he gives us to realize his infinite wisdom, which brings us to approve of, and admire, his institutions and commands. Now, nothing will satisfy the loving heart, but the entire consecration of the person and talents to his service. To serve Jesus, and to serve Jesus only, is the deep and all-conquering desire of the soul. He must be the MASTER; he must command and rule. Obedience is pleasure. To do the will of Jesus, is a perfect treat; in any way to honour Jesus, is a source of happiness and satisfaction. His service is perfect freedom.

The service of Jesus is *honourable*. The servants of the Crown, in our own country, consider it an honour to be selected by her Majesty, to be associated with her, and to serve her. But think of being selected by Jesus, the King of kings, and Lord of lords, to be near his person, to form part of his court, and to serve him. If the Queen of Sheba felt constrained to say to Solomon, when she saw the splendour of his palace, and heard his wisdom, "Happy are thy men, happy are these thy servants, which stand continually before thee, and that hear thy wisdom," how much more happy, and how much more honoured, are the servants of the Lord Jesus? Yes, it is an honour, a high honour, to be permitted to serve our God and Saviour. Consider who he is—"the only begotten of the Father," "the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person," "the heir of all things," "the only wise God our Saviour," "God over all, and blessed for ever." To serve him, and to serve him out of pure love, is indeed honour. Consider, also, to what it introduces. It introduces us into the presence of the Father; it associates us with the Holy Spirit; it connects us with the innumerable company of the angels, and the spirits of the just men made perfect; and it will, at length, introduce us to the glorious service in the upper, better, and brighter world.

The service of Jesus is *happy* service. It is not the service of the slave, but of the freeman; not of the hireling, but of the loving child. It must be happy, for it flows from pure love. It must be happy, for it leads us to Jesus, and is performed in the strength of the spirit of Jesus. It must be happy, for it secures the smile, the approbation, and the plaudit of Jesus. Oh, the thought of hearing Jesus say, "WELL DONE!" Oh, the thought of pleasing Jesus now, and having our poor services acknowledged by Jesus before assembled worlds! To serve Jesus, in ever so humble a way, in ever so imperfect a manner, must render us happy, for *in* keeping his commandments there is a great reward. True, the imperfection of our service will humble us, and that we can do so little for him who has done so much for us, will grieve us. But, notwithstanding all, the service of a child of God, the service of a servant of Christ, is happy service. If it be happy below, all imperfect as it is, what will it be above? Ah, what! Tongue cannot tell—heart cannot conceive. But all who now serve Jesus out of love will soon know, for they who now serve him in the streets and lanes of the city, or in the highways and hedges, below, will be called up to serve him day and night in his temple, and so be for ever with him. If we are out-door servants now, we shall be in-door servants soon; the service of the field will be exchanged for the service of the inner sanctuary.

Beloved, *are you serving Christ?* Is Jesus your own beloved Master? If so, self is denied; it must be so, for he has said, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it." Jesus must therefore be preferred to ease or pleasure, to health or wealth, to honour, or even life itself. No one knows Jesus, as he should be known—loves Jesus, as he should be loved—esteems Jesus, as he should be esteemed—or serves Jesus, as he should be served—except he is ready to do anything or go anywhere for him, or even to lay down his life for his sake. That must be a good master, who deserves that his servant should die for him; and that master is Jesus. That must be a good servant, who is willing to lay down his life for his master's sake; but such are all the true-hearted servants of the Son of God. Their only fear is, lest, if put to the trial, their faith should fail, and their courage give way. Most heartily do they desire strength, and seek grace, to die for their Master, if he should require it at their hands.

*Are you serving Christ?* Then take him, as the Servant of the Father, for your example, as he says, "If any man serve him, let him follow me." That is, let him take me for his example, imitate me, do as I have done. He sought not his own glory, but the glory of the Father which sent him. His meat was to do the will of his Father, and to finish his work. If he spoke, he gave utterance to his Father's



words. If he wrought, he did the works of his Father. Always and everywhere, he sought in all things to honour his Father. *Are you serving Christ?* Think of the happiness that awaits you. Jesus says, "Where I am, there shall also my servant be." What, be where Jesus is! Be with Jesus for ever! Yes, for thus he prayed, and the Father always hears him, "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, may be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me; for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world."

*Are you serving Jesus?* Think of the honour that awaits you. Your Master says, "If any man serve me, him will my Father honour." It was an important question, once proposed by an Eastern monarch, "What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honour?" Haman could answer that. But what shall be done unto the man whom the King of kings delighteth to honour? Who can answer this question? No created intelligence can tell what God has prepared—no created powers of description can set forth what God will confer on the servants of his beloved Son. Let it suffice us for the present to know, that the Apostle has informed us that "we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." Like Jesus! what can I desire beyond this?

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## AN EARNEST CALL TO CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE ANNUAL SESSION OF THE BAPTIST UNION,

By the Hon. and Rev. BAPTIST W. NOEL, A.M.

WE all know very well, I trust, that God has been pleased, beyond all question, to work mightily in the hearts of numbers of people in various parts of the earth. In America he has converted large numbers—saved them from hell, and made them his own children and heirs of heaven—in the north of Ireland, in various parts of Scotland, in both North and South Wales, and in Sweden also. It naturally leads us to say, Why is England behind? Is God reluctant to bless us? Why does Cardiganshire add twenty-five thousand members to one denomination, while we are doing so little? Has the Gospel lost its power amongst us?

Jesus has given a very plain command, which is not fulfilled either in London or in England, "Go and preach the Gospel to every creature." That is not done in London or in England. It is not done in any of the towns where our Baptist churches are placed. Who can say there is not preaching power enough in London to do it? There is enough in London, and ten times over, to do it; and yet it is not done. Jesus says, Go and preach the Gospel to every creature; go and disciple the nations by it; go and convert them by it. And yet this is not done. Where the command has been observed a corresponding blessing has followed. I know of no exception. Preaching and prayer have always been attended with a blessing from on high. It

was so in the days of Whitefield and Wesley. I was staying in a town in Cornwall, a short time ago, and it was told me that there was an item in the parish records to this effect: "Paid to Mrs. So-and-so"—the keeper of a public-house—"7s. 6d. for driving away the Methodists." That place now contains a population of 10,000 souls; and there are fourteen Wesleyan chapels, all of them filled on the Sabbath-day. All the families in the town, except five, are Wesleyans. That is the result of the attention which was given to the command, "Go and preach the Gospel to every creature." The Wesleyans preached, and the Lord went with them. Are we Baptists doing this? We have far greater advantages than the Methodists had. You cannot see the theatres, and other places to which the working classes have access, crowded every Sabbath, without being convinced that there is a disposition to listen to the preaching of the Gospel greater than our forefathers experienced; and the question for us is—Are we the men to avail ourselves of this disposition, or shall we slumber on? Are our churches so paralyzed that we cannot obey the call? Have we no faith, no love, no zeal, no moral power, and must we die in the same state? Is that the case or not?

I was at Wisbeach last year, and I preached in the Wesleyan, Baptist, and Independent chapels there—the latter

mainly. There was a uniting of all the Dissenters at the chapel services; but the Church-people did not come. So for their benefit I preached in the market-place, in the open air, and a large number of Church-people were got together along with the others. My experience there proved to me that the people are willing to listen to the Gospel if there are men to preach it; and if we had it fastened in our consciences that we ought to do our part towards making people hear it, could we not do a great deal more than we are doing at present? I am aware that Baptist ministers in country places have peculiar difficulties, but they are not insurmountable. We can all preach, if we will, to the working classes, and I confess that I look to these classes with special hope. They are the masses of the people, and if we can but influence them we can work upon all the other orders of society.

Now can we not do more than we have done? Let us look at the question in a practical light. Some £700 were contributed last year to the Irish Evangelical Society for the preaching of the Gospel to every person in Ulster. Half that sum would do much towards making the same experiment in England. I am satisfied that large numbers are willing to listen if we had the heart to preach. But suppose we went out as Baptists determined to make the Gospel known to every person in a particular county; we should be said to be sectarian, and have people up against us. What we want, then, is to endeavour to get others to join us to make the Gospel fully known to our countrymen. It seems to me that we should seek to unite all who love the Lord, and are willing to engage in this work of preaching the Gospel to everybody. The way to set about it would be to take the country in detail. Suppose we were to take Rutlandshire, the smallest county, and resolve that everybody there should hear of Christ's salvation; would not that be very practicable, and at small cost of time, labour, and money? If we do set about such a work we must make up our minds to preach everywhere, not only in chapels, but in school-rooms, barns, farm-houses, public halls, town halls, on village greens, and wherever the people will come together. In the summer season the open air—under the blue canopy of heaven—will be the best, when large numbers are drawn together.

There are a thousand churches associated

in this union. Could we not get them all to say, We will put these thousand chapels at the disposal of a band of Evangelists? If these thousand churches would do this, they would at least show that they had a desire for the Gospel to be preached to every Englishman, and I think God would bless that disposition.

Then *who* should preach? I want everybody to preach. I believe we have been and are too official. That is my deliberate opinion. We should, I think, teach the churches that it is the duty and the privilege of all Christian men to preach the Gospel to their neighbours. Now suppose twelve men were to go into Rutlandshire or Suffolk—a band composed of all denominations, not excluding the Primitives—all sections of Nonconformists. (Dr. Steane: And clergymen?) And Episcopalian clergymen, too, if they are willing to join; and I think some would, but not many. They are placed in a position which will not allow of their doing so. One Episcopal brother said to me, "I will preach with you anywhere. I am quite ready to join with you." I replied, "Just consider well first before you do so;" and my friend has pursued the matter no further. And I hold that it would not be a right thing for a clergyman to preach in our chapels until he had made up his mind to take a further step.

But it is not enough that clergymen should unite together to preach to the people. God has been teaching us most signally that other men are fully as fitted to preach the Gospel to the people as we are. Mr. North and Mr. Ratcliffe are now recognized as Evangelists in Scotland, but they had to preach before they were so recognized. They could not get an ordination first. They began to preach—asking no man's leave—and now they are recognized as Evangelists. But there are others who can preach as well as they can who are not yet recognized. I might tell you of a Mr. Weaver, a converted collier, who was dining with me yesterday, and of a Mr. Turner, also a labouring man, both of whom can preach well and with power to the masses of the people. Suppose they can hardly read their texts, why should they be hindered from preaching any more than the demonic in the Gospel, who went through the ten cities of Decapolis, proclaiming the Gospel of the kingdom? The people would probably say to him, "Why, you were but yesterday a naked savage!" He would reply, "But I can tell you what the blessed

Jesus has done for me. I have not been at college, but I love the Saviour, and I want you to love him. It is just because I was a demoniac, and am now a Christian, that I can preach." If we can get such men as I have mentioned to preach, the people will see that there is nothing of a sectarian or official character in the work. But we shall do well for our own sakes, as a denomination, to be the first to engage in it. Companies of twelve would not require much organization, and the expense would not be heavy. There was great truth applicable to the present time in the saying of the Frenchman, who remarked, "There is so much of religious thought just now in society, that the church that will take the first step in advance will gain the world." The church that shows it is not dead of routine and red tape, but has life and longs to do good, will act wondrously on men's consciences just now. Our aim should be to get at the worst of the people—to those who like to meet to beat each other to pieces, and those who look on and applaud when the eyes of the one are blinded, or the arm of the other broken. We should try to get even at those people—that is what we want—and preach to them the Gospel. And I do not know how it is to be done except by a general effort to preach the Gospel to every creature.

But we require, first of all, to feel profoundly abased before God for our low estate. I am sure I do. We must begin any work for God by being first driven to look at our own hearts, and feeling that we are vile. I know I am. I do not live for eternity half enough. Do we, any of us? Are we sufficiently grateful to that great Redeemer who has washed us from our sins in his own blood, and is going to place us with himself in a blissful eternity. If he would make us see his own glory—and we must try to see it—then we should be humble. And when we felt that there was no sin on our consciences, but that all was washed away by his blood—when we saw that heaven was ours, and felt that God was our Father, and experienced the Spirit dwelling within us as a temple—then we should be fully prepared, like Isaiah, to respond to the cry of the Lord, "Who will go for us?" Go where? and to what? To prison, to battle with the wicked, to meet devils and men, to bear hardships, to suffer loss, and to be slain, it may be. "Who will go for us?" When Isaiah had seen God, and seen him-

self, he asked nothing then, but said, "Here am I, send me." If we see God and ourselves, and know we are going to glory, then we shall say the same, and we shall go forth in the name of God, and proclaim the Gospel to the people who are not reluctant to listen. There are many men well fitted to preach the Gospel who are not ministers, as I have said. I have mentioned Mr. Weaver, a converted collier, who has been preaching to multitudes of people at Sheffield and elsewhere, and has produced great effect, I believe. He had been a prize-fighter, and was never beaten in his life. They called him "Undaunted Dick." When he became converted, his companions made game of him. One man stole his coal, and was about to send it up the shaft as his own, and he could have got a shilling a load for it; when Weaver saw him. He came to the man, and said, "My being a Christian don't oblige me to encourage theft; that coal is mine, not yours." "But," said the man, "I mean to have it." "Then," said Weaver, "we must see which is the strongest," and he took the coal. The man was in a great fury, and struck him in the face, and wanted to get him to fight, but Weaver said, "My Master says, 'If thine enemy smite thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other also;'" and he let the man hit him again, and did not return the blow. When the man had exhausted his fury, he returned to his work. This happened on the Saturday. On the Monday the man came to Mr. Weaver, trembling, and pale as death, and fell down upon his knees before him as if he were a god, and said, "Do forgive me. You have never been out of my mind since Saturday. Oh! do forgive me." "If you are sorry for what you did," said Mr. Weaver, "I freely forgive you, my friend." That man has been since awakened, and so have many others, by Weaver's preaching, which I do not wonder to hear melts hundreds of his hearers to tears. I should like to hear him preach myself, and think it a privilege to sit under such a man. He preaches from the heart, from the character, from the life—every inch a preacher. If we can get the same advantages along with education, so much the better.

Last night Mr. Ratcliffe was preaching at my chapel; and after the service 200 persons retired to the vestry; and it was especially asked that none but unconverted persons should do so. We conversed with many of them who were full of anxiety,

and urged them not to leave the room till they had found Jesus. Husbands and wives, young men and young women, and even dear children, boys and girls, were all weeping for their sins, and saying they wanted to find Christ. Why should we not see that all over the country, if we are the true men? I will not detain you longer; but put it to you whether the plan I have suggested can be carried out—whether the ministers and churches of the Baptist denomination would like to see such a company as I have described just come into a place and say, “We will preach the Gospel to every creature in this place before we leave it?” and whether the ministerial brethren will be prepared to give three months in the summer to assist in making this attempt throughout England?

[Nearly two hours were spent in conversation on the general subject involved in Mr. Noel's speech, and a number of most interesting facts were mentioned relative to the diffusion and reception of the Gospel in the United Kingdom, but no resolution was proposed upon the specific plan which Mr. Noel had sketched. It appeared from the official report of the Union that the number of members added to the 980 churches of the association, which had reported during the year, has been 10,005; or rather more than ten to each church. Mr. Lehmann, of Berlin, mentioned that there had been added to the persecuted Baptist churches on the Continent during the year over 10,000 or about 15 to each church, so that now, as in olden times, the more these churches have been persecuted, the more their numbers have increased.]

### THE NEW THEOLOGICAL CONTROVERSY.

“THE Baldwin Brown controversy rages,” says the *Dial*, concerning which we give the following *résumé* of facts from our popular contemporary the *Christian World*.

“The volume of sermons recently published by the Rev. James Baldwin Brown, B.A., Minister of the Congregational Chapel, Clapham-road, is giving rise to a very significant controversy, and one that is likely to have important issues. At present we shall refrain from expressing any opinion, contenting ourselves with a brief statement of facts. The volume in question has been extensively reviewed in the periodical press. To most of the critics it greatly commended itself as a literary production, and was said to treat of the old Gospel verities ‘with much freshness of thought;’ but, with very few exceptions, we believe, grave objections were made by the strictly religious press to some of the author's views on the Atonement and Justification by Faith, which were alleged to savour too much of the unorthodox opinions of Professors Maurice and Scott, to whom Mr. Brown in his preface acknowledged the obligations he felt as a Christian student. At length there appeared, in the columns of our contemporary,

the *Freeman*, an article in which the faults of Mr. Brown were clearly pointed out and condemned, and his excellences commended. The *Baptist Magazine*, which had, before this, spoken well of the book, subsequently gave admission to a couple of articles from the pen of the Rev. J. H. Hinton, M.A., entitled ‘Strictures,’ which, when issued as a pamphlet, the *Freeman* thought it necessary to say were not altogether just. This line of procedure on the part of the Baptist paper appears to have led Dr. Steane, of Camberwell, to fear that himself and other Baptist ministers might be compromised in the public estimation in the denominational organ. He therefore penned a letter to the editor of the *Freeman*, setting forth his belief that the passages of Mr. Brown's volume, on which Mr. Hinton had founded his strictures, contained ‘pernicious error,’ and expressing his thanks to Mr. Hinton for the ‘timely and valuable service he had rendered to Evangelical Christianity by his animadversions.’ Before this letter was despatched to the *Freeman*, it is understood to have been sent to several Baptist pastors of London; the result was that six of them added their names to that of Dr. Steane.\*

#### \* COPY OF THE PROTEST.

(To the Editors of the *Freeman*.)

DEAR SIR,—We are constrained to address you by considerations which, if we may not say they are imperative, appear to us too urgent and weighty to be resisted. We entertain, however, so high a sense of the value of free and unbiassed criticism and are so jealous of infringing on the proper

Now it happened that Mr. Brown had been invited and had accepted the invitation to be one of the speakers at the annual meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society; and, if we are correctly informed, Mr. Spurgeon boldly wrote to the committee expressing the hope that Mr. Brown would not be allowed to occupy the place intended for him after what had occurred; and the letter is said to have been very strongly worded. One version of the affair which has got abroad is that Mr. Spurgeon said he would do his utmost to have Mr. Brown removed from the platform if he should venture to appear upon it; *but this is most assuredly incorrect.* The fact is that Mr. Spurgeon intimated that he would

prefer to see the society 'broken up,' or would help to demolish it, rather than that Mr. Brown should be one of its representatives in Exeter-hall. Thereupon the committee met to consider the matter, and having done so, unanimously resolved *not* to ask Mr. Brown to cancel his engagement, but to let it stand. It seems, however, that Mr. Brown heard something of what had been said and done, and prudently removed any difficulty there might be in the way by informing the committee that he was quite ready to give place to some other speaker likely to be more entirely acceptable. The matter of the ministerial protest was a theme in several of the Metropolitan pulpits, we believe, on Sunday, April 15.

liberty of a public journal, that we address you with great reluctance, and only under the influence of what we deem our duty at once to ourselves, and to what we regard as important theological truth.

Our duty to ourselves seems to us to require that we should, with your permission, explicitly state in your columns that the review in your last number of Mr. Hinton's strictures on the recent work of the Rev. J. B. Brown, is so far from expressing *our* sentiments that we altogether disagree with the writer's estimate both of the theological principles Mr. Brown avows, and of the service which Mr. Hinton has rendered to evangelical truth by his strictures upon them. The *Freeman* is so generally assumed to be connected with the Baptist denomination, that but for such a disclaimer as we now send you, that review might be supposed to speak the sense of the body. A more erroneous opinion could not, as far as we know, be entertained. At all events *our* position as Baptist ministers is well known, and we speak for ourselves.

We shall not indulge in any indefinite censures on the character and tendency of Mr. Brown's volume; but we feel constrained to say that the passages on which Mr. Hinton founds his strictures contain in our judgment pernicious error. We would not hold an author responsible for the inferences which may seem to another fairly deducible from his statements, and we entertain the hope that Mr. Brown does not see the consequences which we think inevitably follow from some of his principles. But we do not hesitate to avow our conviction, that both the principles and their consequences, whether categorically stated or involved in a metaphor, go to subvert the whole scheme of God's moral government as revealed in the sacred Scriptures, and with it those precious truths which cluster round the cross and centre in it, and which for that reason are most distinctive of the Gospel and most fundamental to it.

In our judgment, therefore, Mr. Hinton has rendered a timely and valuable service to Evangelical Christianity by his animadversions on those portions of Mr. Brown's book; and for our parts we thank God that our brother's pen has been so well and so ably employed. We are no more lovers of controversy in the church than your reviewer, but if errors subversive of the Gospel are advocated by some of her ministers, it is the duty of others to withstand them; and we honour Mr. Hinton, that, at a period of life when he might be naturally desirous of repose, he has stepped forward in the vindication and defence of some of the vital doctrines of the faith.

Nor, in conclusion, can we refrain from expressing our earnest hope that our pulpits may be preserved from the sentiments which Mr. Brown has published, and which we *cannot but fear your reviewer approves.* Without conjuring up any "phantasmal hydra" of heterodoxy, as your reviewer speaks, and imagining that it is beginning to be rampant in our churches, which we do not for a moment suppose or believe, we take the liberty of saying that we trust our ministers will continue to be students of Howe, and Charnock, and Hall, and Fuller, rather than draw their theology from Maurice, Professor Scott, and others of the same school whom Mr. Brown so strongly recommends. Above all, we desire affectionately to caution those in the ministry who are younger than ourselves, against that style of preaching, which, under the pretentious affectation of being intellectual, grows ashamed of the old and vulgar doctrines of man's guilt as well as of his total depravity, of Christ's atonement and satisfaction for sin, of justification by the imputation of his righteousness through faith, of the new birth by the agency of the Holy Spirit, and, in a word, of that scheme of dogmatic Christian truth which is popularly known under the designation of "the doctrines of grace." Those doctrines are dear to us as epitomising and concentrating the theology of the Bible, and as constituting, through the presence and power of the Christian Comforter, the spiritual life of our churches.

Pardon us in one final word to yourselves. By whomsoever the evil work of lowering the estimate entertained of the value of these doctrines, and so diminishing their influence, may be perpetrated, let it be far from you, as the conductors of one of our public denominational journals, to further it with your countenance, or to lend it even the semblance of your aid.

We are, dear sirs, yours very faithfully,

EDWARD STEANE.  
DANIEL KATEMNS.  
C. H. SPURGEON.  
CHARLES STANFORD.

W. G. LEWIS, jun.  
WILLIAM BROOK.  
JOSEPH ANGUS.

London, April 9, 1860.

Mr. Spurgeon we know preached very strongly on the one side, and the Rev. W. Kirkus, of Hackney, as strongly on the other. The latter gentleman denounced the attempt made, as he said, 'to hunt down our honest and most spiritual Christian teachers, because they did not always speak in the stereotyped language of the schools.'

"Mr. Brown subsequently addressed the following communication to the editors of the *Freeman* :—

"Sirs,—I hold no controversy with the seven Baptist ministers who have joined Mr. Spurgeon in a deliberate effort to prejudice my ministry, and the book which I have recently published on the 'Divine Life in Man.'

"Somany Christian brethren have testified to me that they find the book full of the light of those truths which I am said to weaken or deny, that I am able to bear with great composure the judgment of my critics.

"I content myself with declaring, in the belief that there are men in the Baptist ministry candid enough to find my words credible, that the doctrines of grace, in the broad, full evangelic sense of the term, have for nearly twenty years been the great theme of my ministry, and, if I know my own heart, will be till I die.

"I pray these seven to bear more faithful witness to their Master's words in their ministry, than they have borne to mine, and am, yours faithfully,

"J. BALDWIN BROWN.

"P.S.—Is it too much to expect that those papers which have copied the protest, will do me the justice to insert this brief reply ?

"While we feel it to be a matter of simple justice to give insertion to Mr. Baldwin Brown's letter, it is, to say the least of the matter, not a little remarkable that Mr. Brown should hold to the 'doctrines of grace in the broad, full, evangelic sense of the term' as he here professes to do; and at the same time declare his full appreciation of, as model teachers of truth, Professors Maurice and Scott, whose published works are most decidedly antagonistic to, and subversive of, the fundamental truths of the Gospel. It is not ingenuous either on the part of Mr. Brown to insinuate that the protest originated with Mr. Spurgeon, when, at the same time, he was fully aware that it was prepared, as we have stated above, by the Rev. Dr. Steane, of Camber-

well, who is deservedly revered as one of the fathers of the Baptist denomination."

It is also a matter of grave suspicion that the *Inquirer*, a Unitarian paper, sums up an article on this controversy, by saying :— "It is not a little encouraging to us, who have maintained a faithful confession through long years of ill-report, to find the most thoughtful and earnest of the younger school of orthodox ministers gradually and painfully struggling, amid much opposition, towards the recognition of the same conclusions which we have long advocated as the highest truth of the Scriptures. With deep sympathy do we watch their struggles, praying that they may have strength from above to quit themselves like true men in the contest, and to follow the *whole truth* faithfully wheresoever it may lead them." The *Dial*, in quoting this extract, very significantly adds :—"Mr. Brown will probably say, 'Save me from my friends!'"

We understand that at the annual meeting of the Baptist Union, held April 20, one of the ministers present introduced a resolution expressive of sympathy with the Rev. J. H. Hinton's strictures upon Mr. Brown's book, and with the writers of the protest, and a lengthened discussion ensued, after which the resolution was withdrawn, it being considered that the question did not come within the province of the Union.

We cannot but express our deep regret that any of the ministers of Jesus should give an uncertain sound upon so great a doctrine as the justification of a sinner before God, or use such forms of speech as would imply that their own minds are undecided. Upon a careful perusal of the book, and especially having read Mr. Brown's letter to the protesters, given above, we are not so confident that he totally ignores the imputation of Christ's righteousness to the believer, as some of his critics seem to be. He speaks unadvisedly, ambiguously, and in language different to that in current use, but disclaims the denial of the doctrine of justification. Still, we wish that all the ambassadors of the cross would boldly and unequivocally declare the truth in all its integrity, without fear of being considered antiquated or hyper-orthodox. The tendencies in the human mind to dilute and deteriorate Gospel verities are so specious and perpetual in their action, that a minister had better err on the side of too great strictness and severity than follow the stream of lax and indefinite theology, which has ever been disastrous to the truth, and

damaging to the Church of Christ. We think Mr. Brown painfully exemplifies the truth of this observation. On page 116 of his book, he speaks thus: "I simply record my conviction that the word 'forensic,' and all the conceptions which cluster round it, are a grievous hindrance to the spirit in its efforts to penetrate that region of reality in which the righteous Father of our spirits is dealing in mercy, and, therefore, in justice and truth, with his sinful child." This, even though it were true, with regard to the generally-received doctrine of justification and the methods of setting it forth, is ambiguous, and only correct in this sense, viz., that human language and ideas utterly fail to give an adequate exhibition of such sublime verities. But that he did not consider himself as denying the truth taught in such imperfect forms, is clear from the following:—"On the other hand, what is called the subjective view, in which the atonement is conceived of as simply acting on the human spirit, and setting right its relations to God by kindling its love; though it sets forth a great truth, fails wholly to fathom the depths of the case. In some other sense, than the 'subjective' sense, 'He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and by his stripes we are healed.'" For this frank declaration we are thankful, and yet it is our conviction that such a style of writing or speaking upon such Divine themes, however fit for the Review, is utterly out of place in the Pulpit. Let all who preach Christ know that their work is to declare, if possible, without controversy, and at all times in simplicity, that man is lost, guilty, helpless, and estranged from God; and that the obedience and death of Christ, and the spirit of life in Christ Jesus, are alike necessary for the salvation of the soul. We would rather see them stand on the side of Anselm, Methone, Thomas Aquinas, Calvin, and the Westminster divines, than they should be found amongst the Mystics of the middle ages, or the Papal supporters of the doctrine of works; still less do we admire the modern, recent versions of these early perversions of the truth, which are less intelligible and distinct than the originals. The great doctrine of justification by faith is the leading element in evangelical truth. It forms a line of distinction between Socinians, Pelagians, and Popery, and itself. The key-stone of truth would be taken

away if this were removed, and the whole edifice of Scriptural Christianity be exposed to crumble into ruins with their parent error—a contrary view of the work of Christ. A man's views upon this question, whether he be conscious of it or not, are a fair index to what he thinks on other subjects, and, where they are defective, are symptomatic of other errors and discrepancies, which may at any time develop themselves in dogmas opposed to the simplicity and vitality of the Gospel. We have fought the battle with the advocates of works, indulgences, and priestly usurpation; and our fathers shed their blood, as a token of their love to him who gave himself a RANSOM for them, and for the entire Church. We have now to meet a more impalpable, insidious foe, awakened from the slumbers of ages past; and, we regret to say it, its sepulchre has been opened, and its grave-clothes unbound, by professedly Protestant evangelical hands. What is termed the "forensic" idea of justification was, we believe, that which the Apostles preached, and certainly the early fathers—such as Clement, Ignatius, Justin Martyr, and Augustine. It is an ominous fact that this view of justification began to be disputed and despised at the same period that several vital errors respecting the person of Christ found their way into the Church. But when God gave new life to the Church in modern times, he gave her men who were earnest advocates thereof, and upon their ministry there rested a very large and peculiar blessing. On the Protestant principle, justification is not the change of the sinner's heart, but relates to his standing before God and in the eye of the law; and sanctification is the process by which righteousness is wrought in us; and these two great departments of the work of human redemption, we believe, should be distinctly recognized, and both earnestly and plainly preached. As we are justified by faith, it must either be by *something found in its object*, or by some *intrinsic worth in itself*: if the former, we see the necessity for our acceptance of the truth that "he (Christ) was made *sin* for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the *righteousness* of God in him;" if the latter, faith is invested with the character of *a work, a merit*, and then salvation cannot be by grace, nor can boasting be excluded. We can cheerfully say with Justin Martyr, "He gave his Son a ransom for us; the Holy One for transgressors; the innocent for

the guilty; the just for the unjust; the incorrupt for the corrupt; the immortal for mortals. For what else could hide or cover our sins but his righteousness? In whom else could we wicked and ungodly ones be justified, or esteemed righteous but in the Son of God alone? O sweet permutation or change! O unsearchable work, or curious operation! O blessed beneficence exceeding all expectation! That the iniquity of many should be hid in one just One, and the righteousness of One should

justify many transgressors!" May it please God graciously to vouchsafe to all his servants the grace to abase the sinner, and exalt Christ alone; to unfold the sin, depravity, and guilt of men, and the divine, sovereign, free, and boundless mercy of the great Advocate and Redeemer. Our churches will then flourish; the Spirit will take of the things of Christ and show them to the people, and great grace shall rest upon all the children of God.

## BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF SEVENTY-FIVE DISTINGUISHED BAPTIST MINISTERS.\*

BY THE REV. J. J. OWEN, OF LONDON.

27. W. YATES, D.D., was born at Loughborough, in the county of Leicester, Dec. 15, 1792, and was baptized there before the completion of his fourteenth year. About this time he was led to reflect on the importance of missionary labour by a sermon he heard on the subject. In his twentieth year he entered Bristol College. During the progress of his studies he offered himself to the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, and was accepted by them for labour in India. He left England Oct. 28, 1814. For a short time he resided at Serampore, but in the year 1817 he removed to Calcutta, where he continued through the remainder of his laborious life, with the exception of a visit he paid to America and England in the years 1827-28. From this period is to be dated his special consecration to the work of Biblical translation, which he pursued with indefatigable zeal and extraordinary success till the commencement of 1845. On account of his declining health he undertook a second voyage to England, in the course of which he entered into rest. He died on the 3rd of July, 1845, and his remains were committed to the deep in the Red Sea.

28. WILLIAM B. GURNEY, Esq., was born at Stamford Hill, Dec. 27, 1777, and was descended from the house of Gurney, some of whose members came over to England with William the Conqueror. Mr. Gurney was received into church fellowship at Mazepond, in August, 1796. His whole career was one of distinguished usefulness, and although not a regular minister, yet he was frequently engaged in preaching the Gospel. He was prominently associated with the Foreign Mission and Steney College for many years, and was also the warm supporter of many other benevolent institutions. During the time he was treasurer of the mission, the resources of the society were largely augmented, and the number of missionaries was doubled. Mr. Gurney fell asleep March 25, 1855.

29. JOHN RYLAND, sen., was born at Stow-in-the-Wold, Gloucestershire, in 1723. In his eighteenth year he became a member of the Baptist church at Bourton-on-the-Water, and

soon after removed to Bristol, to prepare for the ministry under the direction of the Rev. Bernard Foskett. In 1750 he settled at Warwick. He rented the parsonage-house of the vicar. When some of the church people reflected on Dr. Tate for letting his house to a Baptist preacher, he replied, "What would you have me do? I have brought the man as near the church as I can, but I cannot force him into it." In 1759 Mr. Ryland went to Northampton. His ministry here was very successful. In 1786 he resigned his charge to his son, Dr. Ryland, and removed to Enfield, near London. Here he died July 24, 1792. He was a considerable writer. He published three octavo volumes of "Contemplations" on important subjects.

30. JOHN JENKINS, D.D., was for many years the devoted pastor of the Baptist church at Hengord, near Cardiff. He was a man of high integrity and sterling worth. His labours were most abundant. A certain asperity of temper, however, considerably lessened his influence among his brethren. He wrote a commentary in Welsh on the sacred Scriptures, which at the time was of some service. His theology was that of Gill, which not unfrequently brought him into antagonism with some of the most prominent men in the denomination in Wales. Mr. Jenkins's preaching was chiefly doctrinal, and being deficient of imagination, his popularity was not equal to that of many inferior to him in mental vigour. Nevertheless, he was eminently useful in various ways, and his name will be long revered. He died full of years, having, we believe, presided over the same church during the greater part of his ministerial life.

31. JOHN CHIN.—This devoted man was born at Hinton, near Blandford, Dorsetshire, May 16, 1773. When about eight years of age, he often experienced keen remorse, under a consciousness of violated duty. His convictions, however, died away, and his inclinations became unsettled. Having removed to the neighbourhood of Bristol, he became a hearer of Mr. Hey, an eminent Independent minister. Under the ministrations of this faithful servant of Christ, he experienced

\* See "The Baptist Memorial Portraits," a beautiful steel engraving, containing striking likenesses of seventy-five Baptist ministers deceased, fathers of the denomination, issued with our April number.



the renewing influence of the Holy Ghost. Soon after he determined to visit the metropolis. Here he was induced for a time to sit under a man who, though full of pretension, was profane, censorious, and lamentably defective in the enunciation of the most momentous truths of the Gospel. He afterwards became a member of the Independent Church in Horselydown; but his views on the ordinance of baptism having undergone a change, he was baptized by the Rev. James Upton, of Church-street, Blackfriars, and was united to the church under his care. He had for some time before engaged in occasional ministerial labours, and he now received an invitation to settle with the church at Dunstable. Circumstances, in the course of providence, rendered his compliance impossible. He was requested to take the charge of a newly-formed church at Walworth. A place of worship was erected for him in Lion-street, and he was ordained to the pastorate Dec. 29, 1807. Mr. Chin's labours were acceptable and useful, and repeated enlargements of the chapel took place. From thirty-six members the church increased to more than 800. Mr. Chin died tranquilly Aug. 28, 1839.

32. DAVID DENHAM, the son of the Rev. Thomas Denham, was born April 12, 1791. When about 16 years of age he became a teacher in Surrey Chapel Sunday-school, the late Rowland Hill then being pastor; but seeing the ordinance of believers' baptism to be a duty, he was baptized in Gain-street Chapel, Horselydown. Soon after this, he was engaged as a supply by the London Itinerant Society, preaching his first sermon in the village of Norwood, Surrey. In the year 1810, he became the pastor of the church at Horsell, Surrey. After preaching some few months in Bath, in the year 1816 he removed to Plymouth, where his ministry was universally popular, and continued to be a source of pleasure and profit to many for several years. In 1824, his course was directed, in the providence of God, to Margate, where he usefully laboured for ten years. He removed to Unicorn-yard Chapel, London, in the month of March, 1834. The church there, which was then very low, soon revived, and the chapel was enlarged by the creation of 400 additional sittings, and his ministry was greatly prospered and blessed, until, chiefly through illness, which often interrupted his labours, he resigned the pastoral charge in the year 1844. After this, he laboured for some time in Cheltenham with the church now under the care of the Rev. James Smith, then in Oxford and Worcester. On returning to London, in 1847, he took a chapel in Leather-lane, Holborn, where his labours were soon interrupted by serious indisposition, which in the following year terminated his valuable life at Yeovil, Somersetshire, where he had consented to preach for a short time. He was removed by apoplexy, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, being made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. He was "sound in doctrine, simple in speech, solemn in manner," and eminently useful, not only in the pastoral office, but also in special efforts, in which his engagements were uniformly very numerous. He compiled a volume of HYMNS for congregational use, as a companion to Dr. Watts' psalms and hymns, in which are interspersed more than 70 original compositions. This book is extensively used amongst Baptist churches, and is in high repute in the churches where it has been adopted.

33. SAMUEL MEDLEY was born at Cheshunt,

June 23, 1736. In 1755 he entered as midshipman on board the Buckingham, a seventy-four, where he was master mate. He was three years in the Mediterranean, and went great lengths in profaneness. He was not, however, without flashes of conviction. Having been wounded in an action with the French, he was reduced to a state of extreme debility and danger. He was now led seriously to reflect on his condition, and, happily, convictions issued in his conversion. He was baptized at Eagle-street, 1760. In 1768 he accepted an invitation to settle with the church at Watford. In 1771 he removed to Liverpool; here, as a minister, he enjoyed the increasing affection of a people, whose piety and Christian zeal were equalled only by their devout attachment to each other. Mr. Medley was a powerful preacher, and his ministry was greatly blessed. July, 1799, he died, exclaiming, "Dying is sweet work—sweet work, my Father!"

34. JAMES HARGRAVES was born near Bacup, Lancashire, on the 13th of Nov., 1768. After being connected with the Established Church for a time, Mr. Hargraves united with the Baptist Church at Bacup. The first pulpit he supplied was that of Mr. Littlewood, of Rood-dale. He received invitations to settle at Bolton, Blackley, and Ogden. He decided on accepting the invitation from Bolton. Here, however, he did not remain long. He removed in 1798 to Ogden. From Ogden he removed to Hull; from Hull to London, and finally settled at Waltham Abbey. Mr. Hargraves was eminently a man of God, and was made extensively useful in the positions which he occupied. After an honourable life he expired Sep. 16, 1845.

35. JAMES HARRINGTON EVANS, A.M., was born at Salisbury, April 16th, 1785. When fourteen years of age he obtained a scholarship at Wadham College, Oxford. The first event in his life which led him to think seriously respecting his state was the death of his mother. Among his college friends, there were none who could aid his imperfect sight, or direct his uncertain feet: the Great Teacher taught him. He entered the ministry in the Established Church. His first sermon was preached at the small church of Worldham, in Hampshire. In 1809 he was at Worplesdon, in Surrey; but soon after entered upon the curacy of Enville, Staffordshire. His rector, unwittingly, was made the instrument of great good to him. "Mr. Evans," he said, "you take too much trouble with your sermons. I usually preach Blair's sermons, but from what I have heard of your preaching I should say that Cooper would suit you best." This led him to peruse these sermons, and they were the means of furnishing him with correct and comprehensive views of divine truth. In 1810 Mr. Evans settled at Milford, Hampshire. His ministry was much blessed at Milford. While here his mind underwent a change respecting church polity, and he withdrew from the Establishment. His views also on baptism changed. In 1816 he removed to London. After preaching in Cross-street, Hatton-garden, for a time, a spacious building was erected for him in John-street, Gray's-inn-lane. Here Mr. Evans laboured with intense ardour, and was eminently successful. On the morning of Dec. 1st, 1849, he entered into rest.

36. JOHN MARTIN was born at Spalding, Lincolnshire, March 15, 1741. He was called to the ministry by the church at Gamlingay. His first sphere of labour was Sheephead, in Leicestershire. In 1774, Mr. Martin accepted an invitation to settle with the church meeting in Graf-

ton-street. A new place of worship was erected for him in 1795 in Koppel-street. His views on many points connected with church polity differed widely from those of his brethren; and he was, therefore, frequently not on the most cordial terms with them; he was, however, a man of sterling integrity, and of strong mental powers. After years of heavy affliction, he died in 1820.

37. SAMUEL KILPIN was born at Bedford, Jan. 4, 1774. His first sermon was delivered at Elostow, the birthplace of John Bunyan. He studied for some years at Bristol, and afterwards settled at Leominster, in the county of Hereford. The church here was small, but his labours were greatly blessed. At this time Mr. Kilpin was accustomed to read his sermons. Visiting a part of South Wales, he was informed that read sermons would not be tolerated there—that the people must have extemporaneous preaching. Having considerably condensed his notes, he placed them, with some trepidation, in the Bible. Happening at the moment to cough, away went the notes; but, summoning all his presence of mind, Mr. Kilpin said, "So let Dagon fall; we will seek aid from a higher source." In Oct., 1812, he removed to Exeter. His diligence and usefulness there were great. He was, indeed, a workman needing not be ashamed. Once when Mr. Kilpin was preaching he used the word "Deity;" a sailor present shouted, "Do you mean God Almighty, sir?" Several parties immediately sought to turn the poor fellow out, but the preacher interposed, and said, "Yes, my good man, I do mean Almighty God, and you have taught me a lesson not to use words which every one cannot understand." Mr. Kilpin died Aug. 18, 1830. His last words were, "Why are his chariot wheels so long in coming?"

38. BENJAMIN FRANCIS was the son of the Rev. Enoch Francis, an eminent Welsh minister. He was born near Newcastle Emllyn in 1734. When only seven years of age, he felt an abiding reverence for the Divine Majesty, and a dread of associating with wicked companions. He was baptized when fifteen, and began to preach at nineteen, as his father had done before him. He entered Bristol Academy in 1753, where he remained three years. He settled at Horsley, in Gloucestershire, in 1757. The church then consisted of only sixty-six members, who were so poor that they could not raise him more than £20 per annum. At the time of his decease there were 262 in fellowship, and during his ministry he baptized at Horsley nearly 450 persons. In 1760 he received an invitation to succeed Dr. Gill, which he felt his duty to decline. His usefulness was by no means confined to his own congregation. His sermons at his own place amounted to 4,000; at Hampton, 802; at Bristol, 129; at Portsmouth, 22; an equal number at Plymouth Dock; and twenty times he preached in Cornwall. He frequently visited Wales, and preached in Welsh and English 150 sermons. He preached in Dublin thirty times. His members and hearers flocked from more than fifteen parishes, and it was a most interesting sight to witness on the Lord's-day morning company after company descending the surrounding hills on their way to the house of God. Mr. Francis was the author of many of our most striking and beautiful hymns. He was called home, Dec. 14, 1799.

39. WILLIAM NEWMAN, D.D., was born at Enfield, Middlesex, in May, 1773. When he had just completed his tenth year, his heart received

religious impressions. He studied for some time under the direction of John Ryland, senior. In Jan., 1792, he was baptized at Carter-lane, by Dr. Rippon, but he became a member of the church at Waltham Abbey. He entered on the work of the ministry, at Bow, in 1793. When the Baptist Acadeimical Institution was formed at Stepney, in 1810, Mr. Newman was requested by the committee to undertake the office of theological and resident tutor. He removed there in 1811. During the fifteen years that he occupied this important station, he had under his care sixty-five young men. In 1826 he resigned his office; he continued, however, to labour at Bow until Sept., 1835. After a paralytic attack, Dec. 20, his gentle spirit winged its way to everlasting joy.

40. SAMUEL PEARCE was born at Plymouth, July 20, 1766. He was, in his sixteenth year, under a sermon by Mr. Birt, awakened to a consciousness of guilt, and led to place his confidence in the Saviour. In 1786 he was called to the work of the ministry, and received as a student at Bristol. Towards the end of 1789 he visited Birmingham, and in 1790 accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church meeting in Cannon-street. Mr. Pearce was one of the most prominent in the establishment of the Mission to India, and for some time was deeply anxious to enter the mission field himself. His success at Birmingham was great. Hundreds were blessed under his brief ministry. The governing principle in Mr. Pearce's character was holy love. He was often compared to the disciple whom Jesus loved. His imagination was vivid, and his judgment clear. He relished the elegances of science, and felt alive to the most delicate and refined sentiments; yet these were things on account of which he does not appear to have valued himself. His address was easy and insinuating, his voice pleasant, and his language chaste. Being rather below the common stature, and disapproving of all that is pretentious, he was not unfrequently prejudged to his disadvantage; but the song of the nightingale is not the less melodious for not appearing in a gaudy plumage. Mr. Pearce was summoned to his reward on the 10th Oct., 1799, having just completed his 33rd year.

41. ABRAHAM BOOTH was born at Blackwall, Derbyshire, 20th May, 1734 (o.s.). He was brought up in the church of England, but when about ten years of age some General Baptists visited the neighbourhood, and through the blessing of God upon their labours, his mind was awakened to a deep concern for the salvation of his soul. In 1755 he was baptized on a profession of his faith. In 1760 he became minister of the church at Kirkby-Woodhouse. During his ministry here his views of Divine truth underwent a change, and about this time he published his work on the "Reign of Grace." This production brought him into notice. When thirty-four years of age he became the successor of the eminent Samuel Wilson at Prescott-street. Here Mr. Booth not only assiduously attended to the duties of his office, but earnestly laboured to obtain an acquaintance with the learned languages, and to stock his mind with general information. He was truly a great and good man. He departed this life Jan. 27, 1806, and was buried at Masepound. His works were numerous and important.

42. JOHN FOSTER was born near Hebden Bridge, Yorkshire, Sept. 17, 1770. For the purpose of receiving classical instruction and general improvement, he became an inmate at

Briary-hall, where Dr. Fawcett, in connection with his labours as an instructor of youth, directed the studies of a few theological students. Foster was baptized in his seventeenth year. In August, 1791, he entered Bristol College. After leaving Bristol, the first place in which he regularly engaged as a preacher was Newcastle-on-Tyne. From Newcastle he removed for Dublin, where he remained three years. He afterwards became the pastor of a General Baptist church at Chichester. In 1804 Mr. Foster settled at Frome. It was during his residence in this town, that the *Essays*, by which he attained his great celebrity, were published. In consequence of ill health, Mr. Foster was under the necessity of leaving Frome. His time was afterwards chiefly spent at Bourton-on-the-Water and Bristol, and his energies were devoted to literary pursuits. He contributed largely to the *Eclectic Review*, and sent forth an essay of great power on "Popular Ignorance." Oct. 15, 1848, he was summoned to his reward.

43. WILLIAM KIFFIN was born in London, in 1616.—His parents died of the plague in 1625. William himself narrowly escaped death from that awful pestilence. Having been led to Christ, under the ministry of Mr. Fowley, at the age of twenty-one, he united with the Independents. This union, however, was not of long duration, for, having changed his views on the subject of baptism, he was dismissed to the Baptist church at Wapping. Like the former, this connexion was soon dissolved. Mr. Kiffin and a number of friends left, and formed the church now meeting in Devonshire-square. Over this church he watched with fidelity and success for more than fifty years, and till death removed him to a better world. Mr. Kiffin became possessor of considerable property. Charles II. wanting money for the gratification of his lusts, condescended to ask Kiffin for the loan of £40,000. The good man apologized for not having so much at his command, but offered his Majesty a present of £10,000, by which felicitous expedient the donor was accustomed to say he had saved £30,000. The greatest trial in the life of this noble man was the barbarous execution of his grandsons, Benjamin and William Hewling. He lived to see the Revolution, and died Dec. 29, 1701.

44. WILLIAM WARD was born at Derby in 1760, and was trained to the printing business. He assisted in the editorship of the *Derby Mercury*, and was afterwards editor of the *Hull Advertiser*. While at Hull he experienced a change of heart, and was baptized. From Hull he went to Ewood Hall, to prepare, under the direction of Dr. Fawcett, for missionary labour. Mr. Ward, as stated in our account of Dr. Marshman, proceeded to India in 1789.

45. JOSEPH IVIMEY was born at Ringwood, Hampshire, May 22, 1773. One of the most distinguishing features of his character through life, energy, was apparent in his boyhood. He was baptized at Wimborne, Sep. 16, 1790, by the excellent John Saffery. His first settlement as minister was at Wallingford. May 22, 1804, he received an invitation as a probationer from Eagle-street, and soon after became the pastor. Here he laboured with unremitting diligence for twenty-nine years. Mr. Ivimey was the founder of the Baptist Irish Mission. His History of the Baptists is a valuable work. He fell asleep Feb. 8, 1854.

46. ISAIAH BIRT was born Sept. 6, 1758, at Coleford, in Gloucestershire. His father was pastor of the church at King Stanley. He was

called, by Divine grace, under the ministry of Mr. Burn, of St. Mary's Church, Birmingham. He united with a Baptist church in the county of Monmouth. In 1779 he entered Bristol College, where he had for his associates Hall, Dore, Langdon, and others, who became pillars and ornaments of the denomination. Mr. Birt's first ministerial engagement was at Plymouth. During his probation there, his ministry was blessed to the conversion of Samuel Pearce—a name which will be embalmed for ever in the affections of the Church. In 1815 he removed to Caunou-street, Birmingham. He laboured here with much comfort and success until 1827. For about a year after this he preached the Lord's-day Evening Lecture at Dr. Cox's, Hackney. During the closing period Divine grace shone in him resplendently. "At evening time it was light." He died on the 1st November, 1837.

47. JOHN BUNYAN.—While true religion exists the name of Bunyan will be revered. He was born at Elstow, near Bedford, in 1628. When seventeen years of age he entered the army, and shared with his co-patriots the dangers and glory of the battle of Naseby, and afterwards was present at the siege of Leicester, where he experienced a merciful interposition of Providence. After leaving the army he returned to his native place, and married a woman of great excellence. She frequently induced him to read "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven," but the enmity of his mind against God remained for some time. At length he was led to rest on Christ alone for salvation. Fierce and distressing conflicts followed this transition from death to life. He was introduced to the excellent Mr. Gifford, the pastor of the Baptist church at Bedford, and from him he received much spiritual advice and consolation. Mr. Gifford had the honour and satisfaction of baptizing Bunyan. No sooner had he begun to preach than the priests and doctors of the country became vehement in their condemnation of his uncanonical proceedings. He was thrown into Bedford Gaol. Here he wrote his immortal work, "The Pilgrim's Progress." For seven years he was not permitted to step over the threshold of his prison door, and all attempts to procure his release failed, till the year 1673, when he had been twelve years a sufferer for conscience' sake. Bunyan soon became the most popular preacher in the kingdom. In the midst of his well-earned reputation his end drew nigh. Aug. 31, 1688, he fell asleep. Generations yet unborn will

"Revere the man whose pilgrim marks the road,  
And guides the progress of the soul to God."

48. JOSEPH HARRIS was a native of Pembrokeshire. He studied for a brief period at Bristol, after which he settled over the Welsh church at Swansea. His ministry was greatly blessed. He was a man of sound judgment and considerable attainments. He gave permanent existence to periodical literature in Wales, and his character and labours gave an impetus to the religious and literary mind of his native country which has been productive of incalculable good. His name will long be remembered with profound affection and veneration by the Welsh churches. He died, August 10, 1825, in the prime of life.

49. J. G. PIKE.—This excellent man was born at Edinonton in 1784. Having had a good classical education, his youth was spent as an assistant teacher in a seminary, where he had among his pupils the late Rev. John Williams, the martyred missionary of Erromanga. He studied

for the ministry at Wymondley. After the completion of his college course, he settled over the church then meeting in Brook-street, Derby. His labours were from the first successful. The missionary spirit having become widely diffused among the Particular Baptist churches, Mr. Pike sought to arouse the same spirit among his own section of the denomination. He corresponded with the Rev. A. Fuller, with the view of effecting a union of effort between the two bodies: failing to accomplish this object, the General Baptist Missionary Society was formed. Mr.

Pike was chosen its secretary, the duties of which office he faithfully discharged until his death. His congregation and church steadily advanced in numbers, and at length his people purchased a vacant mansion in a central locality, and converted it into a large sanctuary. Here he laboured till the last Sabbath of his life. On Monday, Sept. 4, 1854, having retired to his study, he was suddenly summoned to his reward. Mr. Pike was the author of several valuable works, among which it would be unjust not to specify his "Persuasives to Early Piety."

(To be continued.)

## TRAITS OF TROUBLOUS TIMES.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF THE REV. MR. JOHN HICKS, AN EJECTED NON-CONFORMIST MINISTER, 1670-1.

TRANSCRIBED BY JANE BOWRING CRANCH.

### CHAPTER X.

#### *Master Burdwood's Orchard.*

NEAR a month has passed since I made my last jotting; but for the whole of that time we've enjoyed a freedom from alarm and insult almost past belief. The furious reprisal we expected, after the shocking disturbance at the late meeting, upon such as were principally concerned therein, came not at all; our clouds of doubt and dread *seemed* to disperse, as I've seen clouds scattered in the heavens, when, to the eye, they appear charged with storm and destruction, and yet are driven away by some hidden agency that, like the gracious south wind, riseth unawares; and if men guess, they may not tell its source, and either silently bless or curse its potent influence according to the good or evil spirit which possesseth them; yet more than this they cannot do.

Master Spenser, in a certain famous book of poesy, that in my youth (having time afore me) I read from the first line even unto the last, and was not sorry when I gat there, sayeth somewhat, if I mind rightly, about the effect produced among a company of troublous, rebel subjects, at wave of an enchanted wand; now, if I, a plain, studious, God-fearing country parson, was inclined dilate after the fantastic, allegoric fashion in which Master Spenser handles serious things, I also might, perhaps, be tempted liken the late forced stillness in these parts (though rumours are afloat of sinister portent) to a magic of the same kind; but as, when a young man, and in love to boot, I had still sufficient sense left me neither to vex my own wits, the gentleman's I was courting, nor those of any other folk, by essaying to rhyme idylls with a feather-headed pen, I shall certainly, at this time o' day, content myself with noting in honest, homely prose, a feature or two of the change which hath come over our condition.

First, Master Boare, for aught we can learn to

the contrary, remains sulking in his house, as if he truly were become like a furred quadruped of the same name, and with growling submission was compelled to brook awhile the *chain* that bound him to *his staple*. Squire Reynells, after paying his respects at Garston, passed through Kynsbridge, on his return, as if he'd never even heard of the tumult our assemblage had caused there; and John Lucas, though exceeding brisk and busy, and to the full intent upon and occupied in discharge of the duties connected with his pleasant calling—stocks nor pillory remaining empty from any lack of attention or assiduity on his part—seems to aroint the very shadow (leave alone the substance) of our persons, if by accident we cross each other's path.

Yet, notwithstanding this alteration in the carriage of our most inveterate foes, my mind of late hath been much perturbed and exercised; and, in sleep, my brain haunted by dreams which made me glad to wake and find they were dreams and nothing more; for the Lord doth not warn his servants now, as of old, by solemn or terrifying visions of the night. When in mood of this kind, which, to me, is thing of rare occurrence—as, God be thanked, I am far enow from a deject caste of mind—a lusty walk into the fresh open country, I've found prove a right salutary, wholesome remedy for the distemper, therefore I concluded upon doing what I'd long minded, namely, the going to see Master Burdwood at his little farm. My children followed me across the threshold of our house, and the two biggest prayed so hard to go likewise, that I consented; their mother, shading her eyes from the sun with her hand, watched us, smiling in the porch, as long as we remained in sight.

Getting out o' the town, which it taketh not much time to do, our pleasant road lay between hedges flush of wilding flowers still covered with dew-drops fairer than the pearls upon a queen's kirtle; here and there was an opening

made by a rustical stile or gate, through which might be seen glimpses of beauteous prospect beyond, and the waters of the rising tide were shimmering like burnished silver. Moreover, 'twas the harvest season: as we watched the reapers busy in the field, I dilated upon the marvellous beauty of the pastoral psalms and narratives in Holy Writ, and those where corn-fields are mentioned. I spoke to my sons of Eastern lands and customs; the stately Boaz and his men, and made them note the gracious salutation of this princely master to his servants, "The Lord be with you;" and the grateful understanding conveyed in their response, "The Lord bless thee." I pictured Ruth in her poverty all meekly gleaning atween her rich kinsman's sheaves, till their own dark eyes 'gan softly glisten.

"Ah," cried one, "were I a jolly farmer, I'd do, my father, as that good vicar wont, I've heard you tell of, who, while he kept his glebe, had rakes made with but five teeth a-piece for his own use, that poor folk might find a plenty left behind when they came among his stooks to glean."

As the merry pair pranked on before me, they plucked them posies as they went, the elder having a knack at marking devices from leaves, blossoms, and long delicate grasses, for his mother's flowery tapestry, which, beside being some small help to her, is a surprising pretty natural gift in one no older than he.

But the younger, who had gotten greatly ahead of us, full quick returns, his face brimming with its little news, to wit, that he had spied a nest, and would like nought better than climb up and pluck it down out of the lofty tree; yet he minded what his mother told him, and how once she chided, and shook her head; thereupon the urchin wagged his curls, and with such an arch trick of the face, mimicked my wife, when she conceits she frowns, that I was fain to kiss the varlet, ere I said, "Ah, child, bethink thee how grievous cruel 'tis for urchin hands like thine to tear away that curious little home, which costeth these pretty feathered songsters such care and nice skill to build and furnish to their minds. Then, parting the tender callow flings from the old birds causeth them a suffering sadder than I can tell by words: the young, my son, should alway be let remain safe under a parent's downy wing, till grown strong enow to poise themselves upon their own bright pinions."

Here a sound more like the rumble of thunder than anything else interrupted our discourse, and brought us to a halt. I resolved it to proceed from coach-wheels, and as there was but one coach in the neighbourhood (of which whenever it appeared 'twas the entire talk and wonder) I knew *whose* it must be. Presently the ponderous vehicle, drawn by six long-tailed

horses, in a glittering harness, came in sight. Sir William Bastarde, mounted upon his favourite mare, was riding beside it, and no sooner saw me, than making a motion with his hand to the fat coachman, he rode up to the spot where I stood, and smiling at my little boys, who somewhat shyly regarded the handsome stranger gentleman, the knight hastily informed me himself and his lady were then upon the first stage of their intended journey, and the rest of the household about to follow.

"If we proceed as smoothly as we've begun, which you know, Master Hicks," said he, laughing, "is a thing I scarce dare hope for, in little more than a week we shall find ourselves in London." Leaning down toward me, Sir William lowered his voice, and with an earnestness of manner which left no doubt in my mind of the interest he was pleased to say he took in my welfare, enjoined me, by all I valued or held dear (looking kindly toward my children, whose admiring eyes were riveted upon the fine coach, rich-livered servants, and prancing horses, a little way off), to pursue a certain line of conduct. What that certain line of conduct was I need not here set down; suffice it to hint, a high ecclesiastical personage had thought proper to cause be laid before his Majesty's Privy Council "a complaint concerning the—" Sir William paused, and I perceived the colour deepen on his cheek.

"The protection vouchsafed us, since your coming into this part," said I, completing the sentence.

He made an impatient gesture of assent, yet the next moment eagerly disclaimed the doing aught in our behalf, "save that," cried he, his lip curling as he spoke, "which, could I have acted otherwise, had made me unworthy the trust I hold; ay—pardon my pride, 'tis honest—the blood which bounds untainted in my veins."

"God grant that no ill after-consequences, Sir William, may accrue to yourself from the just, the generous spirit which has thus made you interpose between our persecutors and ourselves."

"Nay, 'tis little I need care—some slight censure, perhaps, from a royal quarter, which I shall bear as lightly as I do the feather in my hat; but, friend, listen to my parting word of counsel—be *you* right cautious for the future."

"My future," replied I, "is as the Lord shall direct; it lies with him; all our 'times are in his hand.'"

While this converse was going on, the coachman, with the other servants clustered behind the coach, stared down askance from their respective seats upon the poor man, in his threadbare suit of rusty black, their worshipful master thus talked with as an equal; the very horses seemed toss their heads and arch their shining necks disdainfully; my lady's little foot-page

safe watchful on the wide, low door-step of the coach; and soon my lady herself, in her velvet hood, looked out to see what the cause of this delay might be. Yet her face (about the finest I ever beheld) grew somewhat clouded when, after returning my obeisance, she sunk back upon her seat. The pert nose of the young waiting gentlewoman sitting opposite her mistress was also discernible, as well as the dim outline of what I concluded a chaplain's averted shovel-hat, in another corner of the roomy vehicle. Then, forsooth, a favourite monkey the damsel was holding in a silver chain must needs show his small, dark, wizened visage, making at the same time a little mowing grimace, whereat the children falling into an ecstasy of laughter, the chain of the ape was quickly pulled, and in its stead appeared the oherub head of the little heir, his peach-like cheeks all dimpled with responsive mirth; but a signal to move being given, the jerk flung him down among my lady's silken cushions, and the gorgeous equipage proceeded on its way. Sir William, with a countenance in which regret and commiseration were both strongly expressed, cordially extended his hand; I pressed it warmly, and may the prayer to heaven which then sprang from my heart to my lips, res, like a blessing upon him and his ancient house for many a prosperous generation to come!

After walking briskly several paces, I turned to take a farewell look, just as the four gilt balls on the roof of the coach were slowly disappearing adown a steep hill behind us, and a feeling, pretty near akin to a wight's who, crossing a deep, foaming torrent, sees the plank on which his foot resteth shiver and part beneath him, oppressed my soul with sadness. Not long afterward the clack of a mill rising faintly to the ear from a vale below broke the thread of my reflections, and soon we reached a low, one-arched bridge, overhung with trees. Hard by was the miller's house, a place content itself might love to dwell in, and in the porch, her distaff in her hand, a comely red-cheeked dame was sitting, who, nodding to my little sons, cheerily gave me good-day, and asked us step within, rest our legs a bit, and taste their home-brewed ale.

While the miller's wife was speaking, the miller himself appeared, looking just what he is, a right goodly sample of jocund health and plenty; his honest face round and full as a harvest moon, and shouldlers of a breadth to match. Each living creature around did convey a sense of the same comfortable ease and abundance, from the cock a-crowing and strutting with his dozen wives before the door, to the lazy house-dog basking i' the sun, who half opening his blinking eyes, surveyed us mildly, and again shut them for the flies to walk over at their pleasure.

I had some ado to get away from the proffered

kindness of the hearty miller and his dame; but time allowed not this pleasant loitering by the way. Sure, thought I, 'tis none save envious niggard churls would grudge such bounteous souls the good a gracious providence delights thus shower upon them.

Then we struck into a path, which brought us to the keep of a very ancient castle, shattered by the Parliament forces in the late civil strife; its turrets are fallen, and the courts overgrown with grass, which thirty years ago echoed the tramp of the sentinel, and the neigh of the war-horse. At no distant date, I foresee, few traces of these old walls will remain upon earth. I lingered a little space upon the green, where the feudal lords of the place wont play at bowls and other pastimes, the boys all gleefully watching a hare darting across and through the sunny glade beyond; but, slack! at very short distance from the spot stood a grim reminder of the barons of yore in the castle gibbet tree, from whose black mouldered cross-beam many a one had quivered in his death-throats at the frown of his lord.

All about the fortress seemed decayed and desolate; nought living discerned I near us, save a flock of sheep quietly feeding in an adjoining field. Presently I spied a couple of crows flying about, who, in very important manner, appeared to be calling their gossips. At sound of their hoarse voices, an ugly suspicion seized me; they driving downward, I lost sight of them. There was a gap in the hedge in that direction; I went thither, looked through, and lo! the pitiful spectacle met my eyes, of a poor harmless sheep lying upon her back, with this pair of carrion, in their funeral feather cloaks, perched at her head, just a-making up their minds to begin their cruel work. I cried out so loud that I scared 'em. My children also came running up, and the elder, like a brave little man as he is, tugged and strove to help me; while the younger gave the biggest of the crows (and I could scarce chide him for it) so shrewd a hit with a stone, that he and his black neighbour were glad to flap their wings at more convenient distance, and go sailing off in quest of other prey, while we gat the poor innocent fool of a sheep safe upon her legs again.

This exploit, which joyed us much, being excellently done, we trod the last mile all the more briskly; and then, peeping out amid surrounding orchard trees, the brown thatch-roof of Master Burdwood's cottage, its gable chimney sending up a wreath of smoke in the clear, warm air, came like a pretty picture before our eyes. The land, in that part of the country where he liveth, during the spring-time o' the year is gay as gay can be with apple blossoms; for these trees affect the soil so well they yield fruit there in measure and abundance scarce to be credited elsewhere; but now, the summer

nearing its close, their heavy boughs were drooping beneath a load of rich and ripening rosy treasures for the autumn gathering.

At sound of our footsteps, a little wiry cur 'gan bark so loud I'd thought of clapping him in my pocket to still his pother. The noise he made brought out none other than Master Burdwood himself, followed by his wife and daughters—the sons were in the field. They welcomed me as if I'd brought some exceeding choice and much-desired thing, instead of two little appetites beside my own, and all three whetted to an unusual degree of keenness by the fresh, pure air and healthful exercise of the morning. Right glad we were to find ourselves in their humble kitchen, where the sunbeams, darting through the woodbine trained against the lattice window, made a fanciful kind of chequer over the clean huckaback cloth one of the girls was busy laying upon the long shining oaken table. They set before us sweet wholesome bread, cheese, and pastry, flanked by a pewter tankard kept bright as silver, and filled with cider a prince might drink of and commend, beside a bowl of fragrant milk, and dish of honey-comb, for the children. Master Burdwood then said grace, and 'tis better to hear him do so over a crust and salad, than many a plethoric bishop preach.

Mistress Burdwood heaped our trenchers with the hand of a gentlewoman who delighteth (as she oft doth) to feed the hungry. At her desire, when her husband settled in this farm, having some means left, he purchased a few cows, and she and her daughters learned greatly to excel in dairy thrif; ay, more, I've heard, than most of their neighbours, who've been nought save homespun housewives all their days, with scarce a thought, or wish, beyond their pots and pans. Yet the *once* white, taper, jewelled fingers of Mistress Burdwood, that do now apply themselves with such admirable skill and diligence to the plainest, rustical, housewife matters, in past times touched the lute and gittern rarely.

The girls too drew their joint-stools near, and gently caressed my little sons, for which the youngest gat her round cap twitched off slyly from the bright curls it but half did cover. She is a marvellously pretty child, and while her mother smoothed the golden locks a-shining in the sun, I trusted the sickle of the reaper might not be laid untimely at stem of so sweet a budding flower. For though my brother has still several children left, death hath cropped others scarce less lovely, and ah! scarce less fragile, than the blossoms on his fruit-trees before a frost in spring.

"Now," said Master Burdwood, when our repast was ended, "I will have you to my orchard. Under a favourite tree of mine there; my good sons made a bench for me, which upon occasion serveth for my pulpit also, and folk of the

nearest hamlets and villages flock largely thither to hear God's message delivered to them. We too have not been free from alarms and commotions, though falling short your worries and dispersals at Kyngsbridge. If our arch foe, Master Beare, is ever made magistrate, I hear he threatens me a first visit in that capacity."

"And doubtless, Master Burdwood, he'll keep his evil word."

As we were going out o' the house, I observed at little distance a hen spreading abroad her soft, speckled wings, and covering her brood with them, in a way that served bring to mind in a very lively manner the tender image by which our Lord showed what his love to his ancient people would have been had they not rejected it; also a nearly-forgotten passage in my own life. It was as follows:—

When I had possession of a vicar's house, glebe, and other things, tending, perhaps, to make *this* life too desirable, my wife took pleasure in the rearing and feeding divers choice sort of fowl. Now a certain worldly-wise gentleman, a neighbour of ours, after I'd announced my intention to give up my living, made it his business to expostulate with me thereon.

"Master Hicks," quoth he, "if ye prove thus humoursome, and persist in refusing to conform, having a family like to be growing larger, what will ye do?"

"Do?" cried I, and looked around me for a fitting emblem to illustrate that which I was going to say; and lo! close by was a brave hen, just such another as that I noted at Master Burdwood's door, calling to her young—and a goodly number the poor, fond, anxious thing had to care for. "Master Silver," said I, pointing to her, "if I've as many children as yonder hen has chickens, I question not but God will provide for them all."

And truly my gracious Heavenly Father has done, what from the beginning of my temporal troubles grace was given me to believe without doubting he would, yea, will do to the end.

"Brother," said Master Burdwood, as we seated ourselves upon the rustical bench he spake of, in the midst of his pleasant and delightful orchard, "I have felt much of the Lord's presence in this spot, yea, preached with more unction under these boughs than I've done beneath the lofty arches of a cathedral roof."

"Truly," replied I, "God's service hath oft-times appeared to me likewise, when preaching i' the open air, sweeter, ay, solemnner, with the hills around me for walls, the sky above for roof, than in any temple builded by the hand of man. And how fervent the spirit, which bringeth our hearers together!—earthly punishment only seemeth to make the larger number bind themselves all the more closely to the holy cause for which they suffer."

"'Tis for the dearest, sacredest rights of

human kind, we and they are striving, Master Hicks; and if our lot be cast where force takes place of laws, and the worshipping our Maker in other way than the king wills appears counted a crime we may hereafter, perhaps, expiate on the gallows, have we not already proved by experience how the Lord can strengthen us for this contest? I reckon we play a more important part in our Master's service, now we oftentimes scarce know how to live, than when we were snugly ensconced in our good livings."

"Ay, and are at peace with our own conscience, my brother. When thou and I gave up our worldly all, we trusted in God's promises, and hath he ever since failed support us by his providence?"

"How truthful is thine observe!" said Master Burdwood; and so bright a smile broke over his features that I likened it to what Master Spenser, in a stanza of his long-winded poem, prettily enow calleth, "sunshine in a shady place."

With regard to another communication I made of a very different nature, Master Burdwood remarked, "Depend on't the bishops will do their best, or rather worst, to hinder the king from showing his Nonconformist subjects that justice which, some ten years since, he was ready to promise, when the ministers of our body joyfully attended him through London upon his restoration. Poor old Master Arthur Jackson! I conceit I see that good man presenting the rich Bible to his sovereign, and hear the grateful acclamations which burst forth, when, with a princely grace, the king, taking the holy Gospel in his hand, told them 'it should be the rule of his actions.'"

"Humph!" said I.

We then spake tenderly awhile of dear Master Jellinger, and on my making some allusion to that sorrow which our departed brother hid away so deep in his heart, Master Burdwood replied, "No friendship, and no love, is ever so close knitted with our heart-strings as that we feel when our spirits are fresh in the dew of their youth. What a world of deepest meaning to men like you and I, Master Hicks—who, loving honestly, espoused happily, while still in prime of early life, the pious, modest gentlewomen that have proven such true helpmeets to us in our adversity—is there in these four little words, "a wife of youth!" Mind ye our aged brother, Ralph Crewe?"

"To be sure I do."

"The funeral sermon for his second wife I resched myself," said Master Burdwood; "for in all he'd had three: the third, I believe, is still alive."

"And excellent good women these two last

wives of his were; but of the first I never heard."

"Ay, that brings me to the point I'm going to prove. Master Crewe was wont commend the estate of wedlock favourably, his own somewhat enlarged experience having given him a right to do so; in short, he spake like an authority upon the subject, few gainsaying; and if they did, were pretty sure to be miserably worsted in the argument; and many sober, thriving folk have reason to rejoice in that they followed his sage counsel."

"Yet his step-son, Richard Sorrogather, married a shrew," said I.

"Ah, Master Hicks, that observe brings to mind what once upon a time I heard, namely, that *you* were made the instrument of God's mercy in relieving the condition of that most afflicted wight. Favour me with the particulars thereof."

"Not, Master Burdwood, before you finish what you were a-going to tell about his father-in-law."

"True; as I've just said, many a well-matched pair to this day love, and with right good reason, the memory of Master Crewe; who was a quiet, yet very keen observer of female folk, and always insisted strongly upon those qualities in them like to wear well with time. 'Not,' quoth he, 'that I presumed beauty; 'tis noted with distinction in Holy Scripture; 'tis the gift of Him who made the stars of heaven so bright, the flowers of earth so fair, and the remembrance of a lovely face is pleasant long, long after worms have devoured the skin-deep treasure. But there are better things to be sought for than mere outward looks: a gracious spirit, a gentle, loving nature, and skill in household thrift, will make one of a homely person appear very comely; and many a foolish fellow hath found this out after he hath danced after and gotten to wife a damsel fair and gay enow for a May queen, and little, alack! beside.' When this good and wise man drew near his end, he willed that all should leave the chamber save his eldest son and myself, whom he thought proper to honour with a very particular degree of confidence and regard. As soon as this wish had been complied with, the dying man charged the son (born him by the second wife) as he would, in their turn, his own children should prove obedient, to very exactly observe the last request he, Mr. Crewe, had to make, which being dutifully promised, all the words he spake were these:—"Bury me by the side of her who was the wife of *my youth*." We both knew well to whom his heart clave, and the 'commandment he gave concerning his bones' was piously observed; in a distant village church-yard a solitary grave awaited them, with the dust of whose tenant they have now



mingled—at its head a stone, which, though set up more than fifty years before, the lettering thereon had not been allowed grow obliterate through lapse of time or neglect, preserving simple record of one 'Avis Crewe,' a young woman who died in the first year of her

marriage, and the twentieth of her age. 'Twas *there*, 'in sure and certain hope' of a most joyful resurrection, we laid the body of Master Crewe. Now I've ended my narration, and would like, Master Hicks, hear yours touching Master, or rather *Mistress*, Sorrogather."

(To be continued.)

## POETRY.

### THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

WITHIN his downy cradle,  
A lovely infant slept,  
While o'er his dreamless slumber  
Her watch the mother kept.  
She gazed upon her firstborn,  
So helpless and so fair,  
Then, by his cradle kneeling,  
Breathed forth a fervent prayer.  
"Oh, Father!" thus she murmured,  
"From thy bright throne in heaven  
Look down in tender mercy  
On the babe whom thou hast given.  
On us, his feeble parents,  
The needed grace bestow,  
That we may train our darling  
In the way that he should go.

"Alas! this little creature,  
So pleasant in our eyes,  
Is like a folded blossom  
Wherein the canker lies.  
Sin lurks within his nature,  
A worm of deadly power,  
Which will, if grace prevent not,  
Destroy our precious flower.

"Like all the sons of Adam,  
Our child is born in sin;  
O Lord, may he experience  
Thy saving work within.  
He cannot see thy kingdom,  
Nor heavenly bliss obtain,  
Except, by thy good Spirit,  
He first be born again.

"I ask not for my darling  
The riches worldlings prize;  
May he have lasting treasure,  
Laid up beyond the skies.  
Lord, guide him with thy counsel  
Along life's stormy way,  
And afterwards receive him  
To realms of endless day.

"Oh, look on us, thy servants,  
So weak and sin-defiled,  
And keep us, Lord, from making  
An idol of our child.  
Give us thy gracious Spirit,  
Uphold us lest we fall,  
And in our hearts' affections  
May Christ be all in all!"

Wellingborough.

THEODOEA.

## DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

### MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

**RICKMANSWORTH, HERTS.**—The Rev. T. D. Jones, on account of severe domestic affliction, resigns the pastorate of the Baptist church, Rickmansworth, Herts.

**CHELSEA.—PARADISE-STREET.**—Mr. Joseph Palmer having resigned his pastorate at Romney-street, Chapel, Westminster, now preaches at the Baptist Chapel, Paradise-walk, near Chelsea Hospital.

**BRISTOL.**—The Rev. Thomas Winter, of Counterslip Baptist church, Bristol, has, after thirty-seven years' oversight of that church, felt it necessary to resign his pastorate, to the deep regret of his people. Uncontrollable circumstances have led to this step.—The Rev. George Davies, late of Wednesbury, Staffordshire, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of this church, and intends to enter upon his stated labours on the third Sabbath in April.

### PRESENTATION SERVICES.

**BARNOLDSWICK, YORKSHIRE.**—At a tea-meeting held on Saturday, March 24, H. Dean, Esq., in the chair, a handsome and valuable skeleton clock was presented to the Rev. T. Bennett, Baptist minister of the above place, by a number

of the members and congregation under his charge, as a token of their esteem for his labours, and earnest and faithful ministry for many years amongst them.

**LOWESTOFF, SUFFOLK.**—The friends connected with the various Christian denominations in Lowestoff and its neighbourhood have presented the Rev. J. E. Dovy, the pastor of the Baptist church, with a purse containing fifty-one sovereigns, as an expression of their cordial appreciation of his labours among them during the past fifteen years, and as an indication of their earnest desire that he may be spared to labour on usefully and happily in their midst for many years to come.

**BARROWDEN, RUTLAND.**—A tea-meeting was held in the school-room of the above place last week, when a large number of friends assembled to bid adieu to their late pastor, the Rev. J. Salisbury, and his esteemed partner. After tea, a very interesting, though affecting, meeting was held, at which several speeches were delivered, and during which time the members and friends of the church evinced their esteem and regard to their minister by presenting him with three handsome volumes of Baxter's Notes on the Old and New Testaments.

**OLNEY, BUCKS.**—On Wednesday, March 23, a

tea-meeting, at which upwards of 200 were present, was held in the school-room and vestry of the Baptist chapel, Olney, for the purpose of presenting to the Rev. R. Hall, B.A., a beautiful solid silver inkstand, engraved, a gold pen with pearl handle, a handsome writing-desk, and three vols. of Dr. E. Robinson's "Biblical Researches in Palestine," the whole value £12, which were presented to Mr. Hall by the chairman (Mr. Alfred A. Mauning). Mr. Hall, in a short address, full of kindly feeling, acknowledged the great kindness of his friends in presenting such a handsome and unexpected testimonial. Mr. Hall has laboured at Olney for eighteen months with much success, and leaves a large circle of deeply-attached friends.

#### RECOGNITION SERVICES.

**CANTON, CARDIFF.**—The Rev. J. Bailey, late of Brierley-hill, Staffordshire, having responded to the cordial and unanimous invitation of the Baptist church meeting in Hope chapel, Canton, the members and friends lately held a tea-meeting to give a hearty welcome to that gentleman. A large and highly respectable audience, composed of members of various denominations, partook of tea, after which a public meeting was held in the chapel. G. Coleman, Esq., one of the deacons, was called to the chair. The Rev. E. Nightingale, of Cosely, Staffordshire, read the Scriptures, and the Rev. A. Tilly, of Cardiff, offered prayer. The Rev. R. T. Verrall (Independent), J. D. Williams, pastor of the Welsh church at Canton, Norman Glass (Independent), Richard Nightingale, G. Howe, and A. Tilly, each gave expression to their Christian esteem for, and sympathy with, the church and minister.

#### SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

**BISHOP STORTFORD, HERTS.**—On Friday, June 1st, Mr. John Bloomfield will preach at the Baptist Chapel at three o'clock; the evening service at half-past six o'clock.

**BRENCHLEY.**—The forty-ninth anniversary of Hatfield Chapel, Brenchley, on Wednesday, May 2. Rev. J. E. Bloomfield to preach in the morning and evening, and Rev. J. Wilkins in the afternoon.

**LLANIDLOES.**—The Old Welsh Association, containing the counties of Breconshire, Radnorshire, and Montgomeryshire, will be held in the town of Llanidloes, county of Montgomery, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 6th and 7th of June. Conference to commence at ten a.m. the first day, when all ministers and messengers in connection are earnestly requested to attend. Public service to commence at six the same day.

**CLARE BAPTIST SABBATH-SCHOOL.**—The annual sermons in behalf of the above school will (D.V.) be delivered, in the new Baptist Chapel, by the Rev. D. Wilson (pastor), on Sunday, May 20th. Services commencing at half-past 10, 2, and half-past 6 o'clock. The attendance of the friends from the neighbourhood and churches around is respectfully invited.

**CRANFIELD.**—The anniversary of the Second Baptist Chapel will be held on Lord's-day, May 13, when Mr. Bonner, of London, will preach three sermons on behalf of the cause. Services, 10, 2, and 6 o'clock. Collection after each service. On Monday, the 14th, Mr. Silvertown, of Carliton, is expected to preach in the afternoon at 2 o'clock. A public tea-meeting at 5 o'clock. In the evening, Messrs. Bonner and Silvertown will give addresses.

#### OPENING SERVICES.

**PEMBROKE, SOUTH WALES.**—On Good Friday the new chapel, erected by the Baptist church in this town, was opened for divine worship.

Sermons were preached in the morning and afternoon by the Rev. D. M. Evans, of Llanelly. In the evening by the Rev. Thos. Davies, president of Haverfordwest College. A new chapel has long been needed in this town; but the people have felt themselves unable to build, until of late, encouraged by friends, they have erected a neat chapel, at a cost of about £850, including the freehold. The opening services were continued on Sabbath, April 8, when the Rev. Thos. Burditt preached in the morning, and the Rev. J. B. Evans preached in the evening.

**GOSPORT.**—In the most densely populated and neglected part of this town, a Baptist interest has been commenced by the Rev. T. Tollerfield, late of Burnham. A place well suited for public worship has been engaged, and neatly fitted up. It was opened on Sunday, 18th of March, when three sermons were preached: in the morning by the Rev. H. Kitching, of Landport; in the afternoon by the Rev. J. Hunt Cooke, of Southsea; and in the evening by Rev. G. Arnott, of Southsea. On the following Tuesday evening an inaugural tea-meeting was held, when addresses were delivered by several of the neighbouring ministers and other gentlemen. T. O. Haydon, Esq., of Portsea, occupied the chair.

**CLARE, SUFFOLK.**—A new Baptist chapel was opened for public worship on Tuesday, March 5, when the Rev. S. Collins, of Grundisburgh, preached in the morning; and in the afternoon and evening, the Rev. J. Bloomfield, Deanstreet, Solih, preached to overflowing congregations. Dinner and tea were provided by the friends of the church and congregation. Nearly 100 persons partook of dinner in the Old Priory, and 325 took tea in the Corn Exchange. The collections, &c., during the day, amounted to £68 10s. 7d. On the following day, the Sabbath-school children partook of tea, after an address by the Rev. T. Hoddy, of Horham, in the absence of the Rev. S. Collins, who was unavoidably absent. In the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by the Rev. D. Wilson (pastor). After singing and prayer, the meeting was addressed by Rev. Messrs. Boxer, Barues, Hoddy, Collins, and Bloomfield. A subscription list was then opened, and upwards of £84 was received in promises, &c., making a total of £142 11s. 7d. collected in the two days. The building is a neat, substantial one of the Grecian style of architecture. The cost, exclusive of the old chapel, is £875; upwards of £620 have been subscribed by the friends of the church and congregation.

**DISS, NORFOLK.**—Interesting and profitable services have just been held, on the occasion of opening the new Baptist chapel in Diss. On Monday evening, March 19, a dedicatory prayer-meeting was held, conducted by the pastor. The place was nearly filled with worshippers, and all felt the presence of God, a source of present enjoyment and an earnest of blessing on the coming day. Brethren Gooch, of Fakenham; Green, of Yarmouth; Woods, of Swaffham; Sparman, and others, took part in the service. At this meeting £61 was presented as a free-will offering to God by the members of the church, towards the "Building Fund." On Tuesday morning, March 20, there was a public *soirée*, and a crowded chapel. The pastor (the Rev. J. P. Lewis) read the hymns, the Rev. J. Webb, of Ipswich, read the Scriptures and offered prayer, and the Rev. C. Elven preached with much earnestness, unction, and power. In consequence of the large numbers of people, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preached in the afternoon within the framework of a large tent erected in a meadow, the high wind preventing the cover-

ing being put on: the people listened with great attention and deep feeling throughout the service. Mr. Spurgeon then most kindly announced, that in order to give as many friends as possible the opportunity of hearing, he had consented to preach in both the Independent and Baptist chapels in the evening; that in the one place he should commence the service with the sermon, and leave brethren there to follow it up with prayer; he should then hasten to the other chapel, where the introductory service would be conducted by another brother, until he arrived. The plan succeeded admirably; both places were thronged, and our brother's services will, we believe, be remembered by many through eternity. The collections after the services amounted to £84 6s., the proceeds of dinner and tea to about £20 more; which, with the £64 presented on the previous evening, made the noble sum of £168. The total outlay, including the site, &c., is nearly £2,000; more than £1,300 of this amount had been raised, so that the debt on the day of opening was £666, which, as Mr. Spurgeon naively remarked, was "the number of the beast," and "the sooner the mark was removed the better."

#### LAYING FOUNDATION STONE OF NEW CHAPELS.

**EARBY, YORKSHIRE.**—A series of interesting services was held at this place on April 6th, in connection with the laying of the foundation-stone for a Baptist chapel. An introductory service was held in the morning, when suitable addresses were delivered. After partaking of refreshments at a public dinner, the members of the church, and the children of the Sabbath-school, marched in procession to the site for the Sanctuary. By two p.m. a large concourse of friends had assembled. After a hymn had been sung and prayer offered by the Rev. N. Walton, of Cowling Hill, the foundation-stone was laid by T. Aked, Esq., of Shipley Grange, who delivered an interesting speech on the occasion, and generously proffered a liberal donation towards the building fund. The Rev. T. Bennett, of Barnoldswick, then delivered a powerful address. This was succeeded by a tea-party in the Baptist chapel, and subsequently some stirring appeals were made at a public meeting in the evening. Liberal contributions were made to the cause during the day.

**BECCLES.**—The foundation-stone of a new Baptist chapel was laid on Good Friday, the proceedings commencing with a meeting for prayer in the present chapel; after which the assemblage repaired to the site selected for the new building, an eligible spot of ground fronting the new road leading to the railway-station. A hymn having been sung, the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone was performed by the Rev. George Wright, assisted by Mr. R. A. King and Mr. James Walne, the contractors. The Rev. G. Wright delivered an appropriate address. A collection was then made, which amounted to about £16, in aid of the fund for defraying the building of the chapel; after which the hymn commencing "All hail the power of Jesus' name," was sung, and the Rev. Mr. Wright concluded with prayer. The attendance was very large and very attentive; all the spectators evidently appearing much interested in the proceedings of the day. In the afternoon, the Rev. W. Jeffrey preached from Ephesians ii. 21, 22.

#### BAPTISMS.

**ALFORD, Lincolnshire, Dec. 25**—Five (teachers); and Feb. 26, Five, by the pastor, Mr Julius Caesar Smith.

**BECKINGTON, Somerset, April 6**—Eleven by Mr. Cloake, two of whom were Independents, and seven from the Sabbath-school.

**BRULAK, Montgomeryshire, April 22**—Seventeen by Mr. Davies.

**BIRMINGHAM, Bond-street, Nov. 6, 1859, to March 18, 1860, inclusive**—Sixty-two by Mr. Chew.

**BLISWORTH, March 4**—Four by Mr. G. Bailey.

**BRAINTREE, March 4**—Three by Mr. Mostyn.

**CARDIFF, Bethany, March 4**—Thirteen by Mr. Tiley.

**CEFAMAWR, March 25**—Ten by Mr. A. J. Parry.

**CLYDACH WORKS, Bethlehem Chapel, March 18**—Ten by Mr. Evans.

—Darrenvelen Chapel, April 1—Twelve by Mr. Williams.

**CONISTON, March 25**—Four; and April 1, Four by Mr. Myers.

**CRICKHOWELL, April 15**—Six, in the river Usk, by Mr. Johns, Llanwenarth.

**CWMBELAN, near Llanidloes, March 11**—Five by Mr. Evans, Llanidloes.

**DESBOROUGH, no date**—Two by Mr. Turner. Having been recently scholars in the Sabbath-school, and being brother and sister, peculiar interest was taken in the service.

**EAST FARLEY, Feb. 26**—Two by Mr. J. Shick.

**EBBW VALE (English), April 6**—Four; making Thirty baptized by Mr. Godson since April, 1859, being the time of Mr. G.'s first ministering amongst us.

**ERWOOD, April 8**—Five by Mr. Llewellyn.

**HASLINGDEN, Pleasant, April 1**—Three young men by Mr. P. Prout.

**HANLEY, Staffordshire, April 6**—Eleven by Mr. Johnson. Seven from the Sunday school.

**HASLEMERE, April 22**—One by Mr. Harding, in the presence of hundreds of spectators.

**HOLYWELL, April 1**—Twenty-one by Mr. Rees.

**HUNTINGDON.**—**BAPTISM OF AN INDEPENDENT MINISTER.**—A very large congregation assembled together on Good Friday evening, to hear the address, and witness the baptism, of the Rev. W. Morris. For several years Mr. M. has laboured successfully in this town, and a number of people have gathered round him, worshipping in the Institution Hall, and supporting him as their minister. For some time Mr. M. had been so thoroughly convinced that the immersion of believers was the New Testament ordinance of baptism, that his duty to Christ, and his peace of mind, required him thus to follow his Master through the baptismal stream. After a very lucid address, Mr. M., with eleven others, was baptized by the Rev. C. Clarke, B.A., minister of the place. A considerable number of Mr. Morris's people have decided to follow his example.

**KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, March 28**—Three by Mr. T. W. Medhurst.

**LAXFIELD, April 15**—Seven by Mr. E. Sears.

**LEOMINSTER, April 1**—Four by Mr. Nash, one of them a young man of great promise for usefulness.

**LIVERPOOL, Great Crosshall-street, Feb. 26**—Sixteen; March 18, Eleven, by Mr. Thomas.

**LIXWM, April 1**—Six by Mr. Edwards.

**LLANIDLOES, March 25**—Three by Mr. Evans; April 22, Three by Mr. Evans.

**LLANWENARTH, March 25**—Sixteen by Mr. Johns, pastor.

**LONDON, New Park-street, March 31**—Thirteen by Mr. Spurgeon.

—, Islington, Cross-street, April 11—Eight by Mr. Thomas.

—, Soho Chapel, Oxford-street, Feb. 20—Six by Mr. Pells.

LESDON, Bloomsbury Chapel, Feb. 20—Four; March 19, Five; April 16, Ten, by Mr. Brock. Amount the latter were the son of Sir S. M. Peto, M.P., and three of the Refuge Boys from the St. Giles' and St. George's Ragged Schools.

Regent's-park Chapel, late Diorama, March 28—Seventeen by Mr. Landels.

MARCHESTER, Granby-street, March 18—Three by Mr. Lee, in the absence, through illness, of Mr. Owens.

MELBOURN, April 12—Seven by Mr. G. Bailey; one of them the daughter of the late pastor, Rev. J. Flood.

MOLD, North Wales, March 20—Twenty-two by Mr. Hughes, after a discourse by Mr. Owens, Bagillt.

NANTGOWN, Radnorshire, April 15—Five by Mr. Davies.

NECTON, Norfolk, April 7—Four by Mr. J. Kingdon. One of the candidates was obliged to leave his situation for thus making a public profession of his attachment to Christ.

NEW CHAPEL, Montgomeryshire, April 8—Three by Mr. Evans.

NORTON, Bethany (near Swansea), Jan. 8—One, a Primitive Methodist; Feb. 5, Five; March 4, Three; April 1, Six, by Mr. J. Pugh, minister of Siloam, Brethry. We are glad to add others are waiting for the same privilege.

OSWESTRY, Willow-street, March 18—Six by Mr. A. J. Parry.

PANTYGO, near Bagillt, April 4—Thirty by Mr. J. Ll. Owens.

RAMAH, April 1—Four by Mr. Llewellyn.

RISELEY, Beds, April 1—Three (two from the Established Church) by Mr. Wilson.

SANDY, April 1—Four by Mr. T. Voysey.

SHARNBROOK, Bethlehem, April 1—One by Mr. Corby.

SOUTHAMPTON, Earl-street, April 1—Four by Mr. Cavan.—Your "Memorial Portraits" give great satisfaction. If one or two persons belonging to each Baptist congregation were to exert themselves to get subscribers, I am quite sure the circulation would be fourfold.—E. E. E.

SOUTHEA, St. Paul's, March 25—Six by Mr. J. H. Cooke. One having served in the Crimea, wore his medals.

SUDBURY, Suffolk, March 28—Six; and April 18, Five, by Mr. Bentley.

SWANSEA, York-place, March 4—Six (one a son of Abraham).

SWANWICK, Derbyshire, March 18—Five by Mr. Bayly, of Newark. Three of these were from among the Methodists.

TORQUAY, Devon, April 1—Ten by Mr. King.

WELLINGTON, April 6—Fourteen by Mr. B. James, of Yeovil.

WHITTLESEA, April 1—Eight by Mr. D. Ashby.

YEovil, March 6—Six by Mr. R. James.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE BUILDING FUND.

RECEIPTS FROM FEB. 12 TO APRIL 18, 1860.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		
Collections at the Tabernacle,				Mr. Websdale	...	0	10	0	Mrs. Prentice	...	0	5	0
Tottenham Court Road,				T. and A. B.	...	0	5	0	Miss Brooke	...	0	10	0
after Sermons by Rev. C. H.				Mr. Watts	...	0	5	0	Miss E. Brooke	...	0	9	0
Spurgeon	27	19	2	Mr. Stroud	...	0	5	0	Mrs. Graves	...	0	9	0
A Friend	1	0	0	Mr. Bingley	...	0	5	0	Mr. Thomas Sharpe	...	0	11	0
Miss Powell	1	0	0	Mr. David	...	3	5	0	T. W. F.	...	5	0	0
Miss Fowell	5	0	0	Miss Ruck	...	0	10	0	Mrs. Hainford	...	0	8	0
Mr. Thorns	0	5	0	Mr. Walton	...	2	2	0	Mr. Wright	...	0	15	0
Miss Wilkins	0	10	0	Miss Wilkins	...	0	13	0	Miss Frances	...	0	9	0
Mr. Hayman	0	5	0	Mr. Wigney	...	0	8	0	Mrs. Richards	...	0	12	0
Mr. C. Hooker	1	1	0	Mrs. Stevens	...	0	16	0	Mr. James Haydon	...	4	0	0
Miss Cleare	...	...	...	Miss Abrose	...	0	11	0	Mr. James Haydon	...	0	7	4
Mr. Hawes	0	6	0	Mrs. Sherman	...	0	5	0	Miss Baker	...	0	8	0
Mr. Grose	0	18	0	Mr. Furber	...	0	8	0	Mrs. Drew	...	0	10	8
Mrs. Lane	0	12	8	Lady Burgoyne	...	5	6	7	Mrs. Edwards	...	0	3	0
A Friend at Oundle	1	0	0	Mrs. Harfoot	...	0	11	0	Miss Thomas	...	0	10	6
Society of Collection at Bexley				Miss A. Payne	...	0	7	0	Mrs. Thomas	...	0	7	4
Health, after Sermons by				Mr. Murrell	...	5	5	0	Mr. Willmott	...	0	10	4
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	7	0	0	T. C.	...	5	5	0	Miss Seamans	...	0	8	0
Two Friends at Bristol	2	0	0	Mr. J. Fellows	...	0	10	0	Mr. Wood	...	0	7	0
Mr. Sins, per Rev. J. Smith,				E. W.	...	0	10	0	Mr. Grigg	...	0	15	0
Cheltenham	10	0	0	Miss Sarah Pearce	...	0	12	0	Mrs. Oake	...	0	5	10
Society of Coll. at Brompton	32	0	0	Mr. Summerfield	...	0	5	0	Mr. Taylor	...	0	5	0
Lady Queensbury	20	0	0	Mr. Barrow	...	35	0	0	Mr. Chapman	...	0	5	0
Collection at Luton	35	0	0	Mrs. Ashman	...	0	8	10	Mr. Walbank	...	0	10	0
Collections after Sermons in				Mrs. Simmonds	...	0	5	7	Miss Tester	...	0	10	0
Paris, by Rev. C. H. Spur-				Mrs. Colthrup	...	0	5	0	Mrs. Turner	...	0	5	0
geon	63	6	0	Mrs. Fisher	...	0	7	8	Mrs. Plasket	...	0	10	0
Mr. Odams	20	0	0	Miss Kewen	...	0	11	0	Mrs. Goodwin	...	0	7	8
Mrs. Marlborough (second				Miss Masters	...	0	6	0	Mr. Watkins	...	0	12	0
donation)	100	0	0	Mrs. Brown	...	4	4	0	Miss Mallett	...	0	18	8
A Friend	100	0	0	Mr. Seward	...	0	10	0	Mr. Baldwin	...	0	5	0
Mr. Fisher	30	0	0	Mr. Tremain	...	0	12	8	Miss Cocksshaw	...	1	3	6
G. Hadfield, Esq., M.P.	20	0	0	Mrs. Deard	...	0	9	10	Mr. Holliday	...	0	13	0
Mr. Muir	10	0	0	Miss Kewen	...	0	9	8	Mrs. Holliday	...	0	7	8
J. Fennings, Esq.	5	5	0	Mrs. Brown	...	4	4	0	Miss Baldwin	...	0	5	0
Mr. Hawkins	1	0	0	Mr. Jones	...	0	10	0	Mr. J. Miller	...	0	10	0
Mr. E. Mann	0	10	0	Mrs. Hicks	...	1	10	6	Mr. White	...	0	11	3
A. H. C.	0	10	0	W. Nokes, Esq., per	Mr. Low	101	5	0	Mr. White	...	0	15	0
D.	6	0	0	G. Startin, Esq.	..	1	0	0	Mrs. Collins	...	0	6	0
C. L. Mudie, Esq.	3	8	0	T. Shear, Esq.	..	5	0	0	Mr. Barra	...	0	8	0
Mr. Witchelov	5	0	0	G. England, Esq.	..	5	5	0	Miss Dunmer	...	5	1	8
Mr. Percer	0	10	0	T. Parker, Esq.	..	2	2	0	Miss Dunmer	...	0	10	6
For an Autograph	1	0	0	Mr. S. Knott, per Mr. W. Olney	..	5	0	0	Master Dunmer	...	0	11	0
Rev. E. Grier	1	0	0	T. Hepburn, Esq.	..	5	5	0	Mr. Emerson	...	0	15	0
Mr. A. Long	1	0	0	F. Hepburn, Esq.	..	5	5	0	Mrs. Germain	...	0	0	0
Mr. Whitehead	2	0	0	Mrs. O. Rodway	..	5	0	0	Mrs. Cox	...	0	8	0
Mr. Shepherd	1	0	0	Mr. Franks, junr.	..	5	5	0	Miss Lane	...	0	14	0
Mr. Tucker	5	0	0	Mr. James Mills	..	3	3	0	Mr. Banks	...	0	8	0
Mrs. Gay	1	0	0	Mr. Doves	..	3	3	0	Mr. E. Verrell	...	0	5	0
The Male Catechumen Class.	0	11	0	Mr. W. Olney	...	7	19	0	R. T.	...	0	10	0
The Mission Hall Sunday-				Mr. A. Tessier	...	0	10	0	Miss Henderson	...	0	10	0
school	0	0	0	Miss Farrow	...	0	7	0	Miss Grubb	...	1	15	0

£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mr. Carter	1 13 0	Miss Williams	0 10 10	Mr. Knowles	1 10 0
Mr. G. D. Evans	1 6 0	Miss E. Davis	0 5 0	Mr. Parton	2 0 0
Mr. Deuham	0 8 6	Miss Hooper	0 2 1	Miss Harris	0 11 0
Miss Hudson	0 14 0	Mr. Page	0 6 0	Mrs. Kedgway	0 8 0
Mrs. Evans	0 8 0	Mrs. Shrimpton	1 0 0	Mrs. Howley	0 10 0
Mr. W. Tugby	0 0 0	Miss Joy	1 0 0	Mrs. Lloyd	0 10 0
Mrs. Sadgood	0 8 0	Mrs. Wilkinson	0 11 6	Mr. Roe	0 12 0
Miss Defriez	0 0 0	Mrs. Mantle	0 5 0	Mr. Deastall	5 0 0
Mr. Hellier	2 10 0	Mrs. Elverston	0 3 0	Mr. J. Jackson	5 212 0
Mrs. Brown	0 7 0	Mr. Pears	1 0 0	Mr. Jones	5 0 0
Mr. Williams	0 15 0	Mr. Hooper	0 12 6	Mrs. Dundey	0 10 0
Mr. Williams	0 7 0	Miss Amos	0 10 0	Mr. Brown	0 11 0
Miss Procter	0 5 0	Mrs. and Miss Peel	2 6 0	Mr. Passmore	26 0 0
Mr. Paeet	0 15 0	Mrs. Jackson	1 0 0	Anonymous	7 5 10
Miss Collins	0 10 0	Mr. Russell	0 3 0	Proceeds of Services at West-	
Mr. Warr	0 10 0	Mr. Walkten	4 0 0	bourne-grove Chapel, after	
Mr. Smith	0 15 0	Mrs. Sargent	0 5 0	Sermons by Rev. C. H.	
Mrs. Hooper	3 4 0	Mrs. Maddott	0 7 6	Spurgeon	
Mr. Cox	0 5 0	Mr. Testio	3 3 0	Mrs. Limond	06 0 6
Mr. Tarnell	5 0 0	Mr. Testio	1 4 6	Mr. and Mrs. Saunders	5 5 0
Mrs. Hooper	1 1 0	Mr. C. Aldis	0 7 0	Mr. and Mrs. Satchwell	0 16 0
Mr. E. Hanks	2 0 0	Mr. A. Aldis	0 7 6	Miss Shepherd	0 15 0
Mrs. Brewington	0 5 0	Mr. and Mrs. White	0 13 0	Mrs. Reynolds	0 10 0
Miss Haywood	1 17 0	Mr. Cartmell	0 15 0	Miss Kensett	0 3 8
Mrs. Balchin	0 5 0	Mrs. Brooker	0 8 9	Mr. A. Davis	0 7 0
Miss Hill	0 17 0	Mrs. Abbott	1 1 0	Mr. Chandler	2 0 2
Miss Windmill	3 5 2	Mrs. Finch	0 11 0	Miss Beddow	0 5 6
Mrs. Johnson	0 0 0	Mr. Eastick	1 0 0	Miss Sherwin	0 5 0
Mrs. How	0 10 0	Mr. Peak	1 0 0	Mrs. Burrows	0 5 0
Mrs. Moore	0 6 6	Mr. Sherrin	0 10 0	Mr. Crathern	0 7 0
Mr. Ranford	1 1 0	Miss Passmore	0 10 0	Mr. T. Moor	1 1 0
Mr. Ranford, jun.	1 2 0	Miss Cole	0 5 0	Miss Igg	0 14 0
Misses and Master Biggs	2 10 0	Miss Wheatstone	0 7 0	Miss Moor	0 5 0
Mr. T. R. Phillips	25 0 0	Mr. Beard	0 7 0	Mr. Neal	1 0 0
Mr. Kimber, Oxon	1 0 0	G. H.	1 1 0	Mr. Knighton	1 0 0
Mrs. B.	1 11 0	Mr. J. Stokes	0 7 6	Mrs. Chapman	0 5 0
Mr. Moore	3 2 0	Mr. G. Stokes	0 8 0	Mr. Greenland	0 12 6
Mr. Maylard	5 0 0	Mr. J. Collins	0 4 6	Miss Lovegrove	0 7 6
Miss M. A. Floyd	1 3 0	Mrs. Dawson	2 0 0	Miss Turner	0 8 8
Miss Bailey	0 15 3	Mr. Dawling	1 3 9	Mrs. Thomas	0 7 6
Miss Weeks	1 0 3	Mrs. Bridges	1 5 0	Miss Frakes	0 7 0
Mr. Sylvester	0 5 0	Miss Buckingham	0 4 0	Miss Southgate	1 17 7
Mr. and Mrs. Brummell	2 1 6	Mrs. Gardner	0 6 0	Mrs. Parker	0 16 6
Mr. White	0 10 0	Mr. Jenkins	5 0 0	Mr. Everett	1 0 0
Mr. Evans	0 4 0	Mrs. Dodds	0 19 0	Mrs. Nicholson	1 4 6
Mr. Brown	1 0 0	Mrs. Dyke	0 10 0	Miss Taylor	0 10 4
Mr. Griffiths	0 12 0	Mrs. Gregory	0 6 0	Miss Ashman	0 210
Mrs. Cockhead	0 4 3	Mr. Lott	3 0 0	Miss Wylder	0 6 8
Miss Robins	0 14 0	Mr. W. Carl	0 6 9	Master Evans	0 4 8
Mr. Grant	0 10 0	Mrs. Tollervey	0 10 0	Mrs. Summerfield	0 9 5
Mr. Flood	0 11 0	Mr. Macdonald	0 10 0	Miss Shaw	0 5 0
Mr. Sproudbury	1 1 0	Mr. and Mrs. Marraway	0 11 0	Mr. Edwards	0 10 0
Mrs. Dunbar	0 8 0	Ditto Children's Card	0 5 0	Mr. Hooper	0 3 0
Mr. Sheldrick	0 5 0	Miss Edwards	0 9 0	Mr. H. Olney	2 0 0
Mr. Benjamin	0 6 6	Mr. Capendale	0 6 6	Mr. R. Dalton	0 7 0
Mr. and Mrs. Crocker	1 10 0	Mr. Hickman	0 7 0	Miss Pyne	0 5 0
Miss C. Crocker	0 14 0	Mr. Payne	1 0 0	Mr. Thos. Olney	2 0 0
Miss Townsend	0 6 0	Mr. Lester	0 14 0	Miss Ferrett	0 10 0
Miss Bergant	0 6 0	Mr. Duke	1 0 0	W. F. C.	5 0 0
Mrs. Davies	0 4 8	Miss Birkin	1 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. Hyett	0 10 6
Mr. Bradwick	0 5 0	Mrs. Oxley	2 0 0	Mr. Beazley	1 12 6
Miss Hall	1 1 6	Mrs. Brewer	0 5 0	Mrs. M'Newlago	0 6 0
Miss Brooks	0 5 0	Mr. and Mrs. Thom	1 7 6	Mrs. Adams	0 5 10
Miss Phillips	0 0 2	Miss Wickham	0 14 0	Mr. Willett	0 10 0
Mrs. Darch	0 7 0	Mrs. Knight	0 5 6	Miss Passmore	0 11 0
Miss Rudd	0 9 1	Misses Turner	0 11 0	Mr. Simmons	0 0 0
Mr. Jackson	0 15 3	Mr. Todd	0 5 0	Mr. W. F. Hunt	0 7 6
Mrs. Berry	0 7 6	Miss Buchan	0 10 0	Mr. Flack	0 5 0
Miss Mothersell	0 5 6	Mrs. Ivymay	0 5 0	Mrs. Emley	0 5 0
Mrs. Emerson	0 7 0	Mr. King	0 10 0	Miss Cole	0 3 6
Mrs. Brownhall	1 0 0	Mr. J. Brook	0 7 6	Mrs. Hellier	0 4 0
Mrs. Albott	2 0 0	Mr. Brown	0 5 0	Mr. Girdan	1 1 0
Miss Greenfield	0 12 0	Mr. Reed	1 5 0	Miss Powell	0 8 6
Misses Caslake	0 15 6	Mrs. Dummett	0 10 0	Mrs. White	0 15 0
Mr. Bull	0 5 0	Miss Coy	1 0 0	Mrs. Jennings	0 4 0
Mr. Clover	0 2 6	Mrs. Farney	0 6 6	Mr. Turner	0 10 0
Mr. T. Cartmell	0 5 0	Miss Sharpe	0 5 0	Mr. Wooster	0 7 0
Miss Powell	0 9 6	Mrs. Molineaux	0 5 0	Miss Wooster	0 7 0
Miss Peckham	0 16 6	Miss Wynch	0 8 0	Mr. Davies	1 1 0
Mrs. Ellwood	5 10 0	Miss Green	0 1 8	Mrs. Armitage	0 5 0
Miss Cantelow	0 8 0	Miss Bendall	0 7 0	Mrs. Mallett	0 10 0
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## THE MINISTER'S TRUMPET-BLAST AND CHURCH-MEMBER'S WARNING.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF NEW PARK-STREET CHAPEL.

"Set the trumpet to thy mouth. He shall come as an eagle against the house of the Lord, because they have transgressed my covenant, and trespassed against my law. Israel shall cry unto me, My God, we know thee."—Hosea viii. 1, 2.

(Continued from page 106.)

III. Having gone through two parts of the text—the command to the minister, and the reason found among his people—I shall next want your attention to the third point, as proposed—THE REASON WHY HOSEA AT THAT TIME SHOULD SPECIALLY SET THE TRUMPET TO HIS MOUTH, NAMELY, THAT JUDGMENT WAS IMPENDING UPON THE PEOPLE OF ISRAEL. "He shall come as an eagle against the house of the Lord." Different expositors have given different interpretations of this with regard to the peculiar plague which was at that time about to fall upon the Israelitish people; some say it was one thing and some another. I do not care to enter into these diverse interpretations; it is enough for me to believe that there is a visitation here threatened against the Church of God. What does it say? Look at the text again. "He shall come as an eagle against the house of the Lord." What, will the Lord let anything come against his own house? It cannot be so, surely. Ah! but it is so; and the emphatic name of God, Jehovah, is used, for you see it stands in capitals. "He shall come as an eagle against the house of Jehovah." If sin gets into God's house, he will no more spare sin in his house than he will spare it in the devil's house. God hates sin everywhere, and if sin gets into his own Church he will flog it out. It is of no use at all for this false traitor to go and hide himself in the house of God's children; the Lord will drag him out to execution, even though he creep into our bedchambers. There shall be no sparing him; he may hide under the camels' furniture, but every Rachel shall be made to stand up, and God will turn out our brazen images and cast them away from us.

It seems then that a visitation is threatened against the Church of God—against God's own house. And notice this visitation: "He shall come as an eagle." Now an eagle comes two ways. First, it comes on a sudden. Poised high in the air, so high aloft that you cannot see it, it keeps its wings fluttering in the air as birds of prey are wont to do, and with its sharp eyes, so powerful that at that tremendous height it can see the smallest fish in the water, it marks its prey, and on a sudden down it dashes, as if it had fallen from heaven like a meteor-stone, or like the lightning-flash. It is there where we cannot see it, and suddenly it comes and bears away its prey. Now, such is often God's visitation upon his Church; he comes suddenly like an eagle and chastens his children. Besides, here is an allusion to the *strong flight* of the eagle. When the eagle once stretches his wings to fly, and scents blood afar off upon the battle-field, who can stay his wings? He bears against the wind; he buffets the storm; he cuts through it as a ship through the billows or a fish through the sea; on, on, like an arrow from the bow, he shoots to his desired stopping-place. So shall God's judgments be to his Church; they shall come on his Church irresistibly, and there shall be no escape, there shall be no deliverance. The eagle shall come with such force that none shall stay his might.

Ah! and how true this has been of the Church of Christ in many ages! As I have said before, God has never left his chosen people; but he has often left separate churches, when those churches have become mixed with the world. Look at the Seven Churches of Asia; it would be an interesting and a solemn journey for some of us to make, to go to Sardis, and to go to Pergamos, and to Thyatira, and to see the spots where there once were churches to whom John the Divine wrote a part of the book of Revelations—to see that some of them have no inhabitants whatever,

only the bittern and the owl, and the ruins of a cast-down grandeur; in others, a few huts, and Bedouin Arabs pasturing their flocks; and I think the best of them is a miserable little place which we should hardly dignify with the name of a village, with, perhaps, not a dozen Christians to be found within a circuit of a dozen miles. God has taken the candlestick out of its place, and quenched its light in darkness. Just so is it with the Church of Rome. What prosperity there was there once! Paul had, doubtless, a very large number who used to gather together in his hired room to listen to him; and if Peter ever went to Rome, and he may have done so, he would, doubtless, have gathered a goodly band around him. But we have good evidence that there were a very large number of Christians there, for in the catacombs under Rome—catacombs first of all dug out to find stone for the building of old Rome—all along the corridors, many miles in length, there are gravestones, on which are inscriptions to the memory of Christians. You look on one and another, and there you see the name—one man with an anchor to show his hope, or another with a dove; and on most of them are these words, "He rests in peace," or "She rests in peace." And there are thousands of these; the church in the catacombs must have numbered a great many members, and there they flourished, down there in the darkness of the earth, worshipping God by candle-light when the sun was shining above them, and his brightest rays could never reach them in those gloomy caverns. That church seems to have been a very eminent one; the inscriptions bear the proofs of the very highest and most spiritual forms of piety; and now, where is the church in Rome? Is there a Church of Christ there at all? There may be some three or four Christians tarrying there; but if they worship in public it must be outside the gates of the city, for the Harlot—the Mother of Harlots—sits upon her seven hills; she will permit no worship of the living God and of Christ, unless it is mixed up with her abominable idolatries and superstitions. The candlestick is taken out of its place.

Again, to give you another picture, which will, perhaps, strike you more still: look at Germany. In the days of Luther it was the stronghold of the Gospel; and how Luther used to thunder out there and preach the Word! What crowds gathered to hear that mighty thunderer, while in rough Saxon he preached the Word, and defied the Pope and the devil too! Things are improving now, I hope; but it might have been said some years ago, "How are the mighty fallen!" The Lutheran churches had become nearly all Unitarian or Rationalist; they had forsaken the fountain of living waters; they forgot the Lord that bought them, and turned aside to damnable heresy. And why should it not be so here? Unless the Lord should continually preserve in us a remnant, we had almost "become like unto Sodom, and been made like unto Gomorrah." The descent may come in an instant; the eagle may now be watching in the air. His descent may be without any warning but that which is given us to-night. There may come a sudden destruction, as pain upon a woman in travail, and we may not escape. As long as we walk with God, as long as we are true to the faith, as long as we labour for the salvation of souls, so long we are secure. But as sure as sin is permitted to spread amongst us—if the spirit of lukewarmness, of laxity of doctrine, of prayerlessness, should creep in here, it is all over with us. The Lord will say, "Let me go hence;" there will be heard in this church what there was once heard in the temple just before the time of its destruction by Titus. It is said that there was heard within the veil a rushing of wind, and the high priest who was officiating declared that he heard the voice say, "Arise, let us go hence." That voice has been heard in many churches. I could point to chapels where that voice must have been heard—places where once there were crowds of hearers—covered with dust and cobwebs, where scarcely anybody cares to enter, and where those that enter are cold, and dead, and dull, and careless. Shall it ever be so with this church? God forbid! Thou God of Benjamin Keach, thy suffering servant; thou God of Gill, thy servant who declared the truth in all its fulness; thou God of the sainted

Rippon, whom thou hast taken to thyself; thou who hast been the God of this church for, lo! these many, many years; thou who hast kept us beneath the shadow of thy wings, and brought us into a habitation—be thou our God for ever and ever until the coming of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

IV. I think I need not say any more with regard to this great and solemn reason why the trumpet is to be blown. Let me only dwell for a minute upon THE VERY BEAUTIFUL AND BLESSED EFFECT OF THIS BLAST OF THE TRUMPET. "Israel shall cry unto me, My God, we know thee." In the Hebrew, this expression is very remarkable indeed; it runs thus: "They shall cry unto me, My God, we know thee—Israel." I do not know whether you perceive the meaning of it; it is, perhaps, difficult for me to say it, so as for you to perceive the pith of it. They say, "My God, we know thee;" then, as if God did not know who they were, they say, "Israel." "My God, we know thee—Israel." They mention their name; plead it before him. Or else it may be, as another excellent translator says, that they thought perhaps the Lord would not remember them, but he would remember the man with whom he had made a covenant, namely, Jacob, Israel; for they say in the Hebrew, "My God, we know thee—Israel." Remember Israel; think thou of him who wrestled with thee, and became a prevailing prince! We will be content, however, to take the passage as it stands. "Israel shall cry, My God, we know thee." Can you sincerely utter that cry, brothers and sisters? If so, a blast of the trumpet will have had a blessed effect—if you can say, "Lord, we know thee."

Well, what do you know about him? There is one point in his character I want you to remember. If you know God aright, you will know that he is a jealous God. That is one of the first things which he said when he dealt with his people in the wilderness. "I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God." I do not know that always we precisely understand the meaning of the word "jealous." You know what it means in common life—how, if there be one who has a right to another's heart, if that person suspect that the other's heart is given away, there is jealousy. Well, now, there is jealousy in God's heart. And do you know where we are most jealous? Why, it is an object of utter indifference to me who certain people may love, because I have no sort of affection whatever for them. But if there be one on whom my whole heart is set, if that person's heart were given away, I should feel jealousy. Now, God is not jealous of sinners; he is jealous of saints, of his own people, especially the people he loves best. I remember an old divine says, "It is an awful thing to be one of God's favourites,"—I have turned that over in my mind many times and shuddered at the thought,—"for," says he, "God does not deal with all his children on precisely the same rule. There are some of his people whom he makes more his favourites than others; he takes them out and makes them his eminent servants, puts them in the first rank of the battle, and makes them very useful and very serviceable; he is more jealous of them than he is of any other. He is jealous of all his children, but especially of those children upon whom he has shed most of his favours." You remember the story of the poor king of England. When there was a rebellion against him, and he had put it down, he promised that he would give pardon to all who were concerned in it. He had the list of offenders brought to him, which contained the names of those whom he was to pardon. He read the name of his son Richard, and he wept;—"Is Richard a rebel?" He read the name of his son Henry, and he wept again;—"Is he a rebel?" But he had one favourite son, his son John, and he saw in the midst of the paper the name of his son John as one whom he might forgive; he forgave him, but it broke his heart, and he died. The more favour there is, the more jealousy there will be.

Now, as a church, we may truly say, not in pride, but in thankfulness, God has been very gracious to us. He has distinguished us by his grace; he has caused our candle to shine brightly; he has heard our prayers. But he will be very jealous of us if we begin to ascribe the good work to ourselves. If we take any honour and leave off praying, if our zeal diminishes, if we become loose in our lives, if immoral



characters are tolerated among us, God will be very angry with us, and we must expect that though he will not cast away his own people, yet, as a church, he will take away our beauty, and cause it to fade away like the moth; and the fine gold shall become dim, and the glory shall depart from Israel.

Now what is the meaning of all this? It is but this, brethren—I would stir you up to *continue in prayer*. To some of you, perhaps, the exhortation is not needed, but to others I am sure it is. Thank God we have some in the church who know the power of prayer—know how to wrestle with God; but oh! we want more of these. We want not to have the few men that lap only, but to have you all among the lappers—to have you all wrestlers with God, all diligent in his service, and seeking to extend his kingdom. Let us be from this day forward more prayerful than we have ever been before."

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## THE SUBSTITUTE DELIVERED FOR THE GUILTY.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHELTENHAM.

CHRIST crucified is the glory of the Gospel. It is the centre in which all the lines of truth meet, the source from which peace and salvation flow, the firm and well-tried foundation of a sinner's hope. To the cross the eye of faith instinctively turns, and in it sees the only way of access to God. On this subject let us meditate a little, and from it may we draw joy, holiness, and strength. Let us consider Paul's words, who, speaking of Jesus as the great object of our faith, says, "Who was delivered for our offences," Rom. iv. 25.

WHO WAS DELIVERED? All the mystery hinges here. If it had been a criminal we had not wondered; if it had been some common person, we had not been so much surprised. But it was the most wonderful person in the universe. It was the glorious Son of God, the Only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. His nature was Divine, his dignity equal to that of his Father, and his glory filled the heavens. Greater or more glorious he could not be. He was also the guiltless Son of man. His human nature was pure and holy; his life was sinless; his obedience to the law was complete. As he did not descend from Adam in the ordinary way of natural generation, he was not tainted with original sin, nor was he implicated in the guilt of the first transgression. He embraced in himself Divinity and humanity; he was at once the Creator and a creature. He could not have been delivered but with his own consent. It was, therefore, in accordance with the arrangements of the everlasting covenant that he "*was delivered for our offences.*"

TO WHOM WAS HE DELIVERED? Into the hands of wicked men. Into the hands of the Jews; and appearing before Annas and Caiaphas, he was despised and rejected of them. Into the hands of the Gentiles; and appearing before Pilate and Herod, they set him at nought, and condemned him to be crucified. The whole world, as represented by the Jews and the Gentiles, treated him with contempt and put him to death. "He being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, was taken, and with wicked hands was crucified and slain." He was delivered also to the powers of darkness, the god and ruler of this world, who put forth all their power, and displayed all their craft and cruelty, in torturing and putting him to death. He was delivered over to the vilest of God's creatures, who seemed to be left to do their worst, and to torment him to the uttermost.

TO WHAT WAS HE DELIVERED? To suffer the shame, pain, and contempt that sins deserved. To die, and by dying to atone for our sins, and to put them away ever. He voluntarily became our substitute; he freely took our place; he died to be delivered to suffer our doom; and all our sins were charged on him, all sins were punished in him, and, so all our sins were expiated by him. In our

nature, he took our place, and suffered in our stead. *He "was delivered for our offences."*

FOR WHOM WAS HE DELIVERED? For *us*, that is, for the ungodly, for sinners, for his enemies. We were as unlike God as possible. We were as much opposed to God as we could be. We had broken his law, thrown off his yoke, and wandered as far from him as we could. In our nature there was only pollution; in our lives, there was only sin. But in another point of view, he was delivered for his sheep, to pay the penalty of their wandering—for his Church, to pay the price of her redemption—for his bride, to give his life as her ransom. How wonderful, that Jesus should condescend to be "*delivered for our offences!*"

FOR WHAT WAS HE DELIVERED? "*For our offences;*" for all our sins of nature, of thought, of word, and of deed. We committed the crimes, and they were placed to his account, they were all charged on him. We trespassed, and he had to pay the penalty. We sinned, and he had to procure our pardon. We committed the crimes, and he had to render the atonement, in order to save us from all the penal consequences. "*He was made sin for us, who knew no sin: that we might be made the righteousness of God, in him.*" He "*was delivered for our offences!*"

WHO DELIVERED HIM? His own beloved Father—that Father who delighted in him—the Father who by a voice from heaven said twice, "*This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.*" Our injured, insulted Lawgiver delivered him. How amazing was this, that rather than deliver us his enemies over into the hand of justice, to be dealt with as our sins deserved, he would deliver his only-begotten and well-beloved Son, to suffer the desert of them in our stead! Yes, by his own Father, whom we had done the utmost in our power to insult and grieve, he "*was delivered for our offences.*"

*How terrible is the nature of sin!* It demands an atonement for us, such as only God in our nature could render; or it will bring down eternal punishment upon us. *How wondrous the grace of Jesus!* He condescended to undertake the mighty work of putting away sin by the sacrifice of himself. He died, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God! *How marvellous the love of God!* To give his only-begotten Son, to give him to suffer such contempt, such shame, such tremendous agonies; and all for enemies, whose minds were enmity against him. *How simple the way of escape for sinners!* Jesus takes our place, suffers in our room, and dies in our stead. In consequence of this, every one that believes on him, commits the soul to him, or trusts in him for salvation, is pardoned, justified, accepted of God, and shall be glorified. Reader, if you *consent* for Jesus to take your place, be your substitute, and die in your stead—if you place your entire confidence in him, you shall be saved—saved with an everlasting salvation—saved honourably and certainly—saved so that God's glory shall be great in your salvation.

## MAN'S RESPONSIBILITY CONSISTENT WITH DIVINE SOVEREIGNTY.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH PALMER, AUTHOR OF "THE WAYS OF GOD WITH MAN."

EVERY lover of God and his truth will cheerfully acknowledge Jehovah's sovereignty. The crown properly belongs to the Maker of heaven and earth; and every regenerated heart cheerfully repeats,

"Crown him, crown him, Lord of all."

But the writer of the present paper contends that this great fact does not destroy that other relative fact of *man's agency and consequent responsibility*. Man has not

lost his agency, although, through the fall, he is enslaved by sin and Satan. To deny *man's agency* is to deny his personality. He may be infatuated, he may be brutalized, or even worse, but his agency is not destroyed, and thus his responsibility is certain.

Some good men seem to lose sight of the individuality and responsibility of the creature. They speak of men and women as though they were but the embodiment of sin or grace—as if they were but the

blested or else the unfortunate beings wrought upon by these contrary principles—as if man's will was a nonentity. But this is not the case. It is the bias of the will which makes the character; and because he possesses a will man is responsible.

Man was created with a perfect freedom of will, and so far as the Lord God is concerned, that will is still free. The general and complete enslavement of it by the deceptive and destructive influences of sin and Satan is another matter; man has consented to this perversion, and he is responsible for it. If a man suffers a viper to insinuate its deadly poison into his system, he is responsible for his own mad act.

Some good men represent responsibility as a *law* term. They limit the creature's accountability to the *law*; they cannot see it to exist also under the Gospel. But this is a chimera wholly unsupported by the Word of God. Law and Gospel have, undoubtedly, claims upon God's creatures; and our spiritual deficiency and impotency do not abrogate God's claims.

The Scriptures evidently cast the responsibility of faith and repentance, and a holy life, upon the creature. And these requirements of God, when pressed home upon the conscience by Divine power, become as a mirror in which is reflected the wants and deficiencies of nature—its sinfulness, declension, and total inability to fulfil these commands of God. Thus, under Divine teaching, convictions of sin and ruin follow, and the soul feels the need of sanctifying grace, and the mighty power of God's Holy Spirit to supply true repentance and faith in a dear Redeemer. If we inquire what are the great and insurmountable difficulties in human nature to saving faith in Christ, the writer would name the natural enmity and unbelief of the heart. Now none but God can take away this enmity and unbelief. But where this is taken away the soul is sure to believe. Well, then, since God had no hand in putting these evils into our nature, how can their baneful presence exculpate any man from the call of God in his Gospel to faith and repentance? God's claims in his law, and God's calls in his Gospel, are not cancelled by the creature's sinfulness and inability. Shall the sluggard's farm be exempt from the land-tax and poor's-rate because it is neglected and yields no revenue? Shall the laws of England succumb to some churl who indulges in brutal violence? No; liabilities cannot thus be removed.

Some good men seem as though they cannot distinguish between responsibility and human ability. But they are widely separated. *Responsibility* rests upon what we were as God's pure workmanship; *total inability* to all spiritual grace and service is the sad consequence of what sin and Satan have made us. God's claims upon us are not measured by what we *are*, but what we *were*. The laws of England are not to be mitigated in her colonies, because the settlers have lived long without law.

Now much of this is allowed in respect to God's *holy law*. But some good men cannot carry the same arguments towards the *Gospel*. But God's Word evidently does so. Repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, are explicitly stated to be the *requirements* of God in the Scriptures. The insolvency of the creature is no bar to the Sovereign's claim. Dear reader, let not the sophistries of even good men turn thee aside from the plain testimony of God's Word.

"Bow down, sense and reason,  
Faith only reigns here."

"And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent," Acts xvii. 30. "I said therefore unto you that ye shall die in your sins: for if ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins," John viii. 24. "This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent," John vi. 29. It will be observed that these words are addressed to the unbelieving multitude, in answer to their inquiry—"What shall we do, that we might work the work of God?" And then in the tenth chapter of John it will be seen how the Lord Jesus exhorts the people to believe: "If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not. But if I do, though ye believe not me, believe the works: that ye may know, and believe, that the Father is in me, and I in him," John x. 37, 38. And that this believing is spiritual faith is shown by the statement that "no man can call Jesus Lord but by the Holy Ghost." Again, "While ye have light, believe in the light, that ye may be the children of the light," John xii. 36. If this last Scripture be not an exhortation to natural men to exercise faith in Christ, the writer feels he must give up every claim to common sense and proper understanding. And hundreds of similar Scriptures, plain, simple, and undisguised in meaning, might be quoted. Oh, reader, trifle not with God's

Word; compare Scripture with Scripture, and abide by the testimony of God.

Whether a man be the subject of Divine grace, or whether he be the voluntary slave of sin, man himself is the agent, the responsible agent before God. The Lord God will deal with the man, will judge the man—not the principles of sin or grace within him, but the man; he is responsible. The action of grace is accounted the action of the individual; sin is the crime of the sinner: the tyranny of the one, and the sovereign gift of the other, do not destroy his individual responsibility.

Thus we find, in the Word of God, that the most heinous crimes, or the highest graces, are spoken of as the doing of the creature. And it is in this light that warnings and exhortations are used in God's word.

In conclusion, some good men argue that exhortations in God's Word, when employed towards natural men, refer only to

*natural* faith, *natural* love, and so on; but this is futile, for a man dead in trespasses and sins, unwrought upon of God by his grace or providence, cannot yield natural faith or natural love towards God—he is not able to do it in his own strength—any more than he can exercise saving faith and love; the fall, alas! is too deadly; man's ruin is too extreme: except as God blesses and sanctifies his dispensations or Word, we shall not believe, or fear, or love at all. Thus exhortations become equally consistent or inconsistent, whether they strive to elicit natural or saving faith, for unassisted nature can do neither.

But if we receive the fact that man's inability does not exempt him from God's claim—that faith and love are proper, and that God calls for them—exhortations assume their Scriptural place, as means which God the Spirit employs to draw souls to Christ.

## THE LOSING AND TAKING OF MANSOUL;

OR,

### LECTURES ON THE HOLY WAR.

BY THE REV. A. S. PATTON, A.M., AUTHOR OF "KINCAID, THE HERO MISSIONARY."

#### III.—MANSOUL BESIEGED; OR EARNEST AND EFFECTIVE PREACHING.

"He in the current of destruction stood  
And warned the sinner of his woe; led on  
Immanuel's members in the evil day;  
And, with the everlasting arms embraced  
Himself around, stood in the dreadful front  
Of battle, high, and warred victoriously  
With death and hell."

"No Ministry will be really effective, whatever may be its intelligence, which is not a Ministry of strong faith, true spirituality, and deep EARNESTNESS."—*British Quarterly Review*.

"Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgression."—*Isa. lviii. 1.*

"Now there are diversities of gifts;" and when we glance over the history of the Church, or call to mind some of the familiar names of God's honoured ministers, how forcibly are we struck with the truth of the Apostle's saying! Almost every man of character has a style of thought, and a peculiarity of manner, which as effectually distinguishes him from others, as do the features of his countenance. And this variety, discoverable in the development of mental gifts, and even in the manifestation of spiritual graces, evidently has its adaptations to results which uniformity of talent would make most difficult to reach.

The truth is, we are attracted to men by the law of affinity, and under the influence of this law it is found that those whose sentiments and modes of expression best

suit our tastes are, of all others, most successful in commanding our attention.

This principle holds good, especially with reference to the ministry. The old adage, "like priest like people," while true, has its explanation, not simply in the moulding force of influence, but in the binding power of *elective attraction*,—men of similar views and feelings being naturally drawn into the same association and fellowship.

Indeed, we might even go back of this, and discover the principle to which we have referred as influencing the Divine Mind in the very appointment of *men* to the office of the ministry. There is always an important connection between means and ends, and uniformly, in the government of God, we find these to be wisely adjusted. It is so here, and, as an eloquent Scotch divine has suggested, though every Sabbath morning

the gates of heaven might have opened, and sent by God, on a mission worthy of seraphic fire, an angel might have lighted down upon the sanctuary, and flying into the pulpit, might have taken up the wondrous theme of Salvation and the Cross, yet he could not have been so well fitted for the service as the messenger whom God has chosen,—a frail, dying, sinful man—one who is bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh, and who, entering into sympathy with all your temptations and infirmities, is, on that very account, the better ambassador, just as Jesus, thereby, became the better Saviour.

John Bunyan evidently had a clear apprehension of this view when, in the Holy War, he described Shaddai's four captains under the titles of **BOANERGES, CONVICTION, JUDGMENT, and EXECUTION**. These are the representatives of God's ministers, or rather of prominent classes of ministers, whose peculiarities are here suggested by their appropriate and significant designations. Let us, then, glance at the characters of these captains, and at the part taken by each in the great contest which was waged against the town of Mansoul.

We closed our last lecture, it will be remembered, leaving the army of Shaddai encamped before the town, and preparing to make an assault upon one of its chief entrances. And we found Diabolus also actively engaged in stirring up the inhabitants to a desperate resistance. "Well," says Bunyan, "before the King's forces had sat before Mansoul three days, Captain Boanerges commanded his trumpeter to go down to Ear Gate; and there, in the name of the great Shaddai, to summon Mansoul to give audience to the message that he, in his Master's name, was commanded to deliver to them. So the trumpeter, whose name was Take-heed-what-you-hear, went up as he was commanded to Ear Gate, and there sounded his trumpet for a hearing; but there was none that appeared, that gave answer or regard, for so had Diabolus commanded. So the trumpeter returned to his captain, and told him what he had done, and also, how he had sped; whereat the captain was grieved, but bid the trumpeter go to his tent. Again Captain Boanerges sendeth his trumpeter to Ear Gate, to sound as before for a hearing; but they again kept close, came not out, nor would they give him an answer, so observant were they of the command of Diabolus their king." And when the same faithful trumpeter went

a third time to Ear Gate, and with a yet more alarming summons, though he succeeded in arresting the attention of my Lord Will-be-will, the governor of the town, it was only to hear the message, which he coolly proposed submitting to the consideration of Diabolus. But, said the trumpeter, it is not to the giant, but to the miserable town of Mansoul that I have come. "Nor," said he, farther, "shall we at all regard what answer by him is made, nor yet by any for him. We are sent to this town to recover it from under his cruel tyranny, and to persuade it to submit, as in former time it did, to the most excellent King Shaddai." "So Lord Will-be-will returned from off the wall, and the trumpeter came into the camp." Then said the brave Boanerges, "Let us yet, for a while, lie still in our trenches, and see what these rebels will do. . . . And when the utmost time was come, Boanerges was resolved to hear his answer; wherefore, he sent out his trumpeter again to summon Mansoul to a hearing of the message that they had brought from Shaddai: so he went up and sounded, and the townsmen came up, but made Ear Gate as sure as they could. Now, when they were come up to the top of the wall, Captain Boanerges desired to see the Lord Mayor; but my Lord Incredulity was then Lord Mayor, for he came in the room of my Lord Lustings; so Incredulity came up and showed himself over the wall. But when the Captain Boanerges had set his eyes upon him, he cried out aloud, "This is not he; where is my Lord Understanding, the ancient Lord Mayor of the town of Mansoul? for to him I would deliver my message." Then said the giant (for Diabolus was also come down) to the captain,— "Mr. Captain, you have, by your boldness, given to Mansoul at least four summonses, to subject herself to your King; by whose authority, I know not; nor will I dispute that now. I ask, therefore, what means all this ado? or what you would be at, if you know yourselves?"

Then Captain BOANERGES, whose were the black colours, and whose scutcheon was the burning thunder-bolts, (taking no notice of the giant, or of his speech,) thus addressed himself to the town of Mansoul: "Be it known unto you, O unhappy and rebellious Mansoul! that the most gracious King, the great King Shaddai, my master, hath sent me unto you with commission (and so he showed to the town his broad seal) to reduce you to obedience. And he hath com-

manded me, in case you yield upon my summons, to carry it to you as if you were my friends or brethren; but he also hath bid, that if, after summons to submit, you still stand out and rebel, we should endeavour to take you by force."

Now, here we have a fine specimen of that bold and earnest style of preaching which, like the deep mutterings of the tempest, breaks upon the ears of the impenitent, and causes them, at times, to quail with fear, under a deep sense of the power and authority with which they speak. And in all ages of the Church there have been just such men—men like LUTHER, or KNOX, or WHITEFIELD, or BUNYAN himself, who have gone forth as heralds of the truth, boldly assailing the strongholds of the enemy, demanding a hearing from rebellious sinners, and insisting upon the unconditional surrender of their souls to God. And, though every possible attempt has been made to foil and defeat them in their mission, first, perhaps, by the determined resistance of the will, then, perchance, by wicked intrusions of unbelief, and, finally, it may be through the opposition of Satan himself, yet, by repeated efforts, they have succeeded ultimately in gaining an audience with men, and thus laying upon their hearts the imperative commands of their "most gracious King."

What need there is of just such preaching at the present day! Of elegant, elaborate, and learned discourses there is no lack, but, alas! how few of those bold, searching and awakening sermons which tend directly to affect the heart, and overwhelm men with a sense of their guilt and danger. "It is not," as Baxter says, "a general dull discourse, or critical observations on words, or a subtle decision of some nice and curious question of the schools, nor is it a neat and well-composed speech about some other distant matters, that is likely to acquaint a sinner with himself. How many sermons may we hear that are levelled at some mark or other which is very far from the hearer's hearts, and, therefore, are never likely to convince them or open and convert them? And if our congregations were in such a case as that they needed no closer quickening work, such preaching might be borne with, and commended. But when so many sit before us that must shortly die, and yet are unprepared for death, and that are condemned by the law of God, and must be pardoned or finally condemned; and that must be saved from their sins that they may

be saved from everlasting misery—I think it is time for us to talk to them of such things as most concern them, and that in such a manner as may most effectually convince, awaken, and change them."

And with such a ministry, what wonderful results might the Church soon be permitted to witness! With what matchless energy would the Word of Life fall from their lips! And how successfully would they be found attacking the entrenchments of sin, and the strongholds of darkness!

But there was another leader engaged in this assault upon Mansoul, whose name was CONVICTION. "His," says Bunyan, "were the pale colours, and for a scutcheon he had the book of the law wide open (from whence issued a flame of fire), and, coming forth, he said,—Hear, O Mansoul! Thou, O Mansoul, wast once famous for innocency, but now thou art degenerated into lies and deceit. Thou hast heard what my brother the Captain Boanerges hath said; and it is your wisdom, and will be your happiness, to stoop to, and accept of, conditions of peace and mercy when offered; especially when offered by one against whom thou hast rebelled, and one who is of power to tear thee in pieces, for so is Shaddai our King; nor, when he is angry, can anything stand before him. If you say you have not sinned, nor acted in rebellion against our King, the whole of your doings, since the day that you cast off his service—and there was the beginning of your sin—will sufficiently testify against you. What else makes your hearkening to the tyrant, and receiving him for your king? What means else your rejecting the laws of Shaddai, and your obeying of Diabolus? Yea, what means this your taking up of arms against, and the shutting of your gates upon us, the faithful servants of your King? Be ruled then, and accept of my brother's invitation, and understand not the time of mercy, but agree with thine adversary quickly. Ah, Mansoul, suffer not thyself to be kept from mercy, and to be run into a thousand miseries, by the flattering wiles of Diabolus. Perhaps that piece of deceit may attempt to make you believe that we seek our own profit in this our service; but know, it is obedience to our King, and love to your happiness, that is the cause of this undertaking of ours.

"Again I say to thee, O Mansoul, consider if it be not amazing grace that Shaddai should so humble himself as he doth. Now, he by us reasons with you, in a way of en-

treaty and sweet persuasions that you would subject yourselves to him. Has he that need of you, that we are sure you have of him? No, no; but he is merciful, and will not that Mansoul should die, but turn to him and live.' ”

We have here another mode of address, equally earnest, but, if possible, more pungent, and directed not so much to the understanding and the will, as to that more susceptible faculty, which we call conscience. And this we find is a characteristic in the ministrations of some of Christ's ambassadors, and one which invests their messages with extraordinary power. They labour primarily to show sinners their guilt; to bring before their minds the sad relation in which they stand to holiness, truth, and justice, and especially to goodness and mercy. They strive to show them that they are in rebellion against God, and by his highest claim, **THE DIVINE RIGHT**, they seek to overcome their opposition, and to bring them into an immediate state of reconciliation; we say *immediate*, because the Word of God plainly teaches that there is not only great guilt, but imminent danger in delay. “*Overstand not the time of mercy,*” said Captain Conviction, and, alas! what need there is now of addressing this same caution to the ungodly, especially when we consider that men, notwithstanding all the efforts put forth for their recovery, and even while convinced of their peril, are still found neglecting the claims of God, and madly urging their way to eternal ruin. O, sinner, do not linger! Your Heavenly Father waits to be gracious. In his great mercy he proposes to you the most favourable terms of reconciliation. He even pleads with you that you would turn to him and live!

“There still is hope, you may his mercy know; Though his arm be lifted up, he still forbears the blow.”

But remember, that “*Now is the accepted time, to-day is the day of salvation.*”

After Captain Conviction had spoken, we are told Captain JUDGMENT stood forth, and thus he addressed the people,—“O ye, the inhabitants of the town of Mansoul, that have lived so long in rebellion and acts of treason against the King Shaddai; know that we come not to-day to this place, in this manner, with our message of our own minds, or to revenge our own quarrel; it is the King, my Master, that hath sent us to reduce you to your obedience to him, the which if you refuse in a peaceable way to yield, we have commission to compel you

thereto. And never think of yourselves, nor yet suffer the tyrant Diabolus to persuade you to think, that our King, by his power, is not able to bring you down, and to lay you under his feet; for he is the layer of all things, and if he touches the mountains, they smoko. Nor will the gate of the King's clemency stand always open; for the day that shall burn like an oven is before him, yea, it hasteth greatly, it slumbereth not.

“O Mansoul! Is it little in thine eyes that our King doth offer thee mercy, and that, after so many provocations? Yea, he still holdeth out his golden sceptre to thee, and will not yet suffer his gate to be shut against thee. Wilt thou provoke him to do it? If so, consider of what I say:—To thee it is opened no more for ever. If thou sayest thou shalt not see him, yet judgment is before him; therefore trust thou in him. Yea, “because *there is wrath, beware* lest he take thee away with *his* stroke; then a great ransom cannot deliver thee.” Will he esteem thy riches? No; not gold, nor all the forces of strength. “He hath prepared his throne for judgment.” For “he will come with fire, and with his chariots like a whirlwind, to render his anger with fury, and his rebuke with flames of fire.” Therefore, O Mansoul, take heed, lest after thou hast fulfilled the judgment of the wicked, justice and judgment should take hold of thee.’

“Now, while the Captain Judgment was making of this oration to the town of Mansoul, it was observed by some that Diabolus trembled. But he proceeded in his parable, and said, ‘O thou woful town of Mansoul! wilt thou not yet set open thy gate to receive us, the deputies of thy King, and those that would rejoice to see thee live? “Can thine heart endure, or can thine hands be strong, in the days that he shall deal” in judgment “with thee.” I say, canst thou endure to be forced to drink, as one would drink sweet wine, the sea of wrath that our King has prepared for Diabolus and his angels? Consider betimes, consider.’ ”

And with just such solemn and alarming truths, my hearers, have some of Christ's ministers come to you. They have set before you judgment to come. They have warned you of your danger. They have pointed you to the tempest cloud of heaven's wrath, gathering above you, and in tones of deepest sympathy they have called upon you to flee for refuge, to lay hold on the hope set before you in the Gospel. They have

reasoned with you as Paul did with Felix. They have said to you in language indited by the Holy Ghost, "Behold the day cometh that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch." And with many other such words have they spoken unto you. And though you have striven to banish the impression of that fearful day from your mind, and endeavoured to forget the earnest remonstrances that have been made against your continued resistance of the Divine authority; yet, how often have you been made to fear and tremble under a deep conviction of your exposure to the Divine judgment! Happy it is for you that God's servants do not allow you to slumber where there is such danger of perishing. But what if these flashes of truth, while discovering the fires of hell, should have no other effect on you than they had on the Roman governor? Oh, of what consequence is it that you tremble, unless, at the same time, you turn? Alas! how many have felt the truth, that have never followed it! how many have feared the judgment, that have never sought by faith to escape it! "Therefore, take heed, lest after thou hast fulfilled the judgment of the wicked, justice and judgment should take hold of thee."

The last of the four captains to speak to Mansoul, was EXECUTION, and with great boldness he stood forth and said, "O town of Mansoul! once famous, but now like the fruitless bough; once the delight of the high ones, but now a den for Diabolus: hearken also to me, and to the words that I shall speak to thee in the name of the great Shaddai. "The axe is laid unto the root of the trees: therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down, and cast into the fire."

"Thou, O town of Mansoul! hath hitherto been this fruitless tree; thou bearest naught but thorns and briars. Thy evil fruit forebodes thee not to be a good tree. Thy grapes are grapes of gall, thy clusters are bitter." Thou hast rebelled against thy King, and lo! we, the power and force of Shaddai, are the axe that is laid to thy roots. What sayest thou, wilt thou turn? I say again, tell me before the first blow is given, wilt thou turn? Our axe must first be laid to thy root, before it be laid at thy root; it must first be laid to thy root in a way of threatening, before it is laid at thy root by

way of execution; and between these two is required thy repentance, and this is all the time that thou hast. What wilt thou do? wilt thou turn, or shall I smite? If I fetch my blow, Mansoul, down you go; for I have commission to lay my axe at, as well as to thy roots, nor will anything but yielding to our King prevent doing of execution. What art thou fit for, O Mansoul, if mercy preventeth not, but to be hewn down, and cast into the fire and burned?

"O Mansoul! patience and forbearance do not act for ever, a year or two, or three, they may; but if you provoke by a three years' rebellion—and thou hast already done more than this—then what follows but cut it down? Nay, "after that thou shalt cut it down." And dost thou think these are but threatenings, or that our King has not power to execute his words? O Mansoul! thou wilt find that in the words of our King, when they are by sinners made little or light of, there is not only threatening, but burning coals of fire. Thou hast been a cumber-ground long already, and wilt thou continue so still? Thy sin hast brought this army to thy walls, and shall it bring it in judgment to do execution into thy town? Thou hast heard what the captains have said, but as yet thou shuttest thy gates; speak out, Mansoul, wilt thou do so still, or wilt thou accept of conditions of peace?"

Here we have still another style of address, which suggests an order of ministerial gifts pre-eminently positive and practical. They are characteristic of the men who, while seeking to show the ungodly their guilt, at the same time solemnly declare the certainty of their approaching doom. They point to those who, coming to the ungodly as the ambassadors of Christ, threaten transgressors with punishment, and demand of the rebellious instant and absolute submission to the Divine authority. Nor do they, in thus speaking, transcend their power, for they appear before men in Christ's stead; they stand as his representatives, and, acting under his great commission, they are commanded to declare that "he that believeth not shall be damned."

Yet, while they thus speak with authority, they do it with feeling. Their earnestness is associated with tenderness, so that, while they alarm men's consciences with the terrors of the law, they seek, at the same time, to allay their fears with the promises of the Gospel. And thus they strive to bring them to a knowledge of their true condition, and also, to promote in them that



“godly sorrow that worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of.”

But, with all this zeal and labour, alas, how limited are the results! Often have you, sinner, heard just such pungent appeals; often have the ministers of reconciliation come to you remonstrating, reproving, warning, and threatening. Yet you have not heeded their counsels, neither have you regarded their instructions. And, thus, from year to year, like the people of whom the prophet speaks, you have refused to hearken, and pulled away the shoulder, and stopped your ears that you should not hear.

This was the reception which Mansoul gave to the four noble captains. “These brave speeches,” says Bunyan, “they refused to hear. Yet a sound thereof did beat against Ear Gate, though the force thereof could not break it open. In fine, the town desired a time to prepare their answer to these demands. The captains then told them, ‘That if they would throw out to them one Illpause, that was in the town, then they would give them time to consider; but if they would not cast him to them over the wall of Mansoul, then they would give them none; for,’ said they, ‘we know that so long as Illpause draws breath in Mansoul, all good consideration will be confounded, and nothing but mischief will come thereon.’”

Ah, here is the secret! There is an insidious enemy within;—a secret desire to consult with flesh and blood; a feigning of consideration, which is but a deceptive pretext for delay; a determination, though partially convinced, to defer submission; in short, a wicked propensity to parley with the truth rather than to practise it.

Nor can this natural disposition be easily overcome, since, as Bunyan suggests, it is powerfully supported and constantly encouraged by the wicked suggestions of old Incredulity, who, while boldly presuming to question the Divine authority, seeks also to lull the soul into a most treacherous and fatal repose. And if by these and other influences this enemy Ill-pause be retained, and thus the earnest appeals of God’s servants be for a time successfully resisted, it will not be strange if men once in great mental distress, are found at length glorying in their freedom from spiritual anxiety, and, perhaps, as in the case of Mansoul, fortifying themselves against the power of all future efforts.

But, whatever difficulties may be encountered, this siege can never be relin-

quished, and if defeat covers one attempt, it must be quickly followed by another. Thus it was with Shaddai’s four captains, for when they saw “that Mansoul was resolved to give the King’s army battle, they prepared themselves to receive them, and to try it out by the power of the arm. And, first, they made their force more formidable against Ear Gate; for they knew, that unless they could penetrate that, no good could be done upon the town. This done, they put the rest of their men in their places. After which, they gave out the word, which was YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN. Then they sounded the trumpet: then they in the town made the answer, with shout against shout, charge against charge, and so the battle began. Now, they in the town had planted upon the tower, over Ear Gate, two great guns, the one called High Mind, and the other Heady, and mischievous pieces they were. The famous Mansoul had, also, some other small pieces in it, of which they made use against the camp of Shaddai.

“They from the camp, also, did as stoutly, and with as much of that as may, in truth, be called valour, let fly as fast at the tower, and at Ear Gate; for they saw, that unless they could break open Ear Gate, it would be but in vain to batter the wall. Now the King’s captains had brought with them several slings, and two or three battering rams. With their slings, therefore, they battered the houses, and the people of the town, and with their rams they sought to break Ear Gate open.”

With all their ingenuity and force, however, they found it impossible to gain any decided advantage over Mansoul, and, therefore, it was judged prudent to suspend, for a season, all operations. Yet, in their encounters, they succeeded, it is said, in beating down the roof of old Mr. Incredulity’s house; also, with a sling, they came near slaying my Lord Will-be-will, and, with one well-directed shot, they slaughtered six of the Aldermen. Beside which, they dismounted the two guns that stood in the tower over Ear Gate. While their only loss consisted of three young fellows by the names of Mr. Tradition, Mr. Human-wisdom, and Mr. Mansu-invention, who having “a mind to go for soldiers,” had happened to join them. But though the army of Shaddai was now withdrawn, and the siege for a time suspended, still the inhabitants could not rest, they were constantly disturbed and troubled by alarms. Yea, and “in these days, as I was informed,

new thoughts, and thoughts that began to run counter to one another, began to possess the minds of the men of the town of Mansoul. Some would say, 'There is no living thus;' others would then reply, 'This will be over shortly.' Then would a third stand up and answer, 'Let us turn to the King Shaddai, and so put an end to these troubles.' And a fourth would come in with a fear, saying, 'I doubt he will not receive us.' The old gentleman too, the Recorder, that was so before Diabolus took Mansoul, he also began to talk aloud; and his words were now to the town of Mansoul as if they were great claps of thunder. No noise now so terrible to Mansoul as was his, with the noise of the soldiers, and shoutings of the captains.

Also, things began to grow scarce in Mansoul; now the things that her soul lusted after were departing from her. Upon all her pleasant things there was a blast, and burning instead of beauty. Wrinkles now, and some shows of the shadow of death, were upon the inhabitants of Mansoul. And now, O how glad would Mansoul have been to have enjoyed quietness and satisfaction of mind, though joined with the meanest condition in the world!"

So natural and truthful is all this, that its spiritual meaning must be at once apparent. Alas! it is a painful fact that, in most cases, the devices and schemes of men to resist spiritual impressions are just in proportion to the efforts which are made to gain them. With all their inventions, however, there is one truth against the force of which they cannot stand. It is the doctrine of the new birth, and though the self-righteous and the proud may despise this doctrine, it is nevertheless powerful to destroy all the false hopes of the awakened sinner, and will be effectual in ultimately

bringing "into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."

But such truth, though spoken never so faithfully, may often seem to produce but little or no effect, and, well nigh ready to despair of success, Christ's ministers may, occasionally, be strongly tempted to suspend their efforts; and yet, at these very times, the Word is, perhaps, doing good execution, and, though they may not know it, the hearts of rebellious sinners are filled with trembling, and, under the stern reproofs of conscience, and a deep sense of their spiritual wants, many are on the very eve of making a full surrender of themselves to God.

If there should be anything approaching this in the spiritual state of those now addressed, be entreated to yield, at once, to the gracious overtures made in the Gospel. Suffer no feeling or influence to stand in the way of your salvation. As men convinced of guilt, in resisting the authority of God, ground the weapons of your rebellion; by repentance and faith seek for pardon, and rest satisfied with nothing short of an interest in the "everlasting righteousness" of Jesus Christ. Improve the "space" now given you to flee from the wrath to come; escape for your life, or you are lost soon, and lost FOR EVER. Without delay cast yourselves on the Divine Mercy. "Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him."

"Oft has he called thee, but thou wouldst not hear him.  
Mercies and judgments have alike been slighted;  
Yet he is gracious, and with arms unfolded,  
Waits to embrace thee.

But if you trifle with his gracious message,  
Cleave to the world and love its guilty pleasures,  
Mercy, grown weary, shall in righteous judgment,  
Quit you for ever."

## BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF SEVENTY-FIVE DISTINGUISHED BAPTIST MINISTERS.

BY THE REV. J. J. OWEN, OF LONDON.

(Concluded from page 119.)

60. ANDREW FULLER was born Feb. 6, 1734; at Wicken, a village in Cambridgeshire. He was baptized at Soham, in April, 1770. The church soon after became destitute of a pastor, and this occasioned no small uneasiness to Mr. Fuller. Under the pressure of considerable anxiety, as he was riding on a Saturday to a neighbouring village, his mind became occupied with Ps. xxx. 5—"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." He was astonished at his command of thoughts, and said within himself, "If I had anybody to hear

me, I do think I could preach." The next morning an opportunity presented itself, and he took for his subject the above beautiful passage. In January, 1774, he was regularly called to the work of the ministry, and on the 3rd of May he was ordained pastor of the church at Soham. October, 1782, he settled at Kettering. In the year 1792 the Baptist Missionary Society was established, and Mr. Fuller became its secretary. How laboriously and successfully he discharged the duties of that office for twenty-three years is universally known. Mr. Fuller was pre-

eminently a theologian, and contributed by his writings more than any other man to emancipate the denomination from a system of pseudo-Calvinism, as opposed to the genius of Christianity as darkness is to light. He was a man, though unpolished in manners, most kind and benevolent in disposition. He had no reverence for greatness unless accompanied with goodness. He would have exercised all the faithfulness of a Latimer to an irreligious Henry, but would have behaved with all the gentleness of a Melancthon to the bruised reed. He had all the intellectual vigour of Johnson, and all the untiring industry of Gill. He was summoned to his reward, May 7, 1815.

51. F. A. COX, D.D., LL.D.—The Rev. Dr. Cox was born at Leighton Buzzard in the spring of 1783. At a very early age he became sensible of the value of religion. He is said to have been only eighteen when he was admitted to the college at Bristol, then under the care of Dr. Ryland. On the completion of his studies there, he went to Edinburgh, and at the expiration of the regular course in that university, he took his degree of Master of Arts. On the 4th of April, 1804, Mr. Cox was ordained pastor of the church at Clipstone, Messrs. Sutchiff, Fuller, and Hall taking part in the service. His friends, however, deemed him fitted for a more prominent position, and obtained for him an invitation to supply the pulpit at St. Andrew's-street, Cambridge, just vacated by the Rev. Robert Hall. For twelve months Mr. Cox occupied this post. After the lapse of a brief period he accepted an invitation from the church then meeting in Shore-place, Hackney. His settlement gave a new impulse to the cause, and the commodious chapel in Mare-street was erected in 1812. With this charge Mr. Cox continued till his death. He had to do with the origination and conduct of the *Baptist Magazine*, he promoted the formation of the Baptist Irish Society, he was on the committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, and for three years was secretary of the General Body of Dissenting Ministers in and near London. He was one of the founders of University College, of which for a time he was librarian. Mr. Cox occupied a position of some prominence in the republic of letters. His "Life and Times of Melancthon," and his "History of the First Fifty Years of the Baptist Missionary Society" are perhaps his chief productions. He received the diploma of D.D. from the University of Waterville, when on his visit to America with Dr. Hoby as a deputation from the Baptist Union; and the title of LL.D. was obtained from the University of Glasgow. He slept in Jesus on the 5th of September, 1853.

52. ROBERT HALL, A.M., the prince of preachers, was born at Arnsby, in the county of Leicester, May, 1764, and from his infancy was trained up under a sense of his duty both to God and man. In early life his love of useful knowledge, and his facility in acquiring it, gave strong indications of a powerful intellect. It has been said that at the age of nine years he was able to comprehend the acute metaphysical reasonings of the celebrated Jonathan Edwards, in his treatises on the freedom of the will and on the affections. In his fifteenth year he entered Bristol College, and remained there till the autumn of 1781, when he was received on Dr. Ward's foundation a student at King's College, Aberdeen. On leaving college, Mr. Hall became assistant to Dr. Evans in the Bristol Collegiate Institution, and his coadjutor in the ministry. His preaching excited unusual atten-

tion. Many of the most distinguished men of Bristol were often among his auditors. In 1791 Mr. Hall undertook the pastoral charge of the church at Cambridge. Here he remained until the year 1806, when a severe personal malady compelled him for a season to relinquish the pastoral office. On his recovery he accepted an invitation from the church at Leicester. Here, as well as at Cambridge, he found the church in a languid condition. His preaching soon created a considerable stir. Many attracted by his doctrines, and others allured by his eloquence, were induced to attend his ministry. The chapel was twice enlarged. On the death of Dr. Ryland, he accepted an invitation from the church at Broadmead, Bristol. He continued to discharge the duties of his official situation in connection with this church until death terminated his career of usefulness on the 21st Feb., 1831. His oratory was mellifluous, rich, deep, and fluent, and accompanied with such earnestness and fervour as at once to impress his audience with the thorough sincerity of his belief.

53. SIMON MENNO.—This celebrated reformer was born in 1496, in the province of Friesland. He entered the ministry in the Popish church in 1524. At this time, Menno had never touched a Bible. After a brief period, he began to entertain scruples respecting the dogma of transubstantiation. For a while he attributed his impressions to Satanic agency. He had at this time experienced no moral change; his days and nights were spent in revelry: conscience, however, was not silent, and at length he resolved to give the New Testament a serious investigation. He had not proceeded far before he saw that Popery had no foundation in the Word of God. About this time, a person of the name of Sicks Snyder, one of the thousands called Anabaptists, who suffered, was beheaded at Lewarden. Till now, Menno had never heard of any baptism but that of infants. He was led to examine the subject, and was ultimately convinced that the immersion of believers is the only Scriptural baptism. He left the church of Rome, and became pastor of a small Baptist church. Many were his trials and privations; but he bore them with meekness and fortitude. In 1543, a placard was issued throughout West Friesland, promising the favour of the Emperor, the freedom of the country, and a reward of 100 guilders, to any one who should deliver up Menno. He fled to Wismar, and most striking were the interpositions of Divine Providence in his behalf. After many troubles, he was at last protected by the lord of Fresenberg, who became to Menno what the Elector of Saxony had been to Luther. This great man, after a life of ardent trial, and indefatigable industry, died Jan. 15, 1561.

54. JOSEPH KINGHORN was a native of Gateshead, in the county of Durham, and was born Jan. 17, 1766. When about seventeen he was baptized by his father at Bishop's Burton. The following year he was admitted into the Academy at Bristol, and became a fellow-student of Robert Hall, James Hinton, and Samuel Pearce. After the completion of his college studies, Mr. Kinghorn visited several churches as a probationer. In 1790 Mr. Kinghorn accepted an invitation from Norwich, and here he remained the whole of his life. During the long course of his ministry the congregation steadily increased. Mr. Kinghorn was a man of eminent attainments. When the Northern Education Society was formed at Bradford, and when the college was established at Stepney, he was urged to take the presidency; but he preferred to remain

with the people of his charge, and who evidently highly valued him. His ministry was full of thoughts that breathe, and words that burn. It exhibited all the force of his intellect, combined with all the fervour of his heart, so that every sermon he preached resembled the "sea of glass which was mingled with fire." Sept. 1, 1832, he gently fell asleep in Jesus.

55. HANSARD KNOLLYS.—This eminent man was born in Lincolnshire, and educated at Cambridge. He was ordained by the Bishop of Peterborough, and soon after obtained the living of Humberstone. While here he was indefatigable in his efforts to promulgate divine truth. He frequently preached four times on the Sabbath. His views respecting baptism having undergone a change, he united with the Baptist denomination, and gathered a church which, after his death, worshipped for years in Curriers'-hall, Cripplegate. Mr. Knollys has been stigmatized as entertaining the principles of the Fifth Monarchists. For this, however, there is not the slightest valid reason. He distinctly states there are only three comings of Christ: first, his coming in human flesh; secondly, his coming to reign spiritually on the earth; thirdly, his coming to judge the world. This distinguished man was pre-eminently a man of prayer, and he had the highest confidence in its efficacy. He died Sept. 19, 1691.

56. DR. SAMUEL STENNETT was born at Ekester in the year 1727. He was endowed by nature with every gift requisite to form the scholar and the gentleman. His attainments were considerable. When very young he was baptized by his father. In 1748 he accepted an invitation to become his father's assistant at Little Wildstreet. In 1758 he became sole pastor of the church. His ministry was productive of great good. He laboured assiduously to promote the Dissenting interest, and had great influence with men in the higher circles of life. Dr. Stennett numbered among his personal friends John Howard, the philanthropist; and he preached a funeral sermon for this distinguished man. As a writer, he was eminently useful. His work on personal religion, his discourses on domestic duties, and his sermons on the inspiration of the Scriptures, have been of unspeakable service. He tranquilly fell asleep Aug. 24, 1796.

57. ROBERT HALL, sen., was born near Newcastle-on-Tyne, April 26, 1728. He became a Baptist through a perusal of Wilson's "Scripture Manual," and was baptized near Hamsterley, Jan. 5, 1752. He became a member of the church at Hexham. When Mr. Hall settled at Arnsby, in 1753, the church was small, and so poor that only £15 per annum could be raised for his support. After a life of thorough devotedness, he was suddenly summoned to his reward, March 13, 1791. He possessed a large share of sensibility, and, as he excelled in taking a profound and comprehensive view of a subject, the understanding and affections of his hearers were equally interested in his sermons. He appeared to greatest advantage upon themes where the faculties of most men fail them.

58. WILLIAM CAREY, D.D., was born at Paulerspury, near Towcester, Northamptonshire, Aug. 17, 1761. Till he was seventeen years of age he lived without God. He attended the ministry of Scott, the commentator, who seems to have been honoured in directing him to Jesus. Having become convinced that baptism by immersion on a profession of faith is alone sanctioned by the Word of God, he was baptized by

Dr. Ryland, in the River Nen, a little beyond Dr. Doddridge's chapel, in Northampton. He afterwards united with the Baptist church at Olney, and was encouraged to enter the ministry. His first ministerial charge was at Earl's Barton. From this place he removed to Moulton. Here it was that the great object of his life took possession of his soul. In 1789 he became pastor of the Baptist church at Leicester. His prospects were brightening, still nothing could divert his mind from his great desire to proclaim the Gospel to the heathen. Fuller, Sutcliffe, Ryland, and Samuel Pearce began to sympathize with his views and feelings. In May, 1792, he preached his celebrated sermon from Isa. liv. 2, 3. For this sermon he enforced the two propositions, "Expect great things from God—attempt great things for God." Oct. 2, 1792, the Baptist Missionary Society was formed. In 1793 Carey sailed for India. No sooner had he landed at Calcutta than his trials began, but he never lost his confidence in God. Having, after a series of difficulties, settled at Serampore, he entered on his great work—that of translating the Word of God into the varied dialects of India. After a life of untiring zeal, great activity, and eminent usefulness, he fell asleep in 1834, full of years and of honours.

59. JOSEPH FREESTON was born at Grimston, Leicestershire, Feb. 13, 1763. While master of the grammar-school in his native village he became acquainted with some Baptists, and adopting their views, was dismissed from his office. He was baptized and joined the church at Loughborough. His first attempt at preaching was at Rothley: a few weeks afterwards he was regularly called to the work of the ministry. In 1784 Mr. Freeston accepted an invitation to the church at Wisbech: he remained until 1799, when he removed to Hinckley to take the oversight of the church there. For many years his labours were crowned with great success. He died Nov. 30, 1819. His publications will perpetuate and enrol his name among the most useful practical writers of the day. Habitual spirituality of mind remarkably distinguished him.

60. JOHN RYLAND, D.D.—Dr. Ryland was born January 29, 1753, at Warwick, where his venerable father then exercised his ministry. It is recorded of him that, when only five years of age, he read a chapter in the Hebrew Bible to the celebrated Hervey. When thirteen he became deeply impressed with the importance of Divine things—his convictions ripened into genuine conversion, and in his fourteenth year he was baptized on a profession of his faith. At the request of the church he began to exercise his ministerial gifts when seventeen years of age, and after continuing to assist his father for some time he was ordained co-pastor with him in 1781. On his father's removal from Northampton he became sole pastor, until the year 1793, when he accepted a unanimous invitation to the joint offices of president of Bristol College and pastor of Broadmead. His ministry was eminently successful. He was in labours more abundant. During his whole career he preached not less than 8,691 sermons, and at 286 distinct places. Gentleness, humility, benevolence, the conscientious performance of every duty, and a careful abstinence from every appearance of evil, pre-eminently distinguished him. His literary attainments were extensive. From the very beginning he mingled his counsels and his prayers with those holy men who, destitute of all human resources, determined to

send the Gospel to the remotest quarter of the globe.

61. JOSHUA MARSHMAN, D.D., was born at Westbury Leigh, in Wiltshire, April 20, 1768. He was sent early to the village school, and was most diligent in the pursuit of knowledge. While but a youth he removed to London, and obtained a situation with a bookseller. Shortly after, we find him again at Westbury, and seeking admission to the Church; but though the son of one of their own deacons, clear and Scriptural in his views, and devout in his deportment, they were afraid of him, on account of his head knowledge. In 1798, he went to reside in Bristol, where he found a friend in Dr. Ryland, and by him he was baptized, and received into the Church, and afterwards admitted to the Baptist College. In 1799, Messrs. Marshman and Ward left England for India. They were not permitted, however, to enter Calcutta, and were, therefore, under the necessity of proceeding to the Danish settlement of Serampore. Dr. Marshman will live in the annals of the Church of Christ as one of the mighty giants of our mission. He had many and sore trials to encounter, but his life was one of distinguished usefulness. He died in 1836. Carey, Marshman, and Ward lie in the same burial-ground. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

62. WILLIAM KNIBB was born at Kettering, Northamptonshire, Sept. 6, 1803. In 1821 he was baptized by Dr. Ryland, and admitted into the church at Broadmead. Generally active for God, his mind was awakened to the importance of missions while engaged in printing the periodical accounts of the Baptist Missionary Society; and the death of his brother Thomas, in the year 1833, afforded an opportunity for the fulfilment of his wish to engage in foreign labour. In Nov., 1824, he sailed for Jamaica. After labouring some time in Kingston and Port Royal, he settled ultimately at Falmouth. Together with his brethren, he suffered severely in the persecution of 1831 and 1832. It was through his efforts, chiefly, that the British public was aroused to a sense of the enormity of slavery. His pre-eminent labours and success in this cause are now matters of history. He fell a victim to the yellow fever, on 15th Nov., 1845, in the prime of manhood.

63. ROBERT SMITH was born at Melbourne, Derbyshire, Dec. 9, 1760. He was baptized at Loughborough in 1782. In 1783 he was encouraged to preach in the villages, and shortly after was appointed to deliver a sermon before the church. The venerable John Grimley was present, and after the close of the service told Mr. Smith there were so many blunders in his sermon that he did not know where to begin to correct them. "Well, then," said the young preacher, "I'll try no more." "Nay," replied his pastor, "thou must not say so; thou must try again." Mr. Smith acquiesced, and during the year preached more than sixty sermons. In 1788 he was ordained at Nottingham. The hand of the Lord was with him. In about thirty years six hundred and sixty were added to the church by baptism. Mr. Smith departed this life Jan. 11, 1829. His zeal for the interests of true religion was fervent and uniform, and he was a preacher of no ordinary power.

64. JOHN GLAS was a native of Aughtermucky, and was born in 1695. Designed for the ministry in the Scottish Church establishment, he

pursued his studies partly at St. Andrews' and partly at Edinburgh. When licensed to preach he acquired great popularity, and soon received a presentation to the church of Tealing. His ministry was powerful and evangelical. Having changed his views respecting church establishment, he settled at Dundee as a Dissenting minister, and was not long in drawing around him a large number of people, who were, in due time, organized into a church. He afterwards ministered at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, and Aberdeen, and finally returned to his attached flock at Dundee. A life distinguished by great activity and usefulness was brought to an honourable close Nov. 3rd, 1773. Mr. Glas was a voluminous author. His productions, however, were chiefly controversial. His sentiments on Church government were similar to those of Sandeman and Maclean.

65. WILLIAM STEADMAN, D.D., was a native of Herefordshire. Having been called by Divine grace in early life, by witnessing the celebration of the ordinance of baptism, he became a member of the church at Leominster. He studied for the ministry at Bristol, and in 1791 was ordained over the church at Broughton, Haunts. From hence he removed to Devonport in 1798; and in 1805 he became pastor of the first Baptist church at Bradford, Yorkshire, and soon after was cordially elected president of the college at Horton. About 180 ministers studied under his direction, many of whom remain blessings to the churches of our own and other lands. After labouring with great fidelity, diligence, and success, he was called to his eternal reward in the 73rd year of his age, leaving a bright example of holy benevolence and disinterested labour in the cause of his great Master.

66. DAN TAYLOR was born at Northwram, near Halifax, Dec. 21, 1738. His serious impressions were of an early date. In his youth he united with the Methodists, and entered on the work of the ministry among them; but being dissatisfied with their views of some important doctrines, he withdrew from their fellowship. He shortly after settled over the General Baptists at Wadsworth, Yorkshire. From here he removed to Halifax. In 1785 he accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church meeting in Church-lane, Whitechapel, where he remained till the close of life. He was the means of establishing the General Baptist Academy, and was its first tutor. He also originated the *General Baptist Repository*. Mr. Taylor possessed an active, vigorous, and enterprising mind, and was remarkable for decision, perseverance, and integrity. He was summoned home Nov. 26, 1816.

67. WILLIAM GADSBY was born at Attleborough, Warwickshire, Jan. 3, 1773. In 1793 he was baptized, and united with the church at Coventry under the care of Mr. Butterworth. He received his dismission from this church in 1796, and joined a few people who met in a barn at Hinckley. His first sermon was preached on Whit Sunday, 1798, at Bedworth. In 1800 a chapel was erected for him at Desford, Leicestershire. In 1805 he removed to Manchester, where he remained until his death, Jan. 27, 1844. While over the church at Manchester, Mr. Gadsby travelled 60,000 miles, and preached nearly 12,000 sermons. His conduct was singularly consistent with his profession; kindness and friendship were conspicuous in his whole life. He was animated by a large philanthropy. Benevolent, hospitable, he was constantly engaged in acts of mercy and in dealing

out bread to the hungry. Though we believe his views of the economy of mercy were narrow and contracted, and his preaching often exceeding coarse, yet he was pre-eminently a good man, and was made a blessing to thousands.

68. ARCHIBALD M'LEAN was a native of Kilmbride, a village eight miles from Glasgow, and was born May 1, 1733. In the year 1746 he was apprenticed to a printer, an employment congenial to his disposition. It is not known when he was brought to the knowledge of the truth, but it appears certain that it was under the ministry of Mr. MacLaurin. He was first led to question the propriety of National Church Establishments by reading John Glas's "Testimony of the King of Martyrs." Mr. M'Lean abandoned infant sprinkling from a perusal of the Word of God. This was also the case with Mr. Carmichael, a worthy minister at Edinburgh. Mr. Carmichael came to London, and was baptized by Dr. Gill; he returned to Scotland and baptized Mr. M'Lean. In 1768 Mr. M'Lean became Mr. Carmichael's co-pastor. Mr. M'Lean was a voluminous writer. His sentiments, however, on many points were peculiar, but he was an excellent and devoted man. He died Dec. 21, 1812.

69. JOHN FAWCETT, D.D., was born Jan. 6, 1739, near Bradford, Yorkshire. Having heard Whitefield preach, the sermon so stirred the latent energies of his soul, that he conceived the idea of preparing himself for the sacred duties of the ministry. Accordingly, as soon as his apprenticeship was over, he devoted his days to labour for his maintenance—his nights to unwearied study. Having united with the church at Bradford, he was soon found to possess ministerial abilities. In 1764 he became pastor of the church at Wainsgate. His piety drew numbers to hear him. In 1772 he was invited to succeed Dr. Gill, but he declined to remove. In 1777, a new and spacious chapel was erected for him at Hebden-bridge. In 1778 he published an admirable essay on "Anger," a copy of which having been presented to George III., the monarch was so interested, that he sent to know in what way he could serve the author. Dr. Fawcett declined accepting any personal reward. Shortly after, the son of a respectable man having been condemned to death for forgery, Mr. Fawcett wrote reminding the King of his promise, and humbly asking a respite for the unhappy youth. The petition was most favourably received, and the culprit saved. Mr. Fawcett published a Commentary, in two vols., on the Scriptures, and he performed the united labours of author, printer, and binder. He died July, 1819.

70. RICHARD DAVIS was born at Chatham, March 9, 1768. His father, the esteemed pastor of the church there, died a few months before he was born. The instructions he received from his grandfather were greatly blessed to him. He commenced his ministerial career at Rye, in Sussex. At first he set out upon what he deemed thoroughly orthodox principles. He was sound indeed, but he soon found that his creed contained but few topics of real interest; it was cold, exclusive, and repulsive. Reading and reflection, however, led to an entire change in his views. In 1800 he settled at Byrom-street, Liverpool, as successor to the venerable Medley. Here he was much esteemed, but the spirit of disaffection compelled him to seek another sphere of labour. In 1810 he accepted an invitation from Trowbridge. During this time he frequently supplied Tottenham-court-road Cha-

pel, and the Tabernacle, Moorfields. After spending four years at Trowbridge, he settled at Devonport, where the congregation so increased as to require the enlargement of the chapel. In 1819 Mr. Davis became the pastor of the church meeting in East-street Chapel, Waltham. After labouring here with varied success for thirteen years, he died June 17, 1832. His preaching was fervid and clear, and he was much beloved as a man and a Christian.

71. JAMES UPTON was born at Tunbridge Wells, Sep. 15th, 1760. In 1776 he removed to Waltham Abbey, and two years afterwards made a public profession of the Lord Jesus Christ. His first sermon was preached at Waltham, Feb. 20, 1785, from 1 Cor. xv. 10. In 1786 he became pastor over the people meeting in Church-street, Blackfriars-road. Here he laboured with diligence and great success for forty-eight years. He was much esteemed, not only in the circle with which he was connected, but throughout the Baptist denomination. In 1799 he wrote several excellent letters to a friend who had embraced Socinian views. He died, Sep. 22, 1834. The hymn—

"Christ has blessings to impart,"

was issued in its present form by him, in 1814. A hymn, however, much resembling it, appeared in Lady Huntingdon's collection in 1750.

72. GEORGE PRITCHARD was born in London, Dec. 21, 1773. In 1797 he was received a member of the church at Keppel-street under the pastoral care of the Rev. John Martin. In 1802 he was requested by the church and its venerable pastor to engage in the work of the ministry. In 1803 he settled over the Baptist church at Colchester. His ministry was much blessed here. Circumstances, however, led to his removal, and he settled over the newly-formed church, Shouldham-street, London. His labours were blessed, but the want of adequate support led him in 1817 to accept an invitation from Keppel-street. In the course of his ministry here he was favoured with many indications of God's favour. At length, in his 64th year, he felt it prudent to resign his charge. Mr. Pritchard was the author of several useful publications, and was held in high esteem. He died Feb. 1851, resting on Christ alone for eternal redemption.

73. THOMAS BURCHELL, the devoted missionary, was born at Tetbury, December, 1799. He was baptized at Shortwood by the Rev. W. Winterbotham, in 1817. Under the ministry of this able man, he was furnished with correct and large views of the Gospel, of the personal dignity and worth of Christ, the value of his sacrifice, and the wonders of his love. In the year 1818 he began to preach. Having separated him to the service of Christ, the pastor and church at Shortwood united in commending him to the attention of the Baptist Missionary Society. He was accepted and directed to proceed to Bristol College. He was ordained for missionary labour at Trowbridge in 1823, and on 17th of October in the same year he sailed for Jamaica. Jan., 1824, he reached his destination, and on the following day commenced his labours at Crooked Spring. After many difficulties he settled at Montego Bay, and formed a church there. In 1826 he visited England, with the view of obtaining funds for the erection of a chapel. In 1831 he revisited his native country. On his return in 1832, he found himself in the midst of the well-known disturbance of that period, and, in common with his brethren, became an object of persecuting rage. After many perils, and after

being but on his trial for his life on a bill which the grand jury were obliged to ignore, he felt it his duty to leave Jamaica for his own safety. He returned to England by way of America, and assisted Mr. Knibb in the appeal made for the abolition of slavery. They returned to the scene of their labour and sufferings together in 1834. Mr. Burchell left the island finally in 1840. He sank under extensive organic disease on the 16th of May in the above year. In all the requisites for a thorough missionary, Mr. Burchell was probably exceeded by none who preceded him in modern times. He was not a meteor that blazed and expired, but a star that remained fixed in its orbit. He was distinguished by great constancy in his work—a constancy compounded of courage, fortitude, perseverance, and patience.

74. JOHN MACK was for seventeen years the respected and beloved pastor of the Baptist church at Clipstone, in the county of Northampton. In his youth he entered the army, and while there experienced the power of saving grace, and commenced proclaiming the truth as it is in Christ. Being stationed at Leicester, he attracted the attention of the celebrated Robert Hall, and was recommended by him to devote himself to the work of the ministry. Under Mr. Hall's patronage he entered Bristol College. In the year 1814 he was set apart to the pastoral office. His superior talents led to his receiving several invitations from large and

influential churches; but such was his attachment to the people of his charge, that no considerations could induce him to remove. Mr. Mack was a man of sterling integrity, steady in his friendships, most genial in his disposition, hospitable in his house, and always great in the pulpit. He lived in the affections of his people, and was admired and esteemed by a large circle of friends. He died Nov. 5, 1831, in the 42nd year of his age.

75. JOSEPH HUGHES was born in 1768. He was, at an early period in life, made a partaker of Divine grace, and led to devote himself to the Christian ministry. He studied at Bristol under the direction of Mr. Caleb Evans and Robert Hall, and succeeded the latter as classical tutor. The celebrated John Foster was one of his pupils. After discharging the duties of this position with great efficiency for some years, Mr. Hughes became pastor of the Baptist church at Battersea. He was the founder of the British and Foreign Bible Society. He was a man eminent for his prudence and thorough devotedness to the Saviour's cause. He was beloved and honoured alike by Churchmen and Dissenters wherever he went. As a preacher he was pathetic and fervent, and though the church at Battersea was never in a very prosperous state under his ministry, it was entirely owing to his almost constant absence from home for the Bible Society. Mr. Hughes died Oct. 3, 1833.

\* \* See "The Baptist Memorial Portraits," a beautiful steel engraving, containing striking likenesses of seventy-five Baptist ministers deceased, fathers of the denomination, issued with our April number.

## TRAITS OF TROUBLOUS TIMES.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF THE REV. MR. JOHN HICKS, AN EJECTED NON-CONFORMIST MINISTER, 1670-1.

TRANSCRIBED BY JANE BOWRING CRANCH.

### CHAPTER XI.

*Talk in Master Burdwood's Orchard, concluded by an Account of the Mischief the Sun wrought for Christopher Hart.*

"MISTRESS SORROGATHER," said I, "as far as mere outside personals are concerned, was as comely, well-shaped a gentlewoman as a man might meet upon a summer's day, though, to the taste of some folk—who shall be nameless—rather too lofty and over-topping in stature, being taller than her husband, and he was of full middling height; but there was a spark of fire in her eye, and, at times, a quick, tight, pursing up of the red lips, which inclined to be thin, that had not escaped the shrewd perception of Master Ralph Crewe.

"Dick," quoth he to his son-in-law, as they were walking in their garden at home together, 'here is one of my best-scented pinks to stick in thy doublet' (the old gentleman had a knack at rearing flowers; and musk-roses, and carnations, such as his, methinks I've neither seen nor smelled to since; 'twas a kind of innocent secret,

which, being a man, he kept to himself). 'I once read,' continued Master Crewe, 'a very pretty simile made by a lover concerning his mistress, in which the fond, foolish fellow—all folk in love are more or less simple—declared that buds and blossoms seemed to open and ripen under her eye, just as if there was a sunbeam in it; now, thy betrothed, Dick may be a worthy young gentlewoman, but I'd not trust my pretty plants under hers; and her tongue, too, hath a shrillish sound, like the wind when 'tis collecting itself for a mischief; there's a sharp wag with it I mislike, and advise thee, my son, to be ware of.'

"But Richard Sorrogather, though a person of moderately good parts and excellent sobriety, was not at this time decidedly gracious; had he been so, he would very differently have observed that canon of Scripture which expressly enjoineth believers, in no important relation of life, to be 'unequally yoked together with unbelievers.' Moreover, having the bondage of earthly love blinding his eyes, this poor wight was altogether in a state of darkness when he

and his wife were made fast in wedlock. Afterward, when fully brought into light and knowledge of God's truth, he perceived the grievous error he had committed; nevertheless, by grace, 'gan view his sore affliction somewhat in the manner of the Apostle, where he saith, 'There was given a thorn in the flesh to buffet me.' Master Sorrogather, likewise, counted a happiness what most men would deem a misfortune, namely, that he grew rather dull of hearing: truly this poor soul was endowed with much patience, the noise of a froward, clamorous woman, being one, and, I reckon, far from the least of Job's afflictions.

"Without any particular thought on my part of this our brother's uneasy condition, I expounded on a certain occasion, when he was present, from these words, 'The tongue is a fire, which no man can tame.' I handled this Scripture in a manner which greatly struck Master Sorrogather, for he could attest to its truth by his own distressed experience; and the result was, he rested not till he brought his overbearing yoke-mate to hear me also.

"Well do I mind the first time I saw her at our meeting-house, towering tall and stately above the other female folk, as a cedar might among surrounding hedgerows. I knew nought of the purpose for which she had been enticed thither, yet felt powerfully constrained that morning to preach from a text I would was written in letters of gold upon the walls of every house that hath for its master a man of choleric, despotic temper, or for its mistress a woman with a tart and bitter tongue—"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." I experienced unusual freedom and power in delivery of my discourse; and while, according to the best of my poor ability, setting before those present the blessedness and loveliness of a meek, gentle, and forbearing disposition, I dwelt much upon *the influence* they who are possessed of such a heavenly treasure are almost certain, and with the happiest effects, to exercise upon those they are brought in contact with, or over whom they hold control. 'This subjection of ourselves by grace,' quoth I, 'makes us greater than any other earthly conquerors; moreover, the mildest natures, when put to the proof, are oftentimes found both the truest and firmest. Sweetness and tenderness are by no means incompatible—nay, they generally most largely abound in persons distinguished for stoutness of heart, strength, and courage; whereas imperiousness and violence, even in their feverish moments of unholy, mis-called triumph, have been proven to be weak, as they are false and unstable. Serve God,' said I, 'as he loves to be served, in all lowliness of mind, self-abnegation, humility, and you will find yourselves kept to the fulfilment, not only

of earthly claims and duties, but oftentimes preserved and delivered in the season of trial and temptation—perhaps that awful hour when Satan has desired to have your soul, that he may sift it like wheat.'

"By the time I ended my sermon, I had forgot the presence of Mistress Sorrogather, though, as I've said, 'twas a sufficiently conspicuous one; but as the folk were leaving the meeting-house, I happened again observe her, and noted that, instead of walking (according to her wont), exceeding erect, before her husband, he, poor soul, coming somewhat uneasily after, she went out, in a more seemly fashion, by his side.

"A day or so later Master Sorrogather was arrived with a joyful countenance to tell me his wife was in trouble; 'and a trouble,' quoth he, 'which hath made the house quieter than I can mind it since she was down in a distemper, that caused her lie speechless awhile, and when *that* sign came on, the doctor said, "Now, with reason, I fear I shall lose my patient." It pleased Providence, however,' continued Master Sorrogather, pensively, 'to raise her up again, lively and vigorous as ever she was in her life. If, Master Hicks, this her present mood continue, how would you advise me to carry it toward my wife?'

"As tenderly and considerately as thou canst,' was my rejoinder. 'Moreover, be careful neither by word or look to remind her of past short-coming in duty and submission; her conscience, may-be, is now a-pricking her upon these very points; and she will not fail (for Mistress Sorrogather, though of a tempestuous nature, is in some good qualities a *true* woman) to note, and I prognosticate feel grateful, if her high spirit is really humbled and "vexed within her," for this delicate observance on thy part. Female folk are most acute in their perceptions, and oftentimes suddenly arrive at keen and true conclusions by what, to the more solid and reflective brain of man, appears like a flash of—I would not have the word taken in a wrong, profane sense, yet can I find no fitter to express my meaning)—of inspiration; and they have also a logic of the heart, deeper, I wot, than school-man dreams of, or philosopher shall fathom. And, my brother, forget not that, in one point of view, she must certainly be considered "the weaker vessel."'

"The *weaker!*" exclaimed Master Sorrogather, with so comical a cast of countenance, that, grave as our subject was, I with difficulty retained a smile. 'Alack! Master Hicks, this weaker vessel hath many times been near making of me a crazed one. If yé knew by experience what I know, ye would not marvel, and scarce have heart to rebuke a poor brother for groaning under cross of this kind.' "

"Now, the word spoken on the Sabbath I've



referred to, sunk deep in the heart of Mistress Sorrogather; she likewise sought speech with me, and, in tears, confessed her repentance for her besetting sin. I love, while admonishing the contrite, at the same time gently to encourage them; and the tears of his shrewish wife watered a soil which, I give the Lord humble thanks, failed not afterward to bear the 'peaceable fruits of righteousness.' She saw her past sinful, foolish conduct in so clear a light (and none can begin to grow good till they first begin to perceive they are bad) that I had little doubt her amendment would be lasting; and so the event proved, for when, seven years afterward, this gentlewoman died, her husband made a hearty and sincere lamentation over her, declaring through all that period his wife's temper and conversation had kept steadily improving, as at last to leave scarce anything that way to be desired. Of old, he felt pretty much like him who steers his course upon an uncertain, angry sea; but no sooner was a change wrought by grace in his sponse than he seemed to enter comparatively tranquil waters. True, a smartish breeze might, and *did*, now and then, spring up and ruffle them; yet it quickly sobbed itself away in humble, earnest prayer for pardon to him who 'knoweth our infirmities,' and helpeth and pitieth us accordingly. Folk of unruly, passionate temper don't grow mild and saint-like in a trice; and a heart, after it hath been savingly renewed, is still a sinful *human* heart. Yet for a man so long used to squalls and storms as this our brother, 'twas wiser ordered it should be thus, than if he had found himself all at once in the enjoyment of a settled calm.

"Master Sorrogather eschewed all thought of a second wedlock; he was hardly, I conceit, of sufficiently enterprising nature, and the brush of the first had greatly quelled his spirit; however, to his dying day he evinced for me the highest esteem possible, and with the entire approval of his children, by his last testament, ordered that a suit of fine black cloth and five gold pieces should be given me, as token of what he was pleased call 'his *grateful affection*' toward my unworthy self—But, Master Burdwood," exclaimed I, hurriedly, having been too engrossed with my own talk to heed his silence, "what is this which has come over you?" Master Burdwood's face had grown pale as the face of a statue, and the drops were gathered in beads upon his high forehead, knitted like that of him who endureth sharp agony, while both his hands were tightly clenched. "I will run to the house," cried I, in great alarm; hereupon he shook his head, and made a gesture so expressive of disapproval that I remained where I was, and after an anxious watch of some duration on my part, his countenance gradually resumed its wonted hue and expression.

"Thou hast read of the rack, brother," said he,

faintly trying to smile; "methinks it could scarce give dreadfuller wreaches than those I am now oftentimes called to suffer." And he proceeded to describe to my amazed and deeply-affected self the progress of a cruel hidden malady, that baffles science find a cure for, from which he hath, hitherto, been an unsuspected sufferer, its fangs having been slow a-striking themselves in his strong, healthful, finely-made frame.

"Yet art thou, my brother," at length groaned I, "in the hand of him who doth not willingly afflict the children of men,"

"True, Master Hicks, I am; and if it be God's pleasure that ere long I must become a broken vessel, fit for no work save the *work of suffering*, I submit, I submit. I have lost children, and estate, lastly, wealth; yet can I say, with holy joy, with devout thankfulness, he is my God still, yea, more so than ever. And," continued he, his old smile breaking again like sunlight over his features, "wot ye not, Master Hicks, 'tis better to be pickled in brine than let rot in honey? If already I handle the spade less, I use the pen more. What dost think of 'Heart's-Ease,' for title of a book I project writing? And I've begun another, named, 'Helps for Faith in Times of Affliction,' purely from my own personal experience."

"I pray ye may be allowed, Master Burdwood, fully to complete it. 'Twill prove, I doubt not, a work of sterling value to the Church; and, speaking of books, I myself am, at spare hours, engaged in the writing a treatise, which I humbly trust may do some little good. Ye know how roughly divers parts of it have been already hauled." (Master Burdwood nodded. He was now, in appearance, quite come round again to his wonted pleasant, cheerful self.) "And, moreover, of late it hath taken me in the mind to keep (by means of a few unstudied jottings, which, may be, you will think poor and trivial) some slight record of things, just as they pass before my own eyes, or I hear them reported by folk of credit in Kyngsbridge."

"A little town," interrupted Master Burdwood "which tidings from afar reach just when the rest o' the world have clean forgot them—where a post windeth his horn scarce oftener than once a month, and then it causeth such commotion in the place that the very dogs in the street partake thereof, and bark accordingly; while he who getteth a 'News-book,' or a broad-sheet of 'The Public Intelligencer,' is forced to read the same aloud to they who cannot, which includes near half the parish—where the delivery of parcels and the like by the carriers is so uncertain and distressful that Master Crespin deemed it prudent to send a man and horse express with his letter, touching the intorment of Master Hughes."

• See Chapter III.

"All very true in the main," said I, smiling; "yet is the picture a little overcharged. But that which I spake of, Master Burdwood, was some simple jottings of our every-day life; made when I am i' the vein; slack, they grow so sorrowful 'tis not often I've the heart for it." Then I plucked out of my pocket, and showed him, this my note-book.

"The notion is not amiss," replied Master Burdwood, turning over its leaves; "for the prattling with a pen giveth a man a curt, easy, natural mode of expression. Yet, pardon me for reminding you, good brother, that the pen needs even straiter check than the tongue; the latter is capable of giving wounds, such as time, who healeth most things, fails to heal. Yet is it neither to be so feared in its mischief, nor so deadly in its poison, as the former. When a thing is set down in *writing* it assumeth a degree of certainty which may be as lasting in its effects for evil, as for good."

"I design this little memoriam of '*Troublous Times*' for my children—perhaps theirs after them," quoth I.

"Yet thou knowest not in years to come whose hands it may happen fall into."

"True; and if of a cautious turn, I conceit they who get will wish"—and I laughed at my thought—"John Hicks had learned write a less evil hand; for that which long use hath made most familiar to me is crooked enow to decypher."

"Ye speak truth; thy written characters are so perverse, even I who know and love thee so well can scarce make 'em out."

"Whereas some folk—my eldest son will be one of those—touch their paper or vellum with strokes so clear, and true; and fine, that a quill handled by a fay's fingers could scarce do it more daintily. We've each our respective gifts and graces, and for certain that of writing straight and plain is not among the number of mine; but I pray God that, as we are enjoined to *speak* 'the truth in love,' I shall be careful, dear brother, to mind your injunction the other way."

"Look yonder," said Master Burdwood, pointing to a distant part of his orchard, "Ye've a lively fancy, Master Hicks; now isn't that a pretty picture under the boughs of my famous golden pippin?"

"Ay, as e'er a limner could desire to paint," cried I, delightedly; for his own blooming daughters, with my sons, were there seated upon the grass, and one of the young maidens had her apron full of flowers, which the biggest of the boys was busy helping her sort, and tie up in choicest posies; the elder of the fair girls, half reclining on her elbow, held in one hand an open book; and the little, prick-eared, brown dog, that snarled so saucily at our entrance, had thrust his black nose under her arm, and setting a paw upon the page, seemed, by the grave

twinkling of his eyes, near as intent upon the reading it as she.

"My good children," said Master Burdwood, "have been to me truly 'a heritage of the Lord.' Ye know," continued he, with emotion, "how death hath been commissioned by the Lord to crop the sweetest of my buds, and choose the firstlings of my flock, taken to heaven in the morning of their day; they yet left me such blessed hope in their departure, that with very little outward discomposure I was enabled to preach the funeral sermon of each myself, though the parting with them seemed to my poor wife and myself just like the severance of our own heart-strings. Master Hicks, I pray much for my children, and I know you do the same for yours."

"Ah, my very soul," quoth I, fervently, "at these seasons seemeth to resolve itself into the prayer I offer on their behalf."

"I cannot," pursued Master Burdwood, "expect my sons—they will be come from the field against we return to the house, and ye'll see what tall, comely youths they are grown—to remain content, nor is it fitting they should, with tilling my poor rental of ground: they have learnt them dialling and land-surveying, though right diligent in attending their plough and cattle. These things, Master Hicks, which appear plain and of ordinary account, neither debase nor unfit a person for what is high and noble."

"To my way of thinking, Master Burdwood, they appear to shed all the greater lustre and dignity upon him, if it is the Lord's will that hereafter his estate shall become an exalted one; for have we not in our time seen hands which grudged not their farm labour—hands that knew full well how to use a spade, or drive a coulter—hold the reins of power in this kingdom majestically, and administer her government with a firmness and wisdom which made the nation prosperous at home, feared and respected abroad?"

"The late Lord Protector, Master Hicks, was a ruler of God's own making; in truth, a *sovereign* man—" Then, after a solemn pause, which I felt no inclination to break, he resumed, "Let us discourse upon a humbler subject; my sons (as I was saying) will, ere long, leave me; nor can I, in justice to them, withhold my consent. They desire to build homes, and get farms, in that New World, I once, along with several other brethren in misfortune, was upon the point of embarking for. Yet, in my particular case, Providence decreed it should be otherwise, and constrained me stay behind."

"Ah, Master Burdwood, thousands of miles across the sea, in New England, the brave and godly sons and daughters of the Old (they whom tyrants banish, and she casteth out as unworthy to be her children) can dwell in safety, under

the shadow of their own vine and fig-tree, and have laid the foundation of a free and gracious polity. When reflecting, as I oftentimes do, upon my poor family's possible future, the same thing your sons (by the blessing of God) purpose achieving presents itself before me in an increasingly desirable point of view."

"Nor can I marvel thereat, Master Hicks; but if, dear friend, true brother, this come to pass, may the Lord grant that ye and your wife be permitted go with your children to that new land of promise. For me, he has willed otherwise. I must submit to final earthly separation from most of mine; and I will also confess to you a dread which weigheth heavy on my soul: in addition to these discords which harass our country, I greatly fear the spread and increase of Popery. There is a prince very near the throne, who, if he ever wear the crown, all that know aught of him say, will go as far as God shall permit in again bringing this deadly evil upon the kingdom. Ah! sooner than son or daughter of mine should become miserable apostates from the saving truths of the Reformed faith, and perhaps hold a candle to a Popish priest, would I see the last"—and his voice sounded sadly—"in their winding-sheets. But I know, Master Hicks," said he, some minutes afterward, in a cheerfuller tone, "those owl-nests, the convents, abbeys, and the like, you, though far as myself from wishing to see reared up again, to become the pest-spots of this fair realm, yet, nevertheless, when opportunity serves, dearly like inspect their remains, and ruminate therein."

"Of a truth, Master Burdwood, 'tis no discredit to my taste, for their founders had rare art in mating strength with beauty. I remember 'twas one of dear Master Jellinger's conceits that those abbot architects of yore were true poets, 'as their works in stone,' quoth he, 'to this day testify.' Now, to my mind, the brains of these 'cute monks were likewise stored with notions, more suited to the eating and drinking world they lived in than the airy imaginings of poesy liketh well admit; for had they not eyes as quick as they were careful in choosing them sites among the best and fattest portions of the land, where the meadows are greenest, the woods fairest, and the streams and rivers teemed with fish, that promised comfortably for the fasts o' Lent?"

"Ay, Master Hicks, these monks were gluttonous livers, and noted for making 'gods of their bellies.'"

"There is an old, broken-up religious house, in the time of king Henry called Leigh," said I, "about a mile beyond Kynsbridge, lying in a sheltered, fruitful situation; and as I was lately walking through a portion of its grounds, perhaps once the abbey garden—for rose-bushes grown up to wilding trees, and clumps o' wall-

flowers, fill the air with their rich scent—at a little distance from the large stone-shafted window of the chamber of the superior, I spied a hole—black, gaping, cavernous—which tradition declareth was the *oven* of the place. 'Tis nearly choked with stones and briars, yet enough remains to show its size, which gave me, I confess, a sickening kind of horror."

"Foh," said Master Burdwood; "I guess the colour of your thoughts."

"Methinks," continued I, "the outer wall of that very ancient place, Time himself will find it hard to crumble, with its flue quoin and porter's lodging direct above the arched gateway. A wild vine hath taken root in the court within; and, like a fair, young, fruitful daughter embracing an aged parent, flung its green, flexible branches about the decayed masonry. In front are the remains of the abbey chapel; the images of 'wood and stone' all gone, though the niches that held them remain; and also a kind of projecting balustrade—a sort of covered gallery, where at times, I conceit, the nuns walked. As I stood there I could picture them, Master Burdwood, a-pacing up and down in their garments of black serge, telling their rosaries."

"And didst not likewise picture in thy mind what perversion of the holiest affections of woman's nature—those which, when sanctified by grace, do so tend exalt, as well as purify, the fallen estate of mankind in general—is this walling up of youth and life in cells and cloisters, under the vain delusion that, by a living death here, past sin may be expiated, and the joys of heaven won hereafter? What guilty man, or erring, heart-stricken woman, failed ere long discover, after flying to these prisons in hopes of soothing grief or quelling remorse, that such ruthless walls have all the closer shut their misery in along with them?"

"Sorrow and disappointment," said I, "are oftentimes prone to seek, in solitude and self-immolation, some relief to the anguish which consumeth them. Yet, God be praised, there are numberless persons in this world who have been steeped in earthly suffering, whom affliction hath proven to be the quick; and yet so far from flying their kind or shunning their duties, they seem, by experience of their own griefs, only to gain larger capacity to minister to the woes, and lighten the burthens, of the former, and understand better how to perform their appointed share of the latter. If the iron of adversity hath gone sharply into their souls, grace hath not let it rust there. These are they who will meekly tell you the best of comforts are given at the worst of times—that when the cross on the back lies heaviest, the peace in the heart has been sweetest; these are they who, though the rack, the sword, and stake have never hurt their flesh will, I trow, shine bright among 'the noble army of martyrs'; for are there not *other* kind

of suffering which, leaving the body untouched, try the heart and spirit as in a furnace seven-times heated, and some are withered and scorched to ashes. But they I speak of have come forth from out that dread ordeal strengthened and purified, for ONE hath been with them there, even he who 'pleased not himself' on earth; and if earthly passion in such be dead for aye, yet dwell they, nevertheless, in the spirit and fulness of love itself—a love so heavenly and undefiled, that it maketh their remaining pilgrimage through this world appear but the blessed foreshadowing of a better."

"I've known such brethren and such sisters in the Lord, and felt I was scarce worthy tie their shoe-strings," said Master Burdwood, emphatically.

"And, to my belief, there are good men, and for certain good women," cried I, "according to the Divine light they have been permitted to receive, of every creed—nay, frown not, my brother—of every creed, clime, and tongue, upon the face of the whole earth."

"I will also tell *you* a thing, Master Hicks, I've pondered over much, and sorrowfully, under my orchard-trees; to wit, that, whenever any religious body—I except ours no more than another—holds exclusive or preponderating influence in the state, intolerance, which is the sure forerunner of what's even worse, creepeth in directly."

"Ay," said I, "and how many Episcopalians at this very time, who profess abhor the flames of Smithfield would yet, to judge by their actions, serve us not much better; if they don't burn, they hang, fine, imprison, and exile without mercy. Master Beare, that calleth himself so staunch a Churchman, and hath the words, 'Fear God, and honour the king,' [pat enow upon his tongue, lacketh but the power to be a match for any Papist, dead or alive, in violence and cruelty."

"True, and I think, Master Hicks, I can make narration of a circumstance which took place not quite three years ago. Did ye ever hear of the mischief the sun wrought for Christopher Hart?"

"Somewhat in parcels, I may, of what seemed to me so like an idle tale that I gave it little heed."

"Nay, 'tis worth remembering; 'tis sober truth, depend on't, every word. Before we leave this bench, I'll tell ye the particulars."

"Do," said I. And, in my opinion, the relation of Master Burdwood was so curious, and out of the common course of human affairs, that I shall transcribe it, as near as I can, in his own words:—

"Christopher Hart was a farmer. Descended from ancestors who were Puritans, he himself held much the same religious opinions, though

occasionally an attendant at his parish church; and upon the day set apart by the Church of England to commemorate the beheading of King Charles I., Master Hart was—was the day for him!—seated in one of its pews. He appeared not take the slightest notice of the allusions in the service to the defunct monarch, and Royal Martyr, till it so fell out that the officiating minister, in the height of his exordium from the pulpit, thought fit to exclaim, 'And never since, on this day, has the sun been known to shine.' As the words passed his lips, the sun, which had before been slightly overcast, streamed through the church windows with such a flood of dazzling brightness that the small eyes of the old vicar blinked again in the sudden blaze of golden light, which, after playing with his own round cheeks and ruby nose, proceeded to illuminate the monument of a knight who had fought in the Wars of the Roses, and nobody could tell how many wars beside, whose fierce visage seemed to frown more darkly still, whilst the clasped gauntleted hands appeared raised as if in solemn deprecation of the monstrous fable to which priestly tongue had given utterance.

"But at this very moment there was a living face which looked near as forbidding in real flesh and blood as did the grim old warrior's in stone, for Master Christopher Hart had risen to his feet, and, with a voice that made the aisles resound again, shouted forth—'By thy own red nose, thou speakest false! The sun *not* shine on this day more than any other!—why, man, he is now shining straight in thy very face to confound thee."

"The parson dropped his book; the lord of the manor, Squire Dacres, started up in his great crimson-cushioned pew, with an oath; whilst Madam Dacres spread her fan, lest her eyes should be extinguished by glancing toward such a monster. Even the curls on the periwig of their little buff-breeched heir-apparent, as well as those lovelier ones under cap of finest Flanders upon the head of his pretty sister, seemed to rise and stand on end with horror at such a sacrilegious outrage.

"What followed may not easily be imagined. Master Hart had walked into that church a wealthy, thriving man: he was dragged out as a felon, an object for Episcopal vengeance to pursue. For presuming within *sacred* precincts to become a fearless witness in the cause of truth, he was persecuted with the most merciless severity, for they said he had 'brawled' in the church; therefore, he was fined so heavily that his wife and children were made homeless, and himself cast into prison. Nevertheless, the captive's spirits are wonderfully kept up; he there manageth to pursue some handicraft, which, with the aid rendered by a few kind Christian souls—whose timid natures, I've heard, secretly

blame his more intrepid one for being so deficient in all worldly prudence—he and his family have, hitherto, been kept from starvation. It must also be borne in mind that most of them who sympathise with and pity his misfortunes, while ministering to his necessities, keep certain rankling memories in their own hearts of perhaps a grandfather publicly scourged and branded, an uncle nailed to the pillory, and other kinsfolk minus both ears.

"I do not think the Lord will permit Christopher Hart to die in prison, though I fear the best years of his life will be spent there, neither have his children been permitted to beg their bread; the elder ones have gone out to America, are flourishing there, and bid fair to prove worthy the parent stock; and as for his wife, no language I am master of can fitly tell what that brave soul has struggled through for love of her husband and family. If man is created only 'a little lower than the angels,' 'tis my belief, Master Hicks, some women (Kit Hart's wife is of their number) are, in adversity, equal to the angels themselves."

"I doubt it not," responded I, warmly; "and thus are not the idle fancies of a mere brain-

sick romancer, but the words of truth and soberness."

"The temper of the prisoner's own mind," said Master Burdwood, "is also exceedingly cheerful and composed; he hath turned the following little song, and oftentimes, like a caged lark, singeth it whilst at his work:—

"Bright sun, betwixt my prison bars  
I love thy smile to see;  
'Twas strange those golden beams of thine  
Should sorrow make for me.

"Whilst cooped within these walls of stone,  
I muse, and work, and sing;  
Perchance in bonds do oftentimes feel  
More joyous than a king;—

"For certes than a king forsworn—  
I who, from early youth,  
Have counted crowns but sorry gauds  
Without that jewel—truth.

"Let timid hearts school prudent topicks,  
Their coward peace to hold;  
Lord grant that, in her sacred cause,  
I steadfast prove as bold.

"Then smile betwixt those bars, bright sun,  
My breast forebodes no ill;  
For a clear conscience maketh there  
A brighter sunshine still.

(*To be continued.*)

## A VILLAGE CONVERTED.

WE believe the day will come in the history of the Church, when Christians will understand the meaning locked up in the Saviour's words, "According to your faith, be it unto you." The Lord's work is often stayed in its progress, by a want of faith in Christian hearts. They limit his almightiness by their own small expectations. We have been favoured with the following interesting account of a work of grace in a Scottish village, in which conversions occurred in nearly every house.

More than twelve months since, some friends belonging to a coal-pit at Drumclare, a village near Slamanan, 18 miles east of Glasgow, wrote to Mr. Abercrombie to come over from America to his native country, and become the teacher of the children belonging to the pitmen. He came, but soon had reason to regret the step; and heartily did he wish and pray that God in his all-wise providence would open to him the way of escape. He had been useful as a teacher and also as a certified preacher in the States; but here he found no congenial spirits, but was imprisoned in a small hamlet of three hundred souls, who seemed to be sunk far below the moral level of his countrymen. The filth of the houses; the degradation of the entire people; the cursing, obscenity, drunkenness, open Sabbath desecration, and the incidental poverty and misery, were too much for him. He opened a meeting for prayer and preaching; scarcely any

one would attend. At length, resolved while he was there that he would work, he began to preach outside, and near enough to the houses to be heard by the inmates. Thus he continued preaching, exhorting, and praying; and when he was well nigh weary, now many months ago, he found two or three evening much concern, who were ultimately led to trust in the Saviour, and rejoice in him—these with great heartiness helped on the work. Mr. Abercrombie is a Baptist, and as soon as a few, six or seven, gave evidence of a change of heart, he invited Mr. Dunn, a Baptist minister of Airdrie, to go over, and they were baptized in the Black Loch. At this ordinance, at which there were many witnesses, great solemnity prevailed—many were pricked in their hearts, and very shortly afterwards a goodly number desired to confess Christ, and were also baptized into his name. Shortly afterwards twenty-three were added to the number—in all about sixty souls, out of an adult population of about one hundred. The afternoon was stormy, with wind and rain; but the great interest felt on the occasion brought above three hundred people together at the loch, which is miles away from any town—some from Slamanan, Falkirk, Glasgow, &c. The candidates were arranged in order, eleven females and twelve males (all the previous baptisms had been males), and the whole assembly joined in singing appropriate verses of hymns. Prayer was then offered, and

a short address, embracing the Gospel and Primitive Christian Baptism. As the converts came "up out of the water," ever and anon a verse of some cheerful hymn was sung.

Thus the whole character of the village has been changed, radically and completely. No whisky is drunk in it, the houses are clean and

comfortable, a prayer-meeting goes from house to house every evening; and there are only eight houses without a convert. Seven are still asking for baptism,—and the good pastor now recognizes God's providence, and is very thankful for being led to this sphere of usefulness, and that his labours have been so signally blessed.

## P O E T R Y.

## A SOLEMN WARNING.

(Founded on a fact related in the *Gospel Magazine* for July, 1859.)

ONE pleasant day in early spring,  
Two friends stood side by side,  
Viewing a noble field of wheat  
That stretched out far and wide.  
Thus said the one—"How promising  
These fresh green blades appear!  
Doubtless in autumn you will reap  
A goodly harvest here."

Then from the worldly owner's lips  
This impious answer fell:  
"If God will leave my field alone  
The crop will flourish well."  
In fearless and unflinching tones  
The awful words were said;  
God heard in heaven, yet did not strike  
The sinful utterer dead.

No frost or blight destroyed the wheat,  
But as the weeks rolled on,  
On that as well as other fields  
The summer sunbeams shone.

The dews of heaven descended there,  
And soft refreshing rain,—  
But ah! God's blessing was withheld,  
And all the rest was vain.

The crops around grew fast and fair,  
And doffed their robes of green;  
But in that field, all summer through,  
No change or growth was seen.  
In time the reaper's joyous songs  
Were heard o'er hill and plain;  
The harvest moon in splendour shone  
On sheaves of golden grain.

But as in spring and summer time,  
So e'en in autumn late,  
The field that God had left alone  
Retained its green-blade state,  
God granted thus the farmer's wish,  
Avenged his holy name,  
And wrote upon that field of wheat  
The bold blasphemer's shame.

Wellingborough.

THEODORA.

## DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

## THE BIBLE TRANSLATION SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this society was held on Thursday, April 19, in Kingsgate-street Chapel, Sir S. M. Peto, Bart., in the chair. After prayer by Dr. Leechman, and the report read, addresses were delivered by the chairman, the Revs. S. H. Booth, Birkenhead; J. Bloomfield, Meard's-court; J. C. Page, of Barisaul; J. B. Pike, of Bourne; C. Stanford; and D. Wassall, of Bath.

## BAPTIST UNION.

The annual meeting was held on Friday, April 20. After prayer by the Rev. C. Larom, of Sheffield, the Rev. E. Steane, D.D., was appointed to the chair, who, in a brief address, opened the business of the meeting. The Rev. J. H. Hinton, M.A., stated that there was to be both free speech and free prayer. The Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, M.A., addressed the meeting on "Christian Activity," which was reported at length in our last number; after which addresses were delivered by the Revs. S. J. Davies, C. Larom, S. Manning, S. Bird, J. H. Hinton, — Hands, F. Tucker, Dr. Angus, Professor Robineau, of Paris; — Jenkins, Pasteur Le Fleur; and the Rev. J. Davis, of Portsea, concluded the morning meeting by prayer. In the afternoon, after prayer by Rev. Mr. Wayland, the Rev. J. H. Hinton read the report, the adoption of which was moved by the Rev. F. Wills, and seconded by the Rev. Dr. Evans, and carried unanimously. Addresses were delivered by Revs. Messrs. Lehmann, J. B. Pike, Dr. Burus, J. F. Wigner, W. Barker, F. Wills, J.

Pritchard, C. Vince, — Millan, — Young, J. Webb, Dr. Angus, Dr. Evans, W. Elliott, D. Wassall; and by Messrs. T. Pewtress, W. Heaton, and G. Gould.

## BAPTIST HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting in connection with this mission was held on Monday evening, April 23, in Finsbury Chapel, Moorfields. The meeting was numerously attended, and was presided over by Mr. Benjamin Scott, Chamberlain of the City of London. The report stated that the number of members in the missionary churches was rather more than 4,000, and of that number nearly 400 had been baptized during the year. There were 106 principal stations and 95 subordinate stations. There were 111 Sunday-schools, in connection with which there were 1,100 teachers, and upwards of 8,000 scholars. The income during the past year had been £3,571 3s. 2d., and the expenditure £3,928 16s. 4d. The meeting was addressed by the Revs. — Wilson, Thomas Morris, of Ipswich, Daniel Katterns, W. Barker, and others.

## BAPTIST IRISH SOCIETY.

On Tuesday evening, April 24, the annual public meeting of this society was held. It was addressed by the chairman, Mr. Ball, M.P., and by Rev. Messrs. Kirtland, Wills, and Eccles, of Belfast.

## BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

On Tuesday, April 24, the annual members' meeting was held, under the presidency of Dr.

Ackworth. The attendance was larger than usual, and the increase in the funds of the society, which was shown by the report, was naturally a subject of congratulation and thankfulness. The annual sermons were preached on Wednesday,—in the morning at Bloomsbury Chapel, by the Rev. F. Bosworth, M.A., of Bristol; evening, at the Surrey Chapel, by the Rev. J. Stoughton, of Kensington.

#### MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

**CHATHAM.**—The Rev. J. Coutts has resigned the pastorate of the church meeting in Zion Chapel, Chatham.

**GLEMSFORD.**—The Rev. T. Avery, late of Aston Clinton, Bucks, has accepted an invitation from the Baptist church in this place.

**LIANELLY, NEAR ABERGAVENNY.**—The Rev. E. Edwards, of Bryn Mawr, has accepted a cordial invitation from the church at this place.

**BRYN MAWR, BRECONSHIRE.**—The Rev. A. J. Parry, Cefu Mawr, Denbichshire, has received a unanimous invitation to the pastorate at Zion Chapel.

**BOLTON. — MOOR-LANE.**—The Rev. George Davies, late of Wednesbury, Staffordshire, has accepted the pastorate in this place, and not of Counterslip Chapel, Bristol, as stated in our last number.

**BERWICK-ON-TWEED.**—The Rev. Dr. Bannister, of Paisley, has received and accepted a unanimous and very cordial call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church, Walkergate-lane, Berwick-on-Tweed. The Rev. Doctor commenced his ministry, in connection with the above church, on the first Sabbath in May.

#### PRESENTATION SERVICES.

**HANLEY, STAFFORDSHIRE.**—A few weeks ago, a tea-meeting was held in connection with the Baptist congregation at Hanley, for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to Mr. L. J. Abington, in recognition of his services to the church during a period of forty years. The Rev. E. Johnson, with suitable remarks, presented to Mr. Abington a number of volumes, and Mr. Brock, a deacon of the church, presented a written memorial to Mr. Abington, expressive of the high esteem and regard felt by the members and friends of the Baptist church in Hanley. Mr. Abington, in feeling terms, acknowledged the gift. Mr. S. Carryer then, on behalf of the Baptist Church in Burslem, presented to Mr. Abington "Bagster's Biblical Commentary," in three volumes, as a small token of the estimation in which that gentleman was held by the friends at Burslem. The Rev. Mr. Pratt then made a few observations in unison with the object of the meeting, and was followed, in conclusion, by Mr. Abington.

**CASTLE ACRE, NORFOLK.**—On Lord's-day, May 6, the Rev. J. Stutterd closed his pastoral labours here, extending over fourteen years. Morning and afternoon he preached the Sabbath-school sermons. In the evening he preached his farewell sermon to the church and congregation from the words of the Apostle, "Finally, brethren, farewell." The chapel was crowded. On Monday, May 7, a farewell tea-meeting was held, when a numerous company sat down to tea; after which a public meeting was held, Mr. Brock, of Great Durham, in the chair. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Kingdon, of Necton, and Mr. Henry Vince, of Swaffham. Joshua Love, Esq., M.D., then, after an affecting speech, in the name of his fellow-townsmen, presented to Mr. Stutterd a purse of gold, as a

token of the esteem in which he was held by Christians of all denominations.

**PERSHORE, WORCESTERSHIRE.**—The Rev. F. Overbury having resigned his pastorate of the Baptist church, Pershore, which he had held for twenty years, and accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, King Stanley, Gloucestershire, a public tea-meeting was held on Wednesday, May 2nd, for the purpose of presenting him with a testimonial of the esteem and affection of his numerous and attached friends. Upwards of 250 were present. After tea the chair was taken, and the meeting opened, by H. Hudson, Esq. Suitable and affectionate addresses were given by the Revs. J. Green, of Upton-on-Severn; T. Wilkinson, Tewkesbury; H. E. Sturmer, Worcester; M. Philpin, Alcester; S. Dunn, Atch-Lench; and T. Michael, of Evesham. The testimonial, consisting of a silver tea and coffee service, elegant time-piece, a purse of thirty sovereigns, three papier maché trays elegantly inlaid, and card-basket from teachers and pupil-teachers of British school, handsome inkstand from children of Sunday-school, handsome cabinet, vases, &c., was presented by Mr. Hudson, and suitably acknowledged by Mr. Overbury.

**PADDINGTON. — NEW CHURCH-STREET CHAPEL.**—A social meeting of the church and congregation, to celebrate the uninterrupted continuance of Dr. Burns's pastorate during twenty-five years, was held on Thursday, May 10th. Upwards of 200 friends partook of tea in the large room of Portland-hall, Carlisle-street, Edgware-road; and the company having adjourned to New Church-street Chapel, a hymn was sung, and prayer offered. Dr. Burns, who occupied the chair, followed with a lucid and graphic outline of his twenty-five years' ministerial charge, with reminiscences of his literary productions, embracing upwards of thirty-eight separate works, forming fifty vols. The first speaker was the Rev. John Stevenson, A.M., of St. Mary's Baptist Church, Derby, who, at the close of an address pervaded with fraternal and Christian affection, presented to Dr. Burns, in the name of the subscribers and committee of management, a purse of gold of the value of 100 guineas. Dr. Burns, in reply, appropriately acknowledged this handsome mark of respect and kindness, and observed that it would opportunely serve to defray the expenses of his anticipated tour in Italy, Greece, Asia Minor, Egypt, and the Holy Land. This tour would probably be divided into two journeys, each occupying two months in successive years. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. W. A. Blake, of Shouldham-street Chapel; Rev. E. Davis, of Caledonian-road Chapel; Rev. J. Clifford, of Præd-street Chapel; Mr. John Plato, of Chesham; Mr. Payne, student in the Regent's-park College; and Rev. Dawson Burns.

#### SPECIAL SERVICES.

**HADDENHAM, CAMBS.**—Services of a very interesting kind took place on the 15th inst. at the preaching station, Thetford, being the anniversary of the chapel there, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Hart, of Houghton, in a large barn kindly lent by Mr. Markwell, which was crowded in every part. Hundreds of the assembly were present at the public tea.

**LOWER EDMONTON BAPTIST CHAPEL.**—The promoters of this undertaking held a meeting on Wednesday evening, the 9th of May. Donations to the amount of £577 7s. were reported.

A piece of freehold ground, in a prominent position, has been purchased. It is expected that the cost of the ground and the erection of the chapel, which is to seat 300 persons, will involve an expenditure of between £900 and £1,000.

**CHIPPING SODBURY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**—A public tea-meeting was held at the Town-hall, Chipping Sodbury, on Monday, May 7th, for the purpose of providing a fund towards the expense of enlarging the burial ground and preparing new trust deeds, connected with the Baptist chapel in this town. About 100 sat down to tea, after which a public meeting was held. Mr. A. D. Morton presided, and suitable addresses were delivered by the Revs. E. Probert, of Bristol; F. H. Roleston, minister of the place; and by Messrs. Pearce, Foxwell, and Vick, when £60 were contributed towards the expenses, which will be about £80.

#### RECOGNITION SERVICES.

**WALSALL.**—The Rev. William Lees (late of Berwick-on-Tweed) having accepted the unanimous invitation of the General Baptist church, Walsall, entered upon his labours on Sunday, April 8. A recognition tea-meeting took place on Monday, April 16, at which 200 and upwards were present. Mr. Samuel Wilkinson, sen., one of the founders of the Baptist interest in this town, was called to the chair. The meeting was addressed by the Revs. A. Gordon, LL.D. (Independent), J. Davies, of Willenhall; J. Williams, of Glasgow; and W. Lees, pastor. Mr. Lees has commenced his labours with cheering prospects of success.

#### OPENING SERVICES.

**UP-OTTERY, DEVON.**—Services connected with the opening of the new Baptist chapel at Up-Ottery, Devon, were held on the 1st of May. The Revs. Wm. Brock, of London, and Evan Edwards, of Chard, preached two excellent sermons. In the evening, suitable addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. Brock, and E. Webb, of Tiverton.

**NORTHAMPTON.**—The new Baptist chapel in Abington-street was opened a few weeks back. It is a substantial structure of white brick and Bath stone, and, with the gallery, will accommodate about 500 persons with sittings. Collections realized £144 12s.

#### SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

**MONKSTHORPE, LINCOLNSHIRE.**—The anniversary of this place will be held (D.V.) on Wednesday, June 13, when Rev. G. Wyard, of Deptford, will preach in the afternoon at 2; and Mr. J. Foreman, of London, in the evening at 6. Tea will be provided.

**BURGH, LINCOLNSHIRE.**—The anniversary of the above place will be held (D.V.) on Thursday, June 14, when Mr. Foreman, of London, will preach in the afternoon at 2; and Mr. G. Wyard in the evening at 6. Tea will be provided as usual.

**GREAT GRIMSBY.**—On Sunday, June 19, the anniversary sermons will be preached by the Rev. J. Harcourt, of London. On Monday a public tea-meeting at five o'clock, after which addresses will be given by the Revs. J. Harcourt, E. Smart (pastor), and other ministers and friends.

**HAYES.**—The 16th anniversary of Salem Chapel, Hayes, will be held (D.V.) on Tuesday, June 12, when the Rev. J. E. Bloomfield, of Meard's-court, Soho, will preach at 11, a.m.; Mr. Parsons, Brentford, at 3; and Mr. Pells, of Soho Chapel, Oxford-street, at 6 in the evening. Dinner and tea as usual.

**MELBOURN, CAMBS.**—The extraordinary success which, under the Divine blessing, has attended the ministry of the Word in this place, rendered it imperatively necessary that the chapel should be enlarged, so that increased accommodation might be afforded to those who wished to listen to the proclamation of the Gospel. Since the beginning of last year, when this step was taken, the numbers attending the chapel have never decreased. In two years 150 persons have been baptized, and there are still many others anxiously inquiring the way to God. The expenses connected with the enlargement of the chapel amount to nearly £300, and to meet this outlay the building committee have determined to hold a bazaar on the 27th and 28th of June, under the distinguished patronage of Lady Burgoyne, for the sale of useful and fancy articles. The Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool, has engaged to deliver a lecture on the occasion. Refreshment stalls will be amply furnished, and a public tea will be provided at five each day. A band of music will attend. Contributions in money or articles for sale will be received and duly acknowledged by the Rev. E. Bailey, and should be sent in not later than the 6th of June. Further particulars may be obtained on application.

#### BAPTISMS.

**ABERDARE, English Baptists,** April 1—Seven; March 29, Two, by Mr. J. Owen.  
**ABERGELE, North Wales,** March 11—Two, in the river Gely, by Mr. Mervis.  
**ABERSYCHAN, Monmouthshire, English,** March 25—Five, by Mr. S. Price.  
**ANSTRUTHER, Scotland,** April—Two; May 6, Three, by Mr. J. Brown.  
**ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH, April 1—Eight,** by Mr. T. Orchard.  
**ASTWOOD BANK, Worcestershire,** May 6—Eight, by Mr. J. Phillips. Four of them were teachers, and one a scholar in the Sunday-school.  
**BRADLEY, Yorkshire—Thirty-one** during the month of March. Many others are waiting to be received into the church.  
**BEDFORD, March 25—One; April 29, Nine,** by Mr. Killen.  
**BETHNAL-GREEN-ROAD, Squirries-street Chapel,** Sept. 28—One; Nov. 30, One; March 28, Three; April 29, Two, one a member of the Establishment after some difficulty brought to follow Christ in this delightful ordinance.  
**BLOXHAM, near Baubury, Oxon,** May 6—Eight, by Mr. C. J. Eden. The sermon was preached by the minister's brother, Mr. A. T. Eden, of Burford, from Luke xx. 41, "The baptism of John, was it from heaven, or of men?" One of the candidates had for many years been a preacher amongst the Reformed Methodists.  
**BODFARY, April 29—One,** in the river Wheeler, by Mr. J. Kelly, of Boutnewydd.  
**BOUTNEWYDD, near St. Asaph, Feb. 19—Three,** one from the Sunday-school; April 1, Four also from the school; April 15, Three; May 13, one aged woman, in the river Ebbw, by Mr. J. Kelly. A great revival is progressing in this neighbourhood.  
**BURWELL, Cambs, April 8—Ten,** in the river, by Mr. Hynard.  
**CALNE, Wilts, Castle-street Chapel,** April 29—Five by Mr. J. Wall. Several stand prepared for the same privilege.  
**CANTON, near Cardiff, March 22—Five** by Mr. J. Bailey, minister of Hope Chapel.  
**CARDIFF, Bothany, April 1—Fourteen** by Mr. Tilly.



- CARLTON ROBE, March 4—Four; May 6, Four, by Mr. J. Kerridge.
- CATSHILL, near Bromsgrove, April 1—Three by Mr. E. Nokes.
- CEFF MAWR, April 22—Fifteen; May 13, Five, by Mr. A. J. Parry.
- CHELTENHAM, Cambay Chapel, April 22—Ten by Mr. Smith.
- COLCHESTER, Eld-lane Chapel, May 9, after a sermon by one of the candidates—Nine, by Mr. R. Langford. One was from the Primitive Methodist body, and one from the Sabbath-school.
- CORSHAM, Wilts, April 1—Six; May 8, Three, by Mr. J. Pooley.
- CORTON, Wilts, April 22—Nine by Mr. J. Toone.
- COWBRIDGE, Glamorganshire, Jan.—Eight; Feb. Six; April, Eight.
- DARRENFEN, Monmouthshire, April 1—Twelve by Mr. Williams.
- EXETER, Bartholomew-street Chapel, May 6—Twelve by Mr. E. Tuckett.
- , Zoar Chapel, May 9—Four by Mr. Bligh.
- FARINGDON, Berks, April 8—Four by Mr. Major.
- FENNY STRATFORD, Bucks—Two by Mr. Hosken.
- FRESHWATER, Isle of Wight, April 1—Three by Mr. J. Taylor.
- GREAT ELLINGHAM, Norfolk, March 26—Four by Mr. G. Williams.
- GREAT GRIMSBY, April 1—Two; April 6, Five; and May 6, Fifteen; by Mr. Smart.
- HADDENHAM, Cambs, May 15—Twenty by Mr. T. A. Williams. Messrs. Tebbut and Butcher took part in the services. Fifty-six members have been added to the church here during the ten months of Mr. Williams' ministry, and the good work is still progressing.
- HASLINGDEN, Ebenezer Chapel, Lancashire, May 5—One by Mr. J. Haslam.
- HOLBEACH, March 18—One by Mr. Cotton.
- IDLE, near Leeds, May 6—Five by Mr. Hanson. Others are inquiring.
- ISLE ABBOTTS, Somerset, May 13—Two by Mr. Champell.
- ISLEHAM, April 8—Ten by Mr. T. Mee.
- , Round-lane Chapel, May 2—Six, in the river Lark, by Mr. H. W. Cautlow.
- KETTERING, March 28—Nine by Mr. Mursell.
- KINGTON-ON-THAMES, May 2—Two by Mr. T. W. Medhurst.
- KINGTON, Hereford, April 1—Three by Mr. G. Cozens.
- LANFILLD, Suffolk, May 13—Four by Mr. R. E. Sears.
- LIVERPOOL, Sobo-street, May 6—Three by Mr. H. Jackson, being the first fruits of his ministry here.
- , Stanhope-street, March 18—Five by Mr. E. Bowen, one of the deacons.
- LONDON, Church-street, April 28—Three by Mr. W. Barker.
- , John-street Chapel, April 19—Fourteen; April 26, Thirteen, by Baptist W. Noel.
- , Soho-street Chapel, Oxford-street, April 20—Six by Mr. Pells.
- , New Park-street, April 21, Twenty; May 10, Sixteen; May 24, twenty-two by Mr. Spurgeon.
- LONG CRENDON, Bucks, May 10—Fifteen by Mr. Dybon.
- MALTON, Yorks, March 25—Two by Mr. Shakespeare.
- MARKET DRAYTON, April 1—Three by Mr. Burroughs.
- MALVALE-STREET, Herts, May 3—One by Mr. J. W. Wake. Eight of this family have now been baptized by Mr. Wake, the last was the mother, aged sixty-four.
- MERTHYR TYDVIL, March 11—Three; May 13, Six. Making our additions by baptism sixty during the short period of eighteen months our pastor has been with us. We deeply regret that our beloved pastor is under the necessity, through ill-health, of resigning his pastorate over us. We have deemed it our duty to make him a present of a purse of money, wishing we could give him ten times as much.—A. E.
- MOCHDRE, Newtown, Montgomeryshire, April 15—Two; May 13, Three, by Mr. G. Phillips.
- NEW WELLS, near Newtown, May 13—Nine by Mr. M. Morgan.
- NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, Feb. 26—Twelve by Mr. Jennings.
- , May 2—Seven by Mr. Grey. The first fruits of his ministry.
- OGDEN, near Rookdale, April 22—Eight by Mr. L. Nuttall. Six of the above from the Sabbath-school.
- PADIHAM, April 1—Five by Mr. R. Brown.
- PAISLEY, Stone-street, April 1—Three; April 8, Two, by Mr. Mitchell.
- POPLAR, Cotton-street, April 29—Eight by Mr. Peerce.
- RAGLAN, Monmouthshire, May 6—Six by Mr. B. Johnson.
- READING, King's-road, March 29—Six by Mr. Aldis.
- RIDGEMOUNT, Beds, Jan. 1—Nine; March 4, Eight, by T. Baker, B.A. Many are waiting to be received by baptism.
- ROMFORD, Essex, March 28—Ten by Mr. Gibbs.
- ROUD, Isle of Wight, April 15—Three by Mr. J. Taylor.
- RUSHDEN, Old Meeting, May 20—Nine by Mr. Bradfield.
- SAFFRON WALDEN, Upper Meeting, March 4—Fourteen; March 28, Three, by Mr. Gilson.
- SHEEPSHEAD, Leicestershire, May 6—Nine by Mr. T. Swain.
- SOUTHAMPTON, East-street, May 15—Five by Mr. R. Caven.
- , Portland-street, May 17—Six by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon.
- STAFFORD, April 15—Two by Mr. Keen.
- SWINDON, New Town, March 25—Four by Mr. Breeze. Several more are anxiously inquiring after the good old way.
- TONGWYNLAS, Glamorganshire, March—Nineteen by Mr. Jones.
- TREDEGAR, English Church, Feb. 5—Two; March 4, Three; May 2, Two, by Mr. J. Lewis.
- WELLOW, Isle of Wight, April 22—Nine by Mr. J. Green.
- WHITESTONE, Herefordshire, May 13—Three by Mr. W. D. Rees.
- WHITTLESEA, May 6—Five by Mr. D. Ashby.
- WIGAN, March 25—One; April 22, Three, by Mr. C. Jones.
- WILBURTON, Isle of Ely, May 1—Ten, in the river Ouse, by Mr. John Dring, after a discourse by Mr. R. Blinkhorn, of Willingham, Cambs. [THE BAPTIST MESSENGER gives great satisfaction here. Your correspondent circulates monthly nearly thirty copies in this small village.—J. S.]
- WOKINGHAM, Berks, April 29—Eighteen; viz., three husbands and their wives, three sisters, six Sunday-school teachers, and three formerly independents, by Mr. P. G. Scorey. We are glad to hear of a great revival in this place.
- YARMOUTH, Isle of Wight, May 13—Six by Mr. Whipper, of London.
- YEovil, April 5—Six by Mr. R. James.



The Wife of John Brown,  
Interceding for his release in Mexico.

THE  
BAPTIST MESSENGER,

AND

CHRONICLE OF THE CHURCHES.

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THE WIFE OF JOHN BUNYAN INTERCEDING FOR HIS RELEASE  
FROM PRISON.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

DR. CHEEVER, in his "Lectures on Bunyan and his Times," says of it—"The scene is worthy the pencil of some great painter, where, without a creature to befriend or sustain her, this young and trembling woman, unaccustomed to, and abashed at such presences, entered the court-room, and stood before the judges in the midst of the crowd of justices and gentry of the county assembled."

This idea has been realised, and in our picture we see the noble woman in the act of holding forth her petition on her husband's behalf. With an earnest and beseeching look, forgetting her timidity, but not her grief, she implores, with tearful eyes, the help of those who could assist her. We can imagine her to be saying to Judge Hale, "My lord,—I make bold to come once again to your lordship, to know what may be done with my husband." The judge, who sits arrayed in the robes, and wears the quiet dignity of office, seems perplexed. A good man, he wants courage, and what his heart feels, his lips fail to speak. "Woman," he says, "I told thee before, I could do thee no good; because they have taken that for a conviction which thy husband spoke at the sessions: and unless there be something done to undo that, I can do thee no good." It is in vain that she pleads that his imprisonment is unlawful, and his conviction unjust and premature. One of the judges on the left of Sir Matthew curtly interposes—"My lord, he was lawfully convicted." Elizabeth, for that was her name, cannot brook this, and repeats her declaration. Hereupon Judge Twisdon, who had hitherto been silent, and only frowned upon her as he eyed her through his glass, now speaks angrily—"What! you think we can do what we like! Your husband is a breaker of the peace, and is convicted by the law." Judge Hale hearing this, calls for the statute-book, which is brought by an attendant; and the Clerk of the Assize points out the "statute in that case made and provided." On our left, at the end of the table, Justice Chester, who wears his hat, and rests his hands upon the table, rises and says—"My lord, he was lawfully convicted." So they went on, she pleading, and they, first one and then another, defending the unjust judgment. Sir M. Hale is evidently overcome by the appeals of poor Elizabeth: "My lord," she says, "I have four small children that cannot help themselves; one of them is blind, and we have nothing to live upon but the charity of good people." "Alas, poor woman!" he replies, and it is his heart that speaks. The feelings of different persons are admirably represented; Twisdon, and others, feel no pity nor regret, still less compunction; but Sir Matthew, and others, show the sympathy of their hearts in their countenances. And that old-fashioned room at the Swan, with its quaint architecture, wainscoted walls, and antique windows, how admirably it is portrayed! And the grave and wondering official at the door; and the assistant on the ladder in the shade, reaching down the books of the law;

and the royal arms, the symbol of authority, and the pledge of justice, the characteristic features and official costumes of those who are present, and the very chairs and table, all combine to fill up the picture, and to give it a completeness and an effect which has called forth the admiration of men of first-rate judgment in such matters.

The engraving, which, by the kind permission of the proprietor, accompanies the present number of the BAPTIST MESSENGER, is a miniature of one of the pair of splendid engravings which were originally published at three guineas, size 30 inches by 24. They may now be obtained at 10s. 6d. each, of Mr. John Cording, at 31, Paternoster-row. These beautiful works of art would be ornaments to the finest drawing-room in the land. All the admirers of John Bunyan should have them in their dwellings.

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## THE CHURCH A MOTHER.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL.

"The children which thou shalt have, after thou hast lost the other, shall say again in thine ears, The place is too strait for me: give place to me that I may dwell. Then shalt thou say in thine heart, Who hath begotten me these, seeing I have lost my children, and am desolate, a captive, and removing to and fro? and who hath brought up these? Behold, I was left alone; these, where had they been?"—Isaiah xlix. 20, 21.

I do not like to look upon the Bible always as an old book, a relic of the past; I like to read it and think of it often as a new book, and one applicable to the present. And I am continually compelled to regard it as such; for I find that it relates to the things passing around me—that it deals with my present sorrows, my present doubts, and my present joys. It is not merely a record of the saints in olden times, it is a book of direction for the saints of the present. It did not merely give consolation to those who received the promise centuries ago, but the same promise comes home fresh and sweet to us, and we look upon it as being a new, a present revelation from heaven. At least, there are times when the Spirit takes of the words of Scripture, and makes them as fresh and new to us as though an angel had just flown from heaven, and, for the first time, uttered the gracious words by whispering them in our ears. And the passage which I have read bears to me just now, though it may not to you, all the freshness and sweetness of a passage made for the occasion. If this book had been written yesterday, I am sure it could not contain truth more applicable to myself—nay, if I had to have it, as Mahomet's followers had the Koran, chapter by chapter, fresh and fresh, just as they required it, I could not have a Bible more adapted to my daily experience and my daily needs. For so doth the Holy Spirit continually take of the things of Christ, and not simply apply them unto us, but, apparently, he seems to adapt them to us, or else he brings out to our minds' eye that old original adaptation which God had placed in them, foreknowing for what purpose they would be used in after-days.

Now, I propose to comment upon this text somewhat pointedly, and I hope that the remarks I shall make upon it may be the means of leading others to make the passage a subject of profitable meditation.

First of all, I shall begin by observing that the Church is a mother; when I have dwelt upon that idea I shall notice that, like all other mothers, the Church has sometimes to be bereaved; then, in the third place, I shall observe that she has another trouble which mothers in England do not have—God grant they never may—she is sometimes herself a captive, she wears the bonds, and groans in slavery; and then I have to notice, in the fourth place, the promise of the text, that this mother, despite her bereavement, despite all her captivity, shall see her family multiplied to a most extraordinary degree, so that she shall be overwhelmed with amazement, and lifting up her eyes shall say, "Who hath begotten me these?"

These, who have they been? Who hath brought up these? For I have lost my children and was desolate, a captive, and removed to and fro."

I. Well now, first of all, notice that **THE CHURCH IS A MOTHER**; she always did stand in that respect to all her members. Take each member of the Church individually, he is a child; take us altogether, we make up the mother, the Church. The Church of Rome professed to be a mother—what a mother! Let the Inquisition tell how tenderly she has nursed her babes. Let conventual torture-chambers tell how her little infants have been cared for. Let the stakes that once stood on Smithfield, the gibbets and the fires—let all these start up and tell the story of that tender and pitiful mother. Ah! but the Church of Christ is a true mother. Even when she is not continually using the name, yet is she a right, tender, and affectionate nursing-mother to all her offspring. I shall begin here very briefly to speak about this mother. The Church is a mother because it is hers to *bring forth into the world the spiritual children of the Lord Jesus Christ*. The Church is left in the world still that she may bring out the rest of God's elect that are still hidden in the caverns and strongholds of sin. If God had willed it he might have brought out all his children by the mere effort of his own power, without the use of any instrumentality. He might have sent his grace into each individual heart in some such miraculous manner as he did into the heart of Saul, when he was going towards Damascus. But he hath not chosen to do so. He who hath taken the Church to be his spouse and his bride has chosen to bring men to himself by means, and thus it is, through God's using the Church, her ministers, her children, her works, her sufferings, her prayers—through making these the means of the increase of his spiritual kingdom, she taketh to herself the title of mother.

But when these little ones are born, the Church's business is next to *feed them*. It is not enough that she has brought them to Christ; it is not sufficient that through her agency they have been quickened and begotten again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead; it is hers to feed them. She gives to them the unadulterated milk of the Word. Through her ministers, through her servants, through the different agencies which she employs, she endeavours to satisfy their longing souls with bread. She gives them food convenient for them; she feeds them by her doctrine, by her ordinances; she bids them come and eat and drink at her table, and it is her earnest desire and effort to supply all their spiritual wants by feeding their understandings, their affections, their wills. Every part and power of the mind, the Church labours to feed.

Nor is she content with feeding: it is her endeavour to *train up her children*. Indeed, there are some professed churches of Christ that seem to do nothing whatever in the way of training up the young in their midst. These churches, if there be any converted, scarcely ever hear of it. If children are born, there is no rejoicing; their names are not written in the family register—the church-book. They are not asked to come forward and be recognized as children in baptism; they are permitted to come up, perhaps, to the church's house, but if they should make any offer to join her number by profession they would be at once told to keep away, that they were not quite fit yet to be numbered with her right royal children. But the nursing churches do not do this. They look out for every babe in Christ that they can find, and then they seek to instruct these babes; and when they are instructed, the church receives them into her arms, and she takes them to be hers, to be trained up for some future deeds of usefulness. She trains up some of her sons to be captains in the Lord's host. She puts a sword into their hands, and bids them use it and fight their Master's battles. She trains up others of her sons and daughters to teach still younger ones, and these she puts into her schools. She trains up all her children, some by the one means and some by the other. She says, "Go abroad, my children, and labour for your father; go abroad, and plough in his field, and fight his battles, and extend his kingdom. Thus does the Church well deserve the name of mother, when she brings up, and fosters, and nurtures the children of God.

Nor is this all the Church can do. *She will be always ready to nurse her children when they become sick*; for, alas, in the Church's family there are always some sickly ones, not only sick in body, but sick in spirit. And never does the Church appear so truly a mother as she does to these. Over these she will be, if she is what she should be, peculiarly watchful and jealous. Though the strong shall have her attention, yet the weak shall have double. Though those who are standing up shall be helped, yet those who are cast down shall be helped still more. If there be a weak lamb, if there be a wandering sheep within the Church, she opens wide her eyes, and it shall be her endeavour to watch most of these. She knows her duty is like her Lord's, to bind up the broken in heart, and comfort those who mourn; so she continually bids her ministers bring forth sweet things out of the storehouse. She saith to her servitors, "Put on the great pot, and put in the great doctrines of the Gospel, and let all these be set a-simmering, that there may be food for all my children." "And," says she, "take care thou bringest forth the wines on the lees well refined, the fat things full of marrow, for I have some weaklings in my family that will not be strong to labour unless they have the rich cordials of the Gospel continually given to them."

Ah, and when the Church is in right order, how she will nurse! Do you remember what she did in Paul's days?—for what Paul did the Church did. He says, "You know how for the space of three years, night and day, with tears, I watched for your souls." So will the Church do, through her ministers, her officers, and indeed through all her members if they act up to their duty. She will be watching for the souls of men, especially for those souls that are the saddest and the most cast down, and the most subject to temptation and to trial; she will watch over them and nurse them. And she will never be happy, let me add, until she brings all her children up to her husband's house in heaven. She is expecting him to come by-and-bye, and when he comes, it will be her joy to meet her husband leading her daughters with her. And she will say, "Come forth, ye daughters of Jerusalem, and see king Solomon crowned with the crown, wherewith his mother crowned him on the day of his espousals." And, at last, when she and her husband shall be safe in the great kingdom in heaven, then will she say, "Here am I, and the children which thou hast given me, and have nursed all these; but by thy help are they kept, by thy grace have they been preserved, and it has been my loving duty, as their tender mother, to nurse, and cheer, and nurture them, and bring them up, for thee."

Every time I give the right hand of fellowship to a new member, especially to those just brought in from the world, I think I hear that voice speaking to me, "Take these children, and nurse them up for me, and I will give thee thy wages." I say this is said to me, but I mean it is said to the entire Church—I merely speak, of course, as the representative of the body. We have, whenever members are given to us, a great charge, under God, to nurse them for him, and instrumentally to advance them in the road to heaven. But mark, I say, in all this, the Church is a poor mother, if her husband is not with her. She can do nothing in bringing forth, nothing in nurturing, nothing in training, nothing in preserving, and nothing, at last, in bringing her children safe, unless the Holy Spirit dwells in her, and sends her strength to accomplish all. Our brethren of the Church of England do not know the meaning of the word Church. They say so-and-so is going to enter the Church; so-and-so is going to wear a white garment and a black garment. They are going to wear, every Sunday, two sorts of dress when they go into desk and pulpit. Now, we do not mean any such sort of thing as that; we mean simply making a profession of faith. When we speak of persons joining the Church, we mean they are added to the company of God's people. We believe the Church does not rest in the preachers, and the deacons, and the like; but the Church is a company of faithful men, banded together according to God's holy rule and ordinance—the bringing together for the propagation of the truth as it is in Jesus; and Betsy the servant-maid is as much

in the Church as the Very Reverend Doctor or Dean of I know not where. Whoever they may be, if they are but members of Christ, if they have been baptized, and put on the Lord Jesus Christ, they are in the Church. The Church, then, by which I mean the great company and body of the faithful—that Church is a nursing mother.

(To be continued.)

## A STRONG STAFF.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHELTENHAM.

ON looking forward, we often feel the need of a strong staff on which to lean, as the way is rough, we are weak, and the burden we have to carry is often heavy. I have just laid my hand upon one, which many years ago helped me along a very rough road, and administered much comfort to my soul. It looks as fresh and as strong as the first time I handled it. I intend to use it again, and treat it as I would an old friend,—trust it; and, as I always like to divide my morsel, and lend my staff to any one that needs it, I will set it before you, reader, that you may use and enjoy it too. Here it is, as presented by the Apostle Paul to his friends of old; he is speaking of their covenant with God, and says of him, “*Able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think*” (Ephes. iii. 20). What say you to that, fellow-Christian? Is it not a most blessed view of our heavenly Father? It is intended for all the family. Let us, therefore, take it to ourselves, and with it in the hand of faith, look forward into the future.

WE SHALL WANT MUCH. This is an unquestionable fact. We are always more or less in want; and every relationship, every connection, every engagement into which we enter, increases our wants. We shall want much for *ourselves*, to make us holy, happy, and useful. Now, we want to be holy in body, soul, and spirit; to resemble the Lord Jesus Christ in temper, disposition, and conduct, as much as possible. Through being holy, we want to be happy. Happy on our own account; happy on account of those about us, that they may have a good and correct opinion of religion; happy on the Saviour’s account, that he may be honoured and magnified in us. Being happy, we want to be useful. Useful to sinners, in saving them; useful to backsliders, in restoring them; useful to our fellow-Christians, in comforting, encouraging, and stimulating them. Now, if we are to be made holy, happy, and useful, we must receive much grace from God, and experience much of the power of God; but he is “able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.”

We shall want much for our *families*, to convert, consecrate, and make them ornamental. We want each and every member of our families to be converted, and constituted members of the family of God. We want our converted relatives and dependents to be wholly consecrated to God, and united with his people. And we want each separately, and the whole collectively, to adorn the doctrines of God our Saviour in all things. We shall want much for the *Church*, that it may be united, peaceful, and prosperous. O how delightful it is to see the Lord’s people living in union, walking in peace, and increasing in numbers daily! We shall want much for our *congregations*, that they may be enlarged, Christianized, and made exemplary. Few of our places of worship are crowded, multitudes who attend are not Christians, and some who are, are no ornaments to their profession. Now, we want crowded places, the whole of the crowd brought to Christ, and all who are brought to Christ to present a lovely example of what real religion is to the world. We want much for the *town* in which we live, for we want a great awakening, a powerful revival of pure and undefiled religion, and that free grace should be glorified in our streets, lanes, and alleys. We want much for the *world*; for we want a host of holy missionaries, an open door to enter into every island and continent under heaven; and that the knowledge of the Lord may cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea. But if our desire for our families, churches, congregations, towns, and the world are gratified, we

must receive much more from God than we ever have yet; and this is our encouragement, that he is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." However much we may want,—

**GOD IS ABLE TO DO MORE.** We are not straitened in him. There is nothing in his nature, purposes, predictions, promises, or acts, to cramp, discourage, or straiten us. He can do more than we need—more than we ask for—more than we desire—yea, more than we think. God's ability goes beyond our thoughts or conceptions. He is able to do more than he ever hath done, either in providence or grace. How much he did in his providence for Israel in general, for Elijah and others, in particular! but he can do much more for us. How much he has done for his Church in grace—at Pentecost, through the Apostolic age, at the Reformation, and other times! but he is able to do much more. God has never gone to his uttermost yet. He has not done all he can do, all he has promised to do, all that it is in his heart to do. Blessed, for ever blessed be his name! he is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."

Here, then, is work for *faith* to believe this; so to believe it as to influence the heart and conduct by it. Here is work for *prayer*, to ask in accordance with this representation—to open the mouth wide—to ask for much—to ask and receive, that we may be filled with joy. Here is work for *hope*, to expect in some proportion to this representation—to expect as from God—a God whose wealth is infinite, whose heart is love, and who is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." What a *reproof* to those who ask little of God, or expect little from God! Here is *comfort* for several classes. For *tried believers*. However great, however peculiar, however long-continued their trials, they need not faint, nor be discouraged, for God is able to make all grace abound toward them, and to do for them "exceeding abundantly above all that they can ask or think." For *discouraged seekers*. Those who have been long seeking the Lord, but from some undiscovered cause have not yet found him to their souls' satisfaction. Some idol is not dethroned. Some secret sin is not given up. Some mistake as to the nature and design of the Gospel is made. Something is kept between the eye and the cross. But here is encouragement even for such, to continue to seek and expect to find, because God is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." For *desperate characters*. Giant sinners, notorious transgressors: awful drunkards, profane swearers, filthy prostitutes, wicked thieves, habitual liars, Corinthian sinners, man-gods, blasphemers, equals to Saul of Tarsus, or the woman from whom Jesus cast out seven devils. However great the sinner, however desperate his case may appear, though no such sinner may ever have been saved before, there is no cause for fear, or ground for doubt, for God is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." All sinners may find encouragement and comfort here. However much grace, mercy, merit, or power their case may require, God has, and God can do, infinitely more. However much they may ask for or desire, God can give abundantly more. However vast their conceptions of God's saving power or saving grace may be, the reality goes far beyond their conceptions; for he is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." Let us, then, whenever we look back and feel discouraged on account of our failures, faults, and follies—whenever we look within and perceive how much we need to make us what we ought to be, holy, harmless, undefiled—or when we look forward, and think of the crosses we may have to carry, the foes we may have to face, and the difficulties we may have to overcome—let us remember that our God is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." Beloved, are you thinking of the swellings of Jordan, and thinking, "What shall I do then? How shall I endure the parting struggle—the mortal agony? Oh, how—how will it be with me then?" Fix the eye of your mind on Jesus; trust alone in his precious, atoning blood;



believe the promises that God has made to you in his Holy Word; remember that he is the Father of mercies, the God of grace, the God of all comfort, and that he is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think." This will banish your fears, inspire you with comfort, and make dying easy.

### HEREDITARY SUFFERINGS.\*

BY THE REV. W. BARKER, OF CHURCH-STREET, BLACKFRIARS.

"I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me."—**EX. XX. 5.**

EVERY effect must have its own proper cause; and there are a great number of different laws at work, each of which is producing marvellous changes in the history of the earth, and in the character and destiny of its inhabitants. The position and motions of the earth produce all the changes of the seasons, and indirectly cause those conditions of health or disease which prevail amongst men. These are termed physical causes. The action of one mind upon another, in the formation of opinion, in the cultivation of social or moral habits of character, forms another kind of influence or causation, out of which arises much evil and also much good. And this we call a moral cause.

The words of our text have relation to the latter influence, and to one peculiar department of it, viz., to the effect upon any one generation of persons of the conduct of a past generation: the life of a father upon that of his children, or of the men of to-day upon those who will enter into our places in twenty years' time. This question has been misapprehended by many, and upon their mistake they have founded an unfair charge against God, insulting him to his face, and condemning his ways. But there is one thought must have occurred to every man, viz., that it is impossible to have a state of things in this life in which each man or unit of the whole shall be quite independent of, and unaffected by, his fellow-men. None can deny that children are the better or the worse for the conduct and example of their parents. If a man would occupy a position in which neither good nor evil shall befall him, but what is the immediate and exclusive result of his own sin, he must find another world than this to live in; for the construction of this, and the essential relations of things in it, prevent the realization of such a notion.

Yet, true as this is, we hope to show that the vulgar notion that it is unjust of God thus to link man to man, father to son, and nation to nation, is quite unworthy

of thoughtful and intelligent persons, and is only a device of Satan to keep the mind from recognizing the infinite wisdom and beneficence of God, who is man's best Benefactor, and will be his just Judge.

We confine ourselves to the one theme, "God visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children"—feeling we shall not be able, in the present exercise, to touch upon the beautiful contrast to this which is pointed out in the announcement of his "keeping mercy for thousands of generations of them that love him and keep his commandments."

One general observation must precede our exposition, viz., that no interpretation of a difficult text of Scripture can be admitted to be consistent with the Word of God which contradicts the general current of its truths and doctrines. Many very pernicious errors have crept into the Church by an indifference to this important rule; and Satan has made a fearful use of isolated texts in his machinations against man, yea, even against the Son of God himself; for, when he tried to seduce him, he made a perverted use of the Scriptures, if possible to becloud the Saviour's mind with error, the cloak of sin. We would, therefore, with these preliminary cautions and rules, at once proceed to observe—

I. That THE VISITATION OF SIN IN THIS TEXT CANNOT ALLUDE TO FUTURE PUNISHMENT AND CONDEMNATION. Some very loose and wild notions were once entertained about the salvable condition of the children of the ungodly, especially if they died in infancy; and even now are we taught, that unless the child is regenerated in the waters of baptism, it may be in danger. Why? Because it is a child of Adam! Certainly, no such influence as to curse a child, without actual transgression, can be found taught in the Bible, as the result of Adam's sin. For the Word of God so broadly asserts a principle which is the death-blow of this and similar errors, that we cannot for a single moment listen to the dark suggestion. And

\* In a few days, the above discourse may be had in a separate form, of H. J. Fosdick, Ave Maria Lane, price one penny.

yet the popular mind, being partially educated in Divine things, may be sometimes heard expressing itself in terms like these: "And must I be damned for another's sin?" And, so well do these deluded ones love their mental darkness and thralldom, that they will scarcely listen to a more pleasant and benign interpretation of the Word of God.

When Ezekiel was commissioned to tell the Israelites of the evils of the captivity, and the fact of its duration for seventy years, he touchingly reminded them that so transparent should be the conduct of God then—so clear the exhibitions of his justice against them, and their consciousness of it so strong—that they should not again take up the proverb, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge"—but as all souls are his, "so the soul of the son is mine," saith Jehovah, as much as the soul of the father. The whole of the 18th chapter of Ezekiel is very instructive on this subject. When Moses pleaded that his name should be blotted out of the Book of God, that the sinning Israelites might be forgiven, he was rebuked for it, by being told, "Whosoever hath sinned against me, *him* will I blot out of my book." The most graphic description of the judgment-day consists in two Scriptures—"For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be bad," Eccles. xii. 14. And, "We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ; *that every one* may receive the things done *in his body* according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad," 2 Cor. v. 10. The character of God is misrepresented, therefore, by any intimation that he will render to men an indiscriminate portion of evil, and will send them to perdition by an act of arbitrary abandonment, because of some offence committed by their progenitors, who escaped the results which their posterity are feeling in all their crushing weight. This important text has some other meaning more consonant with the convictions of man's conscience, and in more perfect harmony with the nature of God; nor is that meaning so obscure and secret as many have supposed.

II. IT IS NOT AN ARBITRARY INFLECTION OF EVIL UPON THE CHILDREN FOR THE SINS OF THEIR FATHERS. We have shown that the evil spoken of is confined to the action of secondary and providential causes in the present world. But still we cannot think that God *indiscriminately* inflicts evil

upon one generation for the sins of another. Jehovah delights in mercy, and not in judgment; hence the *two* points of difference between his entailed curses and covenant mercies. The one reaches only to the *third* and *fourth* generations, while the other extends to *thousands* of generations. The one is called a *visitation*, conveying the idea that a just inquiry has been instituted and just penalty inflicted; while the other is called a *keeping of mercy*, marking the most solicitude and love for an indefinite time.

It is said, therefore, in the text, "Of them that hate me." And in Ezekiel we find that the pious son of a wicked father is not to be indiscriminately visited for his parents' folly; nor is the wicked son of godly parents to be free from the influence of his own sin because of the efficacy of his father's piety. Hophni and Phineas, sons of good Eli, because corrupters of the people, in their own lifetime felt the anger of God, and were therefore slain by the hand of the Philistines, even though ostensibly engaged in the protection of the ark of the Lord. Good Josiah, the son of wicked Amon, and grandson of wicked Manasseh, was remarkably assured that he should not reap the evil due to the people, because "his heart was tender," 2 Kings xxii. 13-20. But, oh! mark what came in the days of his son Jehoiakim, chap. xxiv.

We may safely take our stand amid the terrible calamity and desolation which sometimes we see; and, like Abraham, unable to comprehend the whole plan of providence, we may fall back upon the truth, that the Judge of all the earth will do right. "Justice and judgment are the habitation of God's throne"—"All his ways are mercy and truth"—"There is no unrighteousness in him." And our souls shall echo, "Just and true are thy ways, O thou King of saints! Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name, for thou only art holy?"

III. THE VISITATION SPOKEN OF IS ONE WHICH IS SOMETIMES INEVITABLE, AND ALWAYS JUST.

1. This is to be seen *in the history of nations*. When David numbered the people, God was indeed angry with him, and the people suffered; but it is a remarkable fact that God *was angry with them before* (2 Sam. xxiv. 1), yet had passed by their sins on David's account, who had for a long time been walking consistently before God, and had been a sort of moral breakwater, to keep out the torrent of Divine

anger, which being removed, by his folly, the storms of wrath overflowed the people, and he felt as though he had been the cause of the calamity, as indeed he was; just as if a man knew that the whole constitution of another were poisoned by a certain disease, which he could keep back by a given kind of medicine, and should withhold it, and the man should die. Just so mediate and immediate causes are at work for the welfare of nations; and also in their downfall.

God permits the worst forms of despotism to crush a people when they are not fit for liberty; but, when they are, he will break the oppressor's rod, and give them wise and intelligent rulers. Nor does he act upon any basis but one of strict justice, and a regard for the welfare of the whole. In the days of Christ, the blood of the prophets of old came upon that generation, but why? The answer is a very striking one. That while they were professing to detest their fathers' conduct, and were garnishing the tombs of their slain prophets, they were guilty of the same hatred towards Christ and his disciples, and therefore must be considered *genean apokteinoutan* (a killing generation); as bad, therefore, as their fathers, and even worse; for all the superior light which the fulfilments of prophecy and the teachings of Christ could afford them, was vilely put out by their sin, and they were chargeable with killing the SON, and not a mere servant.

2. It is to be seen in *families*. Thus did God slay the child of Bathsheba, as a punishment of the sin of David; and the whole family of Eli were shut out of the priesthood because they were seen to be unworthy of it. The children of Abraham are shut out from the land, and are wanderers upon the face of the earth, through the sin of the fathers, which, as subsequent generations, they have *endorsed* and perpetuated.

And in modern times we see the follies of parents bringing upon the children immense evils from which for generations they do not seem to recover. One father plunges his children into poverty by his pride and foolish speculation; another fosters in his sons habits of dishonesty and carelessness which cast the die of their character for life. A man, by an intemperate, vicious life, induces in his own constitution evil diseases which are communicated to the children, in perhaps a more virulent form than he himself suffers.

3. So in *churches* we see similar principles at work. Error and schism are allowed in

one generation, and these are continued and perpetuated by the consent of the children, who go still farther in the course of evil than their originators went. A fearful illustration of this truth we have in the condition of those countries which are under the pernicious influence of Popery. Look also at the lifeless condition of all the churches on the Continent—approaching the same fearful end as some of those churches in Lesser Asia, whose decline began in the lukewarmness of the disciples in the days of John.

There are two important principles at work in all these cases, which will throw still more light on the proposition we are seeking to illustrate:—

(1.) The first of them is this—that some of the evils are the result of physical laws, and could not be overruled unless a constant miracle were wrought, or the forces of the entire fabric of nature and providence were entirely changed. If a thunder-storm strikes a house and consumes all the property of its inhabitants, it was a natural evil, by one of the ordinary laws pervading the works of God.

If a hereditary taint be communicated to one's offspring, and they have a diseased frame as the result, we do not expect a miracle to counteract it.

But in these and similar cases, we often find a compensating law at work, which more than justifies the permission of such physical evil. God makes that calamity to the estate, a means of bringing friends and sympathy to the sufferers, which, before, they would not have had.

The delicate child in the house has more comfort of mind in its affliction than those in health; absorbs more parental affection than the rest; and sometimes becomes a ministering angel to the whole family, and the means of conversion to a wicked parent; while these very afflictions work out more glory for the believing sufferer. The poverty of the children of the unfortunate makes them more energetic, and becomes the means of a character being formed which could never have been formed amidst luxury and ease.

(2.) But where these remarks apply not, there is another principle which accounts for the permission of evil in a man's household, viz., that the evil never descends to a man's children, without a kind of moral contagion in the children to make them susceptible. We have before said that the action of this curse is not arbitrary. As the diseases of the family are cut off in the

case, perhaps, of one healthy generation, and reproduced in another, so God never allows sin to be punished in those who are entirely innocent of it. Jehoiakim felt what Josiah escaped, for he had the same evil heart and life with his grandfather. The generation which slew Christ was a killing generation, like their fathers. The veil of ignorance hangs over the Jewish people, *till they shall turn to the Lord*, when it shall be done away. So the pious few who may be in the midst of the harlot city are charged to come out, "that they be not partakers in her plagues." Thus there is a door of escape for each generation; and it is only while they cling to the lusts and crimes of their fathers, that they are permitted to reap the bitter fruits.

In the case of churches which fall into error, and nations which fall into idolatry and decay, the visitation is one in which *one generation after another adds sin to sin*, and perishes under the self-induced curses which are the inevitable result of sin. Thus an intimation of that kind is given in the very construction of the commandment for which our text is assigned as a reason. The working of this terrible law, therefore, is very fitly compared in the Scriptures to a filling up of the cup of iniquity, which is done by, one generation after another, adding to their fathers' sins, until no ameliorating influences can any longer avert the punishment. So the Jews had warning after warning, but all with no effect; until the Word of God declared that even "though Noah, Daniel, and Job were in the midst of them, they should only deliver their own souls," *Ezek. xiv. 14.*

IV. CONSIDERATIONS WHICH ASSIST US IN ACCOUNTING FOR THIS STRIKING LAW IN THE WAYS OF GOD.

1. *To parents it is a solemn admonition, appealing to their natural affection as an auxiliary to their virtues.* Can a father or mother, in view of this solemn fact, dare to live carelessly and immorally? Will they not sacrifice personal indulgences and set the little ones a good example which, under

the blessing of God, may result in a healthy, moral character, a life of usefulness, and the salvation of the soul?

2. And to irreligious and worldly parents, it should act as a *solemn check to their vain and wicked conduct, fearing its curse not on themselves alone, but on the dear children.* But, alas, that parents should be found tutoring their children in every vice, leading to their present and eternal ruin! Such persons are monsters, opposing the promptings of natural affection, and trampling on the sacred admonitions of conscience and Divine truth. Behold their terror and dismay at the day of judgment! How can they stand before the wailing of their children and the reprobation of a just Judge?

3. *To children, that they may avoid the sin of their fathers;* for, if the curse be entailed, and also increased by their sin, it will be far more fearful for them and their offspring than any language can describe. The real use of this solemn doctrine is to urge them to that conduct with which they may steer clear of these evils when they enter life, and acquire and maintain a position of influence, being blessed and made a blessing.

4. *No more serious calamity can happen to men than for God to punish sin with sin.* The famine or pestilence are messengers of good compared with such a calamity; and yet men rush on into the vortex of iniquity, although forewarned of its awful cumulative power and its inevitable curse.

5. Let us admire the *sublime contrast between the visiting of sin and the keeping of mercy.* God delights in mercy, but judgment is his strange work—while the judgment only reaches the third or fourth generation of them that hate God, the mercy extends to thousands (of generations) of them that love him and keep his commandments: so where sin has abounded—glorious announcement!—grace hath much more abounded; that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness, unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord.

## JUSTIFICATION FROM SIN.

BY THE REV. B. H. CARSON, OF TUBBERMOORE, IRELAND.

"And by him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses."—*Acts xiii. 39.*

It is the glory of the Gospel that it unfolds to man the doctrine of a full, free, and everlasting pardon. This no scheme of

religion ever devised on earth has been able to do. In every purely human system salvation is awarded only where salvation is

*deserved.* Men seem for the most part as ill-informed in the nature of the mercy, as they obviously are in that of the justice of God. Mercy—such mercy, we mean, as takes the sinner in all his sinfulness and brings him back to God—is a thing utterly unknown to them. With many in these lands, as well teachers as taught, mercy is but a name—a mere covering for merit. If you would escape the reward of sin, you must show yourself worthy of the Divine consideration: you may be pardoned, but only when, by penitence and prayer, you have earned the blessing. How different the salvation which God reveals! Here there is mercy not only for the chief of sinners, but for the chief of sinners *just as he is.* By the death of Jesus every hindrance has been removed—every obstruction taken out of the way of our return to God. In the channel of the atoning blood shed on Calvary, mercy flows, and flows without reserve. Where is now the wretched prodigal, that may not *at once* return to his Father's home and to his Father's heart? Needs there that the sinner wait for a change of raiment? Nay, but let him come in the garment of his wretchedness: in his very rags he will find a welcome. Ruined and wretched as he is, he will meet with smiles. The past his Father will forget; for the future his Father will provide.

But the Gospel is more than a simple act of grace, burying the past in oblivion, and restoring the sinner to the favour of God;—it is also a *solemn act of acquittal*, placing the believer beyond the charge of crime or guilt. Not only does the herald of the cross preach through Christ “the forgiveness of sins”—he also announces by him “justification from all things.” Here we advance, and as we advance glory fills our path. We are now assured, not simply that we may be pardoned—that the penalty of sin may be remitted, but that our souls may be cleared of every charge in the sight of God. This far surpasses mere forgiveness. When a man is pardoned, he is, indeed, released from punishment, but his crime remains: when he is justified, he is freed both from crime and punishment. Gospel-pardon removes the penalty, but it leaves the guilt of sin: Gospel-justification sweeps both away. The former overlooks only, the latter annihilates the evil. Thus, the sinner pardoned may exclaim—“Who shall punish?” but the sinner justified can advance a step, and cry aloud—“Who shall condemn?—who shall lay anything to my

charge?” Rom. viii. 33, 34. Yes, reader the justified soul is not only saved from hell, but acquitted of guilt. Ever in himself a weak and erring creature, and never thus but needing pardon, he is yet, in Christ, innocent as the angels of light, pure as the throne of God. Heaven has nothing to lay against him; earth dare not accuse; nay, even hell is silent. Who—who shall lay anything to the charge of him whom God has justified?

In the doctrine of justification as unfolded by the Apostle, two things are to be observed: The blessing is not and cannot be by the works of the law,—It is and can be by the obedience of Christ.

I. That justification is not and cannot be by the works of the law, is the direct assertion of Inspiration. “By him all that believe are justified from all things, FROM WHICH THEY COULD NOT BE JUSTIFIED BY THE LAW OF MOSES.” Not by the law ceremonial; that made nothing “perfect,” Heb. x. 1-4. It was not in the nature of things, that the Mosaic observances should take away sin. They were merely a “shadow” for the time then present, and have long since retired to make way for “the bringing-in of a better hope,” Col. i. 17; Heb. vii. 19. And if not by the ceremonies of the law, justification is certainly not by those of the Gospel. Here many have sadly erred. By hundreds and thousands, even in these lands of Gospel light, a justifying efficacy is attributed to baptism and the supper of the Lord. Attendance upon these ordinances, it is supposed, will remove guilt and acquit the soul in the sight of God. But is not this Judaism *baptized by the name of Christ?* The power of the sacraments! Precisely the doctrine of the ancient Pharisee: “Except ye be circumcised after the manner of Moses, ye cannot be saved,” Acts xv. 1. We love the institutions of our Lord, and trust we should be prepared, if necessary, to die for them; but in our salvation they have no part. What! has a shadow under the Gospel more saving efficacy than a shadow under the law? Will the change of the dispensation give to a mere emblem a justifying power? If, when Moses was obeyed, ceremonial observances could not save, now that Christ reigns have they more efficacy? Surely it must be obvious, that if a typical institution under one dispensation could not justify, neither can a typical institution under another. In this respect

the symbols of the Gospel are nowise different from the ceremonies of the law.

If, however, justification is not by the law ceremonial, whether Jewish or Christian, may it not be, by the law *moral*, the standard of duty under every dispensation? This question the apostle meets with the same decided negative. "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight," Rom. iii. 20. Not, indeed, that the law would not justify, were it fully conformed to. On the contrary, were it strictly observed it must secure our acquittal. We are arraigned, tried, and condemned only for its breach. On the supposition of a perfect obedience, it could not but save. Thus, to the legalist, its terms are stated:—"If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments," Matt. xix. 17; "The man that doeth them shall live in them," Gal. iii. 12; "To them who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory, and honour, and immortality, eternal life," Rom. ii. 7. But where is the man who has kept, or can keep, the law? Why, we enter into life in the condition of transgressors. Nay, *before* we are born sin has hold of us, Psa. li. 5. And "who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?" If defiled in the womb—if our very nature is depraved—if a taint has reached the springs of our moral being, whence shall arise that obedience that alone can justify? Alas! the reverse is the fruit of our sad condition. The life we begin in a state of corruption, we cannot but live in one of sin. Practically, not less than by nature are we sinners—sinners every day, every hour, every moment of our lives. Hence the dark picture of a very master in painting: "There is none righteous; no, not one: there is none that understandeth; there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way; they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one," Rom. iii. 10-12. Hence, again, the obvious inference of inspired wisdom: "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight," Rom. iii. 20. Indeed, so far from justifying, the law now serves but to condemn. As a broken law, it both reveals our sinfulness, and pronounces our sentence. In itself, 'holy, just, and good,' it instantly discovers, on being applied to the character and heart, the enormous guilt that otherwise in each of us had lain concealed, Rom. iii. 20. Nor is it slow in pointing to the *results* of sin. Here it speaks in the thunders of

Sinai. Who that has an ear to hear, or a heart to feel, will not tremble at the awful words—"Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them," Gal. iii. 10? Oh, the curse of the broken law! Who can measure, or even imagine, its import? To the dust of death it brought the mighty Jesus. Though borne by Omnipotence, it forced the agonizing cry—"Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." Reader, are you "of the works of the law?" Are you seeking justification by your own obedience to the requirements of God? Then, you "are under the curse." Escape, I beseech you, oh, escape from a position so truly terrible. In vain you rely upon the law. You have broken its precepts; you have incurred its penalty. *Your trust is a lie of Satan.* Your refuge, if God prevent not, shall prove your ruin.

"No hope can on the law be built  
Of justifying grace;  
The law that shows the sinner's guilt  
Condemns him to his fate."

II. But if justification is not, and cannot be, by the works of the law, where may it be found? IN THE OBEEDIENCE OF CHRIST. So saith the apostle: "By *him* all that believe are justified from all things." Or, again, "What the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh; that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us," Rom. viii. 3, 4. "What the law could not do," not through any weakness in itself, but because it "was weak through the flesh," God himself has done in the person of Immanuel. The Father's own and only Son has become "the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth," Rom. x. 4. He has taken our nature, assumed our responsibility, and in our name met the claims of the law. Jesus puts himself in the room of believers, and does what they were required to do. Hence his life of obedience; hence, also, his death of suffering.

1. Our blessed Lord *obeyed for us the precepts of the law.* On us, as subjects of the Divine government, the law has the obvious claim of a perfect obedience. Without this we never can possess its righteousness. A mere approach to perfection in meeting the requirements of the law, is here of no avail. Nothing short of a complete fulfilment of every precept, in all its extent of meaning, will meet the

case. A failure, even in a single particular, vitiates the whole, James ii. 10. Here the righteousness of the most eminent saint that ever lived, confesses insufficiency. In comparison with what it ought to be, it is no better than "filthy rags," Isa. lxiv. 6. But in the obedience of his Lord, the very babe in Christ has a garment all-glorious. Jesus could say what none of his followers dare, except in the most qualified sense, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work," John iv. 34. To the perfection of his obedience the waters of the Jordan bear witness, Matt. iii. 13-17. In those waters he "fulfilled all righteousness," marking, by his observance of a ritual institution, his complete subjection to the Father's will. Thus, that perfect obedience which we could not render, but which, nevertheless, was required of us, our great Surety has rendered. What then remains, but that in his righteousness we are righteous? For "as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous," Rom. v. 19.

2. Jesus bore for us the penalty of the law. Of necessity, under a righteous administration, guilt induces suffering. A law unbroken has a claim of obedience; but to this, when the precept has been violated, must be added the right of punishment. Thus are we exposed, as violators of the law, to the award of transgression. But in Christ the penalty has been borne. "Christ has redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us," Gal. iii. 13. The shepherd was smitten that the sheep might escape. The sword that should have been sheathed in the heart of the believer, drank the heart's-blood of the believer's Substitute. The cup that ought to have remained in the hand of the Christian, was transferred to the hand of Christ; and thence that cup did not pass till drained of its bitter draught. "He was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities," Isa. liii. 5. "He himself bare our sins in his own body on the tree," 1 Peter ii. 24. Thus "made sin for us," we become "the righteousness of God in him," 2 Cor. v. 21.

Here now, reader, is the righteousness that justifies. Is it not sufficient? Nay, if that were possible, is it not more than sufficient? By his "obedience unto death," Immanuel has "magnified the law and made it honourable," Isa. xlii. 21. Its

widest claim he has met and satisfied. Not a "jot," not a "tittle" has passed "till all was fulfilled." The precepts of the law he has obeyed to the letter; the penalty of the law he has borne to the utmost. This is more than could have been performed by any creature in heaven, earth, or hell. Man in paradise might have obeyed the law; man in perdition may endure its penalty; but man nowhere could do both. The archangel before the throne may attend to the commands of his Maker; the archfiend in "outer darkness" may bear the wrath of God; but neither in the archangel nor in the archfiend can obedience and suffering meet. They meet in Christ—obedience perfect, suffering infinite. What a righteousness!—a righteousness commensurate with the utmost claims of law, and with the utmost demands of justice. What now remains for the sinner to do? In Jesus we stand acquitted—yes, justified "from all things." There is not a charge, nor the vestige of a charge, that can be brought against us. Is *our* obedience to the commands of God impugned? We refer the impugner to that of our glorious Substitute. Are we told that *we* have not borne the penalty of a broken law? We reply, Jesus has. O Christian! is not this a strong rock for thee to rest thy soul upon? Here thou mayest build, and build for eternity. Here take thy stand, and defy the universe. Who now shall lay anything to thy charge? In Christ thou hast obeyed the law; in Christ thou hast borne the curse. Not more righteous are the angels before the throne, not more blameless the cherubim of glory. Brother, let our motto ever be—**JESUS, "THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS."**

But, dear reader, it may be you are not a Christian. Then mark, I beseech you, in the words of the Apostle, *who* are justified by Christ. Not mankind generally, nor even all that hear the Gospel, but simply, "all that believe." In Christ you cannot stand free from charge, till on Christ you have rested your soul for acquittal. Faith is the hand that takes hold of Jesus, and appropriates his righteousness. Faith in Christ is Christ in the soul—Christ in all his sufficiency, in all his fulness. Apart from Jesus, you have no interest in what he did or suffered. So far as you are concerned, if you believe not, it had been no worse, nay, it were better had a Saviour never come. Your guilty soul not merely retains, but aggravates its guilt in unbelief.

Think, I entreat you, oh, think of this. Imitate not the apostate Jews, who "being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves to the righteousness of God." Rom. x. 3. Follow rather the holy Paul, who "counted all things but dung, that he might win Christ,

and be found in him; not having his own righteousness, which was of the law, but that which was through the faith of Christ, the righteousness of God by faith," Phil. iii. 8, 9.

"Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!  
When in thy name we trust,  
Our faith receives a righteousness  
That makes the sinner just."

## THE LOSING AND TAKING OF MANSOUL;

OR,

### LECTURES ON THE HOLY WAR.

BY THE REV. A. S. PATTON, A.M., AUTHOR OF "KINCAID, THE HERO MISSIONARY."

#### IV.—MANSOUL ASSAULTED; OR, THE LORD WORKING WITH US.

"I'll make your great commission known,  
And ye shall prove my Gospel true  
By all the works that I have done—  
By all the wonders ye shall do."

"Every accessory, every instrument of usefulness, the Church has now in such a degree, and of such excellence as was never known in any other age; and we want but a supreme and glorious baptism of fire, to exhibit to the world such a spectacle as would raise ten thousand hallelujahs to the glory of our King."—ARTHUR'S "*Tongue of Fire*."

"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."—Matt. xxviii. 20.

"SIN and the soul," says Bunyan, "are at odds," and so true is this that we have yet to find, among fallen men, one who can look back upon the past without remorse, or forward to the future without fear. As transgressors, we all carry with us the sentence of condemnation, and if this does not lead to sincere repentance, it must, at least, awaken a greater or less degree of anxiety. Now, the effect of "godly sorrow," is to bring a man to his knees, and draw from his lips the tender language of contrition; but the "sorrow of the world," while it may rack the bosom with anguish, can, at most, but prompt to the utterances of despair.

It was of little consequence that Mansoul "lay distressed under its perplexing fears" so long as it refused to surrender. While greatly alarmed, it was very far from being humbled, and though it desired quietness, it was upon such assuming terms, or, as Boanerges said, "with such silly provisos, and foolish cavils, as to lay the stumbling-block of their iniquity before their own faces." And, besides all this, in spite of the numerous and earnest efforts made by my *Lord Understanding*, and the old Recorder, *Mr. Conscience*, to impress the inhabitants of the town with "the reasonableness of the noble captain's demands," the people still seemed disposed to yield to the crafty counsels of old *Incredulity*. Indeed, so far

were they influenced by them, that though in the controversy they were much divided, some taking sides with him, and some with those whom he opposed, yet, when the uproar and confusion were over, they seem not to have offered the slightest resistance, even though my Lord Understanding and Mr. Conscience were cast into prison "as the ringleaders and managers of this most heavy, riotous rout in Mansoul."

Now the moral of this allusion is obvious, and, we have reason to believe, of wide application. To be simply troubled on account of sin is not repentance, since this may arise from a deep dread of its consequences, rather than from any just conception of its nature, and many a transgressor has been known to sigh for "quietness," and even to desire spiritual comfort, who has not been willing fully to renounce his own righteousness, or disposed to accept the terms of reconciliation as propounded in the Gospel. The great difficulty in all such cases arises from the fact, that while the understanding and the conscience prompt to submission, the wicked suggestions of unbelief urge to resistance, and alas! to such an extent are these allowed to prevail, that, following up his advantage, the enemy too often succeeds in fettering alike both the rational and moral powers of the soul. The truth is that, to Satan, the efforts of an enlightened understanding and an awakened conscience



are offensive, as threatening to subvert his authority, and, therefore, though he may not hope to destroy them, he will at least strive desperately to restrain them. Thus it happened in the case of Mansoul. But, with all this, her condition was regarded by Shaddai's captains as increasingly hopeful. Wherefore, we are told, they concluded to give the people another summons to yield. So, calling a trumpeter, he came up to the wall of the town, and standing before Ear Gate, he sounded as he was commanded. "They, then, that were within came out to see what was the matter, and the trumpeter made them this speech following:—

"O hard-hearted and deplorable town of Mansoul, how long wilt thou love thy sinful simplicity, and ye fools delight in your scorning? As yet despise you the offers of peace, and deliverance? As yet will ye refuse the golden offers of Shaddai, and trust to the lies and falsehoods of Diabolus? Think you when Shaddai should have conquered you, that the remembrance of these your carriages towards him, will yield you peace and comfort; or that, by ruffling language, you can make him afraid as a grasshopper? Doth he entreat you for fear of you? Do you think that you are stronger than he? Look to the heavens, and behold, and consider the stars, how high are they! Can you stop the sun from running his course, and hinder the moon from giving her light? Can you count the number of the stars, or stay the bottles of heaven? Can you call for the waters of the sea, and cause them to cover the face of the ground? Can you behold every one that is proud, and abase him, and bind their faces in secret? Yet these are some of the works of our King, in whose name, this day, we come up unto you, that you may be brought under his authority. In his name, therefore, I summon you again, to yield up yourselves to his captains."

But after hearing this address, and while they were yet hesitating, Diabolus interposed, and by a cunning misconstruction of its statements, represented the greatness of Shaddai as a ground of terror, and his service as a course of constant unhappiness, and thus succeeded in hardening their hearts against every appeal, and, at last, in driving them to despair. "And now, things seemed to be gone quite back, and Mansoul to be out of reach or call; yet the captains, who knew what their Lord could do, would not yet be beat out of heart. They, therefore, send them another sum-

mons, more sharp and severe than the last; but the oftener they were sent to be reconciled to Shaddai, the farther off they were." The captains, therefore, after a free conference, resolved that, while continuing to make every effort in their power, they would draw up a petition to Shaddai; by which, after showing the condition of Mansoul, and begging his pardon for the limited success, they would earnestly implore His Majesty's help that the conquest of the town might be speedily accomplished. And the following was their petition:—

"Most gracious and glorious King, the Lord of the best world, and the builder of the town of Mansoul: We have, dread Sovereign, at thy commandment, put our lives in jeopardy, and at thy bidding made a war upon the famous town of Mansoul. When we went up against it, we did, according to our commission, first offer conditions of peace unto it. But they, great King, set light by our counsel, and would none of our reproof. They were for shutting of their gates, and for keeping us out of the town. They also mounted their guns, they sallied out upon us, and have done us what damage they could; but we pursued them, with alarm upon alarm, requiring of them with such retribution as was meet, and have done some execution upon the town. Diabolus, Incredulity, and Will-be-will are the great doers against us; now we are in our winter quarters, but so as that we do yet with an high hand molest and distress the town. Once, as we think, we had but one substantial friend in the town, such as would have seconded the sound of our summons as they ought, the people might have yielded themselves. But there were none but enemies there, nor any to speak in behalf of our Lord to the town: wherefore, though we have done as we could, yet Mansoul abides in a state of rebellion against thee. Now, King of kings, let it please thee to pardon the unsuccessfulness of thy servants, who have been no more advantageous in so desirable a work as the conquering of Mansoul is; and send, Lord, as we now desire, more forces to Mansoul that it may be subdued; and a man to head them, that the town may both love and fear. We do not thus speak because we are willing to relinquish the wars—for we are for laying of our bones against the place—but that the town of Mansoul may be won for thy Majesty. We also pray thy Majesty for expedition in this matter, that, after their conquest, we

may be at liberty to be sent about other thy gracious designs. Amen."

Now the simple key to this petition is given by Bunyan when, in his marginal note, he says, "The captains leave off to summons and betake themselves to prayer." And wise men they were to do so; for they had encountered a foe that had foiled and resisted them at every point of attack, and whom, they were now satisfied, could only be conquered by the "power of the Highest."

And while, as ministers of the Gospel, we go to men, clad in spiritual armour, and using, with all possible skill, "the weapons of our warfare," it is of the utmost consequence, nay, it is absolutely indispensable, that we recognize our dependence on the Almighty, and constantly apply to him for assistance. We may preach to rebellious sinners until they seem ready to give up with fear, and, following up our fancied advantage by increasing our endeavours, we may be ready to regard our efforts as almost certain of success; but, alas! we are apt to forget what an assiduous adversary opposes us, and hence, when we look for the sinner's surrender, we find, to our disappointment and grief, that "his heart is turned back," and that all his promised goodness is "like the morning cloud and the early dew." It is by just such experiences as this that we are made to see that the weapons we wield are only "mighty through God," and thus we are brought to acknowledge with the Apostle, that "neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase." Nor is this truth peculiar to the dispensation of the Gospel. On the contrary, it was impressively taught and practically illustrated, even in the days of Ezekiel. Hence we find that after the prophet had preached to the bones, he *prayed*, and immediately there came from heaven a life-giving breath, which changed a crowd of carcases into a living army.

Though beset by every discouragement, therefore, we have no reason to fear, since it is our privilege, with all confidence, to invoke the aid of him with whom is "the residue of the Spirit," and whose power none can resist.

It was for the interposition of this power, as we have said, that the captains of Shaddai now applied. And when their petition was come to the palace, it fell into the hands of the King's Son, "so he took it, and read it and because the contents of it pleased him

well, he mended it, and also, in some things, added to the petition himself. So, after he had made such amendments and additions as he thought convenient, with his own hands he carried it unto the King; to whom, when he had with obeisance delivered it, he put on authority and spake to it himself."

Now the King, at the sight of the petition, was glad; but how much more, think you, when it was seconded by his Son? It pleased him also to hear that his servants, who had encamped against Mansoul, were so hearty in their work, and so steadfast in their resolves, and that they had already got some ground upon the famous town of Mansoul.

Wherefore, the King called to him Immanuel his Son, who said, "Here am I, my Father." Then said the King, "Thou knowest, as I do myself, the condition of the town of Mansoul, and what thou hast done to redeem it. Come now, therefore, my Son, and prepare thyself for war, for thou shalt go to my camp at Mansoul; thou shalt also there prosper and prevail, and conquer the town of Mansoul."

Upon the announcement of this design, there was extraordinary joy both at the court and in the camp. And when, at length, Immanuel with his forces, under the command of Captains Credence, Goodhope, Charity, Innocent, and Patience, set out for their march, a scene was presented of most wonderful and imposing grandeur. "Immanuel also, when he had thus set forward to go to recover the town of Mansoul, took with him, at the commandment of his father, forty-four battering rams, and twelve slings, to whirl stones withal. Every one of these was made of pure gold; and these they carried with them in the heart and body of their army, all along as they went to Mansoul.

"So they marched till they came within less than a league of the town. And there they lay till the first four captains came thither, to acquaint him with matters. Then they took their journey to go to the town of Mansoul, and unto Mansoul they came. But when the old soldiers that were in the camp saw that they had new forces to join with, they again gave such a shout before the walls of the town of Mansoul, that it put Diabolus into another fright. So they sat down before the town, not now as the other four captains did, to wit, against the gates of Mansoul only; but they environed it round on every side, and beset it behind

and before; so that now, let Mansoul look which way it will, it saw force and power lie in siege against it."

If, then, we have pressing need, what encouragement have we to pray; since, at the heavenly court, we have the King's Son as our advocate, who graciously receives, amends, and presents our petitions, so that they cannot but be acceptable and effectual. And how cheering is this fact, especially to those who are engaged in the arduous and difficult work of the Christian ministry! Feeling, as they must, their utter insufficiency to accomplish anything in their own strength, what a privilege is it to make known their wants to God, and to look for assistance to the all-prevalent intercessions of Jesus! And oh, what abundant answers are sometimes received; for while they are yet asking for "more force and power," behold they are cheered by the presence of Immanuel himself in the camp! Nor does he come alone, for lo! he is attended with all the precious gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit, as *Faith, Hope, Charity, Innocence, and Patience*. And these, leading on the new covenant forces, carry forward the contest commenced by the law, and hasten it to a triumphant and glorious issue.

But mark what formidable weapons they wield! "Fifty-four battering rams, and twelve slings"—which Bunyan, in his note, applies to the several books of the old and New Testament. In the original text, mention is made of forty-four battering rams, and twelve slings, which is interpreted at the same time to mean the sixty-six books of the Holy Bible. In later editions, however, we find this was altered to "fifty-four battering rams," but it may be questioned whether this change is correct. It is more than probable, that the printer mistook Mr. Bunyan's figures, 22 for 12, and with this change in the count of the slings, we have the thirty-nine books of the Old Testament, with the Gospels and the Acts, for the forty-four battering rams, and for the twenty-two slings, the Epistles with the Apocalypse. Mighty and effectual weapons these are, in pulling down the strongholds of the Devil, and those who rightly use them are not only invulnerable to every foe, but a terror to all who oppose them. It was so in the case of Mansoul, for we read that "when the men of the town saw the multitude of the soldiers that were come up against the place, and the rams and

slings, and the mounts on which they were planted, together with the glittering of the armour and the waving of their colours, they were forced to shift and shift, and again to shift their thoughts; but they hardly changed for thoughts more stout, but rather for thoughts more faint. For though before they thought themselves sufficiently guarded, yet now they began to think that no man knew what would be their hap or lot."

And now, before actually assaulting the town, the good Prince Immanuel graciously deigned to show them a signal of peace; but this being disregarded by them, he next flung out the red flag of war, and, finally, finding that they took no notice of this, he next set up the black flag of defiance. "But when the Prince saw that neither mercy, nor judgment, nor execution of judgment, would or could come near the heart of Mansoul, he was touched with much compunction, and said, 'Surely this strange carriage of the town of Mansoul doth rather arise from ignorance of the manner and feats of war, than from a secret defiance of us, and abhorrence of their own lives; or, if they know the manner of the war of their own, yet not the rites and ceremonies of the wars in which we are concerned, when I make wars upon mine enemy Diabolus.'

"Therefore, he sent to the town of Mansoul, to let them know what he meant by those signs and ceremonies of the flag, and also to know of them which of the things they would choose, whether grace and mercy, or judgment and the execution of judgment. All this while they kept their gates shut with locks, bolts, and bars, as fast as they could; their guards, also, were doubled, and their watch made as strong as they could. Diabolus also did pluck up what heart he could, to encourage the town to make resistance."

Thus, notwithstanding the Prince's wonderful patience and condescension, the people of Mansoul were still disinclined to surrender. And in reply to the fearful alternative submitted by Immanuel, they only answered, that, being under the dominion of Diabolus, they were incompetent themselves to decide either for peace or for war.

Now just such gracious forbearance, and earnest importunity, and tender solicitude as is here portrayed, does Christ exhibit toward rebellious sinners. Counsellor, entreated, admonished, and warned, as they

have been, Jehovah might righteously abandon them to destruction, but infinite mercy prevails to the staying of the Divine stroke, and by his long-suffering and goodness, God still seeks to bring them to repentance. But alas! in spite of every effort, we find them cherishing the wicked spirit of resistance, and criminally yielding themselves to the usurped authority of Satan.

Having failed by all these conciliatory means to bring Mansoul to terms, Immanuel next proceeds to declare his purpose against it, and to assert his undoubted claims upon its allegiance, especially as being his by inheritance and purchase. But all these most reasonable appeals they refused to hear. When, however, things were in readiness for the battle, and Immanuel had sent them the last summons, "Then they, together with Diabolus their king, called a council of war, and resolved upon certain propositions that should be offered to Immanuel, if he will accept thereof, so they agreed; and then the next was who should be sent on this errand. Now there was in the town of Mansoul an old man, a Diabolonian, and his name was Mr. Loth-to-stoop, a stiff man in his way, and a great doer for Diabolus; him, therefore, they sent, and put into his mouth what he should say. So he went, and came to the camp, to Immanuel; and when he was come, a time was appointed to give him audience. So at the time he came, and after a Diabolonian ceremony or two, he thus began, and said, 'Great Sir, that it may be known unto all men how good-natured a prince my master is, he hath sent me to tell your Lordship that he is very willing, rather than to go to war, to deliver up into your hands one-half of the town of Mansoul. I am, therefore, to know if your Mightiness will accept of this proposition.'

"Then said Immanuel, 'The whole is mine by gift and purchase, wherefore I will never lose one-half.'

"Then said Mr. Loth-to-stoop, 'Sir, my master hath said, that he will be content that you shall be the nominal and titular Lord of all, if he may possess but a part.'

"Then Immanuel answered, 'The whole is mine really; not in name and word only: wherefore I will be the sole Lord and possessor of all, or of none at all of Mansoul.'

But, farther than this, the Prince, though earnestly beset by this proud

commissioner, declined granting to Diabolus even the privilege of visiting, or of communicating, or upon any pretext whatever, of giving counsel to Mansoul. "For," said he, "it will be a great disparagement to my Father's wisdom, to admit any from Mansoul to go out to Diabolus for advice, when they are bid before, in everything, by prayer and supplication to let their requests be made known to my Father. Further, this, should it be granted, would be to grant that a door should be set open for Diabolus and the Diabolonians in Mansoul, to hatch and plot, and bring to pass treasonable designs, to the grief of my Father and me, and to the utter destruction of Mansoul."

How truthfully in all this has Bunyan set forth the wicked aversion of the proud heart to stoop to that absolute obedience to Christ which he justly and imperatively demands! The terms of discipleship are the same now as when first propounded by our Saviour, and the entire denial of self is one of his first and most positive requirements. But men are *loth to stoop*, and seek rather to effect a compromise, or establish a concord between Christ and Belial. They are willing, if needs be, to observe certain religious forms, and even to confess that Jesus is Lord; but they desire, at the same time, a license to indulge in pleasures and practices which are hostile to godliness and utterly inconsistent with a Christian profession. But all this partial and conditional subjection, Christ most positively rejects, denying to the sinner every reservation, and repelling every proposal that does not contemplate that cheerful and complete surrender which leads a trembling penitent joyfully to exclaim:—

"Take my whole heart, and let it be  
For ever closed to all but thee."

And now things, it will be observed, have reached a crisis with Mansoul; for having resisted all Immanuel's overtures, and even formed a deliberate purpose to withstand him, nothing remained but that he should try the power of his sword, "for I will not," said he, "for all the rebellions and repulses that Mansoul has made against me, raise my siege and depart, but will assuredly take my Mansoul, and deliver it from the hand of her enemy. And with that he gave out a commandment that Captain Boanerges, Captain Conviction, Captain Judgment, and Captain Execution, should forthwith march up to Ear Gate

with trumpets sounding, colours flying, and with shouting for the battle. Also he would that Captain Credence should join himself with them. Immanuel, moreover, gave order that Captain Goodhope and Captain Charity should draw themselves up before Eye Gate. He bid also that the rest of his captains, and their men, should place themselves for the best of their advantage against the enemy, round about the town, and all was done as he had commanded. Then he bid that the word should be given forth, and the word was at that time 'Immanuel.' Then was an alarm sounded, and the battering-rams were played, and the slings did whirl stones into the town amain, and thus the battle began. Now Diabolus himself managed the town-men in the war, and that at every gate; wherefore their resistance was the more forcible, hellish, and offensive to Immanuel. Thus was the good Prince engaged and entertained by Diabolus and Mansoul for several days together. And a sight worth seeing it was, to behold how the captains of Shaddai behaved themselves in this war.

"And first for Captain Boanerges, not to undervalue the rest, he made three most fierce assaults, one after another, upon Ear Gate, to the shaking of the posts thereof. Captain Conviction, he also made up as fast with Boanerges as possibly he could, and both discerning that the gate began to yield; they commanded that the rams should still be played against it. Nor did Captain Goodhope nor Captain Charity come behind in this most desperate fight, for they so well did behave themselves at Eye Gate, that they had almost broken it quite open."

As the result of this engagement, a number of the enemy's principal officers, and also some of the townsmen, were brought to a most inglorious end. Among these were Captain Boasting, Captain Secure, Captain Bragg, and some others; while Mr. Feeling, Mr. Will-be-will, Mr. Love-no-good, and Mr. Ill-pause are each reported as having received very serious, if not fatal wounds. Discovering them, therefore, in this crippled condition, the Prince commanded that "yet once more the white flag should be set upon Mount Gracious, in sight of the town of Mansoul; to show that yet Immanuel had grace for the wretched town."

Here, then, we see a wonderful increase of power and effect accompanying the use

of God's appointed means, and we also mark the support which hope and charity afford to those who are engaged, under Immanuel, in efforts for the recovery of the rebellious.

The noble captains here alluded to succeeded, it will be remembered, in a former encounter, in making Mansoul tremble with fear; but now, coming not with the terrors of the law, but in the name of *Immanuel*, they are endowed with a strength which tells most effectively on the heart, with all its boasted confidence and pride. And thus it is that, after "patient continuance," we often see a cheering measure of success crowning the labours of the Gospel ministry. The sinner, once full of self-righteousness, no longer boasts of his fancied goodness, his false hopes are slain, and he is made to feel that "the Word of God is 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."

And whenever this effect is witnessed, then, as a token of peace, we may hang out the white flag, proclaiming in the ears of those who are ready to perish the joyful intelligence that "the Lord is gracious—abundant in goodness—keeping mercy for thousands, and forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin."

Even when brought into this state of mind, however, it is no unusual thing to find the sinner strongly tempted to rest his hope of salvation on a change of conduct rather than on a change of heart, and being encouraged in this delusion by the adversary, (who would thus prevent him from being justified and saved by grace), he still perversely refuses submission to Christ, and makes it necessary, as in the case of Mansoul, that there should be "another fight." "Come up then to mountains," as Bunyan says, "you that love to see military actions, and behold by both sides how the fatal blow is given: while one seeks to hold, and the other seeks to make himself master of the famous town of Mansoul."

But let it be noticed here, that before this final engagement commenced, Diabolus, utterly despairing of holding his position, resolved and gave command to his officers to do to the inhabitants whatever harm and mischief they could, "for," said he, "we had better quite demolish the

place than that it should be an habitation for Immanuel." And this is but an illustration of the wicked malice and heartless cruelty with which Satan often pursues the penitent sinner. Discovering that he can no longer keep his dominion over the soul, he seeks to vex and persecute, and thus inflict on it all the injury, and do to it all the damage in his power. Just so it was in the case of the poor demoniac in the Gospel, of whom it is said, that "as he was yet a coming the devil threw him down and tare him." It has been well said, "There is never a knock at heaven's gate but it sounds through hell, and devils come out to silence it." This determined resistance of the adversary to every manifestation of anxiety and effort for the salvation of the soul, has been characteristic of his evil working from the beginning, and it is only such as heed the Apostle's exhortation and put on "the whole armour of God," that will ever be able to stand successfully against his wiles.

But, while grieved, we are at the same time cheered when permitted to witness these last desperate struggles of the enemy, for they plainly indicate that his power is broken, and that the spoil is about to be plucked out of his teeth.

And thus it proved in the case of Mansoul, for, in spite of the resistance offered by Diabolus, it is said that "after three or four notable charges by the Prince and his noble captains, Ear Gate was broken open, and the bars and bolts wherewith it was used to be fast shut up against the Prince were broken into a thousand pieces. Then did the Prince's trumpet sound, the captains about, the town shake, and Diabolus retreat to his hold."

It is a great and glorious achievement when Ear Gate is but opened, for, as the Apostle says, "faith cometh by hearing," and when, therefore, men are once made willing to listen to the word of God, we may indulge the confident hope that it will not fail to produce its legitimate fruits, and, through the accompanying influence of the Holy Spirit, effect, ultimately, a thorough change both in the heart and life.

These results are ingeniously alluded to in the events reported as immediately transpiring in Mansoul; for upon effecting an entrance into the town, three of the captains marched directly, with flying colours, to the house of Mr. Conscience, and, after a few sturdy blows, succeeded in gaining admittance. And though at first he was

much perplexed to know "what would be the end of such thundering beginnings," yet he was soon made sensible of the cause; for, said he, "I have transgressed greatly in keeping silence when I should have spoken, and in perverting of justice when I should have executed the same." And of nothing, says Bunyan, would he talk to those who came to him but that "*death and destruction now attended Mansoul.*"

And while this was going on at the house of the Recorder, Captain Execution was quite as busy in other parts of the town, pursuing my Lord Will-be-will, and though he did not destroy him, he caused him to flee for shelter, and succeeded in slaying many of his soldiers, and three of his chief officers, namely, old Mr. Prejudice, who had been the keeper of Ear Gate, Mr. Backward-to-all-but-naught, and Captain Treacherous. And feats quite as valorous were performed also by Captains Goodhope and Charity, who put an end to Captain Blindfold, the keeper of Eye Gate, and Mr. Ill-pause, whose specious pleadings, in former times, had done Mansoul such inconceivable mischief.

Now, all this, as we have intimated, sets forth in figure the progressive change which is wrought in the heart of a sinner when once an entrance has been effected by the power of truth. Thus we find the conscience is disturbed, and being forced, by its own accusations, to plead guilty, it awakens in the soul fearful apprehensions of "death and destruction." The carnal will has no rest; prejudice is slain, aversion to good, treachery, blindness, and, that most dangerous foe to the soul, old ill-pause, are all destroyed, and the way is thus prepared for bringing the whole nature of man into complete subjection to Christ.

How far, let each one here ask, is this portion of the allegory illustrated in his own experience! Under the means of grace you have been made to fear and tremble, and your case, it may be, has awakened deep interest, and excited strong hope in the hearts of those who have desired your welfare, and laboured to bring you into obedience to Christ. But have you not still perversely declined submission? Have you not long and wickedly resisted the gracious influences by which the Almighty has sought to recover you to himself? Alas, it is even so! In your course of folly and rebellion, you have disregarded the most solemn remonstrances, and treated with guilty indifference the tenderest overtures

of peace. And yet, not willing that any should perish, but desirous that all should come to repentance, God continues to favour you with opportunities of mercy. O let them not pass without improvement. Be persuaded to receive with candour the sug-

gestions of truth now addressed to you; suffer them to rest upon your conscience, and, above all, pray that they may be applied with a convincing and subduing energy to your heart.

(To be continued.)

## TRAITS OF TROUBLOUS TIMES.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF THE REV. MR. JOHN HICKS, AN EJECTED NON-CONFORMIST MINISTER, 1870-1.

TRANSCRIBED BY JANE BOWRING CRANCH.

### CHAPTER XII.

*John Lucas Falls Sick—The Rock and the Hill Gatherings—Master Beare is Made Magistrate—A Last Dying Speech.*

As late as Wednesday week, 'twas reported in Kynsbridge that John Lucas had fallen sick, and his distemper proved itself to be a spotted fever of the worst kind. On hearing my poor stricken foe's condition, the first wish of my heart was that I could do him some good service. Remembering also the injunction of our Lord, to "pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you," I made instant and very earnest supplication at a throne of grace on his behalf. Those we *love* 'tis easy and natural enow to bear upon our hearts in prayer. We wrestle fervently, and weary not, in imploring that blessings may descend upon them. Yet did Christ set us other example still to follow. While even in his death-agony, he craved pardon for they who scourged, and mocked, and pierced him.

Touching our own affairs at this period, though their posture remained pretty much the same as when I made my last jottings: we determined not risk the assembling ourselves again together, either in or very near the town; but, upon the afterpart of the day I've named, we agreed to hold a meeting on the Rock Saltstone,\* which lieth nearly in the midst of the arm o' the sea that washeth the beach at the foot of the town of Kynsbridge. No parish has been able make out a claim to this poor islet, now the *only spot* where, according to the present cruel laws, we feel sure our enemies may neither surround nor seize us. God's eye regards that speck amid the waters, for hitherto he hath preserved it inviolate from their malice. The friends in the adjacent places round—opportunity serving—likewise meet us there; as the top of this rock, at ebb o' the tide, presenteth a level platform near five score feet in length, and full half as much in breadth, so that a goodly number of worshippers can stand thereon, and have blessed breathing of prayer, and be refreshed with spiritual exhortation, for which

their thirsty souls pant, even "as the hart panteth after the waterbrooks."

A certain godly minister, never in these parts before, had come quite unexpected to my house, when it wanted scarce four hours of that appointed for the meeting; and though this good man had the preceding day journeyed upward of fifty mile, and most of it afoot, he no sooner learned our purpose than he decided upon making one of our number; whereat we greatly rejoiced, seeing Master Habakkuk Brande is a person of no common rank or likelihood: the exceeding plain cut of his habit, made after the old Puritan manner, shows how little he careth, in mere apparelling of the outward man, for this world's fashions and vanities.

A slight rest and refreshment, we, in a sort, forced him to take.

"I know not," quoth he, "what 'tis to be either foot-sore or weary in *my* Master's service; yea, 'tis so brave a service that never have I ceased rejoice since first the Holy Spirit called me to enter it as a preacher of the truth. I pray to be kept from ere becoming like certain professors, who affect know much, and oftentimes say much, yet *do* as little as ever they can. God forbid I should pick holes in other men's coats, yet with blushing cheeks must I tell you, Master Hicks, there be some slothful, lazy workers in our Master's vineyard—ay, ministers no'er a whit the worse for years, and with very sound inwards, yet list they neither preaching, nor expounding, more than can be barely helped; to such I say, 'Brethren, ye seem to fear lest ye should do too much for him from whose free sovereign grace ye yourselves have received everything; a faith that shirketh labour cannot be a saving faith; ye may count yourselves "established in the faith" and "rooted and built up" in the Lord, yet is not the fruit of a tree more visible than its root? And upon this point be admonished by his own words: "For every tree is known by his own fruit."

And, of a truth, Master Brande himself is one whose feet are "shod with the preparation of the Gospel." Moreover, he is steeled with a courage which maketh him confess to no fear, save the fear of offending God. Endowed with

\* See chap. ix.

extraordinary sanctity, as well as activity of spirit, he will wear, but never rust out in the heavenly work he is engaged in; which hath been owned and blessed in wonderfully abundant measure. On receiving such an honoured guest, we seemed as they who entertain an angel—I cannot exactly say unawares, for my wife and I soon discovered the choiceness of his quality.

When the time was come for us to set forth, I conducted Master Brande through some fields skirting the water, till we arrived at a well-known creek of the shore, where a boat full of brethren and sisters lay to, awaiting us; and the rowers—Master Hope was one—plied their oars so lustily, in less than an hour we reached the Rock of Saltstone. Many persons—Master Burdwood and his tall handsome sons among them—had already assembled, and were chanting the 46th Psalm. As we stepped upon the little tide-washed islet, I said to Master Brande,—

“This spot, my brother, is exceeding dear to the Lord’s people hereabouts. ‘Prayer, and strong crying with tears,’ have gone up from hence, which he ‘who sitteth upon the circle of the heavens’ hath bowed down to listen to; his hand hath beckoned to himself some of the dear friends who wout to worship with us, and they now behold ‘the King in his beauty.’”

“Yet are they still your brethren,” replied Master Brande, “for the Church of Christ above is knit in a very close communion with his Church below.”

“A reflection to my mind,” quoth I, “fraught with the heavenliest of consolation.”

Beside the folk gathered upon the rock, no other human creature was in sight; some cattle were grazing peacefully in the distant fields, and now and then a sea-fowl clove the air with its white wings; but this comparative silence and solitude only made our hearts beat all the calmer and freer, for ‘tis in the very nature of spiritual persecution to make folk turn away from and mistrust (ofttimes with very good reason) their familiar friends and acquaintance, yea, those who eat bread with them, and are of kindred blood—thus fulfilling, to the letter, the words of our Lord, “And a man’s foes shall be they of his own household.”

The white taper-pointed spire of Kyngsbridge Church was visible from where we stood; yet neither haughty magistrate, like Squire Reynells, nor blustering yeoman, nor long-armed constable, might reach us there. True, our foes have sometimes been observed eyeing us from afar, and it might happen that when the boats containing divers parts of the congregation pushed off, and, having set these a-land, returned for the rest, the tide had encroached upon the rock, so as to give considerable cause of mirth to these cruel watchers, who once, to judge by the exceeding liveliness of their gestures, would

have liked nothing better than see us forced swim for our lives, or perhaps drowned before their eyes.

After the meeting had been opened by prayer, Master Brande, at our pressing instance, consented to speak first. Standing erect among the ring of folk, his commanding figure—which by reason of its spareness appeareth still taller than it is—drawn up to its full height, he, casting an eye, keen and clear as a falcon’s, upon us around him, gave out, in a voice of marvellous power and cadence, by way of text, the following Scripture: “A remnant according to the election of grace.” Before he had uttered many sentences, Master Burdwood and myself could not refrain exchanging looks of admiration, perceiving our brother was of those whom the Lord hath girded with strength, as with a girdle. Moreover, the Holy Spirit hath bestowed on him the Apostolic power of being able to impart some measure of it to the feeblest of his hearers. If they, whilst hanging upon the words of his lips, still remembered themselves to be mean and despised, whom the proud of this world trampled under their feet, yet felt they also that they were the sons and daughters of a King, who had chosen them “before the foundation of the world” was laid. Of poor account seemed the titles of earthly princes and rulers, compared with a royalty so ancient, of God’s own free bestowing; and would HE fail to hold the children of his election even as the apple of his eye? This their present state of humiliation and suffering was but a purpose of his sovereign will, that they more signally hereafter, “through him, might be glorified.” Then all masterly, after reasoning awhile upon justification by faith, he dwelt with assurance so solemn and triumphant on the glorious victory awaiting the final perseverance of the saints, that I saw many a pale cheek flush, and meek eye kindle, among the listeners. I do believe, at such moment either sword or stake would have been thought little other than a passage to heaven—the sharpness of which was scarce worth the reckoning, compared with “the glory that should follow.”

Yet neither must I omit mention, Master Brande’s denouncement of they who presumed approve themselves the bitter, ruthless persecutors of the Lord’s people, for its severity, minded me of what I have heard of the men who scrupled not to set their feet upon the neck of a monarch, when that monarch proved false to his solemn obligations. This righteous sternness had in it an austerity which made the sisters tremble and hold each other by the hand till he had done.

Master Burdwood next discoursed excellently from these words, “Christ is all and in all.” Truly his was doctrine that dropped “as the rain,” and speech that distilled “as the dew;” his lucid manner of showing how grace first brings



Christ and the soul of man together, and then unites them *everlastingly*, struck me as being, even for him, unusually admirable. With a devoutly sanctified frame of mind, he hath a head richly seasoned by experience; much learning; likewise a tongue silvered by the politeness of education and gentle nurture.

I followed Master Burdwood with an exhortation from a Scripture partly suggested me by our then situation—"The Rock of Ages." Some of the brethren also prayed. Master Trueman was drawn out, in an especial manner, to intercede for the increase, settlement, and prosperity of that persecuted portion of Christ's Church in this realm, whereof we are members, which, separating from the state for the better keeping the faith pure, acknowledgeth Him alone as her supreme, living head.

Ah, if in happier, peacefuller times, the children of those who were that day gathered upon Saltstone, should be permitted meet for worship in "a ceiled house" of prayer, sheltered from storm and rain, "none daring to make them afraid," may they never forget, and bid their sons and daughters remember after them, how *we* blessed the Lord and gave thanks for even so uncertain a resting-place for the soles of our feet, so brief a season of respite from terrors and alarms, as this lone rock of the sea afforded us.

Our succeeding exercise, though of a kind inexpressibly cheering and delightful, was yet mingled with a gentle, tender sadness, the nature of which I will presently explain. We were a-going to sing, and might then and there do it to the full pitch of our voices, which, sooth to say, would have grown altogether rusted that way, had it not been for this occasional using of them upon Saltstone, at request of Mistress Hawes, and the other soft-hearted female folk. I drew out of my pocket a roll of paper, on which was writ the hymn—and 'twas his last—dear Master Jellinger had been employed upon, that time I surprised him asleep in his chamber. And here I can't refrain making an observe or two, touching very few persons I've known in my time, possessed with what they were pleased to call the tuneful gift of poesy. Alack, poor souls! 'twas a possession none need envy, seeing how mean a pennyworth it made 'em. When they found they lacked clothes, and meat, and drink, just like other mortals, then, whatever golden dreamings might be in their brain, they'd rarely the hap to find the golden reality of a guinea in their purse; and letting this pass, how if any of their numbers chanced be spoken in their hearing—for ears so delicate are quickly tickled—did they eye the speaker, and with so friendly a countenance—grating they had the grace to blush a little—as plainly showed, when most they concealed they hid their thoughts, that they esteemed

him far from doing them an unhandsome turn. And our beloved Master Jellinger was not without his little weakness this way also, though his composures were most-times so lengthy, that to *sing* them gave the singers a breathing. Yet he misliked, ay, and showed a spark of temper too, when we ventured curtain, or, as he said, "spoil 'em." Now this last hymn of his—not much exceeding a dozen verses—we resolved, as mark of our affection, and the value in which we held his memory, to leave out neither, but sing it all through. Young Mistress Grace Glover, hath a voice sweet as ever woman or nightingale was dowered with; Master Hope likewise brave vocals. Thus lifting up our voices we sang; and methought as the Church above is so closely knit with the Church below, who could tell—ay, who could tell—but that some of the glorified members of the former might not then be divinely regarding us, their once pilgrim companions in the flesh?

The sun went westering down, setting the hills aglow with his glory, till they shone like golden hills of light. The trees of the dark and ancient wood sloping toward the water were gently stirred by a soft wind, till they joined their low murmurs with the chiming ripple of the waves, mingling harmoniously, in that which seemed the sweetest, tenderest, as well as solemnest of all requiems, for our departed brother in the Lord. The rim of the moon showed itself above the wood, and a star or two beside looked down upon us, and the tide came creeping up apace ere our singing was ended. After a fervent benediction from Master Brande, the boats were unfastened from the weedy edges of the rock and put off with their living freight, but by the time the last of the folk were fetched away their shoes were full of water.

It had been arranged among the brethren before we separated, that, God permitting, I should preach upon the following Sabbath at Linkum-hill, which, next to Saltstone, we held our safest, because one of our most sequestered places of resort. When the morning of the Lord's day appointed for my going thither was arrived, this Scripture, "My presence shall go with thee," impressed itself on my mind in so remarkable and comfortable a manner, that I mentioned it to my wife, for she, finding herself with child, can no longer attend these our meetings.

"Dear husband, let me tell you my heart has been much engaged in prayer for your safe protection, and surely," cried she joyfully, "the blessed words you have just uttered are the gracious answer vouchsafed me."

"Wife," quoth I, taking up my staff and settling my beaver aright, "it glads me more than I can express to find thou delightest in being very often at that best place on earth or in heaven either—the feet of Jesus." Each onward step we take in the straight and narrow path seemeth

only to give us clearer view of the glorious brightness awaiting us at the end, when our brief night of sorrow here shall be changed there into a cloudless and eternal day."

While trudging along the solitary road which leadeth to the hill, I felt in so exceeding cheerful and composed a frame of mind, that I compared my soul to a well-tuned harp, whose chords gave answering harmony to the Divine hand at whose touch the mighty anthem of a whole creation pealed forth, "when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

I had left the town some miles behind, and was passing a stile, just as a man's voice called after me to slack my pace, and soon three of the friends came up and joined me. They are worthy members of that dear scattered flock who love to count me among the number of their shepherds—yea, one oftentimes ready to exclaim, "I am less than the least." And I write these words not in that spirit of mock humility which is more acceptable, I trow, to Satan than either open bragging or a haughty carriage, but the sincere self-abasement which all true ministers of Christ experience. Full many a time I have heard such men as Master Howe and Master Hughes confess to the same, and with profoundest lowliness exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

My companions and I had not proceeded far, before other pilgrims to that city "whose builder and maker is God" overgat us, and we entered into so profitable a conversation together that it made the way seem short and pleasant, instead of long and tedious. After crossing a rising open tract of country parcelled out in fields, with the light of an unclouded, newly-risen sun lying golden upon them, we shortly arrived in sight of the place where I was to preach. Beholding at some little distance the number of folk there, I said to him nearest me, "The strength of the hills is his also."

Whereupon he quickly rejoined, "I will make them and the places round about a blessing."

"Amen," was the fervent response of those who heard his words.

This hill of Linkum is a pretty sharp ascent, with three roads meeting at the top; and from each of these had come up that morning dwellers in surrounding villages, hamlets, and lone farm-houses—they who counted it "better to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." The palfreys of certain of the gentlewomen, along with other horses, were tethered hard by. The saddles had been taken off, and placed in a half-circle upon the ground, to make seats more convenient for their owners; behind gathered the men-folk of the congregation, direct fronting the spot where I should take my stand. These are closely attentive, patient, above all, *prayer*

*ful* hearers. If a pastor's hands wax weak, as did the hands of Moses, and Amalek threaten to prevail, they will lift up and sustain them, and do their best to help, strengthen, and comfort him. Turn which way I would, grave, serious faces, deep, thoughtful, earnest eyes met mine: let such a people be never so tempted, tried, or buffeted, as the true "heirs of promise," God will not suffer them to "fall away."

At top o' the hill groweth a mountain ash-tree, green and vigorous; its branches made for me a pleasant canopy. Around us lay a fair, wide landscape, including a reach of the sea. Our beloved Rock Saltstone, when left bare by the tide, is very plainly discernible therefrom; likewise the square, ancient tower of a remote village church, situate among lands which once made part the dower of that wise, discreet queen, who, under a guiding Providence, proved a nursing-mother of the Reformation, to wit, the Lady Katharine Parr.

In a rapt and heavenly frame, such as the humblest believer is sometimes privileged experience, though neither tongue nor pen of angel or apostle can describe it, I then poured out my soul in prayer; yea, till the hoary, everlasting hills did seem respond an echo to my supplication. After I had done praying, I drew forth from my doublet a certain well-worn leathern-coated Bible, which, God be thanked, from the time I was sixteen years of age till now, hath proved to me not only a breastplate against the darts of Satan, but the preciousset of breast-jewels also. Unfastening the slender hasp which hold its leaves together, I read the first chapter of the first Epistle of Peter, and briefly expounded thereon; at close of my remarks, the dear souls afore me raised their bee-like hum of grateful approval. This portion of our worship I ended with the 80th Psalm.

The text chosen by me for my discourse was this: "The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." And the Holy Spirit loosed my tongue, and gave me power to utter the thoughts which flowed forth free, and fast, and strong. Yea, felt I not that these poor lips of mine were touched as by "a live coal from off the altar"? And upon pausing to wipe my brow, I perceived the folk present were very greatly moved and affected by what the Lord had enabled his servant to declare to them.

Again I was about to proceed, when an uneasy movement among they who were furthest off attracted my notice. This sudden motion on their part caused me stop. A long breath was drawn, in the hush of which, had a stray leaf rustled down, our ears, grown exceeding watchful, and quick to distinguish sounds, must have heard it. Thus stood we on the hill-top listening, much like a herd of startled deer, when they scent a coming danger. Soon I heard

saintly the far-off gallop of horses' feet, proceeding at a furious rate along the distant valley, and knew at once the wolves were upon our track.

"Dear friends," cried I, "we must disperse; let the beasts be instantly saddled. Haste, my sisters, or 'twill be too late for flight."

With little flutter or commotion this advice was quickly acted on. All fervently we bid each other farewell; and though the men come in pursuit of us, Squire Reynells himself at their head, had by his direction divided themselves into separate parties—the better, as they conceived, to cut off our retreat—yet, thanks to the Lord's protecting care, our extreme niceness of hearing, which, I've already said, is near as keen and delicate as the mole's; and, lastly, our perfect knowledge of every turn, by-path, and covert thereabout, not one of us was caught, though some (myself, for instance) within a hair's breadth of being so, by they who, breathing nought save fury, rode forth to worry us on that calm, peaceful Sabbath morning.

Squire Reynells offered ten gold pieces out of his own purse to divers rustics he met by the way, if they could instruct him how best, and surely, to seize me preaching; one simple clown he disdained not chastise with his own heavy riding whip, because the clown declared ignorance of our whereabouts; but the justice, suspecting otherwise, handled him accordingly; his evil followers, meanwhile, did as they always do when let loose upon the country, in the breaking down of fences, trampling over gardens and orchards, and disdaining neither to fright women nor little children—the latter, in some instances, going into fits from terror—with a deal of other like riotous mischief.

Before, however, they could reach the hill, I had fled for safety to the house of a very honest farmer, who, with most of his family, were at the meeting; under their roof is kept "a little chamber ready, with a bed and candlestick in it," for any "man of God" who cometh beneath its shadow. But worthy Master Blake, thinking 'twas likely I might need a closer concealment, had me to a place near the top of an out-building, where, through a chink in the wall, the person hidden could see, as well as hear, pretty much of what might be a-going on below.

Scarce was I gotten to this roost, and smothered up in hay and straw, ere Squire Reynells, followed by a servant, rode into the court-yard; my good friends, the farmer and the dame, were immediately in the porch to receive him.

"It has been reported me," said the justice, sternly, "that you would scruple not at harbouring some of those seditious brawlers—of whom John Hicks is chief—that designed meeting at Linkum-hill this morning."

Master Blake, by way of reply, very civilly asked the justice to dismount.

"A thought takes me," continued the latter,

pointing to certain old, decayed buildings, greatly overrun with ivy, and exactly in the direction of the chink through which I was then regarding him, "that among such owl-nests yonder, you might stow an odd score or two of those scoundrels. When my men come up I'll have 'em searched closely, and if any be found there, 'twould be better for you that all your ricks and barns were in a blaze."

The farmer replied, "They who suspected him would now have opportunity of seeing for themselves;" and this he said with so steady a voice, and apparently cool, unconcerned a manner, that the justice seemed a moment to waver in his purpose.

The servant who accompanied him ventured an observe, however, which I lost; but the master's reply sounded distinct enough,—

"Beshrew me, Giles, thou'rt in the right; the word of a long-faced fellow"—indicating Master Blake with the handle of his riding-whip—"having such a pair of spindle legs, should not be trusted." For which last most sensible reason—though very lame in his own, by reason of the gout—he managed to get off his horse and, leaning on his man, hobble into the house.

Several of his followers arriving about the same time, they all dismounted, and very soon an occasional scream from a female voice, mocked by loud laugh and scurril jest on part of the horsemen, told the search was begun in right earnest; yet was it given me more fully, I think, at this season than throughout all my previous experience, to realize during the whole of the commotion—of which I knew myself to be the principal cause—the truth of this most blessed Scripture, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."

In a short time, the more suspicious of the searchers left the house, and began to pry among the out-buildings; next I heard them clattering up a ladder, by which means they gained access to the place where I was lying hidden; and one, seizing a pitchfork, made the straw fly in all directions. Then I gave myself up for lost; yet, although the prong of the fork several times nearly touched me, it was the will of a gracious Providence that I should remain undiscovered; and, after a while, grown weary of a search which proved fruitless, I heard them growling retreat; and, not long afterward, the discomfited justice and his evil troop, leaving the farm, struck across the country in quite another direction.

The good farmer and his son quickly came up to me, and down we went amid the assembled family, who embraced, and wept for very thankfulness over this my preservation; the ruin that would have fallen upon their honest selves, had I been discovered, seemed not even to enter their thoughts. At its best estate "the friendship of the wicked is enmity with God;"

but that his children experience for each other is of a nature which "loveth at all times"—yea, truly that of a "brother born for adversity."

I remained where I was till the night closed in, as I knew every step of my homeward path so well, methinks I could traverse it blindfold; then, taking a very affectionate leave of these kind folk, set forth on my return. At a certain part of the road, the trees, nearly meeting overhead, afford very grateful shade from the heat of the noontide sun; but at the hour I was traversing it, made it seem wondrous dark and lonesome, and I met never a living creature. When come to an ancient way-side cross of stone, set up by the Papists in Queen Mary's time, this relic of a fearful past showed dim and ghostly in the faint star-light. Regarding it steadfastly, I said to myself, "Thou mute symbol of the love and the sufferings of him, who during his brief earthly sojourn did nought save heal, and bless, and pardon: what a mark of awful condemnation art thou upon the forehead of that false church which grew drunken with the blood of his saints!" Just as I touched the hoar thing with my staff, the moon, that had been hitherto concealed, looked out through a rent in the clouds, shedding a white unnatural lustre upon all things, making the gray cross appear especially distinct. I am of too sober a turn to let my fancy play me fool's tricks, or I had likened it to a spectre, which, casting its shroud, was spreading its grizzly arms before me. Yet, though I avoid indulgence in all superstitious conceits, I could not wholly banish a certain chill presentiment of evil, in connection with Popery, that might be looming in the shadow of the future for this fair and noble realm of England.

Walking briskly, in half an hour I entered Kingsbridge, and as I was going up the main street overgat a man and woman. The latter held a lantern. At sound of my step they looked round.

"Tis Master Hicks," said a familiar voice.

"Prithee, what takes you abroad so late o' night, friend Crespin?" quoth I.

"Alack, sir, my youngest child is down, we fear, in the same fever John Lucas is just dead of."

"Dead!" exclaimed I, much startled; for though report of his distemper had been confirmed, my family having little knowledge, and holding no manner of acquaintance with those among whom he lived and mostly companied, I was not at all ware of his end being so near.

"Then do I trust this poor soul, like the dying thief upon the cross, had grace given him to cry for mercy, and that he received the same heavenly pardon."

"Ah, kind sir," broke in Goody Browne, the woman Crespin had fetched—for she was a noted teuder of sick folk—"I've been by many a death-bed in my time, but never such a one as *his* afore."

"Hold, Goody, there's another piece of news to tell, which a bird o' the air brought to the town since noon; but 'tis true as we're now talking together, and may-be the quicker Master Hicks learns it the better."

"Then bid thy tongue make haste."

"Alack, sir, ye'd hardly guess, though ye know Master Beare hath again been to Exon, for he's in mighty favour with my lord the bishop; who, 'tis said, hath mainly helped forward the business of his promotion."

"His promotion!" cried I, in very great alarm. "What on earth dost mean?"

"Mean, sir? why that he received his commission as was yesterday, and is now one of his Majesty's justices of the peace."

"Oh, peace! oh, justice!" groaned I; "what crimes will be committed in your names!"

"And he returns, Master Hicks, to his house to-morrow."

"I will leave this place (an my wife be willing) at break o' dawn," said I.

"The best—ay, the very best thing ye can do, sir," said the crone, eagerly, and yet with a quaking voice.

"Why so, dame?" replied I, somewhat surprised. "Have I done aught—how can I—to make *you* thus willing I should be gone?"

"Sir," quoth she solemnly—and as the light of the lantern (which she seemed to hold unsteadily) flickered fitful upon her wrinkled face, I saw that it wore a haggard and most perturbed expression—"I told ye John Lucas died hard for to the end he was trying and striving to catch and grasp at something, which evermore slipped from his hands, till, with a terrible cry—I would 'twere out of my ears"—here the lantern shook so that I laid hold of it—"he screamed forth—he was in his last throes, sir—"The old woman stopped as if unable to go on.

"What was it he said?" demanded Crespin and I in a breath.

"Just this, Master Hicks, and never a word spaks after, 'Alive or dead, I'll have ye.'"

(To be continued.)

## POETRY.

THE BREAD OF LIFE.  
THE Israelites of old  
By miracles were fed:  
The rock supplied their thirst,  
The heavens their daily bread;

Through all their desert march  
The heavenly manna fell,  
Nor ceased till they were brought  
In Canaan's land to dwell.

This wondrous "angels' food,"  
By God to Israel given,  
Prefigured Christ the Lord—  
The Bread of Life from heaven.  
"Your fathers," Jesus cried,  
"Ate manna, and are dead;  
But he shall never die  
Who eats this living bread."

This bread is Jesus' flesh,  
On Calvary's summit slain;  
When he, the God-Man, died,  
That sinners life should gain.  
The saints on earth rejoice  
By faith on him to feed,  
And find this word fulfilled—  
"My flesh is meat indeed."

Freely the manna fell;  
So Christ, the bread from heaven,  
To every hungry soul  
Is richly, freely given.

The Holy Ghost must make  
The sinner feel his need,  
Or he will ne'er desire  
On Christ, the bread, to feed.

Oh, make us hunger, Lord;  
For in thy Word 'tis said,  
"Blest are the hungering ones,  
For they shall all be fed."  
Show us that worldly joys  
No nourishment afford,  
And draw our souls away  
From sin's enticing board.

By thine Almighty power  
Unto our hearts applied,  
May we be brought to trust  
In Jesus crucified.  
Then shall we never die;  
But, at the last great day,  
Jesus shall raise us up  
To dwell with him for aye.

Wellingborough.

THEODORA.

## DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

## MINISTRIAL CHANGES.

**EARL'S COLNE, ESSEX.**—The Rev. G. H. Griffin, a student of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the church to become their pastor.

## PRESENTATION SERVICES.

**LYDNEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**—On Wednesday, May 16, a testimonial was presented to the Rev. E. E. Elliot, upon his retirement from the pastorate of the Baptist church at Lydney, after having faithfully and scrupulously discharged the duties of pastor of that church for a period of twenty-four years. The presentation took place in a large tent erected in a field at a little distance from Lydney, and was attended by above 1,000 persons, including the Revs. Dr. Thomas, G. M. Michael, of Bridgewater; P. Sells (Independent), Newnham; A. Hudson, of Blakeley, and other ministers and gentlemen of all denominations. Previously to the testimonial being presented, all sat down to tea. The testimonial consisted of a handsome purse containing £308 2s. 6d., and a parchment scroll with an inscription. At the same time, Mr. Elliot was presented with a handsome silver salver from a friend at Bridgewater. Mr. Elliot returned thanks in a neat and appropriate speech. Several ministers and gentlemen then addressed the meeting.

**NOTTINGHAM. — MANSFIELD-ROAD.**—About three weeks since, a meeting of the members of the congregation worshipping in the Mansfield-road General Baptist chapel, Nottingham, was held in the school-room connected with that place of worship, for the purpose of presenting the Rev. G. A. Syme, M.A., the late pastor, with a purse of money, as a testimonial of the regard and esteem in which he is held by the members of his late flock. Mr. Syme has held the office of minister to the chapel for a number of years; but, owing to recent bodily affliction, has been compelled to resign the pastorate, in which he is succeeded by the Rev. J. F. Stevenson. The proceedings were commenced with a tea-party, about 230 persons being present. At seven o'clock the meeting for the presentation took place; the chair being taken by the Rev. J. F. Stevenson. Singing and prayer having been engaged in, the chairman opened the meeting

with an explanation of the object for which the assembly had been called. He then requested Mr. Booker, the senior deacon of the chapel, to present the testimonial. Mr. Booker, after a short introductory speech, bearing testimony to the great respect in which Mr. Syme was held by all attending the chapel, and the anxious solicitude manifested for his return to health and strength, presented Mr. Syme with a purse containing £173. Mr. Syme, who was deeply affected, then responded, and expressed his heartfelt thanks for the kindness done him. Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Walker, and other gentlemen, afterwards addressed the meeting.

## SPECIAL SERVICES.

**WESTMINSTER.**—On Sunday, June 17, a new Baptist interest was commenced at the large room of Mr. Gray's, Smith-street, Westminster. Mr. William Lane, pastor.

**LLANIDLOES, MONTGOMERYSHIRE.**—The annual meeting of the Old Baptist Association was held in this town on the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th of June. On Tuesday evening service was commenced by the Rev. T. Evans, minister of the place, and the Rev. E. Williams, of Aberystwith, preached a Welsh sermon in the Baptist chapel. On Wednesday, at ten a.m. and at two p.m., the ministers and messengers met in conference to hear the reports from the several churches, which were very encouraging. Nearly 700 have been added by baptism, and many hundreds of backsliders restored. At six in the evening, in the Methodist chapel, three sermons were delivered by the Revs. H. Parry, Talybont; D. Davies, of Dolau; and John Roberts, of Brynmawr. On Thursday morning at six, in the Baptist chapel, three sermons were delivered by the Revs. G. Llewellyn, of Erwood; T. Havad, Frank's Bridge; and B. Watkins, Maesyberrillan. At ten, the Rev. D. H. Rees, Talybont, preached in a field close to the town, the property of J. Kinsey, Esq., mayor. Before the close of this sermon, the rain descended in torrents, and the meeting was adjourned to the chapels. In the Methodist chapel, the Rev. J. E. Jones, M.A., Ebbw Vale, preached. In the Baptist chapel, the Rev. D. Evans, of Dudley, preached an English sermon. At two p.m. services were continued in the same chapels, when the following

gentlemen preached:—the Revs. J. W. Jones, Pantycelyn, and J. Roberts, Brynmawr, in Welsh; the Rev. M. Morgan, Newtown, and L. Thomas, of Neath, in English. At six, in the Methodist chapel, the Revs. H. Parry, D. Jerman, of Newbridge (who stated in his sermon that he had failed only once in fifty years to attend the annual meeting of this association), and the Rev. J. E. Jones, M.A., of Ebbw Vale. In the Baptist chapel, the Revs. S. Thomas, Eban Vale (Welsh), D. Evans, Dudley (English). In the Independent chapel, the Rev. Edward Williams, of Aberystwith, in Welsh. On Friday evening, in the Baptist chapel, the Revs. H. Parry and E. Watkins, of Maesbyberlan. Thus the association terminated; but the writer hopes the effects of it will never be lost. Much praise is due to the town in general for their kind support, especially to J. Kinsey, Esq., mayor, and his kind lady, for allowing a platform to be erected in his field, and whose stables and beds were at the service of the people who came from a distance. They provided dinner for nearly 100 persons, and tea for nearly double that number. Mr. Kinsey is not himself of the Baptist denomination.

#### JUBILEE SERVICES.

ST. NEOT'S, HUNTS.—On Tuesday, May 22, the Rev. George Murrell, pastor of the Baptist church in this town, completed the fiftieth year of his ministrations there. We are old enough to remember, with grateful pleasure, some of his earliest sermons in this locality, as from them we derived in our boyhood much spiritual instruction and edification. Few ministers stand higher in our estimation than does our honoured brother. At an early hour persons on foot and in every variety of vehicle were seen wending their way to the place of meeting; and a special train brought upwards of 400 passengers to the town, who proceeded to the monster tents and marquees, which had been erected for the services, and for the dinner and tea. The venerable pastor was accompanied to the spot by a large number of ministers from the metropolis, and other localities far and near. The morning service was commenced by Mr. Law, of Eaton, one of the deacons, who is the oldest surviving member of the church, giving out the hymn, "Blow ye the trumpet, blow," &c. Rev. D. Irish, of Ramsey, read the 122nd, 123rd, and 124th Psalms, and offered prayer. The Rev. T. Robinson, of Little Staughton, read the next hymn. Rev. J. Foreman delivered a sermon from Lev. xxv. 10. At the close of the morning service, about 750 persons sat down to dinner. The afternoon service commenced at two o'clock; Mr. Foreman presided. Rev. John Bloomfield, of Meard's-court, Soho, London, read the next hymn, and Rev. Mr. Thornley, who was sent out into the Gospel ministry from Mr. Murrell's church, offered prayer on behalf of his former and greatly beloved pastor. Rev. I. Atkinson, of Brighton, gave out the next hymn, after which Mr. Murrell delivered a very affectionate and affecting relation of his religious and ministerial experience, and a history of the church, which was received with applause, mingled with tears. At the close of his address, Mr. Murrell was presented with a very handsome silver cup, and a purse of one hundred guineas, at the hands of Mr. Stead, one of his deacons, as an expression of the continued attachment and esteem of his church. Mr. Murrell, in reply, was exceedingly affected, and begged their acceptance of his hearty thanks for this expression of their Christian feeling.

The Rev. H. Hanks, of Woolwich, pronounced the benediction. In the evening a public meeting was held. The Rev. S. Collius, of Grundisburgh, presided, and called on the Rev. I. Atkinson, of Brighton, to offer prayer, after which Mr. C. delivered a very appropriate address. The Rev. W. Palmer, of Homerton, formerly a member of the church, then addressed the large assembly in a very excellent speech. Another hymn was sung; after which the Rev. Mr. Hazleton, of Chadwell-street, London, briefly addressed the meeting. The services terminated in time to allow the London visitors to take the train for the metropolis at half-past eight o'clock. It is supposed that not fewer than 3,000 persons were present at these interesting services.

#### RECOGNITION SERVICES.

BUCKINGHAM.—A public service was held at the Baptist chapel in this place on Tuesday evening, June 12th, for the recognition of H. H. Benson as pastor. The service was opened by the Rev. E. L. Foster, of Stony Stratford; Rev. S. Bethamy (Independent) delivered the introductory address; Rev. W. T. Henderson, of Banbury, offered the recognition prayer; Rev. C. Vince, of Birmingham, delivered a very interesting address on the relative duties of pastor and people. The Rev. W. Hedge, of Holmden, closed with prayer.

HOOK NORTON, OXON.—On Tuesday, May 29, special services were held for the recognition of the Rev. W. H. Cornish (late of the Mission church, Greenwich) as pastor of the Baptist church at Hook Norton. The Rev. James Smith, of Cheltenham, preached in the morning from 1 Thess. v. 12, 13; and Mr. Warrington, deacon, also took part in the service. At half-past two p.m., a public meeting was held, under the presidency of the pastor, when the Revs. T. Eden, of Chadlington; H. Hardin, Regent's-park; B. Davies, of Greenwich; J. W. Gaucher, late of America; W. Green, of Chipping Norton; W. Cherry, of Milton; and Mr. Spicer, of Blonham, took part in the proceedings. The Rev. B. Davis, of Greenwich, preached in the evening.

THORNBURY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—The Rev. J. Mathews, late of Oldborough, Suffolk, having accepted the cordial invitation of the Baptist church in this town, and entered on his stated labours among them, a public tea-meeting was held in the Baptist chapel on Whit-Monday, to afford his church and other ministers in the town an opportunity of bidding him welcome. A goodly company sat down to tea, after which the Rev. J. Mathews delivered an address to the assembly on "The Efficiency and Adaptation of the Gospel to Elevate and Bless Man." The Rev. J. Morgan, Independent minister, of the town, then delivered an earnest and practical address. The Revs. J. Young and T. Galsworthy then followed, each speaking of work to be done, and encouragements to do it.

EYEMOUTH, BERWICKSHIRE.—Mr. John K. Grant was publicly recognised as pastor of the Baptist church at Eyemouth on Monday, June 18. The Rev. Mr. Tulloch, Edinburgh, preached the opening sermon. The Rev. Mr. Munro, Hawick, offered the recognition prayer, the Rev. Dr. Acworth, president of Rawden College, delivered the charge to the minister, and the Rev. W. Landels, London, addressed the people. There were also present on the occasion the Rev. Dr. Bannister, and the Rev. W. Burton, Berwick, together with the Rev. Messrs. Bell, Clarke, Harrower, and Macphail, of the Esta-

nished, Free, United Presbyterian, and Methodist churches, Eymouth. The services were deeply solemn and interesting, and were witnessed by a crowded audience. At the service held in the evening, the Rev. Mr. Landels, in name of the church and congregation, presented Mr. Grant with a valuable gold watch, as an expression of their attachment.

#### OPENING SERVICES.

**WAINSGATE.**—On Thursday, May 24th, the new Particular Baptist chapel, Wainsgate, near Halifax, was opened for public worship, when three sermons were preached—in the morning and evening by the Rev. H. Betts, of Bradford, and in the afternoon by the Rev. T. Dawson, of Liverpool. Collections were made towards the building fund amounting to £157 11s. 8½d. On Sunday three sermons were preached—in the morning and evening by the Rev. J. D. Crumpton, of Salendine Nook, and in the afternoon by the Rev. W. Walters, of Halifax, when collections were made amounting to the sum of £111 15s. 6½d. On Monday there was a tea-meeting, when addresses were delivered by neighbouring ministers and friends. At the conclusion, a final effort was made to clear off the remaining debt, and was signally successful, for the entire debt was cleared off, including a prospective debt of work unfinished amounting to the sum of £90, besides leaving a balance in the treasurer's hands of about £12 for any other conveniences which may be wanted. Total expenditure, £1,458; receipts by public subscriptions, £1,066; collections at opening services, £404 8s. 9d.; total receipts, £1,470 8s. 9d.

#### LAYING FOUNDATION STONE OF NEW CHAPELS.

**SKIPTON.**—The foundation-stone of a new Baptist chapel was lately laid in the Currier-street, Skipton, by G. Foster, Esq., of Sabden. An address was delivered by the Rev. J. Ackworth, LL.D., president of the Rawden College. In the evening a public tea-party was held. About £150 was subscribed towards the erection of the building.

**LOUGHTON, ESSEX.**—The first stone of the new Baptist chapel was laid on Thursday, June 7, by Sir S. M. Peto, Bart., M.P. It is intended to accommodate about 350 persons, with ample room for each. There are no galleries at present, but provision is made for them, should the increasing population require their introduction. The plan is a parallelogram, with curved approaches by twenty-one steps at the sides, which lead to the floor of the chapel, beneath which are spacious school-rooms. The design has considerable originality; the style, Roman Doric, on rusticated base. The total cost of erection is £1,950.

**ALVECHURCH.**—On Monday, June 4th, the foundation-stone of a new Baptist chapel in this place was laid by William Phillips, Esq., of Ballsall-heath, Birmingham. About 130 persons were conveyed from Birmingham by train, arriving at three o'clock, when they were joined by a large number of the inhabitants of this usually quiet place. After singing, and prayer offered by the Rev. I. Lord, Mr. Phillips delivered an appropriate speech, and then proceeded to lay the stone. A subscription was commenced, headed by that gentleman with £10 (second subscription). The Rev. Mr. Phillips then engaged in prayer, after which the Rev. I. Lord gave an excellent address. The company then adjourned to tea, after which a meeting was held in the open air, when addresses were deli-

vered by the Revs. I. Lord and J. Phillips, and by Messrs. J. Jordan, Hiron, and Sabell.

**BILSTON.**—The Baptist chapel is being remodelled and enlarged, and an infant school-room built, at an estimated total cost of £500. The premises are situated in the centre of a dense population, for whose conversion and ingathering numerous and earnest efforts are put forth under pleasing evidences of Divine approval. Nine have been added to the church during the present year, and others are saying, "We will go with you." It is due to Mr. Spurgeon to say that the people thank God for the pastor recommended by his honoured servant. Any amount of assistance from the reader would be deemed a favour by the secretary, Mr. James Thompson, 83, Church-street, Bilston.

#### SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

**ST. NEOT'S.**—Mr. Pells, of Soho Chapel, London, will preach in Mr. Murrell's Chapel (D.V.), on Lord's-day, July 15th.

**CRANFIELD, BEDS.**—The Rev. W. Palmer, of Homerton, will preach at the Second Baptist Chapel, Cranfield, Lord's-day, July 8th.

**SHEEPSHED, LEICESTERSHIRE.**—The annual sermons in support of the Baptist Sabbath-school, Charley Way, will be preached (D.V.) by the Rev. Henry Angus, of Rugby, on Lord's-day, July 22, 1860.

**SOHO CHAPEL, OXFORD-STREET.**—The anniversary services on Sunday, July 15th. Mr. Murrell, of St. Neot's, to preach in the morning and evening, and Mr. Milner, of Keppel-street, in the afternoon. Services commence at 11, 3, and half-past 6 o'clock.

**SAXMUNDHAM.**—The ordination services of the settlement of the Rev. William Frith, as pastor of the Baptist church, Saxmundham, after six months' probation, will take place, (D.V.) on the 3rd of July next. The morning service will commence at ten o'clock, when the Rev. John Cooper, editor of the *Gospel Herald*, will state the "Nature of a Gospel Church," and ask the usual questions. In the afternoon, at two o'clock, Rev. John Pells, of Soho Chapel, London, will give the charge to the newly-chosen pastor. In the evening, at six o'clock, Rev. Samuel Collins, of Grundisburgh, will preach to the church. Tea will be provided for the friends.

#### BAPTISMS.

**ACCRINGTON, Blackburn-road, April 26**—Five by Mr. Williams.

**AYLESBURY, Bucks, May 13**—Three by Mr. Beazley.

**BEDFORD, June 3**—Six by Mr. H. Killen.

**BIDEFORD, June 3**—Nine by Mr. Wiltshire.

**BILSTON, in January**—Three whose partners are connected with the church; one the sister of Mr. Spurgeon. June 17, Three, all teachers in the Sabbath-school, and one a grandchild of the founder of the place.

**BINGLEY, Yorkshire, May 6**—Three by Mr. Campbell.

**Bristol, Broadmead, March 30**—Fifteen by Mr. Hayercroft.

—Counterslip, May 6—Twenty by Mr. Winter. The venerable pastor is realizing an abundant blessing on his labours, though about to resign his charge.

—Pithay, May 6.—Fifteen by Mr. Probert.

**BROCKLEY, Suffolk, June 17**—Four, for the pastor, by Mr. Barrett, of Bury St. Edmunds.

**CALNE, Castle-street Chapel, May 27**—Four: two husbands and their wives. The word of the Lord is progressing in our midst.

CARDIFF, Bethany, May 6—Ten by Mr. Tilly.  
 CARLTON, Beds, May 20—Twenty-one by Mr. Silvertou.  
 CIRENCESTER, April 26—Three by Mr. J. Stephens.  
 COATE, Oxon, May 27—Three by Mr. Arthur, in the presence of more than a thousand persons.  
 COLBRAINE, Ireland—Six by Rev. F. Wills, London: Two by Rev. Wm. Jeffrey, of Torrington: One by Rev. A. Bowden, Leeds; Twenty-one by Mr. Nelson. A number are waiting, owing to the church having no settled pastor, and are keeping back until there is one.  
 EARL'S COLNE, Essex, April 1—Eighteen; May 5, Nineteen by Mr. Griffin. Mr. G.'s labours have been much blessed; there are a large number of anxious inquirers.  
 ERWOOD, May 6—One; Ramah (a branch of Erwood), April 1, Four; and June 10, Eight, by Mr. Geo. Llewellyn.  
 FAKENHAM, Norfolk, April 29—Two by Mr. Gooch: one from the Sabbath-school.  
 HATCH, Taunton, March 25—Three by Mr. Teall.  
 HATHERLEIGH, Devon, June 17—Four by Mr. Norman.  
 HINCKLEY, March 28—Six; May 13, Ten; May 20, Six; June 17, Six, by Mr. J. Parkinson.  
 IDLE, near Leeds, Yorkshire, June 10—Four by Mr. T. Hanson, two of whom were Sabbath-schoolers.  
 KINGSTHORPE, May 13—Two by Mr. Litchfield.  
 KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, May 30—Ten by Mr. T. W. Medhurst.  
 KISLINGBURY, May 26—Sixteen by Mr. Stenson. We have many inquirers.  
 LANDBEACH, Cambs, April 1—Four by Mr. Wooster.  
 LLANVTHANGEL, Monmouthshire, April 15—Nine by Dr. Thomas, of Pontypool.  
 LONDON, Church-street, Blackfriars, May 3—Three by Mr. Barker.  
     Soho Chapel, Oxford-street, May 27—Four by Mr. Pells.  
 LIVERPOOL, Great Crosshall-street, March 25—Eight by Mr. Thomas.  
 MIDDLETON CHENEY, May 6—Three by Mr. Medcalf.  
 MILFORD, Hants, April 1—One, from the Sabbath-school. May 3—Two by Mr. Gill.  
 MINSTER LEVEL, May 21—After an address by Mr. Eden, in the river Windwash, and in the presence of not less than 1,000 spectators, Three by Mr. Wheeler.  
 NECTON, Norfolk, June 3—Ten by Mr. J. Kingdon; eight from the Wesleyan Reformers, one of them a preacher, who stated his reasons for joining a church of baptized believers, as also did another brother.  
 NITON, May 6—Eight by Mr. Hockin; two of the candidates were the pastor's youngest son and daughter.  
 NOTTINGHAM, Circus-street, April 29—Six by Mr. Forbes.  
 PETERCHURCH, from Jan. 29 to June 10, inclusive—Twenty, in the river Dore, by Mr. J. M. Gamp.  
 PRESTON, Radnorshire, Feb. 12—Thirty-four; March 25, Thirty-two; April 8, Thirty; May 27—Eight, by Mr. J. L. Davies, making 104 added by baptism this year; others are seeking fellowship.  
 PRESTON, Pole-street, June 27—Five by Mr. Webb.  
 PWTHELLE, Carnarvonshire, April 22—Eleven by Mr. J. Jenkins.

ROADE, Northamptonshire, April 1—Six by Mr. Flecker.  
 SALFORD, Great George-street Chapel, April 29—Two; May 23, Three by Mr. S. B. Brown, B.A.  
 SANDYHEAVEN, Pembrokeshire, May 6—One; May 13, One, by Mr. J. H. Walker.  
 SEER GREEN, Bucks.—In this place the cause has of late been, under God, greatly revived. Within the past year the baptisms have been Eighteen, and the addition of members, Twenty.  
 SOUTHAMPTON, East-street, June 3—Three by Mr. R. Cavan.  
 SOUTHEA, St. Paul's Chapel, May 27—Eight by Mr. J. H. Cooke.  
 STALBRIDGE, April 1—Seven by Mr. Sutcliffe.  
 STONY STRATFORD, May 6—Four by Mr. E. L. Forster.  
 STRADBROOKE, Suffolk, May 20—Nine by Mr. Webb.  
 SWANSEA, May 6—Ten by Mr. Hill.  
 TORQUAY, Devon, May 6—Seven; and June 3—Ten, by Mr. Kings. On these occasions there were some among the candidates not more than twelve, and others not less than fifty years of age. Both these services were made the means of awakening others to concern about salvation.  
 WANDSWORTH, at New Park-street Chapel, May 31—Sixteen by Mr. Genders.  
 WAINSGATE, June 3—Eight by Mr. J. Bamber.  
 WEST HADDON.—A student of Mr. Spurgeon's has been in this village for some time. After fifteen years of barrenness, during which time there has been no baptism, the Lord has blessed and revived the cause, and several have been baptized. He remembered Zion in her low estate.  
 WHITESTONE, Herefordshire, June 10—Two by Mr. W. D. Rees.  
 WIGAN, March 25—One; April 22, Three by Mr. C. Jones.  
 WINCANTON, Somerset, Easter Sunday—Six; April 29, Five; May 27, Four; all by Rev. J. Hannan. Six were teachers, and three scholars from the Sunday-school. The Lord is greatly blessing us here. More are inquiring.  
 WISBEACH, Victoria-road Chapel, May 27—Six by Mr. J. Blake. Others are expected soon.

#### DEATH.

ON June 15th, at Bradford, Glamorganshire, aged four years and ten months, Catherine Anne Hughes, the beloved child of Mr. Thomas Hughes (draper), Deacon of the English Baptist Church.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR SUBSCRIBER in Glasgow who complains of his bookseller not supplying him with the proof impression of the "Baptist Messenger Memorial Portraits," had better change his bookseller, or the bookseller his London agent, as there has existed no difficulty of procuring it. Many hundreds have been, and are still being forwarded to all parts of the kingdom.

ERRATA.—In our "Biographical Notices of Baptist Ministers," instead of "William Wilberforce," in the life of Mark Wilks, read "William Winterbottom." Inadvertently, the hymn commencing "Jesus, lover of my soul," is attributed to Robert Robinson; it belongs to Charles Wesley. This, however, will not affect the estimate given of Robinson's character.



## THE CHURCH A MOTHER.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL.

"The children which thou shalt have, after thou hast lost the other, shall say again in thine ears, The place is too strait for me; give place to me that I may dwell. Then shalt thou say in thine heart, Who hath begotten me these, seeing I have lost my children, and am desolate, a captive, and removing to and fro? and who hath brought up these? Behold, I was left alone; these, where had they been?"—Isaiah xlix. 20, 21.

(Continued from page 5.)

II. The second topic of remark which I proposed to notice is that THE CHURCH IS SOMETIMES BEREAVED. Ah! there must be coffins in every house; there must be shrouds in every family; and so is it in the Church.

The Church has to lose some of her children. "After thou hast lost the other," I read here. Some of her children she loses from death, I mean spiritual death, but the reason of this is because they are not her children at all. They are some that crept in and pretended to be hers; and though she opened her eyes, they looked so much like hers that she could hardly tell them. For a little while she nursed them, but afterwards they turned out to be the offspring of Satan, and then they went away from her. But even when they go away, she is such a loving mother that, though she feared they were not her children, yet she did not like to lose them. I heard some of her children the other night singing, after one of these false brethren had been found out:—

"When any turn from Zion's way,  
Alas! what numbers do,"—

That showed how she loved them—

"Methinks I hear my Saviour say,  
Wilt thou forsake me too?"

The Church does not like to lose even those who are not her children.

But then again she loses many of her children—I mean they go away from her—by death temporal. Many of the Church's children are taken up above; and somehow, though she is glad to think they are in their Father's bosom, yet she does not like to miss them. The Church regrets to see the vacant seat of her dead, and especially if it has been one of her children who has been very dutiful, and has striven to serve her much. She will weep full sore for such. When she lost her son Stephen, do you recollect a whole company of her children followed him to the grave; for it is said devout men bewailed him, and made great lamentation over him? Though the Church does not sorrow as one that hath no hope, though she is glad to know that her children are well provided for and taken up to dwell in their Father's house, yet is it no small suffering to see her ministers taken away, and her church officers and members removed one by one, even when in their sphere of usefulness and while serving their Lord and Master.

And then again the Church loses her children—the Church does this sometimes by a trying providence. Many churches, as well as ourselves, are in that position; we have lost our children; we may not have lost any from the church-book, or, so far as we know of, through backsliding; but, simply from the fact of their having to remove to and fro in this way our congregations are necessarily scattered. Some of those who used to sit under our ministry on Sabbath mornings, and who went up with our company, and kept holyday, cannot now be seen in the midst of us. And I, if you do not feel this as a bereavement. I cannot bear to miss the face of a single one from the members of the church. There is a sort of sacred bond of union that runs through all, and I do not like any one to go away, except it is now and then when some grow dissatisfied, and then I feel it is better for them to go somewhere else—it is certainly not worse for ministers. But those who have been loving tender children have left the Church—those who strive for her good. It is a sad thing to see them cast away and separated, and that has happened to this church over and over again. As often

as the minister has been removed from her midst, some of her children have been lost. The church-book is a very chequered book to look at. As I look back upon the past, I see it increase rapidly. A certain minister dies, and then the Church is scattered. Again another comes, and a fresh body is gathered together, and as soon as he removes again they go; and thus the Church suffers bereavement; her children are removed—not into the world, let us hope. But alas! this does happen, even with God's own children; after losing their early love in some one church, they go on wandering hither and thither, scarcely caring to unite themselves in church fellowship again, living unhappily bereaved and alone, desolate and without companions. Now, then, I think we have said enough about this. The Church, like every other mother, has sometimes to lose her children, and suffer bereavement.

III. Now I come to the third head, which is this:—The Church has even a worse suffering than this. She may not only lose her children, but SHE HAS TO BE CARRIED AWAY CAPTIVE. How often has this happened to the Church of God in the olden times. The Church has been carried into foreign countries; taken from her much-loved house of Jerusalem, and compelled to sit down by the waters of Babylon, and weep whilst she remembered her ancient habitation; her children have hung their harps upon the willows, and when their enemies came and required of them a song, they have said, "How can we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" She has been a captive, indeed, in more modern times; since the days of Christ the Church has been a captive in another sense, namely, that sometimes she has been cruelly persecuted. Kings have sent forth their bloody edicts against her; then the tender nursing mother, the Church, has been obliged to house her children in the dens and caves of the earth; they have worshipped in catacombs, by the light of candles, or perhaps with no light whatever; her dearest sons have been compelled to administer the ordinance of Christ in the vaults amongst the dead. When the living were too unkind, then hath death found them a shelter; the earth hath helped the woman, and in the catacombs hath her children been brought forth. Often, too, has the Church been compelled to seek a refuge in foreign countries. You know how she went far into Africa; and how again she sought a lodging-place in the fastnesses of the Alps—there amidst the snow-clad summits she found some little shelter from the blood-thirsty hounds of hell. And in still more modern times the Church in this land has had to fly across the waters; and there the Pilgrim Fathers have been preserved by the church in America, to become afterwards the patterns of mightier churches than those they had left behind. Those were the times of the Church's captivity. Oh, we cannot tell in this age what griefs they were that did wring the hearts of the first passengers in the "May Flower." When they left England and went to America, they went forth not knowing whither they went. They could not meet together for worship; it was death by hanging if they ventured to preach the Gospel; but they went where they could be free, among the red men, to worship their God. Ah, those were days of removing to and fro. Then the Church wept and said, "I am desolate, I am a captive, I am driven far away from my former habitation." The same thing has sometimes happened to the Church also, not in days of persecution, but in days when deadly sickness has seized upon her limbs, when on a sudden her energies have been damped, her powers been removed, and she hath no more brought forth children, or even nursed them tenderly. Days of slumber and heaviness have come over the Church, ay, and days of heresy too, when her ministers were no more shining lights, but, like the flax when the light is gone out, they were an offensive stench; when her fountains have no more gushed forth living waters, but a black, turbid, and putrefying stream; when, instead of the bread of heaven, her children had to eat husks; when, instead of the pure Word of God, it was anything but the truth—the lies of Satan and the inventions of hell.

IV. But I will say no more of the Church's captivity, but will pass away from the subject, and just observe, in the last place, that when the Church has lost her children, and when she herself has been made captive, and removed to and fro, she

has said, "Ah me, ah me, my God hath forgotten me, the Lord hath forsaken me, I am become a widow, I will sit in the dust, I will sorrow even to the end, I will groan even in the bitterness of my spirit; like Rachael, I will weep for my children, and I will not be satisfied or comforted, because they are not." But here comes this last point: even then, THE CHURCH HAS HAD A MARVELLOUS INCREASE AFTER ALL HER CAPTIVITIES, and all her bereavements have hitherto always worked for her good. Never has the Church lost her children without obtaining many more. You remember when the Jewish nation seemed to be once for all cut off from the Church; when the Apostle said, "Seeing you count yourselves unworthy of eternal life, behold we turn unto the Gentiles." The Church might have sorrowed, and said, "I have lost the Jews;" but she found the Gentiles. Where she lost one she found her thousands; the day of her sorrow was the day of her increase. And do you know whenever the Church has lost a martyr she always on the day afterwards found her numbers increased? Gathering round the stake idle bystanders have marked the patience of the man of God; they have seen him when his hoary beard was being singed by the flames; they have marked him as his very bones cracked in the fire; they have seen him lift to heaven his burning hands, and clapping them, cry, "God is with me in the fire!" Struck with amazement, they have asked, "What is this that makes the man rejoice in a death so terrible?" And they have gone home, and they have retired to pray; and the next day has found them knocking at the door of the Church, entreating to be admitted into the sacred number of her children. The days of her bereavement have been the days of the increase of her family; and when the Church has been scattered and driven to and fro, it has always been for her good—it has been like the scattering of seed. There was once a time when there was a granary full of heavenly seed. Satan knew this was destined to cover the whole earth with a glorious harvest. He was exceeding angry with it; and he said, "What shall I do to destroy this seed?" so he went down into the dark pit and brought up a legion of fiends. "Now," said he, "we will burst the granary door open, we will take out that grain, we will cast it on the waters, we will throw it to the winds of heaven; we will throw it all away; it shall not be stored or housed or kept here to make a harvest on the earth." So they broke open the door, and scattered the seed. Fool that he was—God was making use of him to sow the fields; and lo! the harvest sprung up, and Satan was exceeding wrath to find that he had outwitted himself; instead of scattering the Church he had increased it. The little handful of corn on the mountain top, when it shook, it shook like Lebanon, and made the fruit of the seed rejoice and flourish like the grass of the earth. Yes, my brethren, you will find in every instance in the Church's history, whenever she has been made captive, or has been bereaved, it has been for her good.

Now, just at this time we are somewhat desolate; we have lost many of our children; our hearers are compelled to wander hither and thither, instead of listening to the Church's voice, while we ourselves are like a captive removing to and fro from one place to another, where we can meet; and we have been apt to say, "This is a very sad thing, and very much to our hurt." But let us say that no longer—for mark, I take this to be a personal promise, and I think it is a promise to the Church: "The children which thou shalt have, after thou hast lost the other, shall say again in thine ear, The place is too strait for me; give place to me that I may dwell. Then shalt thou say in thine heart, Who hath begotten me these, seeing I have lost my children, and am desolate, a captive, and removing to and fro? and who hath brought up these? Behold, I was left alone; these, where had they been?" This shall be the cry of the Church.

Now, let me observe the first thing which astonishes the Church when she opens her eyes after her captivity is to notice the number of her children. She counted the number of her children by the number of graves; she said they are all dead; but on a sudden she found them coming round her and calling her mother: "again

she saw her house filled, they were thronging about her, and she was astonished to see so great a number. Had there been but one or two she would have thought they were the gleanings spared from the hands of the enemy, but she saw the number and was astonished. Now, sometimes when we think of this church, which God has so greatly enlarged, that we number fifteen hundred souls, we are apt to think, "What a number!" It astonishes us. "Ye shall see greater things than these," and ye shall find our removal to another place and our apparent captivity shall increase the number of converts, and we shall be astonished as month by month they come before the church and bear witness of what grace has done for them. We shall say, "Who hath begotten me these? who are these that fly as a cloud, and as doves to their windows?" It was not merely their number, it was their character that astonished her, for she saith, "Who hath begotten me *these*?" "I do not know them," saith she. "I have lost my children. These, where had they been? who hath brought up these?" It is their character. Often the Church finds her converts run in a certain vein; a certain class of persons are brought to know the truth. But when the Church removes to and fro, there is another lot brought in. Do you remember what happened once in Exeter-hall? A young man going, one Sunday morning, with his skates in his hand, to the Serpentine, passing Exeter-hall, he saw a crowd blocking up the path; he said, "What is this? there is something to do here." He joins the crowd, and the mass behind pushes him in; the minister preaches, and the words go home to that young man's heart. They are quick and powerful—he is brought to know the Saviour, and is thus converted. Many who are not accustomed to go to one place, will go to another; many who would not enter a place consecrated to Divine worship may, nevertheless, step in out of idle curiosity or amusement. The like has been done at the Surrey-gardens, and now, when we go to another place, another class, who perhaps have never been to hear the Gospel, are induced to come in—so that we say, "Who hath begotten me these? these, where have they been?" Now, I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet; but, ere long, this will come to pass; we shall see numbers that will astonish us, converted to God; and, besides that, there will be among them some remarkable sinners and some remarkable saints, and when they are added to the Church they will compel us to say, "These, where have they been? who has begotten us these?" Then shall you thank God that ever you had to suffer. Then shall the Church rejoice that she was bereaved, that she was removed to and fro. "How know you this?" Well, I know it, simply, because I know, if I know anything, that this passage has been applied to my heart by the Holy Ghost. It has stuck so to me, and entered so thoroughly into my heart, that I have not been able to get rid of it; but have lived upon it, and have felt the sweetness of it; and if this does not come true, then am I certainly deceived. But let me take care that it does come true; for, while we believe the promise, it is ours to be the means, in the hand of God, of fulfilling it. Dear brothers and sisters, pray more than ye have ever done. Wrestle with God in prayer. Plead with him that this may come true. For, though he gives the promise, he saith, "For this will I be inquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them." I pledge you this night—I cannot get you each to say, "yes"—but I pledge you, as a personal favour to your minister, and as an act of kindness to our loving mother the Church, as a proof of your affection to your Lord and Master—I pledge you at the family altar, and in private to-night, and so on, till next Christmas-day, we meet together, to plead with God for this particular blessing. Turn out this promise in your Bibles; read the passage at your family altars, and then plead it—"Lord, thou hast made our children desolate. We have lost some of our children; now grant that the children which we shall have, after we have lost these others, may cry, 'Make place for us; the place is too strait for us to dwell in.'" One of our brethren lately said to me, "You surely do not expect to see the Tabernacle crowded down the aisles, do you?" I do, indeed. I expect to

see it as crowded as ever this was. I do think we shall be saying this, "Who hath begotten me these?" God's arm is not shortened that he cannot save, neither is his ear heavy that he cannot hear us. We shall go on, and arm, and conquer, and never cease. The God who has been with us in the past, will be with us in the future; and as it has been, so shall it be still. God shall still be glorified in the salvation of men.

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## AH! THAT'S HARD WORK.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHELTENHAM.

WHAT appears to be very easy in theory, is often found to be very difficult in practice. Talk about faith, or believing, or trusting, and how easy it appears; but endeavour to exercise faith in Christ, to believe the precious promises of God with application to yourself, or to trust in the faithfulness of God in seasons of trial and trouble, and without the special aid of the Holy Spirit, you will find it hard work. These thoughts have been suggested by the following circumstance. A minister of Christ, the other day, met with a young person, one of his congregation, and entering into conversation with her, found her very earnest in reference to spiritual things, but tossed about and tormented with many fears. As he spoke with her about the state of her soul, she said, "*I am very uncomfortable.*" He said, "*You should believe in Jesus.*" Looking at him with a very grave countenance, she replied, "AH! THAT'S HARD WORK." He could not deny that, for he had often found it hard work too. So had John Newton, who wrote,—

"Oh, could I but believe,  
Then all would easy be;  
I would, but cannot, Lord make known  
The power of faith in me!"

Some may question this, and others may deny it; but every experienced Christian will assent to it; and let those who deny it, only try it, when sin stares them in the face, and the corruptions of the heart boil up within them, and the terrors of God appear to be set in array against them. It is easy to talk about believing, and to seem to believe, when there is no deep conviction of sin, no sense of the wrath of God, no apprehension of the just judgment of God, no vivid fears of hell; but a soul quickened by the power of the Holy Spirit, filled with a sense of the wrath of God, and dwelling on the number and nature of its transgressions, finds it hard work. True, when the Spirit reveals Christ in the riches of his grace, the merit of his blood, and the glory of his forgiving love, and sweetly draws out the heart to him, it is easy to believe, nothing is easier. We can then venture on him, commit our souls to him, and trust him to save us without the least hesitation. It seems natural to do so, and without the least effort we do it. But under other circumstances we find it very different.

But what makes it so difficult to believe in Christ? There are many reasons; we can only name a few. Sometimes we mistake the nature of faith, which is a persuasion of the truth of what is revealed concerning Christ, and the exercising of confidence in Christ to make good his word. So, for instance, I read that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners—that he is able to save to the uttermost—that he will cast out none that come unto him—and that he invites all that are burdened, and are thirsting, to come unto him, and obtain rest, and satisfaction, or be saved. Well, I feel fully persuaded that all this is true. But being persuaded of the truth of this, and being myself in want of salvation, I come to Jesus, and taking him at his word, appeal to him to save me, and doing so, leave myself in his hands to be saved by him. This is faith, and appears to be easy enough; but when we come to try to do so, we find that without the gracious agency and power of the Holy Spirit we cannot do it. At least, I could not. Could not! at times, I cannot!

now. Another thing that makes believing difficult is, that we have in our hearts a prejudice against God; and when this is removed, there is still a suspicion lurking there. We do not heartily receive the testimony that God is love, that Jesus is the expression of that love, and that out of pure love God will save any one and every one that is willing and desirous to be saved by Christ. Search your heart, reader, and see if you do not find something of this kind there—to my shame I say it, I do still, after all the proofs of his love which I have had. Yes, I find it hard work at times to believe that God is so good, so gracious, so loving, as his Word declares him to be. Then, Satan is the great enemy of faith, and does all he can to misrepresent God, to slander the Lord Jesus, to pervert the Gospel, and to foster unbelief in us. He is always active, endeavouring to divert the eyes from the cross, to suggest that we are peculiar sinners, that our case is singular, that we have no right, no warrant to believe in Jesus. Indeed, he will try a thousand means to prevent our receiving God's testimony in simplicity, and resting upon it without gainsaying. To believe, therefore, in the teeth of the most determined opposition of Satan, who knows the human heart so well, and has been accustomed to exercise such power over it, is hard work. Then we are much more easily affected by the visible than the invisible, by the sensible than the spiritual; the invisibility of Jesus, therefore, and the spiritual nature of faith, make it a difficult thing at times to believe. However, let any one have a deep sense of the infinite value of the soul, of the true nature of sin, of the terrible character of the wrath of God, and the solemn importance of eternal things—in addition to which, let there be a vivid perception of the sins of the life, of the deep depravity of the heart, and of the utter unworthiness of the person—and then let it be known that the soul, in these circumstances, is required to apply to Christ, to trust only in Christ, and to expect to be saved by Christ, without one good work, good word, or good feeling, and it will be found to be hard work to do so. But I forbear, for there appears no reason to go further into this part of the subject, for every quickened soul feels it, and the dead in sin will not be convinced by any words I can write.

What, then, is a soul in such a state to do? First, beware of excusing unbelief, for it is a sin, and is one of the effects of the depravity of our hearts. Beware, also, of indulging doubts and fears; and of dwelling upon your sin, depravity, and unworthiness; instead of reading, receiving, and endeavouring to believe God's testimony in the Gospel. As much as possible, fix the mind on what Christ is—the Saviour; on what Christ has done—put away sin by the sacrifice of himself; for whom Christ died—for the ungodly, and sinners; on the invitation Christ has given—to come unto him; and the promise Christ has made—“Him that cometh, I will in no wise cast out.” Think of the fact that Christ has saved the vilest sinners, and yet has not gone to the utmost of what he can do; and that he never did refuse to save any one who sought salvation at his feet; nor can he, consistently with his word, refuse to save you. Break his word, he cannot. Deny himself, he will not. His glory will be advanced, his word will be confirmed, and his grace will be magnified by your salvation; and his justice, holiness, and majesty, will be honoured too. Endeavour to believe, as if it were in your own power to do so, because God commands you; and yet, realizing your weakness, entreat the Holy Spirit to work faith in your heart, and to enable you to believe to the saving of the soul.

Though you may find it hard to believe, it is not impossible. Thousands have felt just as you feel now, and yet have afterwards been enabled to rejoice in a personal assurance of interest in Christ, union to Christ, and salvation by Christ. Anxiety about faith, a desire to believe, and a realizing of the difficulty of doing so, are indications that the Spirit of God is now at work in your soul. The good work is begun, and he that hath begun it will carry it on and complete it in the day of Christ. But, until there is a distinct recognition that salvation is all of grace, pure grace, a renunciation of everything within us, and without us—until we perceive that we may as well depend upon our grossest sins as our best deeds or most com-

fortable feelings to recommend us to God, or ensure our salvation—and so trust in Christ alone, to be saved by his blood and righteousness, we shall never enjoy peace, or be happy in God. Salvation is by Christ, by Christ alone. Salvation is of grace, of grace alone. Salvation is by believing, by believing alone. God saves us by his grace, and therefore saves us freely. Christ saves us by his blood and obedience, and therefore without any works or merit of our own. We are saved by faith, or by venturing on Christ, trusting in Christ, and committing ourselves unreservedly to Christ.

Reader, how do you feel on this subject? Do you believe? Do you know anything of the difficulty of believing? Could you at all sympathize with the poor thing who said in reference to it, "*Ah! that's hard work!*" You must believe, or you cannot be saved; for "he that believeth not shall be damned." When you come to try to exercise faith in Christ, you will find it more or less difficult; and will thus lament the necessity there is for the work of the Holy Spirit of God in the heart. You read of "obtaining like precious faith," of faith being "the gift of God," of "the faith of the operation of God," and of its being "given," to some, "on the behalf of Christ, to believe on his name." All which shows, that God, who works in his people to will and to do of his good pleasure, must work faith in our hearts, and give us to believe on his Son, Jesus Christ. May the Lord fulfil in us, both writer and reader, all the good pleasure of his goodness and the work of faith with power, that the name of our Lord Jesus Christ may be glorified in us, and we in him, according to the grace of our God and the Lord Jesus Christ.

#### A GREATER THAN SOLOMON, AS BEHELD IN 1 CHRON. XXII. 10.

BY MR. JOHN FREEMAN.

IN the way the Holy Spirit has placed existence before us, we first behold David's son being named Solomon by Jehovah, immediately after which, in 1 Chron. xxii. 10, Jehovah says to David concerning Solomon, "He shall build a house for my name;" and then, concerning a greater than Solomon, Jehovah adds in the same verse, "and he shall be my son, and I will be his father; and I will establish the throne of his kingdom over Israel for ever."

As a builder, therefore, of Jehovah's first temple, we behold Solomon in himself, while, in the course of lineal descent, we first behold him in his son Rehoboam, and, at length, contemplate him in Rehoboam's lineal descent "Joseph, the husband of Mary." Thus we behold Solomon on the verge of sonship to the Almighty. For, in the Holy Spirit's way of exhibiting lineage, Jesus was Joseph's son, God himself giving him that son as what is called in Dan. ii. 45, "the stone cut out of the mountain without hands."

At last, then, we behold Solomon in Jesus, who—as stated in Matt. xii. 42, and Luke xi. 31—once said of himself, "Behold, a greater than Solomon is here."

In a short-sighted view of 1 Chron. xxii. 10, all is confusion. We may there, on a

first glance, pronounce Solomon himself to be God's son. But, in this aspect, God had but a sorry son, whose head turned giddy on the lofty pre-eminence of royalty, and whose fall is recorded for a warning to the proud, and for the advantage of thousands, but for the imitation of none. And, in keeping our eyes on Solomon, without a transition to Jesus his descendant, we know not how to understand Jehovah's saying of Solomon, "I will establish the throne of his kingdom over Israel for ever." For, by God's own arrangement, Ahijah the Shilonite had to say to Jeroboam, as recorded in 1 Kings xi. 31, "Thus saith Jehovah, the God of Israel, Behold, I will rend the kingdom out of the hand of Solomon, and will give ten tribes to thee."

All confusion ceases, however, when we behold Solomon in Jesus. For then, and not before, we behold Solomon as God's son, fitted to take God's place at the head of the kingdom of the universe. In 1 Chron. xxii. 10, therefore, what seems to be lost by the ten tribes subverting Solomon's throne as far as Israel was concerned, is found to be preserved unimpaired when Solomon is beheld in the Messiah, his heaven-recognized descendant. Few, therefore, as the days of Solomon's throne were

at the earthly Jerusalem, the days of the throne of his descendant at the heavenly Jerusalem, and over what in Gal. vi. 16, is called "the Israel of God," will be for ever and ever.

As to Solomon himself, when we consider the depths to which he fell, and the amazing goodness that brought him up from those depths, we are overwhelmed with a display of Divine grace, showing that no penitent whatever need despair. Yea, we scarcely know how to believe our eyes when we behold the once profoundly-wise, the then exquisitely-foolish, and the ultimately deeply-penitent king, sitting with the Saviour on his throne in the sense of Rev. iii. 21.

Instead, then, of a perplexing disagreement with facts, we behold truth in all its glory when we first read in 1 Chron. xxii. 10 of Solomon in name and Solomon in nature, "He shall build a house for my name;" and then read of Solomon in name and Christ in nature, "And he shall be my son, and I will be his father; and I will establish the throne of his kingdom over Israel for ever."

In leaving 1 Chron. xxii. 10 untouched, and in quoting from its parallel in 2 Sam. vii. 14, Paul says in Heb. i. 5, "To which of the angels did God ever say, Thou art my son, this day have I begotten thee? and again, I will be to him a father, and he shall be to me a son?" Paul, therefore, regarding the loftiest angel as infinitely below Him called God's Son, and knowing full well that the language of Jehovah, through Nathan to David concerning Solomon in his descendant the Messiah, was "I will be to him a Father, and he shall be to me a Son," rightly applied this marvellous declaration to Jesus.

One great element in the Sonship of Christ is his equality with the Father, as the Jews clearly understood his expression "my Father" to mean. When Jesus cured an infirmity of thirty-eight years' standing, the Jews sought to slay him for performing this miraculous act of kindness on the Sabbath-day. Alas! what would become of us if the Father did not, in addition to six days' kindness, add that of the Sabbath-day, and thus "work hitherto!" Such kindness, however, both as to the Father and the Son, is referred to in John v. 17, where Jesus says, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

This declaration, by which Jesus conveyed the idea that he was God's Son, so

exasperated some who heard it that it is immediately added, "Therefore the Jews sought the more to kill him, not only because he had broken the Sabbath, but said also that God was his Father, making himself equal with God."

Far too was the Saviour from saying to the Jews, "You are wrong in thus understanding me to say that the Divine Personage and myself, a Divine Personage, are equals." For he added other illustrations of his equality with God, saying, "The Father judgeth no man; but hath committed all judgment to the Son, that all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father."

Nor are we at liberty to force metaphorical language beyond the limits assigned to it by the Spirit of God. In human governments a father as king may place his kingdom in the hands of his son, who, by occupying such a position, shows himself the father's equal. So far, therefore, what is written as to the Messiah's sonship applies with admirable effect. The metaphor is as a pillar of heaven. But if we go a step further and say, that as an earthly father exists before his son, so God the Father being from everlasting, his Son must be less than eternal, we, being wise above what is written, overtax the figurative expression at a point where our own welfare for eternity is at stake. For God's Son can be no Saviour if he is not uncreated and eternal. But, O happy thought! the Saviour, who well knows the history of his own existence, does not say, "I am Beta and Omega," or the second and last letters of the Greek alphabet; but his language in Rev. i. 11 is, "I am Alpha and Omega," or the first and last letters of that alphabet.

While, therefore, we read in Is. xlv. 6, "Thus saith the Lord the king of Israel, and his redeemer the Lord of hosts: I am the first, and I am the last;" Jesus, thinking it no robbery to speak as God's equal, says in Rev. xxii. 12, 13, "Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last."

Jesus, the Son of God, therefore, is the Father's equal, not only in being King of kings and Lord of lords, but in being uncreated and eternal. Thus in 1 John v. 20 the disciple whom Jesus loved says of Jesus himself, "This is the true God and eternal life."

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## TRUE AND ACCEPTABLE PRAYER.

BY THE REV. B. PREECE, MINISTER OF COTTON-STREET CHAPEL, POPLAR.

"Pray without ceasing."—1 Thess v. 17.

RELIGION is an all-pervading, an all-absorbing reality. Where it dwells in its full power, and exercises its extensive sway, it is the most potent principle in the universe for the production, the maintenance, and the constant increase of happiness. It is a sun that never sets—that irradiates every step—that illumines every path—that gilds every dark cloud of sorrow. "The path of the just is as the shining light," &c. It is a tree, whose leaf never fades, whose branches are constantly hung with ripe and luscious fruit. It is a tree of life—life in its highest, its richest, its noblest sense. It is the mainspring that should regulate your every movement through the revolving hours and minutes of time—the hour-hand that should indicate your progress on towards the meridian of perfection and glory. These are but figures, but they will serve to illustrate the general principle upon which the precepts in the chapter before us are taken. Read them over again, and you will find the element of religion is to be mingled with everything we say and do, it is to be ever present and ever manifest. "Rejoice evermore." "Pray without ceasing." "In everything give thanks," &c. "Abstain from all appearance of evil." "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly," &c. Many ways of treating the subject suggest themselves to our mind, but we invite you to notice the state of mind to be cherished; the constancy with which to be maintained; how to be acquired; and the blessedness of its enjoyment.

I. THE STATE OF MIND TO BE CHERISHED. It must be plain to you all that there can be no prayer without a devotional frame of mind. Remember this, will you, when engaged in public or in private, that if your spirit be not devotional, the words you utter are of no more worth than the tinklings of a cymbal. If we give you a definition of prayer, it will help you to form right views of what we are to understand by a devotional frame of mind. The best we can give you, you will find in the Assembly's Catechism: "Prayer is the offering up of our desires to God for things agreeable to his will, in the name of Jesus Christ, with confession of our sins, and a thankful acknowledgment of his mercies." To enter

at large into all the thoughts which this definition suggests, and to taste all the rich fruit with which its branches are hung, would be a work of time far exceeding that which we can devote to it now. We will, then, just give you the leading thoughts. This definition of prayer implies—1. A recognition of God's existence, "The offering up of our desires to God." 2. A recognition of God's ability and willingness to help us, "To God." 3. A recognition of God's wisdom, "For things agreeable to his will." 4. A recognition of the mediation of Jesus Christ, "In the name of Jesus Christ." 5. A recognition of our sinfulness and of God's mercy, "With confession of our sins." 6. A recognition of God's goodness, "A thankful acknowledgment of his mercies." Here, then, we have the elements of a devotional spirit, all of which are essential to true prayer. 1. A *worshipping* spirit. The Atheist, therefore, cannot pray. He has nothing to worship. 2. A *dependent* spirit. The infidel, therefore, cannot pray. Unless we believe that we need God's help we shall never pray; unless we feel it we shall never ask for it. 3. A *grateful* spirit. The ingrate, therefore, cannot pray. The appeal of an ungrateful heart cannot be prayer. 4. A *penitent* spirit. The impenitent, therefore, cannot pray. The sinner who loves sin cannot offer true prayer. 5. A *believing* spirit. An unbeliever, therefore, cannot pray. "No man cometh unto the Father but by me," are Christ's own words. 6. A *childlike* spirit. The child of Satan, therefore, cannot pray. We must cherish towards God the feelings of children, and believe that, as our Father, he will do all things for the best. The idea that the sinner cannot pray we should like for you to ponder. To exhort the sinner to pray before he has felt the bitterness of sin and desires forgiveness is mockery. A man cannot really seek that which he does not desire; and a sinner never desires forgiveness until the Spirit has convinced him of sin. Prayer is a solemn religious act, and a religious act cannot be performed by an irreligious person. It is the duty of every man to pray in the same sense as it is the duty of every man to become religious; but to exhort the sinner *in love with sin* to pray

for pardon, holiness, and purity, or, in other words, to pray for religion, is an absurdity.

But to return: the state of mind comprising the six elements to which we have adverted, is the necessary one for us to cherish, to offer true and acceptable prayer to God.

II. THE CONSTANCY WITH WHICH IT IS TO BE MAINTAINED. "PRAY WITHOUT CEASING." To have stated seasons for the outpouring of the emotions of the soul under the influence of a devotional spirit, is right, good, and profitable. But if we reflect upon the remarks we have offered, we shall see that *true prayer* is not a mere sentiment—not a mere outburst of feeling—not a mere repetition of words, however scriptural—not an occasional frame of mind, but a constant, an habitual, an all-pervading, an all-absorbing state of soul. The truly religious man will always find something to pray for and something to pray about. He lives, moves, and has his being in prayer. The life of the good man cannot be set forth more beautifully or plainly than in these two passages of Holy Writ:—"I have set the Lord always before me; he is on my right hand, I shall not be moved;" "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." Here, dear friends, is a lesson for you. If you are cherishing the spirit of true prayer, you will not be satisfied with spending a quarter of an hour in your closet, and a quarter of an hour at the family altar in the morning, and the same in the evening, and at an occasional devotional service in the sanctuary; but you will be careful that in all your actions you are influenced by the will of God—that you do nothing, that you say nothing, that you exhibit no principle in buying and in selling, that you perform no action in the workshop or shipyard, that you exhibit no temper in your intercourse with your fellow-men and in your families, but what is in harmony with the will of God, and upon which you can ask God's blessing.

Do not think, dear friends, that attention to the exhortation of the Apostle is impossible. "Pray without ceasing." What is prayer? Prayer is the continual desire of the soul after God. There may be times—there should be times—set apart for a free, unchecked outgoing of the soul after God, as the object of its constant desire; when alone with God the soul can soar on wings of holy faith to the mercy-seat of heaven's King, and enjoy close communion and fellowship with him; but it should not

be confined to these: the whole life of the Christian should be one great connected prayer—it should be one continued, earnest offering of devotion. Prayer should be the salt of our spiritual food, wherewith everything that we take to nourish the spiritual life should be salted. But let us see how easily a Christian's life may be made a life of prayer. Every act of his daily life will supply him with a subject for prayer. Does he rise from his bed invigorated with sleep? What cause for gratitude that he has been preserved during the night watches! How appropriate the aspiration for the confidence of the Psalmist, "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness, I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness!" Does he clothe himself in garments clean and comfortable? What a cause for thankfulness! How suggestive of the robe of Christ's righteousness in which every sinner desires to be arrayed! Does he apply water to his body to cleanse and to refresh it? How appropriate the prayer, "Purge me with hyssop," &c. How suggestive of the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost! Does he go forth to the business of the day? How appropriate and suggestive the thought, "Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not!" Is he successful in business? He prays that he may not set his heart upon riches, but that he may have grace ardently to pursue the riches of faith. Is he unsuccessful? He prays that adversity may be sanctified to his good, and that it may drive him nearer to God. Is he at home? How often should his heart be engaged with God for his children. Is he abroad? How many things are there transpiring around to call forth the prayer, "Let thy kingdom come; let thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven!" We leave you, dear friends, to follow out this course of remark, applying it to all the circumstances and actions of your every-day life; but you may see by this how every place may be made a sanctuary in which to worship God. And do not suppose, dear friends, that this will interfere with your business, your work, or your duties at home. On the contrary, it will prepare you for their better performance: your soul will be constantly lit up with the light of heaven; the sunny smile of cheerfulness will beam upon your countenance, it will soften all your cares, lighten all your sorrows, facilitate all the duties of life, and smooth your rugged course through the wilderness to everlasting glory.

III. HOW TO BE ACQUIRED. By referring again to the six elements into which we divided the spirit of prayer, we say that the spirit of constant and all-prevailing prayer is to be maintained by cherishing these. A worshipping, dependent, grateful, penitent, believing, child-like spirit. And these may be cherished by meditating often upon the character and mercy of God, the work and love of Christ, the final home and happiness of the redeemed—subjects which should be ever present to the mind of the child of God, and which will supply him with ample material for thought, for meditation, and prayer. But perhaps we cannot recommend to you anything better than that which comprehends the whole as habitual recognition of the presence of God. This will lead to a constant acknowledgment of God, and to constant obedience. And we are not to forget the help which God has promised us. God has promised to give us the Holy Spirit, under whose guidance, and leading, and teaching, and sanctifying influence, we shall not find it difficult to acquire and to maintain that constant fellowship with God which the Apostle enjoins. While the desire exists, the enjoyment will not be long wanting. There will be a constant reference to God in all things. Ask the mother whether her babe is not constantly in her thoughts, and whether everything done has not some reference to it. And why? Because she loves it. If, then, we love God as much as a mother loves her babe, we shall “pray without ceasing.” Ask the emigrant whether his journey is not constantly in his thoughts, and whether his words and actions have not all some reference to his departure. And why? Because he is preparing for a better country. And so, if we are preparing for heaven, we shall find no difficulty in “praying without ceasing.” Strive, oh, strive! dear friends, for this blissful realization; there is no enjoyment on earth that can be compared with it; there is no heart so peaceful, so calm, so stable, so happy, so joyful, so heavenly, as the heart that is constantly engaged with God.

#### IV. THE BLESSEDNESS OF ITS ENJOYMENTS, OR SOME MOTIVES FOR ITS CULTIVATION AND MAINTENANCE.

1. It ensures *constant peace*. Prayer is the peace of the soul, and the calm of the spirit. There are many things daily occurring, and many tempers, we fear, cherished by some

Christians, calculated to disturb the peace and serenity of the soul, and to prevent the maintenance of a spirit of constant prayer. There is care and anxiety respecting the affairs of life. The contentments of many appear downcast, and their souls are burdened, for fear of poverty and want. The minds of these are disturbed and perplexed, as to the best means to be adopted to secure a provision for the future. These cares and anxieties hang like a dark thunder-cloud over the soul, shutting out the warm, life-giving beams of the sun of heaven. These, if cherished, will mitigate much, if not entirely destroy, the spirit of constant prayer. Let such ponder the words of the Apostle, “Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer,” &c. Care, undue care and anxiety, respecting these, must be banished from the mind; there must be resignation to the Divine will, an acquiescence in all the Divine arrangements, and a bringing of all our desires into harmony with the Divine purposes; until this be done, we cannot offer true and acceptable prayer to God. It is solemn mockery to pray to God to bless us, when we want *our own way*; to ask God to guide us, when we wish to guide God; to ask God to help us, when we are bent on pursuing the road that leads to danger. Learn, dear friends, to leave all things to his appointment; cherish the spirit of constant prayer, and that will sweep your horizon of every cloud, and bring your spirit into contact with the eternal sun.

Then, there is anger. We suffer more from a spirit of anger, perhaps, than we are accustomed to suppose. By anger, we mean, not a violent outburst of passion merely, but the cherishing of unkind feelings, and an unforgiving spirit. We take our stand upon Christ's own words when we tell you that if, when you approach the footstool of Jehovah, to offer solemn prayer, your soul is disturbed by the ripple of anger, of unkindness, of unforgiveness, it is offered in a spirit that God hates, and is therefore rejected by him. You cannot enjoy peace with God, if you are not at peace with the whole world. In your intercourse with your fellow-men things may occur to call forth your displeasure; in your engagements in the family, circumstances may arise calling for discipline—your spirit may be ruffled, anger may be aroused; but, before you can offer acceptable prayer to God, your soul must be divested of all

these; the hand of forgiveness and reconciliation must be offered to those who have offended you, or your spirit will be like the bird, beaten down by the pitiless storm, unable to soar to the serene light and bliss of heaven. Oh, then, cultivate the spirit of Christ, manifest his noble God-like temper, who, when his enemies were putting him to the most violent death, could pray, "Father, forgive them." Learn to cherish a meek and lowly spirit, and then, while unceasing prayer ascends from the altar of your heart, the zephyrs of heaven will breathe peace; your soul, tranquil and smooth as a mirror, will shine resplendently with the glory of God. We might add others, but time forbids; but let this general principle guide you: that whatever disturbs the peace of the soul is inimical to true and acceptable prayer. Leave all these at the foot of the mount, at the threshold of the sanctuary, at the door of the closet, when you pour out your heart before God; and then, with an unchecked course, your soul will fly to the very altar in the temple of the Lord of hosts, sweet and hallowed communion with God will be realized, and you will be strengthened to pursue your course, like the sun, unmoved by the storm and raging elements around. Cherish a spirit of unceasing prayer, and you will have no doubt to darken, no fear to disturb, no anxiety to distress, no care to weary you, for "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."

2. It ensures *constant advancement*; and consequently ever-increasing enjoyment of the Divine favour. It will be seen, from the six elements into which we have divided prayer, that in prayer there must be the exercise of all the sympathies and powers of our spiritual nature. Now, every one knows that the more these are exercised the more they will be developed, and the more they are developed the greater the happiness we shall enjoy. Where there is no prayer the highest and noblest powers of the soul must of necessity be blunt, torpid, and inactive. Then again, we know that where there is a spirit of constant prayer, there the Holy Spirit dwells in all his fulness and power, for all true prayer is prompted by the Spirit of God; and we know that where the Holy Spirit dwells, there must there be constant advancement, a constant soaring higher and higher after the purity, the bliss, the love of heaven, increasing aspirations to be

"filled with all the fulness of God."

prayer is as the dew of the morning the sown seed or new-mown grass. If you wish to attain to a large realization of the blessings of the new covenant, if you wish your Christianity to be of a manly, sturdy, vigorous nature, cultivate a spirit of unceasing prayer. At the throne of grace you obtain food to feed your souls; neglect it, and your souls must starve.

3. It ensures *success in all our works of faith and labours of love*. Thankful are we that so many of you are engaged in so many ways to serve your "generation according to the will of God;" but, oh! remember, that to be successful labourers in the vineyard of Christ you must be men and women of earnest, fervent prayer. To maintain the energy necessary to success there must be a constant inflowing into the soul of the invigorating, the energising life of God; nerving you for every conflict, and preparing you for every difficulty. God has pledged himself to answer importunate prayer. Sabbath-school teachers, tract-distributors, and all of you, dear friends, that are engaged in any way in the vineyard of Christ, go you to the throne of grace, wrestle with God, keep not silence, give him no rest until, with an approving smile, he testifies that your desires respecting this boy and that girl, this man and that woman, are granted. Do not suppose that God will think you too bold, and shrink from the grasp of faith; he cannot, he will not release himself from the intensity of its efforts. He cannot, because the truth is recorded in heaven that prayer shall succeed; he will not, because prayer is the moving of his Spirit on the heart; the speaking of his Spirit on the lips. To deny prayer would be to deny himself.

Dear reader, do you believe this? Do you believe that we are promised everything we need in answer to united and fervent prayer? Do you believe that, if we unite in earnest prayer to God, the power of his Spirit may be felt upon every heart present—that God is bound by his word and oath to send his Spirit down? Rise, rise, then, my brethren, into the spirit and grace of supplication. Let every saint be as Jacob, and so exclaim with holy boldness, "I will not let thee go except thou bless us." Let the one united universal cry of prayer ascending from our hearts, pierce the very heavens for the down-pouring of the Spirit upon us all.

Let us in concert prove God herewith; let us put him to the test, and see whether, rather than deny his word, he will not open the windows of heaven and pour us out such a blessing as there shall not be room enough to receive it.

## THE LOSING AND TAKING OF MANSOUL;

OR,

LECTURES ON THE HOLY WAR.

BY THE REV. A. S. PATTON, A.M., AUTHOR OF "KINCAID, THE HERO MISSIONARY."

V.—MANSOUL SUBDUED; OR, GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

" 'Tis a new life; thoughts move not as they did,  
With slow, uncertain steps across my mind;  
In thronging haste, fast pressing on, they bid  
The portals open to the viewless Wind,  
Which comes not, save when in the dust is laid  
The crown of pride that gilds each mortal brow,  
And, from before our vision melting, fade  
The heavens and earth,—their walls are falling now!  
Fast sweeping on, each thought claims utterance strong,  
Storm-lifted waves swift rushing to the shore;  
On from the sea they send their shouts along,  
Back from the cave-worn rocks their thunders roar,—  
And I a child of God, by Christ made free,  
Start from death's slumbers to eternity."—JONES VERY.

"Old things are passed away: behold all things are become new."—PAUL.

"And you that were sometime alienated and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath he reconciled."—Col. i. 21.

"Now, therefore, ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God."—Eph. ii. 19.

It was long ago predicted of the Great Captain of our Salvation, that he should "send forth judgment unto victory!" and in agreement with this prophecy is that declaration of the Apostle, "Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you, will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ." Now such a good work is begun in a man whenever the power of truth has arrested his attention, quickened his conscience, and removed, to any extent, the enmity which he has been wont to cherish against the claims of the Gospel. When, therefore, we behold a sinner trembling under a sense of his guilt, and hear him anxiously inquiring, "What must I do to be saved?" we are led to cherish the hope, that in due time, through the power of Divine grace, he will be reclaimed from his rebellion, and made a child of God, and an heir of eternal glory.

Some of the first indications of success in efforts for subduing the rebellious, were alluded to in our last lecture, and we shall now be led to notice the steps which generally mark the progress of this conquest to completion.

The gates of Mansoul having been broken through, and some of the leaders in the rebellion slain, it was now agreed by the

old Recorder, and my Lord Understanding, with some others of the chief men of the town, to draw up a petition and send it to Immanuel, while he was yet nigh, in the camp. So they drew up their petition, the contents of which were these, "that they, the old inhabitants of the town of Mansoul, confessed their sins, and were sorry that they had offended his Princely Majesty, and prayed that he would spare their lives." But this prayer he took no notice of, and his captains, from the house of old Mr. Conscience, still continued without intermission, and with increasing power, to play the battering-rams against the gates of the castle. "So after some time, labour, and travail, the gate of the castle that was called Impregnable was beaten open, and broken into several splinters; and so a way made to go up to the hold in which Diabolus had hid himself. Then were tidings sent down to Ear Gate, for Immanuel still abode there, to let him know that a way was made in at the gates of the castle of Mansoul. But O! how the trumpets at the tidings sounded throughout the Prince's camp, for that now the war was so near an end, and Mansoul itself of being set free."

We have a cheering ground of hope when the sinner, awakened to a discovery of his

peril, begins to pray; prayer being the first sign of spiritual life. That your prayers be not hindered." But acceptable prayer is prompted, not by fear, but by faith; and this grace, having its seat in the heart, cannot be exercised, until all that there opposes its influence is cast out. Though, therefore, men may cry for their "lives," their prayers may not attract the Divine notice, and, with unabated energy, the truth of God must be poured in upon them through the conscience, until the impregnable gate of the heart is carried, and thus a way provided for reaching and driving from it every vile and lurking foe. And when this is effected, O, what occasion is there for rejoicing, seeing that the contest, no longer doubtful, must soon result in the complete subjection of the soul to Christ!

The forces of Immanuel having succeeded, as we have noticed, in breaking into the castle, the Prince himself, we are told, was pleased to appear in the town, and thus honour their success, and, by his own power, complete the victory. "In passing through the streets, however, he kept his countenance much reserved all the way as he went, so that the people could not tell how to gather to themselves love or hatred by his looks."

And, as in such cases, all are apt to do, they interpreted the carriages of Immanuel to them as did Joseph's brethren his to them, even all quite the contrary way. For, thought they, if Immanuel loved us, he would show it to us by some word or carriage, but none of these he doeth, therefore Immanuel hates us. They also knew that they had transgressed, and that Prince Immanuel knew all this, and this made them think that their condition was miserable, and that the good Prince would make them desolate. Yet they wished a thousand times over that he would become their Prince and Captain. They would also, one to another, talk of the comeliness of his person, and how much for glory and valour he outstript the great ones of the world. But, poor hearts! as to themselves, their thoughts would change, and go upon all manner of extremes; "yea, through the working of them backward and forward, Mansoul became as a ball tossed, and as a rolling thing before the whirlwind."

"Now when he was come to the castle gates, he commanded Diabolus to appear, and to surrender himself into his hands. But O! how loth was the beast to appear! How he stuck at it! how he shrunk! ay,

how he cringed! Yet out he came to the Prince. Then Immanuel commanded, and they took Diabolus and bound him fast in chains, the better to reserve him to the judgment that he had appointed for him.

"Then was Mansoul called upon to behold the beginning of Immanuel's triumph over him in whom they so much had trusted, and of whom they so much had boasted in the days when he flattered them.

"But you cannot think unless you had been there, as I was, what a shout there was in Immanuel's camp when they saw the tyrant bound by the hands of their noble Prince, and tied to his chariot wheels! And they said, 'He hath led captivity captive; he hath spoiled principalities and powers; Diabolus is subjected to the power of his sword, and made the object of all derision!'

"Those also that rode Reformades, and that came down to see the battle, they shouted with that greatness of voice, and sung with such melodious notes, that they caused them that dwell in the highest orbs to open their windows, put out their heads, and look down to see the cause of that glory. So when the brave Prince had finished this part of his triumph over Diabolus his foe, he turned him up in the midst of his contempt and shame, having given him a charge no more to be a possessor of Mansoul."

A true and vivid picture is here presented of the exercises of a soul under conviction of sin, yet destitute of any real hope of mercy. There is in such cases a distressing apprehension of deserved punishment associated with an earnest desire for an exercise of unmerited grace; and with a certain dread of the Saviour's inspection there is also a secret sense of his attractions and a sincere and strong wish to yield the heart up to his control. Bunyan, in his "*Grace Abounding*," tells us that he was himself, for seven or eight weeks, in this very state of mind—"Peace in and out twenty times a day; comfort now and trouble presently; peace now, and before I could go a furlong, as full of fear and guilt as ever heart could hold."

But the secret of this distress is perfectly apparent to others, if not to the trembling penitent himself. The truth is, Satan still holds some place in the heart, and until he is completely cast out, and bound, and the house thoroughly "swept and garnished," his influence will be employed to prevent the sinner from cordially

receiving the Saviour, and throwing himself into the arms of mercy. Only let Jesus speak, however, as he did of old, and, obedient to his mandate, this spirit shall "come out of him," and be subjected to the power of his sword, "and made the object of all derision." Then, beholding the Redeemer triumphing over the forces of hell, his followers shall be heard to shout, "He hath led captivity captive; he hath spoiled principalities and powers," and the very angels of heaven (here called Reformers) shall be made to sing with "melodious notes," as they look down with unutterable wonder and joy upon the great and glorious change.

But while so much had been achieved for Mansoul, the inhabitants were not yet in a state of perfect peace. Indeed, Captain Boanerges and Captain Conviction, it is said, still carried it with that terror and dread in all that they did, and you may be sure that they had private instructions so to do, that they kept the town under continual heart-aching, and caused, in their apprehension, the well-being of Mansoul for the future, to hang in doubt before them, so that, for some considerable time, they neither knew what rest, or ease, or peace, or hope meant.

Nor, as yet, had the Prince himself taken up his permanent abode in Mansoul; and, what added no little to the fears of the town, Captain Boanerges had orders to summons the whole of the townsmen into the castle-yard, and then and there, before their faces, to take my Lord Understanding, Mr. Conscience, and that notable one, the Lord Will-be-well, and put them all three in ward, and that they should set a strong guard upon them there, until his pleasure concerning them were further known. "And, now, to their thinking, were their former fears of the ruin of Mansoul confirmed. Now what death they should die, and how long they should be in dying, was that which most perplexed their heads and hearts; yea, they firmly believed that Immanuel would command them all to the deep, the place that the Prince Diabolus was afraid of; for they knew that they had deserved it. Also to die by the sword in the face of the town, and in the open way of disgrace, from the hand of so good and so holy a Prince, that, too, troubled them sore. The town was also greatly troubled for the men committed to ward, for that they were their stay and their guide; and for that they believed that if those men

were cut off, their execution would be the beginning of the ruin of the town of Mansoul."

It is thus that awakened sinners, before obtaining a clear sense of mercy, often suffer under the faithful exhibition of Divine truth. They feel themselves condemned under almost every sermon, and at times, when God's holy law is urged upon them, they have such a view of its claims, and such a painful conviction of their delinquencies, that they are not only filled with terror, but are well nigh driven to despair. The very circumstances, however, which they are often ready to construe into discouragements may frequently be most favourable to their interest. Thus the understanding, the conscience, and the will must be brought into thorough subjection, and though the process may be exceedingly mortifying and distressing, yet it is absolutely indispensable to the true exercise of their respective offices, and not less so to the formation of a consistent Christian character. Let the anxious inquirer, then, instead of giving way to fear, betake himself to prayer, and all shall be well.

This, we find, was the course adopted by the people of Mansoul, and their second petition to the Prince was as follows—"Great and wonderful potentate, victor over Diabolus, and conqueror of the town of Mansoul: we, the miserable inhabitants of that most woful corporation, humbly beg that we may find favour in thy sight, and remember not against us former transgressions, nor yet the sins of the chief of our town, but spare us according to the greatness of thy mercy, and let us not die, but live in thy sight; so shall we be willing to be thy servants, and, if thou shalt think fit, to gather our meat under thy table. Amen."

This, like their former appeal, was only answered with silence, and though it was the occasion of great distress, they yet determined, because they could do nothing else, to send another petition by the hands of a humble personage named Mr. Desires-awake. So, coming to the Prince's pavilion, this man fell flat with his face to the ground, and cried out, "O that Mansoul might live before thee!" And with that he presented the petition, and when the Prince had read it, he turned away for a while and wept, but refraining himself, he turned again to the man (who all this while lay crying at his feet) and said to him, "Go thy way to thy place, and I will consider of thy requests."

Now when Mr. Desires-awake returned to the town, there was, as we may well suppose, great anxiety to know the result of his mission, and when it was made known to the three men that had been "put in ward," one, my Lord Mayor, said that the answer did not look with a rugged face; but Mr. Will-be-will said it betokened evil, and the Recorder pronounced it a messenger of death. And when these opinions began to be circulated, there was great consternation in Mansoul, and the judgments expressed by the prisoners, were currently and at different times, reported as the decisions of the Prince.

"But, so far as I could gather, by the best information that I could get, all this hubbub came through the words that the Recorder said, when he told them that in his judgment the Prince's answer was a messenger of death. It was this that fired the town, and that began the fright in Mansoul, for Mansoul, in former times, did use to count that Mr. Recorder was a seer, and that his sentence was equal to the best of oracles, and thus was Mansoul a terror to itself."

But still they resolved, that being their only hope, to continue petitioning, and accordingly they drew up a third and more humble appeal, which though some desired might be sent by Mr. Good-deed, was finally jointly borne by Mr. Desires-awake and Mr. Wet-eyes, a son of Mr. Repentance. And this was the prayer—

"Prince Immanuel the Great, Lord of all worlds, and master of mercy, We, thy poor, wretched, miserable, dying town of Mansoul, do confess unto thy great and glorious majesty that we have sinned against thy Father and thee, and are no more worthy to be called thy Mansoul, but rather to be cast into the pit. If thou wilt slay us we have deserved it. If thou wilt condemn us to the deep, we cannot but say thou art righteous. We cannot complain, whatever thou dost, or however thou carriest it towards us. But O! let mercy reign; and let it be extended to us! O let mercy take hold upon us, and free us from our transgressions, and we will sing of thy mercy and of thy judgment. Amen."

Upon receiving this petition the Prince is represented as speaking in terms of severe censure against the people of Mansoul for their wicked rebellion against his Father, and also for their determined hostility to himself and his servants. "Yet," said he,

"I will consider your petition, and will answer it so as will be for my glory."

Orders were also borne back by them to Captain Boanerges and Captain Conviction, to bring the three prisoners on the next day into the camp, while Capt Judgment and Captain Execution were entrusted with the keeping of the tow

"But O how this return, and especially this last clause of it, that the prisoners must go out to the Prince into the camp, brake all their loins in pieces! Wherefore, with one voice, they set up a cry that reached up to the heavens. This done, each of the three prepared himself to die and the Recorder said unto them, 'This was the thing that I feared;' for they concluded that tomorrow, by that the sun went down, they should be tumbled out of the world. The whole town also counted of no other but that, in their time and order, they must all drink of the same cup. Wherefore the town of Mansoul spent that night in mourning, and sackcloth, and ashes.

"Ye ask and receive not," says the apostle, "because ye ask amiss," and this is one great reason why the first prayers put up by awakened sinners are so seldom answered. They ask for a good thing, but they ask in a wrong way. There is no faith in their asking, and no sense of God's freeness in bestowing. Or, if this is not the defect, there is cherished, perhaps, a false ground of expectation, a secret but strong hope of salvation based on some supposed good deeds, and which looking as it does to reward, effectually contradicts every plea for mercy. Or, it may be that they err in their impatience for an answer, not being willing "quietly to wait for the salvation of the Lord;" and at the same time they may be led to construe a deepening sense of sin, which God designs to use for more gloriously manifesting his grace, into a barrier against the Divine mercy.

What is necessary to the penitent's success in prayer is that with earnest desires for salvation he come "with weeping and with supplications," humbly acknowledging his guilt, and casting himself, without reserve, upon the Divine clemency. When the soul is brought into this state, the designs of grace in its awakening are answered, and then it may be truly said that "the Lord hath done marvellous things; his right hand and his holy arm hath gotten him the victory."

How such a gracious victory is used and



celebrated may be known from what was done by Prince Immanuel in the case of the three prisoners, for being brought into his presence, and while humbly and frankly confessing their sins, and trembling under an awful apprehension of merited doom, lo! their ears were suddenly greeted with tidings of mercy, and that, not only for themselves, but for the whole town. And though the announcement of the victory had occasioned extraordinary rejoicing in the camp, yet, now, when it was made known to the prisoners that they were pardoned, the excitement and joy on their part was unbounded. Indeed, it is said that, "when they heard the gracious words of Prince Immanuel, and had beheld all that was done unto them, they fainted almost quite away; for the grace, the benefits, the pardon was sudden, glorious, and so big, that they were not able, without staggering, to stand up under it."

It is thus, my brethren, that we behold the wonderful work of conversion consummated. The *understanding*, the *will*, and the *conscience* are all brought into cheerful obedience to Christ. The word of pardon is spoken, and the poor soul, but just now filled with awful forebodings of wrath, is suddenly made to rejoice in hope of eternal glory, is brought to feel what Bunyan himself felt when, referring to his first experience of Divine mercy, he says—"I had such strange apprehensions of the grace of God, that I could hardly bear up under it; it was so out of measure amazing, when I thought it could reach me, that I do think, if that sense of it had abode long upon me it would have made me incapable of business." The language employed by a distinguished living Divine (Tholuck) in describing this gracious change in his own case, is most touching and beautiful. "The overbearing spirit in me," says he, "is humbled, the heart of stone is broken. I can truly say that I am nothing great in my own eyes. I am the most unworthy among the children of men. I am still very much cast down, but I cannot tell you what a mild zephyr breathes upon my cheek in the midst of all my sadness. Sometimes, when I sit alone, distressed with the thought of my guilt, a secret voice whispers, '*God is thy friend.*' At such hours a peaceful joy, a heavenly delight, unknown till now, fills my soul, and I must weep much and long. In every calm I had before there was a restlessness at the bottom, but now my restlessness bespeaks a calm. My whole

inward life is like a summer evening when the sun is just setting. I know not whether I am already regenerated, but this I know, it is something unspeakably blissful to be a true believer in Christ. By means of the insight into my misery and corruption, I seem to have obtained permission to raise, at times, for a moment, the curtain of a great sanctuary. After such a glimpse my soul is filled with so joyous a trembling that I would be willing to wait patiently before the curtain for years, after having once seen the glories behind."

What a blessed change,—what a glorious transition is this! Beginning with the recovery of the will, we mark its progress in the shedding of light upon the understanding, and peace in the conscience, while its joyousness is discovered diffusing itself over all the powers of the mind, and over all the affections of the soul. Hence we read that when the Prince's pardon was announced to the people, that no man "of Mansoul could sleep that night for joy; in every house there was joy and music, singing and making merry, telling and bearing of Mansoul's happiness, was then all that Mansoul had to do; and this was the burden of all their song—O, more of this at the rising of the sun! more of this to-morrow! Who thought yesterday, one would say, that this day would have been such a day to us? And who thought, that saw our prisoners go down in irons, that they would have returned in chains of gold! yea, they that judged themselves as they went to be judged of their Judge, were by his mouth acquitted, not for that they were innocent, but of the Prince's mercy, and sent home with pipe and tabor. But is this the common custom of princes? do they use to show such kind of favours to traitors? No! this is only peculiar to Shaddai, and unto Immanuel his Son."

And on the morrow, it is said, "The bells rang, the people sang, and the music played in every house in Mansoul," and not only so, but the trumpets in the camp sounded, and the captains came forth in their glory, and all the soldiers shouted aloud for joy!

What a description is this of the "glorious joys" experienced and diffused when a guilty sinner, ready to perish, is pardoned and saved! And who is there, that can find it in his heart to censure such holy exultation? or, who can refrain from heartily joining it? It is an event of such vast importance that it excites the interest of heaven, and swells its music into a seven-

fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies. And in full sympathy with the redeemed in glory, the heralds of the cross and the followers of Christ on earth, join in lofty ascriptions of praise to that grace which has made them, it may be, instrumental in saving a soul from death.

Beyond this, however, and more manifest, is the holy rapture experienced by the ransomed one himself. He has been delivered from an horrible pit, and from a miry clay. His feet have been set upon a rock, and a

new song has been put into his mouth. Now he can do nothing but rejoice, and like the Psalmist, his soul is ready to break for the longing it hath; yea, his whole experience is but a charming illustration of that sublime reference to Gospel blessings where it is declared that "the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

(To be continued.)

## TRAITS OF TROUBLOUS TIMES.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF THE REV. MR. JOHN HICKS, AN EJECTED NON-CONFORMIST MINISTER, 1670-1.

TRANSCRIBED BY JANE BOWRING CRANCH.

### CHAPTER XIII.

*Showing the Charge upon which Master Hicks was "Cast into Prison."*

ALACK! how wide the difference in the aspect of the sun's face seen through the loophole of a prison, to that it presenteth when viewed at early morning from the breezy top of some high hill, or broad expanse of heathery common! Yet, caged in gaol as I am, it cheereth me to watch those rays of his celestial brightness which find their way between the rusted iron bars of the cell where now these many weeks I've lain in durance. But the gaoler alloweth me to go into the common room, as well as courtyard of this sad place, at certain seasons; and through God's everlasting mercy to his servant, even in this most doleful gaol of Exon, thus far have I been able to bear my load of sorrow like one who knoweth how heavy soever it may prove, he hath only short while to carry it, and nothing doubting in the end I shall experience safe and joyful deliverance. If to finite, mortal vision, my deliverer appear both stern and terrible—for many a wight dieth here of hunger, cold, and other ills to flesh and blood, so nauseous and distressful, I cannot bring my pen to note 'em down—still, he I serve can, with my last breath, give me strength to cry, "In all things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us."

Some three days since, I gat a parcel, containing a change of linen, likewise my thick doublet of quilted serge, the which my poor wife contrived send by a safe, trusty hand. Before, however, it reached mine, the parcel must need pass through those of the gaoler, who kept back part; but the remainder (for which I felt thankful enow, as winter hath set in sharply), was given to me. Shaking with cold, I hasted put on my warm doublet, when lo! something I felt

in the left sleeve made me turn it inside out directly, and there, all cunningly sewn up (I knew by whose needle), was a little secret packet, opening which joyfully, I found, wrapt in a silken glove, a slender sum of money, and certain loving words traced on a slip of paper, with here and there a round blot, as if a drop had now and then fallen from the writer's eyes, and dried up as it fell. At sight of this (though half perishing with cold, and lack of wholesome food), the tears rushed into mine, near as quick as they rise in a woman's; for it pierced my heart to think how sorely the tender, faithful givers of the little purse might then be lacking that which, regardless of their own wants, they must needs be sending to relieve mine.

Having procured from the youngest, and best-favoured of the turnkeys, the loan of an ink-horn, giving this same person a penny, I besought the further civility of a pen, whereupon he brought me what did seem a quill, and doubtless 'twas plucked from the pinion of some kind of bird, yet one, I trow, never designed by nature to furnish pens for the use of any rational scribe. I, knowing remonstrance on the part of a captive generally provoketh to the taking away any small indulgence granted him, or perhaps crueller usage, said nothing, and now prick and scratch my jottings in the best manner I am able (and 'tis so bad I can scarce make 'em out) upon the pages of this my note-book, which, unawares to myself (when I, more than two months ago, was seized, and clapped up in prison), happened to be in a secret pocket of the coat I then had on, and thus it cometh to pass that I have it now with me in gaol.

But ah, how unlike is the poor soul dipping a pen, less pliant than a cook's skewer, into a drop of mouldy ink, and locked in a dismal cage, to the same man free, and sitting, may be, in a

sunny chamber of his own house; his books, and papers, and other scholarly appurtenance, lying all handsome and convenient about him, just as minedid, when I began the introduction of my 'Treatise on the Heavenly Substance,' with nought to break the current of my meditations, save, perhaps, the sweet voice of my wife, a-chiding silverly an active urchin who had contrived upset a brother in a go-cart. And then the soft answer of that *other* little voice to hers, which came up to me, where I sat in my study, more like the cooing of a wood-dove, than any other sound to which that I can liken it.

Upon going back to my very last notes (saving these I am now a-making), I find Master Beare's promotion to the bench of justices duly recorded, and, at end of it, the shocking speech of poor John Lucas just the moment his soul was on the point of departure. Therefore it is from that page I will take up and pursue the thread of my most dolorous narration.

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Greatly appalled and horror-struck, I bid Crespin and the nurse a hasty good-night, and soon arrived at my own door. As usual, my wife was anxiously upon the watch for my return, and afore I could begin inform her of the evil tidings I had just learned, she discovered herself to be already in full possession of those concerning Master Beare. Ere I found opportunity to give opinion touching the wisdom of an immediate departure from Kynsbridge, she 'gan importune me to let her prepare for the same.

"And without loss of a day, or an hour—I entreat ye, dear husband, there be no delay!" And then the poor soul wrung her hands, and melted into a fit of very wife-like tenderness, already conceiting me dragged before his worship, Justice Beare.

"Well," said I, "seeing *you* are so bent upon instant removal from this place, I'll not oppose it;" nor, as I spoke, could I help smiling inly, thus to see how love can make folk, as it were, forestall each other's very thoughts. "We'll be up and stirring by the dawn, wife, and I doubt not God's angels will have charge concerning us. Now let's to bed."

At break o' the next day I rose. "Our bit of household stuff," quoth I to my busy spouse, Master Best will gladly lend his horse and cart for; and neither thy wardrobe, nor mine, will consume much time in the packing of."

Then in the grey light of early morning forth I sallied to make known our resolve to a stanch friend or two, whose affection and faithfulness to me and mine I pray the Lord return a thousand fold to them and theirs. And these, while grieving at our purposed departure, perceived the prudence of the movement so clearly that they used the utmost of their ability to forward it.

All things combining to favour us, not long after sunrise we saw with tearful eyes that dainty spire recede till lost in distance, which I had regarded with such interest the very first evening of our coming to Kynsbridge—a little town whose situation is most choice and delectable, yea, the country air thereof so soft and delicate, that 'tis no marvel the abbots chose them sites both in and round about it. And now, in lieu of monk and friar, dwell there many dear and honest souls, whose hearts are knit with ours in the bonds of a brotherly and sisterly love, and a friendship which hath been proven, and stood bravely that truest of all tests, the test of adversity; and in parting with them we could not but experience the pangs of an exceeding sharp and sorrowful regret. Thus before the new-made justice, Master Beare—blown with pride and insolence at his newly-acquired dignity—was returned to his house, we were near twenty miles distant. In worldly goods I went away from Kynsbridge poorer and emptier than I arrived there; yet our sweet children had increased in number, and, by God's blessing, proved towardly and obedient in parts and spirit, as they were healthy, well-favoured, and beautiful in person.

Now my wife had a kinswoman, one Mistress Lettice Aylmer, widowed and childless, who lived in a loneish country place, though 'twas bare three miles distant the good sea-port o' Plymouth. If for several years we'd never seen each other (our circumstances prevented the holding of personal intercourse), the affection always expressed toward us by Mistress Aylmer, and very heartily reciprocated on our part, caused me entertain no fear of putting her kindness to the proof in my then exigency. Though poor in purse, she had a large, sweet, bounteous nature, which delighted in doing good to all that needed and came within the reach of its limited means. The house she lived in made a part of her narrow jointure. We trusted the gate would open freely to receive us; and her right loving reception upon our unlooked-for arrival, proved how true was the conjecture. What a cup of spiced wine is to him whose life-blood is a slowly freezing, or a burst of cheerful sunshine and fresh air to the bed-ridden tenant of some dull chamber, seemed the tender converse of my wife, and the smiles and caresses of our blooming, loving children to the yearning, weary heart of that gentle, desolate woman.

We had not been in our new home scarce a day before I, with my boys (for I never could abide the owning an idle pair of hands), fell with a right good will to work upon the nearly waste piece of ground (once a brave garden), which surrounded the sides of the queer, quaint, decaying, gable-ended, many-chimneyed dwelling (in its time a house of some pretension) of Mistress Aylmer; and we wrought to such purpose

that, ere a week was ended, she smiling said, under lusty labourers like us, her wildness soon bid fair to "rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

Thus sped a few brief, happy days, during which the cessation from petty insult, worry, and alarm, that in Kyngsbridge fretted and bittered our lives, made my wife's eye lose its anxious look, and brought the colour to her cheek again. Truly I did feel it grateful, this sweet, tranquil shelter from (I blush to write it) the rude attacks of my *fellow-men*. On another leaf, a great way back, I mind saying something about the *riches of poverty*, and we were then a-proving and partaking of them, for excellent Mistress Aylmer was greatly reduced in her estate as a gentlewoman; but our dinners of herbs, where contentment, thankful hearts, and healthful appetites to boot, were never wanting, troubled us not at all. I had still four gold pieces left out of the little capital invested in my grey doublet, and these would help fill our children's mouths with bread a good while to come; our raiment was certainly much the worse for wear, the boys having outgrown their clothes in a way that ofttimes made us both sad, and merry, to behold. My good wife patched, repaired, and altered them ingeniously to the utmost they could bear it; she still contrived to keep intact my well-saved suit of Sabbath raiment, and one morning (after we had been at Mistress Aylmer's hard upon a month) I observed her carefully unfold her coat, and sharply spying a little rent in the skirt, she straightway fell a-mending it, with skill so delicate, and a kind of tenderness (the faded garment was long past its best), just as if the cloth could feel the prick of her dainty needle, that I, being in a merry pin, said, laughing—

"Wife, my coat would soon have near as many holes in it as the roof of our good cousin's house here, if 'twere not for thy very constant watchfulness thereof."

"I faith," quoth she, and sighed softly, "but dearly do I love the work."

"And if," pursued I, somewhat moved, "'tis grown thus frail and threadbare, still, ye know, it never hath been *turned*."

With all a woman's quickness of divining she dropt her needle, for she caught my meaning, and looked up smiling in my eyes till her own 'gan fill with tears, her aspect at the moment minding me of sunshine breaking out amid a shower of April rain.

"I know," cried she, "ye might, had ye so willed, have kept one black and sleek as that upon a raven's back; yet, dear husband, rather, far rather, would thy poor wife see thee in this she's now a-mending."

'Twas on the evening of the same day, each little circumstance in which seems grave with a remarkable clearness and distinctness on the tablets of my heart, that, according to our wont,

we were assembled about the usual supper hour in the half-hall, half-kitchen of Mrs. Aylmer. The night was gathering mirk and stormy, the rain pattering against the casement adown the little pointed panes, of which the great drops kept rolling heavily as tears, while the wind went moaning round the corners and sobbed at the crazy doors of the old house like a voice with the burthen of human woe in its wailing cadence. But if all without was thus chill and dreary, we felt peaceful and content enow gathered round the wide, warm, cheery hearth, on which some logs of wood I had chopped with my own hands, cast a bright, ruddy glow upon the faces of those before it. 'Twas at season like this I loved to question and instruct my children, and a charming ring they made about the tall, ancient chair (with back as straight as Brother Tooker's) in which I played the schoolmaster; the click of good Mistress Aylmer's knitting needles mingled pleasantly with the hum of my wife's spinning-wheel, which sometimes stopped as of its own accord the while she nodded, smiled, and listened to hear how bravely our eldest acquitted themselves, and what pertinent answers they were apt and ready with, I forgetting not duly to impress upon those old enow to understand me that the very soul of the highest wisdom and learning, as of religion itself, consists in that which can be applied best to the improvement of, and shows brightest in, the practick part of life. Then bethinking me of my apt, pretty girl, scarce four years old, who was a-conning the task I'd set her, "Sweetheart," quoth I, "'tis now your turn." And (considering how her bright eyes had been drawn away by a mime of a kitten's merry antics with the pear-shaped pincushion dangling at Mistress Aylmer's girdle) she said off the cross-row in her horn-book to admiration; and, with her little clear voice making its childish music in my ear, I heeded not the advancing sound of what, amid the gusty pauses of the wind and rain, Mistress Aylmer concluded must be a party of hunters returning late from the chase coming along the road direct before the pillars of the broken gateway of her house. At length the trampling of horses, their shoes striking sharply on the stones of the courtyard itself, followed by a knock of thundering loudness at the low, arched entrance, made us all start to our feet; but ere I'd time to attend the summons there came another, as if from the stroke of a battering-ram, nearly sending the door off its rusty hinges, and rattling the casements with a worse discord than that of the howling wind. Hastily drawing back the bolt, I looked out into the darkness, and directly my name was shouted by at least half-a-dozen voices, some of whom I recognized as belonging to our Kyngsbridge foes. The court seemed full of men and horses, and before I'd power to ask the meaning of this strange arrival, I, all defenceless, was roughly seized, and a pair of hand-bolts fastened upon my wrists.

When recovered, after this rude surprise, the use of speech sufficiently, I accosted him who appeared the leader of the troop, requiring to know for what particular offence I was thus made prisoner. Naturally enow, I could think upon none other than that of preaching, and attending those religious meetings by unholy statutes called conventicles. The person I addressed hereupon produced what he said was a special warrant for my apprehension; and, taking the candle from the table, showed me the name BEARE, signed in straggling, tipsy-looking letters at the bottom, and next proceeded read it out aloud.

God of truth and mercy! did my ears deceive me? No, they did not; though a mist, as of blood, swam before my eyes, and a shuddering kind of sickness crept over my flesh, to learn by the scroll the man was reading that I, John Hicks, a minister of the blessed Gospel, was therein accused of the crime of *murther*, and as being "a principal party in causing the death by violence of one John Lucas, lately deceased at Kyngsbridge."

On hearing all this, my wife, who had hitherto remained silent, in a kind of stupor, gave a shriek, which made my bones thrill, and fell backward in a sound. Upon my making an instinctive motion towards her, two of the men seized me, and a third, cocking a pistol, swore he would shoot me dead on the spot, if I attempted to move; but another of their number, more compassionate, helped our distressed, terrified kinswoman carry the poor insensate soul up to her chamber, followed by most of the scared young children.

"Surely," cried I, when again able to speak, "the father of lies himself must have invented this charge whereof I am accused."

"Well, master, *that* will be your business to prove as best ye may, in another place, to-morrow; but we've many a mile to ride, and our orders are special sharp concerning ye, so the sooner we're on our road there the better."

This fearful passage in my life giveth me such anguish to reflect upon, that I shall make it as brief as possible. Now, indeed, I felt the hour was come in which it was the Lord's will to try his servant; even 'as gold is tried in the furnace by the hand of the refiner.' Before I mounted the horse, whose bridle, chained to that of another rid by a stalwart constable, was led up to the door (it being decided I should be taken direct on to the place where the magistrates Beare and Reyuels, with several others of a similar stamp, would hold a session about noon o' the following day), I craved earnestly to be allowed take leave of my wife and children; and a minute or so was granted me for the purpose, a couple of men going along with me into the chamber. I found her just as a person seemeth, when restored to some degree

of consciousness, after being stunned by a heavy blow; or like one wakened hastily out of a frightful dream. And *this* was no dream. Good Mistress Aylmer, who had so piously sheltered and sympathized with us in our misfortunes, sat by the bedside, holding my wife's hand in hers; the tears slowly stealing down her own withered cheek, like drops from a fountain whose source is nearly dry, while my children clung around me in all the passion of youthful sorrow.

"Dear wife," said I, speaking as distinct and calmly as I could, "the time is come, and when least we expected, that I am to be taken from thee. It may be but a short season, for my innocence *must* appear; and thou wilt not fail remember, if thy husband is in the hand of man, he is in the hand of God also."

"Oh," cried she, rousing up at sound of my voice, "I cannot let you go alone; we will die *together!*" Saying the words with a kind of despairing energy, and a look in her soft eyes I had never observed there before; her voice, too, sounded strange and unnatural. I feared her reason was forsaking her, and this was a moment of horror and darkness to my soul; making that which had gone before appear almost as nought.

"Save me, O my God!" exclaimed I, "the seeing this poor heart 'pressed out of measure beyond strength.'" And the Lord heard my prayer. "My dear wife, I shall not go *alone*," answered I, as composedly as I was able. "He will go with me who never forsaketh his people. 'They are preserved for ever.'"

Then, to my unutterable relief and thankfulness, I saw the tears stream down, fast and helplessly, over the poor soul's pallid cheeks. Stretching out her little work-worn hands towards me, they touched the iron in which mine were locked; and perceiving at this how painful a shiver ran through her frame, I said, earnestly, "By thy fortitude in controlling as much as thou canst thy present suffering, I shall count thy love deeper than any outward perturbation or disturbance can show. Sweet friend, true wife, hearken to my parting words and obey them. Trust thy husband, as he trusteth thee and thy children, wholly, undoubtingly, to the mercy and care of One who "out of darkness bringeth forth light."

"Ah, I feel that God is with thee, husband mine," faintly whispered her white, quivering lips. "Yea, I will trust him, though he slay me."

In less than five minutes afterwards I was set out upon my dismal journey. The men who guarded me had some thought of tying my feet under the belly of the horse I rode; but on my mildly remonstrating they spared me the indignity, and themselves a most unnecessary precaution. These fellows were very rough and

hardened, yet they showed not the malignant cruelty with which poor John Lucas was wou't insult his victims, and concerning whose sad end, and the circumstances which preceded and followed it, I must here (in order to make my jottings sufficiently clear) unwillingly return to, and give further and more succinct account thereof.

Master Beare had sworn a bitter revenge upon me. Since that morning he was carried, feet foremost, out of my poor house at Kyngs-bridge, and because his malice for a time was checked and baffled, it proved none the less cruel and vindictive in the end. His willing servitor died, as before related, of a fever of the putrid kind, and so did Crespin's child, and three other persons besides; but *after* he, John Lucas, was buried, Satan put it into the brain of the new-made justice (who chafed fiercely on his return home at learning I had disappeared, and could nowhere be heard of) to find, if possible, some pretext for laying the cause of this man's death at *my* door, taking counsel with certain folk near as wicked as himself. He and they decided on bringing against me as the principal, and other of the friends present at the meeting on the morning to which I allude, as participators therein, the following charge, namely, that John Lucas, in the affray which then took place (when *he* certainly would have killed *me* if he could, and the hasty summons came, for the soul of dear Master Jellinger to quit its earthly tenement, and leave "the storm and windy tempest, to be at rest for ever"), had there received a deadly hurt, from the effect whereof he afterwards languished and died. These evil plotters sought Joan Lucas, widow of the deceased; and she, 'tis thought, hearing the chink of gold pieces at her ear, agreed to strengthen this horrid falsehood by swearing that her husband declared Master Hicks and his friends so maltreated him upon that occasion, he was sick and languishing ever after. Now, more than half the town-folk were ready to attest how hale, and healthful, and strong of limb he was, till the fever seized him. Many of the fellows he had hauled along, and put in the stocks and cage, beside craft of another kind he'd whipped soundly, bearing a clamorous testimony thereto. But this false woman is not only the daughter of a father of ill-repute, she hath a mother of the like fame; therefore, when she wedded Lucas, folk said 'twas an evil branch grafted upon a bitter tree, and who could expect aught so corrupt to bear the wholesome print of truth? "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" The descent and marriage of this Joan Lucas (in one sense), Enoch Trueman observed, brought to his mind that of hers who of old shed the blood of the righteous, till, though a king's daughter, the dogs hastened to lick her own. The father

also deposed that *he* saw the marks of our ill-usage still visible upon the corpse of his son-in-law, while the stretchers were laying it out. Furnished with such evidence, Justice Beare immediately issues a special warrant to take me (when I could be found), as chief and foremost in the alleged murder, and divers other of the brethren as accessory thereto. These last, after immense trouble and vexation, were permitted get sureties for their appearance, the coming assize, at which my trial is to take place.

Thus far Master Beare and his colleagues dared proceed, knowing a coroner's inquest had never been thought of, nor, of course, holden upon the body, for it was a test they wished by all means to avoid, and they did so, till 'twas far worse than having none at all; but those of my friends accused as being abettors in the deed, and strong in their indignant innocence thereof, spake out right boldly concerning this wilful omission on the part of the new justice, and thus it came to be decided the inquest should even *then* be holden. So the grave of the dead was opened, and the poor rotten corpse which had said to corruption, "Thou art my mother," and to the worm, "Thou art my sister," taken up, and its loathly lineaments uncovered before certain, who, taking a shrinking look thereon, turned fearful and appalled away.

The jury being impannelled, witnesses on both sides were examined: first, the widow of him a-lying in his grave-clothes at the church porch, with a husky voice and bleached lips, swore to the same false purport she had done before. Joan's father, thinking his daughter spoke too low, was noticed pluck her by the sleeve, ere he bore a like testimony himself; yet, when turn came for evidence to be heard on the part of the accused, who, strange to tell, should appear among them save the very aged father and mother of the defunct John Lucas himself? The tears and wailings of this grey-headed pair (one of whom is since dead) were exceeding pitiful; they were full of a sorrowful resentment against Master Beare, whom they grievously upbraided with moving this disturbance, whereby their son's body was taken from the grave, and all unfit for human eyes to rest upon, exposed in so shocking a manner; and God be thanked they were kept from the mortal sin of perjury, for if they heartily disliked *us*, yet did they stoutly persist in maintaining their son died of his distemper the fever, and nought beside. As if this was not enow to put the justice and his creatures to confusion, forth steps a chirurgeon (who had seen John Lucas in his sickness) to confirm the truth of what the aged pair said. While this person was speaking, the greatest astonishment and mortification were visible among our enemies, they having been advised of his previous intention to advance nothing that would tend to establish our guiltlessness of the accusation laid

against us; but he afterward confessed he was suddenly moved to say what he did by a power he felt himself wholly unable to resist. The finger of God was upon this man.

Then the jury, after consulting awhile, declared their verdict to be that John Lucas "died a natural death by the visitation of God."

This honest acquittal by twelve of our fellow-countrymen, and most of them adverse to the opinions we hold, and the practice of the Nonconformist ministers in preaching, as they oftentimes do, at peril of liberty, sometimes life, might surely have been thought sufficient to free us from all trouble touching further prosecution upon this dreadful charge. Not so. Master Beare, whose hate is implacable, "yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter" by an unheard-of wanton exercise of his new authority, which he would never have presumed stretch thus boldly if not confident of protection, whatever the result may prove, in quarters strong and powerful enough to screen him, issues afresh the special warrant for my apprehension. And straightway those at his beck "whose feet are swift" to run upon such an errand, scoured the country for many a mile around—at first with no success, for they of the Kyngsbridge friends who knew where I was kept faithfully their trust. At length, Master Beare's men scented my place of refuge; ay, just at the time when I felt it passing sweet to exclaim, "The beasts of the earth have their grassy lair to lie down in, and the fowls of the air their nests to fly to, and through God's mercy we have also found a shelter, where for awhile me and mine may be let rest in peace."

I now return again to that part of my narration when I was seized at Mistress Aylmer's house, taken from my distracted family, and compelled set out upon a journey, during a night so dismal that methought 'twould scarcely ever end in morning. The roads proving very heavy, and the horses jaded, we stopped to rest on our dreary way at two or more hostleries. I mind the men halting a few minutes outside a little rustical inn, the hostess of which, struck with my dejected appearance and drenched condition, for the rain was falling heavily, brought me a horn of frothing ale; and though I told her I'd never a groat wherewith to requite the civility, she smiling kindly bade me drink it, and "keep a heart of cheer."

The place where the session was appointed to be holden proved a mean, sorry village, lying several miles distant from Kyngsbridge, and our poor nags being sadly tired, we did not arrive there till the magistrates had begun assemble. Though early, Master Beare was already seated on the bench. He wore the look of a man who'd been drinking hard, and the fresh mire with which his boots and the skirts of his coat were spattered, showed he had ridden hard as well. No sooner did he catch a glimpse of me with

gyves upon my wrists, between a couple of his men, than his fierce blood-shot eyes seemed to dilate in size the while they gloated upon a sight to them so welcome; but I, strong in the fearlessness of an innocence white and clean, regarded this man, who, in thus brutally persecuting me, debased himself, with a look calm and stedfast enow to make even his red face change its hue. He 'gan shuffle in his place, and at length shifted it, each movement showing how ill he felt himself at ease. Yea, now that his desire was granted, and I stood bound and guarded by his creatures before him, methought this Scripture applied well to Master Beare, from one in my then condition: "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall I shall arise, when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me." This bad man's conscience was not wholly seared, the very presence of his victim confounded him, and his speech, at best none o' the clearest, grew still more thick and confused, while answering the questions of those about him.

To be brief, the usual forms were hurried through with a most unseemly despatch, and an order for my committal to Exon Gaol unanimously agreed upon by the rest of the justices, who I perceived were fully disposed to countenance by their support Master Beare in his proceedings.

"Not an hour should be lost, Sir Hugh," quoth Squire Reynells to a gentlemen beside him, in a scarlet hunting-coat, with a very full-fed person, and a nose shaped like an eagle's beak, "in lodging this troublous sometime parson where for certain he'll neither hold nor abet again in a hurry any more such murderous conventicles."

"Ay, ay," was the reply, "and we need nail up a scarecrow of his colour, in order to frighten the rest o' the crows."

Master Beare was at this moment hastily signing his name to a paper his clerk presented him. He cared not to read it.

"That will do," I heard him say. "Take it; all is right."

"Sir," cried I, in a voice which might be heard to the furthest corner of the place, "that will not do, and well ye know all done and now doing here is wrong, is false, is—"

"Stop this brawler's tongue," shouted Reynells; and the magistrates, roaring out together like lions, exclaimed, "Gag him, if nought else will do't."

Seeing their men prepare obey the order with alacrity, I was fain hold my peace. The high-nosed gentleman in the scarlet coat then said, "The speedier this Hicks is removed the better, and" (addressing the constables, at the same time dragging a huge watch from his pocket) "if ye make haste, before night he can be caged."

And haste was made, fresh horses were quickly gotten, and at close o' the day I passed through the grim portals of the gates of this said prison,

nor could I stifle a groan when I heard them close jarringly behind me.

(To be continued.)

## REVIEWS.

*Persuasives to a Christian Life*: Golden Counsels from the Rev. Canon Melvill's "Lothbury Lectures," &c. Edited by the Author of "Pietas Privata." Pp. 386. London: J. F. Shaw and Co., 48, Paternoster-row, and 27, Southampton-row.

THIS elegant volume consists of forty-two chapters upon subjects of the highest interest and importance, the titles of which we here transcribe from the table of contents:—1. Influential Memories; 2. Incitements to Early Piety; 3. An Appeal to the Heart; 4. The Two Benedictions; 5. The Best Choice; 6. The Decision; 7. The Transformation; 8. The Sinner's Enmity to God; 9. The Darkened Mind; 10. A Change of Heart and Life Indispensable to Salvation; 11. On Believing with the Heart; 12. The Prevalent Plea; 13. On Love to God; 14. The Obedience of Love; 15. Our Father's Demand; 16. The Motive the Test of an Action; 17. The Spirit of Prayer; 18. Constancy in Prayer; 19. Spiritual Worship; 20. The Bible Student's Progress; 21. The Inexhaustible Treasury; 22. Pious Musings; 23. Divine Scrutiny and Self-Correction; 24. Self-Examination; 25. The Rewards of Piety; 26. On the Choice of Companions and Books; 27. Christian Meekness; 28. Pride; 29. The Earnest Life; 30. The Influence of Words; 31. The Power of Habit; 32. On Loving the World; 33. The World Overcome; 34. Warning to Waverers; 35. False Shame; 36. Preventing Grace; 37. The Difficult Path; 38. Retribution; 39. The Christian Course; 40. The Uncertainty of Life; 41. Onward and Heavenward; 42. Excelsior.—It has, we understand, already obtained a world-wide reputation. We hardly know of a book so full of Scriptural instruction and suitable admonitory counsels, enforced with an almost unparalleled eloquence,—or more excellently adapted to guide the youthful inquirer in the narrow way to heaven,—than these "Persuasives to a Christian Life," by Canon Melvill. In all respects it is most admirably adapted for presentation and as a birthday gift-book. We would urge upon all parents the duty of putting it into the hands of those in whose temporal and spiritual welfare they are most deeply interested.

*Our World, its Rocks and Fossils: a Simple Introduction to Geology.* By Mrs. WRIGHT, Author of the "Observing Eye," &c. Pp. 242. London: Jarrold and Sons.

A VERY interesting and instructive Manual of Geology. It has our warmest recommendation.

*The Sunday School Times and Home Educator.* The First Half-yearly Volume, from January to June, 1880. Comprising upwards of One Hundred Lessons on Bible Characters, the Life of Christ, and General Scripture Subjects, adapted for Bible Classes, Infant Scholars, and Children at Home, ready prepared for the Teacher's use; Lectures for Little Ones, on "The Pilgrim's Progress;" Walks in the Temple, a series of Familiar Illustrations of the Typical Scriptures; Travels in the Holy Land; Twenty Addresses to Children; Lessons from Life; Anecdotes; Biographical Notices; Tales; Home and School Melodies; and numerous Articles of great practical interest and importance to all engaged in the Scriptural Education of Youth. London: B. Lowe, Paternoster-row.

THIS is an age remarkable for wonderful achievements; and of all marvellous things, the *Sunday School Times and Home Educator* is the greatest marvel in the world of literature. The above volume, which is published at the nominal price of eighteen-pence, contains as much matter as would fill half-a-dozen volumes of Dr. Cummings' works, published at seven shillings per volume. Nearly every article is original, and written expressly for the work by authors of distinguished literary ability and educational experience. Advisedly we say that no household ought to be without a copy of this *Home Educator*—no Sunday-school teacher destitute of the assistance its Suggestive Lessons are adapted to afford, is thoroughly furnished for his labours in the class—while to young people its varied, entertaining, and fascinating readings will prove singularly attractive and instructive. It may be had in monthly parts, price threepence, or in weekly numbers, price one halfpenny.

*The Standard Tune Book, and Metrical Companion to All Hymn Books*: consisting of Three Hundred and Twenty Hymn Tunes, with Appropriate Hymns appended thereto; together with the most approved Single and Double Chants, an Introductory Anthem, Sanctus, Responses, Dismissal Tunes and Choruses, &c., arranged in a grandly simple style of Harmony, with an Accompaniment for the Organ or Pianoforte. By the Authors of "Studies in Congregational Singing." London: J. F. Shaw and Co., 48, Paternoster-row, and 27, Southampton-row; and sold by all booksellers.

THIS is a new, we believe the fourth, edition of a volume of Psalmody, which we have long considered the best of the kind extant. Both for the class of church melodies selected—which, for the most part, are gems of rare and surpassing excellence—as well as for the style of their harmonic arrangement, which is within the



compass of ordinary voices, and at the same time very grand and effective—it is worthy to be regarded as "The Standard Tune Book." For "Family Choirs" it will be most valuable, as appropriate and very beautiful words are affixed to each tune. In every choir, as well as in every family, it not only deserves to find a place, but when known will not fail to take the foremost rank in the "service of sacred song."

*Haste to the Rescue; or, How Best to Help the Working Classes.* A Lecture delivered at the Britannia Theatre, on Good Friday, 1860, by Rev. NEWMAN HALL, LL.B. Pp. 32. London: B. Lowe and Co., Paternoster-row.

THIS excellent tract is selling by thousands; nor do we wonder at its success. As well from its own intrinsic merits as from the popularity of its author, it is well fitted to do signal and extensive service to the cause of true temperance. It is published at one penny; purchasers ordering twelve copies may have them transmitted free of postage, on forwarding to the publisher twelve postage stamps.

*Vital Religion; or, What Does the Bible Say of the Personality and Work of the Spirit?* Pp. 125. By JOHN BLOOMFIELD, Minister of Meard's-court Chapel, Soho.

THIS work of Mr. Bloomfield's is well adapted to awaken the attention of Christians to the too-much-neglected duty of honouring the Holy Spirit. The personality, work, and offices of the Divine Spirit are in these pages most vividly portrayed. So searching are its appeals that self-deception cannot be indulged in with impunity after its careful perusal. It does honour both to the heart and head of the writer, and should be read by all "who profess and call themselves Christians."

*Pleasant Fruits from the Branches of the Vine.* By the Author of "Old Peter Pious." Pp. 102. London: Wertheim and Macintosh.

WE would advise all young persons who wish to be really useful and happy to become possessed

of this little volume. It will inform them of the various sources of happiness, and teach them how to comfort others within their reach. Its interior is excellent, and its exterior all that can be wished for a gift-book.

*The Book for all Ages; or, Stories of the Green Pastures, where All may Feed.* Original and Edited by the Author of "Have You?" Pp. 230. London: J. F. Shaw.

THIS very attractive volume will be a favourite with the lambs of the flock, for whose benefit it is written. The tales are well told, and there is in them a large amount of spiritual instruction blended with much to interest and amuse. We most cordially wish it, what we have no doubt of its speedily obtaining, a very extensive circulation.

*Christian Devotedness.* By JOHN BURTON. Pp. 320. London: John Snow.

THIS book, which is professedly designed for Christians, exhibits the glorious hope of a Christian—a Christian in earnest, a Christian altogether. It abounds with spirit-stirring appeals, admirably calculated to promote personal religion, immediate decision, and entire consecration to God.

*Gathered Flowers from a Bible Class: A Brief Memoir of Two Young Believers.* By the Rev. OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, M.A. Fifth thousand. Pp. 132. London: Nisbet and Co., Berners-street.

THIS, like all Dr. Winslow's publications, is full of spiritual truth, expressed in language of great sweetness and beauty.

*Friendship with God.* By the Rev. C. Stanford, of Camberwell. Pp. 33. New edition. London: Jackson and Walford.

THIS very excellent little book has long been our favourite companion.

*Harry Birkett: the Story of a Man who Helped Himself.* By the Author of "Town Life," "Life in Liverpool," &c. Pp. 334. London: W. Tweedie, Strand.

A TALE of great interest,

## POETRY.

### THE ROCK OF OUR SALVATION.

If life's pleasures charm thee, give them not thy heart,  
 Let the gift ensnare thee from thy God to part.  
 His favour seek, his praises speak;  
 Fix here thy hope's foundation;  
 Serve him, and he will ever be  
 The Rock of thy Salvation.

If distress befall thee, painful though it be,  
 Let not grief appal thee; to thy Saviour flee,  
 He, ever near, thy prayer will hear,  
 And calm thy perturbation;  
 The waves of woe shall ne'er o'erflow  
 The Rock of thy Salvation.

When earth's prospects fail thee, let it not distress;  
 Better comforts wait thee, Christ will freely bless:  
 To Jesus flee, thy prop he'll be,  
 Thy heavenly consolation;  
 For grief below cannot o'erthrow  
 The Rock of thy Salvation.

Dangers may approach thee; let them not alarm  
 Christ will ever watch thee, and protect from harm:  
 He near thee stands with mighty hands  
 To ward off each temptation:  
 To Jesus fly, he's ever nigh;  
 The Rock of thy Salvation.

Let not death alarm thee, shrink not from his  
blow:  
For thy God shall arm thee, and victory bestow:  
For death shall bring to thee no sting,  
The grave no desolation:  
'Tis gain to die, with Jesus nigh—  
The Rock of thy Salvation. F. K.

#### THE CHILD'S CONFIDENCE.

One night a ship was tempest-tost  
Upon mid-ocean drear,  
And nearly every soul on board  
Was filled with awful fear:  
One child alone, the captain's son,  
No sign of terror showed,  
Nor quailed when on the orested waves  
The vessel wildly rode.

Then one who marked his calm control  
In wondering accents said—  
"My lad, upon this stormy night,  
Say, do you feel no dread?  
Oh, fear you not lest these great waves  
The bark should overwhelm?"  
The boy replied—"I feel no fear—  
My father's at the helm!"

How beautiful the simple faith  
That did so steadfast prove,  
And trusted in the trying hour  
A father's skill and love!  
This little child perhaps may teach  
A lesson to the saint—  
To those in whom the light of faith  
Burns oft-times low and faint.

Sometimes the Christian voyager  
On stormy seas is tost,  
And cries, while billows round him foam,  
"My every hope is lost!"  
Nay, let him say—"I will not fear,  
My Father's at the helm,  
My bark is guided by the hand  
That rules creation's realm."

Oh surely while this Pilot steers  
The tempest cannot harm,  
In his own time, his sovereign voice  
Will make the storm a calm.  
Ere long unto a haven fair  
The Christian's bark shall come,  
And he for evermore shall rest  
Within a heavenly home. THEODORA.

#### JESUS CHRIST.

"He must increase, but I must decrease."

O Jesus Christ! grow thou in me,  
And all things else recede,  
My heart be daily nearer thee,  
From sin be daily freed.

Each day let thy supporting might  
My weakness still embrace,  
My darkness vanish in thy light,  
Thy life my death efface!

In thy bright beams, which on me fall,  
Fade every evil thought;  
That I am nothing, thou art all,  
I would be daily taught.

Come near—I cast myself away,  
Before thee silent weep;  
Come, with thy pure, divinest sway,  
My spirit rule and keep.

More of thy glory let me see,  
Thou Holy, Wise, and True!  
I would thy living image be,  
In joy and sorrow too.

Fill me with gladness from above,  
Hold me by strength Divine;  
Lord, let the glory of thy great love  
Through my whole being shine!

Weak is the power of sloth and pride,  
And vain desires are still,  
While to thy realm and thee allied,  
I haste to do thy will.

Make this poor self grow less and less;  
Be thou my life and aim;  
O make me daily, through thy grace,  
More worthy of thy name.

Daily more filled with thee, my heart  
Daily from self more free!—  
Thou, to whom prayer did strength impart,  
Of my prayer hearer be.

Let faith in thee, and in thy might,  
My every motive move;  
Be thou alone my soul's delight,  
My passion and my love!

#### AN EVENING PLAINT.

O, one day less of Life's short score  
This evening's shadows leave me,  
And of my misspent days, one more  
Makes the grey twilight grieve me.

Yet could I set Time's dark lines back  
To morning, on Life's dial,  
My trembling feet would fly the track,  
And shun a second trial.

I dare not ask to live again  
The day so ill-completed,  
Though throbs my heart with only pain,  
For hopes and plans defeated.

So poor am I, in strength, to do  
My daily stint of duty;  
So loth my labour to pursue,  
So sure to mar its beauty;

So ready for the Tempter's snare—  
So feeble in resistance;  
So faithless, and so cold in prayer,  
And Christ at such a distance;

That I can only weep to-night,  
Tears born of hope and sorrow;  
Of sorrow, for the day's vain flight,  
Of hope, that on the morrow

New strength may nerve my fainting heart,  
New faith make prayer availing;  
New wisdom light my inward part,  
New pardon blot each failing;

New ardour bring me near the cross,  
New love forbid my straying;  
And new bring gain, instead of loss;  
For which, in tears, I'm praying. R.

#### A BROKEN HEART.

Oh! blessed be the heart that breaks!  
It is a broken heart that wins  
The fellowship of him who takes  
Our sorrow with our sins!

As many a flower has blown and blush'd  
Yet ne'er its hidden sweets distill'd,  
Until its bleeding leaves were crush'd  
And gather'd dews were spill'd;

So many a heart, that ne'er requites  
Its Father's love, perchance may need  
That he should pluck its green delight,  
Or bruise it so it bleed!

Of, thus, what we had thought to keep,  
He takes—to make it ours the more;  
And calls our heavy eyes to weep  
That ne'er knew tears before;

Or warns us first with wounding dart,  
Then smites us with his chastening rod;  
Till, when we have a broken heart,  
We yield it up to God! T. T.

## DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

## MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

**MAESTRIHELEM, RADNORSHIRE.**—Mr. John Jones, student of the College, Haverfordwest, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the Baptist church at the above place.

**TOWCESTER.**—The Rev. J. Jones will resign the pastorate of the Baptist church, Towcester, at the end of March, 1861. In the interval, he will be happy to receive communications from vacant churches.

**GROSVENOR-STREET CHAPEL, COMMERCIAL-ROAD EAST.**—The Rev. Thomas Freeman, B.A., has accepted the invitation to the oversight of the above church, and commenced his labours with prospects of prosperity in the church on Sunday, June 24th, 1860.

**COLERAINE.**—The Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Kingston-on-Thames, who has been labouring in Coleraine and its vicinity for the last few weeks, has received and accepted a call to the Baptist chapel, Coleraine, and will enter on his new sphere of labour some time in September. We understand a new station has been formed at Ballymena, under the pastoral care of the Rev. John G. M'Vicker.

## RECOGNITION SERVICES.

**RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT.**—On Thursday evening, May 31st, a service was held in the Baptist chapel in this place, to publicly recognize the newly-chosen minister, the Rev. J. B. Little, late of South Moulton. Addresses were delivered by Rev. H. Kitchin, of Landport, T. C. Haydon, Esq., of Portsea, Rev. J. Davies, of Portsea, Rev. J. Grey, of Newport, Rev. R. Caven, of Southampton, and Rev. J. Hunt Cooke, of Southsea.

**OAKLANDS CHAPEL, SHEPHERD'S BUSH.**—The Rev. Charles Shakspeare having accepted the unanimous invitation of this church to become their pastor, a series of services was held on Thursday, July 5, to welcome him to his new charge. The Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown preached in the morning on the duties and privileges of a believer in Christ. At five o'clock the friends assembled to partake of tea. A public meeting followed. Frank Crossley, Esq., M.P., occupied the chair. Mr. Bugby read a history of the cause, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. John Stoughton and W. G. Lewis, and the new pastor.

## OPENING SERVICES.

**WEM, SALOP.**—The Baptist chapel was reopened for Divine worship on Tuesday, June 26, when sermons were preached, afternoon and evening, by the Rev. S. H. Booth, of Birkenhead. The congregations were good, and the collections liberal. A new pastor, Mr. E. Morgan, of Pontypool College, has taken the oversight of the Baptist interest in this town, and it is fervently and confidently hoped that his influence for good will prove extensive, and his success abundant, in this place.

## LAYING FOUNDATION STONE OF NEW CHAPELS.

**LATCHFORD, NEAR WARRINGTON.**—On Tues-

day, July 10, the foundation-stone of the new Baptist chapel at Latchford, about to be erected to supply the place of the old "Barn Chapel," at Stockton Heath, was laid by Aaron Brown, Esq., of Liverpool. A large concourse of people assembled to witness the ceremony of laying the stone, the day being very fine. The Rev. H. S. Brown delivered an eloquent and appropriate address. In the evening a tea-party was held in a spacious marquee in an adjoining field, kindly lent by Mr. Barber. There were between three and four hundred persons present. On the motion of the Rev. J. Wilkinson, seconded by the Rev. E. Franklin, the Mayor of Warrington (Dr. Smith) took the chair. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. T. Swinton, P. Prout, A. Inglis, T. Smith, E. Franklin, and H. S. Brown.

**BADDALEY EDGE, NEAR HANLEY.**—On Monday afternoon, June 25th, the foundation-stone of a new Baptist chapel at Baddaley Edge, was laid by Mr. L. F. Abington. A few friends from the Baptist church, Hanley, have for some time past held cottage meetings there, and a number of persons are now united in church fellowship. There is a congregation of about fifty, with a Sunday-school of seventy children. No cottage could comfortably contain these, and a chapel has long been needed. Mr. W. Cope, of Hanley, has generously given the land, and thus a serious difficulty was removed. The friends of the cause met in the Independent chapel, Milton, where a suitable introductory service took place, after which a procession was formed, and walked to the site of the intended chapel, which will stand in a good position on the hill. A hymn having been sung, Mr. Abington, in a short address, gave a history of the infant church recently formed. He then laid the stone with the usual formalities, and the Rev. E. Johnson closed with prayer. The friends then took tea together, and a prayer-meeting terminated the proceedings. The chapel will seat about 150, and is expected to be finished by the end of August.

## SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

**NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR AGED AND INFIRM BAPTIST MINISTERS AND THEIR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.**—The second annual public meeting of the members and friends of this society will be held in the school-room of Cannon-street Chapel, Birmingham, on Monday, August 13th, at three o'clock. A large number of ministerial brethren have joined the society, and are paying three guineas a year to its funds. The assistance of the friends of Christ to raise a capital is earnestly solicited.

## BAPTISMS.

**ABERDARE,** July 22—Four by Mr. Owen.  
**AIEDRIE,** on three successive Sabbaths—Twelve by Mr. Dunn.  
**BARTON,** Leicester, May 13—Three by Mr. Bott.  
**BILSDON,** Leicestershire, June 10—Five by Mr. Hawley.  
**BIRMINGHAM,** Ann-street, April 25—One, no settled pastor; May 30, Three.  
**BLACKFIELD-COMMON,** Fawley, Hampshire, July 1—Two by Mr. W. W. Martin.

BOW, May 31—Four by Mr. W. P. Balfour.

CAERWENT, Monmouthshire, May 20—Two by Mr. Jones, of Pontypool College.

CHELTFENHAM, Cambray Chapel, June 27—Five by Mr. Smith.

COLERAINE, Ireland, July 3—One by Mr. Medhurst, of Kingston-upon-Thames.

CROSBY GARROT, Westmoreland, May 13—Eleven by Mr. W. Fawcett. At an early hour the people began to ascend the steep hills, to witness the baptism in the valley below, which was performed in a running stream, about two miles from Crosby.

DEEBY, General Baptists, May 3—Seven by Mr. W. Jones.

DEREHAM, Norfolk, Back-lane, June 21—Two by Mr. Whitley; one of the candidates was a convert from Mormonism. We believe the Lord is with us of a truth.

EARL'S COLNE, Essex, June 3—Ten; July 1, Thirteen, by Mr. Griffin.

EVENJOBB, near Kington, April 29—Nine, by Mr. G. Cousens, of Kington; and on June 24 (in the presence of a thousand spectators), Ten by Mr. G. Phillips, of Mochdre.

EXETER, Zoar Chapel, May 27—Five by Mr. Z. Turner.

—Bartholomew-street, June 27—Five by Mr. E. H. Tuckett.

EYNSFORD, Kent, July 8—Two by Mr. J. Whittemore.

GLADESTRY, near Kington, May 27—Four; and June 24, Three, by Mr. G. Phillips, of Mochdre.

GOLD HILL, Bucks, July 1—Three by Mr. E. Harris.

GREAT GRANSDEN, July 1—Three by Mr. King.

GREAT SAMPFORD, Essex, June 14—Three by Mr. W. C. Ellis.

HAYTON, Dorchester-hall, Muntern-street, Dec. 13, 1859—Three; May 22, 1860, Five by Mr. Crowhurst, at Spencer-place Chapel, Goswell-road, kindly lent for the occasion. The Lord is visiting us with evident tokens of his approbation.

HIGH WYCOMBE, Bucks, July 15—Six by Mr. D. Pledge. One of the candidates was the youngest daughter of the pastor. The Lord is graciously prospering this church.

HOOK NORTON, May 6—Ten; June 3, Six, by Mr. W. H. Cornish.

IPSWICH, Turret-green, March 29—Five; April 26, Four; May 31, Four, by Mr. Morris.

KNIGHTEN, Radnorshire, July 15—Ten, in the river Team, by Mr. Davies, of Presteign. A vast number of people were assembled to witness the ceremony.

LITTLETON, Ebenezer Chapel, May 13—Thirteen by Mr. J. Davis; one of the number being the mother of the administrator. The baptism took place in a mill stream, in the presence of a vast concourse of people.

LONDON, Borough-road, May 27—Eight by Mr. J. Harcourt.

—Providence Chapel, Austin-street, Hackney-road, Feb. 26—Four; May 27, Four; June 24, Four, by Mr. J. Russell.

—Shouldham-street, July 8—Four by Mr. W. A. Blake.

NANTYWELLAN, Radnorshire, May 13—Eighteen by Mr. G. Cousens, of Kington.

OGDEN, near Rochdale, June 24—Three by Mr. L. Nuttall.

OVER DARWEN, Lancashire, June 3—Five by Mr. Gale, of Rawden College.

POPLAR, June 23—Seven by Mr. Preece.

READING, King's-road, May 27 and 31—Seventeen by Mr. Aldis.

RICKFORD, Somersetshire, June 17—Six by Mr. Thomas Bowbeer; in an adjoining stream.

ROCK, near Llandrindod Wells, Radnorshire, April 22—Four by Mr. D. Davies, of Dolau; on June 17, Three by Mr. G. Phillips, of Mochdre.

RUARDEN-HILL, Gloucestershire, April 1—Two; May 6, Four, by Mr. Mountjoy.

RUSHDEN, Old Meeting, June 24—Three by Mr. Bradford.

—Succoth Baptist Chapel, June 24—Six by Mr. C. Drawbridge.

SHARON GOITRE, near Abergavenny, Feb. 12—Two; June 3, One, by Mr. M. Davies.

STOCKPORT, April 29—Three; May 27, Four, by Mr. Pywell.

WALSALL, Stafford-street, May 27—Fourteen; and June 24, Fifteen, by Mr. W. Lees. The Lord is greatly blessing the labours of our new pastor. Many are seeking fellowship and many inquiring.

WALTON, Suffolk, June 3—Eight, by Mr. J. E. Perrin.

WESTON, near Towcester, May 1—Seven; and July 1, Eight, by Mr. R. Pyne. Most of them were young, the youngest only twelve years.

WOLLASTON, Northamptonshire, July 15—Two, by Mr. Whittemore, of Eynsford. The same day the church here was reorganized by Mr. Whittemore, who officiated at its formation in 1835. Mr. Joseph Knighton, one of its former deacons, was chosen to the pastorate.

## DEATHS.

ANNE KENDRICK, MIMSLEY, NEAR LEDBURY, HEREFORDSHIRE.—June 26, died, at the above place, Anne, the beloved wife of Charles Councillor Kendrick, and daughter of Mr. Thomas Pearce, commercial traveller, Birmingham. She was a consistent member of the Baptist church, Stow-on-the-Wold, greatly esteemed by her pastor and a large circle of friends, who deplore their loss. Her end was peace.

SUDDEN DEATH OF THE REV. W. GRANT, OF ALDWINKLE.—On Sunday, July 8th, the Rev. T. Lord, Independent minister, of Brigstock, and the Rev. Wm. Grant, Baptist minister, of Aldwinkle, exchanged pulpits for the day. The latter gentleman preached three very impressive sermons, displaying more than his usual physical and mental vigour. The last discourse was founded on 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course," &c., &c. After service, Mr. Grant repaired to the residence of Mr. Lord, read and prayed with the family, partook of a light supper, and in good health cheerfully retired to rest. Not coming down to breakfast the next morning, a person went to call him, and, receiving no answer, opened the door—but "he was not; so God took him." The body was stiff and cold, so that he must have died soon after going to bed, and without a struggle, as the bed-clothes were not in the slightest degree disturbed. An inquest was held on the body, and the verdict, "Died by the visitation of God," was delivered. The rev. gentleman was of very abstemious habits, apparently very healthy, about fifty-four years of age, and has left a widow, one daughter, and a large circle of friends to lament his sudden and unexpected removal. On Sunday, July 15, the Rev. T. Lord preached a funeral sermon in the Baptist chapel, Aldwinkle, choosing for his text, "And I saw a new heaven," Rev. xxi. 1. The chapel was full, and many were obliged to remain outside.

## BUNYAN AND HIS BLIND CHILD IN PRISON.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

THE accompanying engraving, which represents Bunyan in prison, his blind child who has been to visit him, leaving him for the night, needs no explanation: it speaks fully for itself. The imprisoned saint is imploring a blessing on the head of his poor little one, and even the rough gaoler holding the prison door is moved by the scene.

In his autobiography Bunyan himself says:—"I found myself a man encompassed with infirmities. The parting with my poor wife and children hath often been to me in this place as the pulling the flesh from my bones: and that not only because I am somewhat too fond of these mercies, but also because I should have often brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries, and wants, that my poor family was likewise to meet with—*especially my poor blind child*, who lay nearer my heart than all I had beside. Oh! the thoughts of the hardships I thought my blind one might go under would break my heart to pieces. Poor child, thought I, what sorrow art thou like to have for thy portion in this world; thou must be beaten, must be—suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I cannot now endure the wind shall blow upon thee; but yet, recalling myself, thought I, I must venture you all with God, though it goeth to the quick to leave you."

We have much pleasure in adding the following poem, descriptive of the scene, from the talented pen of Miss Jane B. Cranch:—

Thy grim walls frown, as they look down,  
Thou prison high and strong,  
On the river at thy stony feet,  
Which calmly glides along,  
By cells where clank the chains which tell  
Of human guilt and wrong.

For stern and chill thy shadow dark  
Is strangely sad exprest,  
Where lovely things of earth and sky  
In living brightness rest,  
Glassed in their clearest hues upon  
The mirror of its breast.

Long years these walls have captive held,  
In some damp noisome lair,  
A man above whose sparkling eye  
"The soul's palace" is fair:  
Strength, beauty, love, the characters  
By God's hand written there.

The moan of grief, the yell of pain,  
May pierce him with their woe,  
Yet still beneath the bridge he hears  
The river's tranquil flow,  
And feels the free and fragrant breeze  
Across his forehead blow.

He sees the distant tree-tops wave,  
Behind its iron bar;  
The sunlight and the fleecy clouds,  
In glimpses from afar;  
And marks the heavens' azure depths  
Reveal the evening star.

NO. 22 NEW SERIES.]

Two books are his—he opens one;  
Light o'er his soul doth stream:  
Of those on earth baptized in fire,  
Reads he by that lamp's gleam.  
No! 'tis *the book* itself which made  
Their torments bliss supreme.

Then, in his hand, a mighty wand  
Takes up this captive wight:  
More potent in its spell than e'er  
Was spear of armed knight.  
Myriads shall bless the pen doth trace  
Those matchless words aright.

The footprints of two hundred years  
On time's sand have left there  
No deeper, dearer record than  
"The Pilgrim" aye will bear:  
Succeeding ages on their front,  
This dreamer's name shall wear.

But now there's sunshine on those walls,  
Though all within be night.  
See, like a golden finger points  
Yon slender line of light:  
A narrow window's grated bar  
Pierceth that sunbeam bright.

The inmate of the cell within  
Lifts up his head to smile:  
His busy hands pause in their work—  
Sad thought it doth beguile—  
A message to his soul it brings,  
On which he'll muse awhile.

This sunbeam token sent from One  
 Above to him below :  
 He turns—and sees a meek young face  
 Bathed in its radiant glow :  
 Gazing on those *undazzled* eyes,  
 His own with tears o'erflow.  
 And bitter drops they mingle fast  
 With the coarse threads he weaves,\*  
 Which through her playful fingers pass,  
 The while his wrung heart grieves—  
 Till the day's task is done ; and in  
 Its waning light she leaves.  
 She leaves him with a kiss which makes  
 His very spirit weep ;  
 Yet her low childish tones are sweet  
 As voices heard in sleep ;  
 And glad her smile, and peace the dove  
 Her little heart shall keep.  
 The light of day, God's fairest gift,  
 Which from that Fount does flow,  
 Whose spring arose in Paradise,  
 And rains on all below—  
 The evil and the good—its beams  
 This child can never know.  
 "And now she's gone," he cries aloud,  
 "It breaks my heart with fear,  
 O tender, helpless thing ! the thought  
 What thou may'st suffer here ;  
 For, to a parent's yearning heart,  
 The feeblest are most dear.

Of one most precious sense bereft,  
 Nought evil could I see  
 Come near thee, child, for thou art shorn ;  
 Tempered his wind must be.  
 Poor lamb ! I scarcely might endure  
 To blow too rough on thee.  
 Thou'lt suffer hunger, cold, harsh words,  
 Perhaps harsher blows ; and tears  
 They from those sightless eyes will wring,  
 Who mock thy childish fears.  
 Poor heart ! its wail, e'en through these bars,  
 A prisoned father hears.  
 O weak of faith, this cup of woe  
 Filled may be to the brim ;  
 Yet when God bids thine heart-strings break,  
 Still venture all with him.  
 Affliction purifies, as fire,  
 The gold it may not dim.  
 The life of my life—children, wife—  
 Yes, I *can* venture all  
 To Him, unnoted by whose eye,  
 Yon sparrow may not fall ;  
 Before whom angels bow, and Lord  
 Adoring seraphs call.  
 Now, like the dove, my soul, which erst  
 Among the pots had lain,  
 Has silver on her shining wings,  
 Deep joy from bitter pain.  
 She shall have light, my child, when thou  
 And morning come again."

## THE SOJOURN IN MESECH.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL.

"Woe is me, that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar!"—Psalm cxx. 5.

MESECH was the son of Japhet, from whom, according to history, were descended the men who inhabited that most barbarous of all regions, according to the opinion of the ancients, the northern parts of Muscovy or Moscow, and Russia. The inhabitants of the tents of Kedar were the descendants of one of the sons of Abraham, who had taken to nomadic habits, who were continually wandering about over the deserts ; and were, besides, thought, and doubtless were, guilty of plundering travellers, and were by no means the most respectable of mankind. We are to understand, then, by this verse, that the people among whom the Psalmist dwelt were, in his esteem, among the most barbarous, the most fierce, the most graceless of men ; and therefore it is that he cries, "Woe is me, that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar !" He felt a woe in his heart, because of that evil companionship in or with which he was compelled to abide.

Now, this has been the cry of the children of God in all ages. Lot had his ears vexed with the filthy conversation of the men of Sodom. Many of the woes of Jeremiah sprang from those men who were sharper than a thorn-hedge, every one of them ready to devour his neighbour. David's deepest griefs came from the men

\* This is a slight poetic license. Some of Bunyan's biographers content themselves with merely saying "he helped to support his family by making stay-laces whilst in prison;" others, more minute, have ascertained it was by "tagging" them England's "Prince of Dreamers" earned his livelihood.

who surrounded him—on the one hand, the unfriendly sons of Zeruiah, who were too strong for him; and on the other hand, Shimei and the sons of Belial, who made a reproach of every word he uttered, and every deed he did. Even Isaiah himself, that happy-spirited prophet, one day cried: "Woe is me, for I am a man of unclean lips!" and then he added another woe: "And I dwell among a people of unclean lips;" and it will be but a little stretch if I say that, to this day, you, my brothers and sisters, who are followers of Jesus, have had to cry out, "Woe is me, that I sojourn in Mesech!" Still is this the cry of God's people: "Oh, that I had wings like a dove; that I might fly away and be at rest!" Cowper's plaint has often been yours—

"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,  
Some boundless contiguity of shade,  
Where rumour of oppression and distress  
Might never reach mine ear!"

We have longed to be far, far away from this dusky world, so full of sin, and traps, and pit-falls, of everything that makes us stumble in our path, and of nothing that can help us onward towards heaven.

I propose, on this occasion, first, to say a word or two in justification of this complaint; secondly, to justify God's dealings with us in having subjected us to this dwelling in the tents of Mesech; and thirdly, a few words, by way of comfort, to those who are sad at heart, by reason of those ill times, and those ill places, in which they abide.

I. First, then, brethren, A WORD OR TWO IN JUSTIFICATION OF THE COMPLAINT. I will not say that it is thoroughly commendable in a Christian man to long to be away from the place where God's providence has put him. But I will say, and must say, that it is not only excusable, but scarcely needs an apology, for that Christian sometimes to cry, "My soul is weary, weary of my life, because of those wicked men that surround me on every hand."

Think, my brethren, of what Christians have to suffer from the wicked world, and you will not wonder, you will not feel, I am sure; that they should excuse themselves when they cry, "Woe is me;" for how does the wicked world slander the Christian! There is no falsehood too base for men to utter against the followers of Jesus. Among the early Christians there was a common slander that went about among the heathen, that when they met together, they met for the most obscene, and even cruel, rites; whereas those holy men only gathered together to eat bread and drink wine, in remembrance of him whom they loved; and, to this day, the chosen weapon of Satan, with which the evil one has power, and on which he relies, as his masterpiece of hellish ordnance against the Church, is slander; and how does this often wound the Christian, and cut him to the quick, when he finds his good name suddenly blasted, when filth is thrown upon his snow-white garments! It is but little marvel, when he has sought studiously to avoid the very appearance of sin, when he has picked his steps, knowing the world is a miry place, when he has sought in everything to avoid giving offence to any man, and yet he sees himself abused on every hand—it is but little marvel that he should cry, "Woe is me, that I dwell in Mesech!"

But if slander were all, though this might suffice to apologize for the complaint, yet would there be something lacking; but, alas! the Christian, dwelling as he does among wicked men, finds *his good things are continually marred*—"When I would do good, evil is present with me; not only here in my own heart, but in my own house, and round about my neighbourhood." Now some of you live in crowded places, where you can scarcely pray without being overheard and laughed at; and if you have a meeting for prayer, and if friends should join the song, then there is a crowd gathered around your little window, who begin to make all manner of discordant sounds. If you would learn a lascivious song, you have but to throw up your window and listen to what is being sung in the street; but if you would have a thought of heaven, and sing of God, how hard it is when you have those about you

who will cast these things into your teeth, suggest all manner of ribaldry, and turn your best words into a reproach against you! The Christian is like an eagle chained. Oh, how often does he fret over that chain, and bite it; he sees the stars up yonder, and he knows that he is brother to the lightnings, and he wants to be aloft there in his own native element; and how he frets and fumes, and his mighty spirit struggles within his body, and he longs to stretch his wings, and fly straight to yonder place; and when he sees those about him feeding upon the husks, while he himself, like a lion, must have lion's meat, and when they hurl their carrion at him, and it lies about him, how often does he long to be free, to break down the bars of his cage, and get away to his own companionship, to some associates that are fit for him, some spirits that are congenial with his spirit; how he pants to be with his congeners, the cherubim and seraphim, the holy ones that, day without night, keep ceaseless watch and utter ceaseless harmony around the throne of Jehovah, who liveth and abideth for ever! Were he a worldling, he would be satisfied with the world; but since he is of nobler blood, these things here below all tend to check the aspirations and the longings of his heaven-born spirit. 'Tis, indeed, no strange thing that he should cry, "Woe is me, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar!"

But besides this, the Christian is conscious that *evil companionship is damaging to him*. If he is not burnt, at least he is blackened. This world is to him a place where, if he does not accumulate actual filth, it is hard to travel an hour along its roads without being covered with its dust. He goes along, and though by the grace of God he is kept upright, yet he feels, when he goes upon his knees again, he has suffered from contact with poor, fallen humanity. He goes up into his chamber, and his spirit seems to drink the dew of heaven fresh from the throne of God—the drops from the womb of the morning—and he goes down, and has to go into the world, and the hot sun of business shines upon him, and then comes the dustiness of this world to mar him, and he goes back to his chamber and feels like Samson when his hair was shorn away. He begins to cry, "My soul lies cleaving to the dust." Sometimes he longs to go down and see the place of Mansoul; he would if he could, perhaps, though that were foolish, keep himself abstracted and alone, that he might cultivate continual fellowship, and abide near to the bleeding side of Jesus. That were foolish, I said, as I shall have to show by-and-bye; but yet it would be no wonder that he cries aloud, when he finds his spirit so confined, and his best things so deteriorated, "Woe is me that I sojourn in Mesech; that I dwell in the tents of Kedar."

There are divers other reasons, doubtless, why the Christian longs to be gone, and why he would be far away. I shall be content, however, with mentioning one other, namely, *the continual process of temptation which surrounds the Christian who is situated in the midst of men of unclean lips*. Men lay traps for us, and sometimes they lay them right warily and craftily; and unless our God has given us the wisdom of the serpent, as well as the harmlessness of the dove, we shall find our heels tripped up before we are aware. Often, in my own case, am I asked questions, apparently by inquirers who are anxious to know something about truth, with the only and simple desire to entrap me in my words and make some market of the answer. And, doubtless, it is so with each one of you. You are questioned merely that your answer may become the theme of ridicule. Something is put in your way—some temptation—and a friend advises you to do this and to do that. Perhaps you do it, and he is the first man to accuse you of having done wrong. Before, he said, "Oh, it is just the thing I should do if I were in your case." Perhaps he would, and when he has seen you do it he has become your accuser—first your tempter, and afterwards has turned round to bring the accusation against you. The Christian will long to be out of a world like this, where there is a Satanic rifleman behind every bush, where there is a devilish archer behind every crag; and where oftentimes, while we are going along some quiet vale of life, all secluded and peaceful, the arch-fiend comes behind us, and we hear his flattering words, and all of a sudden he gives a shrill call, and from every



side of the defile start temptations ; we see every one of them armed to the teeth, and with their arrows winged for flight, and thirsty to destroy ; and we wonder why we are brought into such a place, where all seemed so calm and secluded ; and now we are surrounded by the enemy, and we have to cry, " Good Lord, deliver us ; come from above and snatch me out of this danger ; cast down my foes and put my feet in a large place." Ay, well may God's dove long to roost in heaven, when there are so many snares here, and so many archers with their bows all ready, acting the robbers' part. Flee as a bird to thy mountain. Well may we sometimes wish we could, and even begin to sing, in the language of our poet,—

" Jerusalem, my happy home,  
Name ever dear to me ;  
When shall my labours have an end,  
In joy, and peace, and thee ?"

II. Well, now, having thus spoken a word of apology for the complaint, I come to JUSTIFY THE WAYS OF GOD WITH US, IN HAVING SUBJECTED US TO THIS DWELLING IN THE TENTS OF KEDAR. Well, brethren, whatever God does is right—we know that once for all ; if we could, however, see that it was right and believe it, if he should do that which seemed to our reason to be the wrongest thing in the world, we should believe our reason a liar sooner than that God would either be unkind or unwise. It is a happy thing when we can believe God to be right when we cannot see it ; when we can trust him if we cannot trace him. It is pleasant to believe that, but we would rather see it. Now, I think in this case we can see a little.

It is right, and just, and good that God has spared us to be here a little longer ; for, in the first place, my brothers and sisters, has not God put us here to dwell in the tents of Kedar, *because these, though perilous places, are advantageous posts for service* ? The angels, those mighty spirits that serve God, seem to me to be like the soldiers in an army, who bring up the rear-guard ; they are behind ; there the arrows don't reach them. When the volleys of Satanic malice are being fired off, the angels are behind, and can scarcely hear their echoes ; but we men that are born of women must breast the fire, and lead the vanguard in the heavenly battle between the Son of God and that great arch-traitor. We must go into the front rank, and every shot must tell upon our harness and rattle upon our armour ; and isn't it a glorious thing to stand in the front ? Who would care to be behind in such a battle as this ? No ; angels might long to come where we are, and might earnestly desire to come and stand in the front of the battle ; for if this be a place of danger, it is the place of honour too. That was a noble speech of our old English king, at Agincourt, when he was surrounded by multitudes of enemies—" Well, be it so. I would not lose so great an honour as one man more would share from me, for that would divide my triumph. I would not have one man," said he, " the fewer among my enemies, because then there would be a less victory." So, let us take heart ; The Lord of Hosts is with us ; the mighty God of Jacob is our refuge ; Jehovah Nissi is our banner. We are privileged above all the creatures of God. We have a high and noble honour to fight for Jehovah ; and standing out as the soldiers of the cross—the Church militant of the Divine One—I say, this is what the angels themselves have not ; and therefore we have great reason to bless God that he lets us stop here, because we are doing something for him that they cannot do. If you had been an angel, and never been a man, you might sit down, if such thoughts could ever pass through an angelic mind, on some sunny crag high up on the celestial hills—you might sit down and muse there :—" I am a glorious being. The great God has made me to be happy and to be blest ; and down yonder, on that little planet that is glittering in the light of the sun, there are creatures living that are more blest than I am, for they can do what I must not. They tell of Jesus' love ; they wipe the tear from the eye of the mourner. I can carry the soul aloft, and glad am I when I have the commission ; but I cannot go and bring the wanderer back, and tell him how Jesus Christ has bought him with his precious blood." Methinks an angel might almost fold his wings and cherish that wish ; if such a thought could ever go

through a cherubic spirit, such a one might be conceived to be natural. For really, my brethren, they cannot do what we can do. There are works of charity and resignation, works and deeds of suffering and heroism, that these blessed spirits shall never know. "Give me a body," says the angel, "and let me be a martyr, for a martyr is greater than an angel. Give me a tongue, and let me be a preacher; for the noble army of the Apostles is more noble than the glorious hosts of cherubim and seraphim; they have suffered for God; they have testified for God; they have stood in the midst of a multitude, firm as a rock in the midst of a storm; and they have been kept 'steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.'" If there were nothing else to say upon this point, that were certainly satisfactory enough to the Christian to remember that God has kept him here on purpose to do him honour.

Yet another thought, my brethren and sisters. You never will wish, I am sure, to get away from the tents of Kedar if you will recollect, *it was through another Christian tarrying here*—when perhaps he wanted to be gone—that *you are this day a Christian*. Look back upon the instrumentality that God used for you. It may have been the teaching of some aged woman, who herself had long ago wished to go home to her Father and her God. But she was kept, pale and shivering with old age—she was kept here in order to point you with her finger to the refuge. Or, perhaps, it may be, it was some younger servant of God who preached the Gospel, and you heard it and were blessed. But that man of God had often wished to be in heaven. Had he been in heaven when he wished it, where would you have been? It is true, God might have found other instruments; but we are not taught this. We are to speak ourselves as men after the manner of men. Have not we reason to thank God that these instruments were still spared and still kept here that we might be brought to him? And now, mark, is it not the fact, and will you not look out and see whether it be so—that there are many of God's elect ones, purchased with the blood of Christ, who are parts of Christ's mystical body, who are not yet brought in, and you are to bring them in? Brethren, if you were to go to heaven now, perhaps you would go almost alone, but you must stop till there is a companion to go with you. There are two stars very prominent just this season of the year, the Gemini, the twins, glistening in the sky. You can see them in about an hour's time almost over-head. Ay, and you perhaps would have been a star, but all alone, and now there will be two of you glittering together. But with some of us, blessed be God who has given us these, there will be a whole constellation—a whole constellation glittering together—of stars, who, though they did not borrow their light from us, yet through us have been able to receive their light from Jesus Christ. And who would like to go to heaven alone—to go through those bright fields of ether with no spirit with him? I sometimes think it would be a noble thing for the minister of God to hear a host behind him, and to look back and say, "Who are ye that are following after me?" and to hear them reply, "We are they whom God has given you. We are coming like the sheaves. As the sheaves come with the husbandman in the day of harvest, so we are coming after you;" and then to enter heaven and cry, "Here am I, and the children that thou hast given me!" To say, "Here am I," is a noble thing; but that "and those whom thou hast given me"—why, that is almost as grand as the first. To be in heaven! Glory be to God if we shall ever be there: but to be in heaven with others who were given to us—this shall be to multiply heaven, to heap celestial mountains upon one another, to double the light of the sun, yea, to make it seven-fold, to make heaven more than heaven—heaven multiplied in the heaven of others. To say, not simply, "I see the sun," but the sun reflected from a thousand glasses—the souls of others who have enjoyed Christ, and then reflect that enjoyment upon the man who, through God, was the means of bringing them to glory. Well, brethren, this should make us willing to stop here.

There is, however, one other reason left, namely, perhaps our Master keeps us in the tents of Kedar *because it will make heaven all the sweeter*. The old Romans

—you hear a great deal of praise about the Greeks and Romans; the Greeks were the biggest thieves that ever lived, and the Romans about the greatest gluttons and bullies that ever existed—well, the Romans were such gluttons, that before they came to their meals they were accustomed to drink all the bitterest things they could imagine, that they might be thirsty, and that they might drink as much as they could—very nasty things, such as one would not like to think of—but they always liked to get their palates in such a state that when they received their wine they should enjoy it. Verily, brethren, this is something like our case. After those draughts of worm-wood which we have had to drink, how sweet will be heaven's nectar! Yes, we have had to drink, as we think, to the very dregs; but when that cup is drunk, and God will give us some of the sweet wine in the kingdom, how sweet that will be! Nothing makes a day of rest so sweet to a man as having long laboured and long toiled. The tradesman who goes home to his little country-house thinks, "Well, if ever I can make enough to come and live in this house always, I shall be so happy." He does it, and doesn't like it. In a week he cannot bear it. The reason he used to like it was because the toil of the day sweetened it. Brethren, it will be so with us when we get into heaven, wiping our clammy brow, and with all our strength exhausted staggering in at the heavenly portals—then, when our rest shall last eternally will it be sweet indeed. The long wilderness of drought shall make the joys of heaven rare and real. The waters of the Nile were considered by the Egyptians to have an excellent flavour. Our travellers say it is not so, but the reason is because the Egyptians have never drunk any water but that of the Nile; while we, who have it in all our streets so abundantly, will think but little of that turbid stream. Now, we who have had much, but not too much, of sorrow from the men that dwell in the tents of Kedar, how blessed will it be there when you shall enter—

"Far from a world of grief and sin  
With God eternally shut in."

III. My third topic is a WORD OF COMFORT TO THE CHRISTIAN WHILE PLACED IN THESE APPARENTLY EVIL CIRCUMSTANCES. Well, there is one thing that ought to console him in a case like this. "Woe is me that I *sojourn*"—thank God for that word "sojourn." Yes, I do not live here for ever. "I am only a stranger and a sojourner here, as all my fathers were;" and though the next sentence does say "I dwell," yet, thank God, it is a *tent* I dwell in, and that will come down by-and-bye. "I dwell in the *tents* of Kedar." Well, ye men of this world, ye may have your day, but your day will soon be over, and I, I will have my nights, for my nights will soon be over too. It is not for long, Christian, it is not for long. They may laugh at you; every day there is one day less for you to be laughed at. They may scoff and mock, and set you in the pillory with cruel mockings, but you won't stand there for ever. Perhaps to-morrow you may be in heaveu; we never know how near we are to the gates of Paradise. But at any rate, suppose we should live to the longest period of human life, it is not long after all. When we get to heaven, and come to look back, what a short period it will seem! While we are travelling it, and our feet are all blisters and sores, we think all the inches miles; but when we get up there we shall say, "Why, that light affliction was but for a moment. I thought 'twas half a century; 'twas but for a moment. It has wrought out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." We say, "God has appointed unto me wearisome days, and nights of weeping." When we are there we shall say, "Weeping endured but for a night, but joy came in the morning." I say to the Christian,—

"The way may be rough but it cannot be long,  
So let's smooth it with hope and cheer it with song."

Up, man! a few successful struggles yet and not a conflict more, another blow or two, and your foot shall be on your foeman's neck. What, give up the battle when it is near its termination? Wouldst thou sit down in the shades when the sun is rising, and

the morning star of promise is giving thee the first token of the dawn? Cheer up, cheer up, I beseech thee! The end will make amends for all that thou endurest, and thou wilt thank God that he kept thee and blessed thee, and enabled thee to suffer and endure, and at last brought thee safely home.

This, however, is not all the comfort I have got for you, because that would look like something at the end, like the child who has the promise of something while it is taking its medicine. But no, there is something during your trials, that is, something to comfort you. Remember, while you are in the tents of Kedar, *you have blessed company*, for God is with you in the tents of Kedar; and though you sojourn with the sons of Mesech, yet there is another that you sojourn with, namely, with your blessed Lord and Master. You are not alone, for Christ is with you. It is true those who are round about you are uncongenial companions, but then, there is one who walks through the midst of all these scenes and snares, who says, "Fear not, I am with you; be not dismayed, I am thy God." There may be a noise in the street, but there is Christ in the chamber. There may be a storm within your very doors, a husband that will not let you rest, and children that cast your religion in your teeth; but there is another husband in that house too, a heavenly husband, and his consolations are far more powerful than all the sneers of the other husband; the manna that he gives is so sweet, that it can take all the bitterness out of the sarcasms of your foes. Surely when Christ is with us the bitterness of death is past, much more, then, the bitterness of those little trials which daily come to us from those sons of Mesech—those inhabitants of the tents of Kedar. If, my Lord, if thou wilt go with me, I will not choose the path. If I must go alone, alas! alas! for me, though the road he grassy and the sky be clear, and the sun be bright, and the rills be flowing on every side; though the birds are singing on the trees, and though my own eyes have a lustre in them; yet I am miserable, I am wretched, I am unsafe, I am in danger, if thou art not with me. But come, my Master, if the sun be set, if no moon or stars appear, if all around me there are found those that would devour me; if there be a ditch on this side, and a yawning gulf or a quagmire on the other; if there be all kinds of horrible things and evil spirits; if under my feet there be dead men's bones, and snares, and chains, and trap-falls; if over me there be the shadow of death, that keeps the sunlight from reaching me; and if within my heart there be fear, yet, if thou art with me, into the very gates of hell itself my soul unharmed should enter; through the wall of fire, amidst the blazings of Divine vengeance, my soul unscathed may walk. Nothing could harm me if Jesus be near; but does not this make the tents of Kedar as white and fair as the tents of Solomon if Jesus has visited them; and are not the men of Mesech, with their rough beards, their stern faces, and with their unknown tongues—are not these as friendly angels when we know that Jesus Christ is with us for evermore?

I have but one thing more to say, and with that I shall conclude. Brethren, ye may be comforted yet again with this sweet thought,—that not only is God with you, but *your Master was once in the tents of Kedar*; not merely spiritually, but personally, even as you are; and inasmuch as you are here too, this, instead of being painful, should be comfortable to you. Have you not received a promise that you shall be like your Head? Thank God that promise has begun to be fulfilled. If you were happy in the tents of Kedar, you might think, "I am not like my Master, for he was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief;" but inasmuch as you have evil things thrown at you, and your way is hard and rough, you may say, "Now I know what it is to have fellowship with him in suffering, in some feeble measure. As I was buried with him in baptism into death, so with him I trust I have had conformity unto his death." When any pang rends your heart from slander or misrepresentation, then can you say, "Now I know what he meant when he said, 'Reproach has broken my heart.'" When you find yourself abused and misrepresented, you can say, "Now I understand what Christ endured when they said, 'He is a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber; he is a friend of publicans and sinners.'" It is

worth while to be like Christ in the worst times, because that is an assurance that we shall be like him in the best times. If I carry a cross as he carried one, I shall wear a crown as he wears one. If I have been with him in the degradation of the flesh, I shall be with him in the glory of the Spirit. If I have been with him when men hooted and hissed, and dogs compassed him and the bulls of Bashan beset me round, I shall be with him too when angelic hosts are round him, and he shall be admired of all that love him and adored of all creation. You shall be like your Head, poor sufferer—like your Head, and what more can you want? Is not this an honour, that the servant is as his Master, and the subject is as his Sovereign?

To conclude, this may seem strange language in the ears of some hearers. All that they know is that they sometimes sneer at Christians themselves. Well, sir, you have spoken ill of your wife and children because they follow Christ. I would not be in your clothes for half the world, nor for the whole of it. Do you see that man there with the millstone round his neck? He is going to be cast into the midst of the sea; that man is better off than you are, for Christ has said it—"Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones that believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were cast into the midst of the sea." Don't laugh at a Christian or a professing Christian, even if he be a beggar; for he may be a child of God, and it will be an ill thing for you to be caught laughing at a child of God. There is nothing that makes a man so angry as to laugh at his children—there is nothing which brings a man's spirit up like touching his children. "Say what you like against me, but don't say anything against them." "Touch them," says the man, "and you touch me—touch them and you shall feel my wrath." Our Father loves them, and he that touches them touches the apple of his eye. If you want to be damned, go and do something else, but don't do that; but if you want to go to perdition and to the hottest fire of hell, go and vent your spleen on God's people. You may do it—you shall surely be rewarded. Herod shall be eaten of worms, though the voice be as the voice of a god and not of a king. There shall be creatures who, like Antiochus, shall have their very bowels burnt because they hurt the people of God; and you who touch them with your little finger shall feel the weight of the Divine arm, and if you have smitten them with the arm, you shall find his loins crushing you to the very lowest hell. But remember there is mercy for the persecutor. Did not the Lord say, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." "John, John, why persecutest thou me?" "Lord, I only laugh at my little daughter." "Thou hast persecuted me; it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." "Thomas, Thomas, why persecutest thou me?" "Oh, Lord, I only told my wife I would shut her out if she went to the week-night services." "Thou hast done it unto me, inasmuch as thou hast done it unto the least of these my people." But he cries to you, and says, "It is hard for thee to kick with naked feet against these pricks." And do you say, "Who art thou Lord?" his answer is, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." And then, if thou sayest, "Canst thou forgive me, Lord," his answer is, "I am ready and willing to forgive. Come, now, and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as wool; though they be red like crimson they shall be as white as snow." Trust in Jesus, and you are safe. Cast yourself once for all on him, and you cannot be lost, for he that relies on Jesus is a saved man. May God add the blessing of his Spirit, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

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### FATHER ! FATHER !

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHELTENHAM.

SOME time ago a little boy was set upon by one much larger than himself, and instead of attempting to defend himself, or resent the injury, he called out, "FATHER ! FATHER !" and his oppressor looked round and fled. This is just how

the Lord's people should act. It is not for them to avenge themselves, or punish their enemies, but to cry unto the Lord, who is the avenger of all such. If the little boy had tried to avenge himself, he would only have procured harder blows, and suffered for days from bruises ; but calling for his father, he escaped without further injury. Let us in malice, and revenge, and self-vindication, be children ; and call upon our heavenly Father to interfere for us, and to bring forth our judgment as the light, and our righteousness as the noonday. To encourage us to do this, the Lord has identified us with himself, saying, "He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of his eye." So, when Saul persecuted the primitive saints, we do not hear of their resenting it ; but no doubt they cried unto the Lord, and when the Lord appeared for their vindication he does not say, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou THEM?" But, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou ME?" If then, Christ and we are one, and if what is done to us is considered as done unto him, it is wise, it is safe, it is consistent to call upon him, and leave him to vindicate us. Then we shall have to say with the Psalmist, "The Lord taketh my part with them that help me ; therefore shall I see my desire on them that hate me. It is better to trust in the Lord, than to put confidence in man" (Ps. cxviii. 7, 8).

In connection with a congregation in town, it was customary to hold what was called a conference meeting, at which any person proposed a passage of Scripture for consideration, and the brethren present gave their views of it. On one occasion, the text proposed was, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." Once, on the road to the conference, one of the friends, meeting an old Christian, asked him to accompany him to the meeting, when he asked what was the subject proposed for discussion. The friend told him, when he immediately turned, and looking him in the face, said, "Resist the devil ! resist the devil ! I am so weak that I can't resist him, but when he assaults me I am obliged to cry, 'FATHER ! FATHER ! THE DEVIL ! THE DEVIL !'" Here was the same principle carried out in reference to spiritual assaults, by one who felt himself a weak and feeble child, as was carried out by the other in literal assaults. It is quite true that we cannot resist the devil successfully in our own strength, but if we refuse to listen to his lies, and repel his attacks by faith in God's Word, and the blood of the Lamb, and then cry to our heavenly Father, we shall be more than a match for him. Only by faith in a present God, in the finished work of Jesus, and in the immutable promises of grace, can we resist Satan. Before the word of the promise he quails. Before the blood of the Lamb he flies. It brings his degradation and grand defeat so vividly before him, and gives such confidence, courage, and strength to the believer, that he cannot endure it, and therefore flees. If we would effectually resist the devil, we must realize our acceptance with God, through the perfect work of Jesus, keep the atoning blood before the eye of the mind, and live within speaking distance of our heavenly Father. Oh, what a mercy to have a Father—a Father whom we can call to defend us, to deliver us, and in all difficulties to take our part !

Reader, is God your Father ? Do you *know* him as such, *love* him as such, *obey* him as such, and *call upon him* as such ? Have you received the Spirit of adoption, which always prompts us to cry, "FATHER ! FATHER ?" In all our wants, in all our woes, in all our conflicts, and in all our trials, the blessed Spirit of adoption stimulates us to cry, "FATHER ! FATHER !" And the very pronouncing the word "Father" sometimes infuses sweet peace into the mind, and sheds light and joy over the soul. Blessed privilege, to have God for our Father ! Blessed privilege, to have always, and everywhere, access to God as our Father ! O my soul, if men persecute thee, slander thee, oppress thee ; indulge in no vindictive feelings toward them, nor ever seek to be revenged on them, but cry unto the Lord—put thy cause into the hands of God, and expect him to interfere for thee ! Oh, how often, and in how many ways, has God interfered for me during my pilgrimage below ! And if Satan assaults thee, if he tempts thee, or suggests evil thoughts to thee, or throws his fiery darts at thee ; hold fast the shield of faith, never give up thy hold on the

promise, or cease to present to him the precious blood; but in addition to these things look up, and cry with child-like simplicity, "FATHER! FATHER! undertake for me!" Thus acting, thy character will be cleared and rendered transparent, and Satan will flee from thee, as one filled with alarm and fear.

## DIVINE COMFORT AND CHRISTIAN COMMUNION.

BY THE REV. JOHN COX, AUTHOR OF "OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST."

"Nevertheless God, who comforteth those that are cast down, comforted us by the coming of Titus."—2 Cor. vii. 6.

How few persons there are unacquainted with the meaning of the words "cast down!"—almost everywhere we find it known and experienced. We see a cloud over the face of a little child, whose life, it seems to us, should be all sunshine; but even there trouble has commenced, the soul is cast down, and the usually-smiling eye dimmed with tears. Not long, however, do they remain, for the child is again soon bright as ever; but the key-note of sorrow has been struck, and many times will its tones be repeated. The youth going forth into life with a free, joyous, hopeful spirit, at first fancies everything bright and beautiful, and that joy will always be his portion; but when disappointments arise, and his ardent spirit is checked by difficulties, keenly does he feel that there are two sides to life, a dark as well as a bright one, and his spirit is "cast down," feeling he has a share in both. The man of riper years, who thought himself prepared to view life rightly, and to expect a mixture of good and evil, yet experiences this casting down when the burden presses heavily upon him, and troubles come in various ways that he looked not for.

And the old man whose life is nearly over is often "cast down" in spirit when he reviews his past days, his many failures, his short-comings, his mistakes, and the various lost opportunities that have been afforded him. We wonder not that he should feel thus. Sad indeed is it for him if he cannot look above, realize his sins forgiven, and behold a blessed home secured on high.

But there is another and deeper meaning to these words, beyond all the sadness referred to. Let us try to discover what the Apostle Paul included in them. In order to do this, we should consider the circumstances he was in when he was thus "cast down." It seems that as regards him, these words may be taken in two ways: as referring to *outward trials* and *inward spiritual conflicts and heart-strugglings*.

I. Let us first notice these *OUTWARD TRIALS*; and, in order to do so, we will begin by glancing at the Apostle's position, as it may serve to help to illustrate that of others. It is very profitable, and also deeply interesting to study the connection between the epistles and history of Paul, as one gives force and beauty to the other. He here says, "For when we were come into Macedonia, our flesh had no rest, but we were troubled on every side; without were fightings, within were fears" (2 Cor. vii. 5). The outward history of the Apostle at this time may be seen in Acts xix. and xx., where we find him exposed to great dangers and many trials. His inward conflict also was very sore. We do not suppose that he suffered from spiritual despondency—as regards the salvation of his soul, he could still say, "I know in whom I have believed;"—nor from discontent about temporal things, for he knew "how to be abased as well as how to abound;" but his soul was "cast down" on account of the troubles of the Churches, and especially by his fears concerning the Corinthians. These people, so tenderly loved by the Apostle, are often represented as highly blameable, and Paul had occasion to reprove them severely. This weighed down his spirit. The care of the Churches ever pressed heavily upon him, and keenly did he feel any delinquencies in the conduct of the followers of Christ. Thus was he cast down and sorrowful. Truly, he was much like his blessed Master: he loved the erring ones, while he *hated the sin*, and honestly reprov'd all wrong doings. In the second verse of this chapter, he says, "Receive us;" he would fain have their confidence and affection. This is like the Saviour, when, in Rev. iii. 19, he arouses his Church, and says, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." The Lord Jesus loves to be *continually* received by his people; not only as their Saviour from sin, but as their Friend at all times. Paul's love is shown by his honest dealing; he spared not reproof when it was

necessary, but how kindly did he administer it! There is much difference between *honesty* and *roughness*—the one is probing a wound to heal it, the other is but producing fresh torture, without any good result. Honest dealing with a fault must be profitable at last; see what godly sorrow and fruitful repentance were wrought among these people through Paul's words (2 Cor. vii. 7-10). This might not have been had their misconduct been otherwise treated. If a nettle be trifled or played with, it stings; but if firmly grasped, no harm follows; so, with faults, if prayerfully and honestly dealt with, good is sure to result in the end. But, leaving for a time the Apostle and the Corinthians, we consider the Lord's people now.

II. The true meaning of the words "cast down" seems to be INWARD SPIRITUAL CONFLICTS, the bitterness of which is known only to the soul who is passing through them. Only those who have experienced it know what this "*casting down*" means. It is not always fear concerning the soul's safety, though most are occasionally tried thus. It is not so much anxiety respecting temporal wants and surrounding trials, though this is often felt; but it is the anguish of the soul when its light has departed, when there is a cloud between it and its God. Oh, what is more painful for a Christian whose sins are pardoned and heaven secured, than to feel that his heart does not possess that deep joy and gratitude such mercies should call forth; and that intimate communion with his God has in a measure ceased? There are sometimes causes for this state of things which we cannot trace, but frequently we may ascertain that this "*casting down*" is not an act of sovereignty on God's part, but is brought about by failure in duty, lukewarmness of spirit, and coldness in prayer. It may also be looked upon as the result of successful temptation from Satan. The soul desires joy, it is its proper element; but this is just what Satan hates, and desires to hinder, and when he finds it in a Christian's soul, he will seek to take it away by inducing despondency and distrust. Sometimes even spiritual joy is accompanied by animal exuberance, and upon this Satan will try to work, as he well knows how to make use of our weak points. "*Casting down*" always implies previous lifting up, and generally closely follows upon it. "The Valley of Humiliation comes very near to the Mount of Communion." How often in the Psalms

do we find near communion followed by hard conflict, and exulting expressions of joy in God which precede penitential confessions and utterances of heart-agony!

In the Apostle's experience, his personal enjoyment of "the salvation that was in Christ Jesus with eternal glory," was succeeded by deep sorrow on account of others. This is strikingly exhibited in the Epistle to the Romans. In the close of the eighth chapter we find him full of holy triumph, singing, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" and expressing his firm conviction that nothing could do this; but he immediately writes in the next chapter, "I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart." Thus will it be with every true sympathizing Christian while passing through this life, where joy and sorrow are so strangely commingled, and where so much cause for sadness is found in the Church and the world.

But we do not find Paul long in this state of sadness. Hark to his testimony to the Divine goodness, "God, who comforteth those who are cast down, comforted us by the coming of Titus." What a beautiful description we have in these words of the character of God. We often find these beauties come out incidentally, thus rendering them all the more precious. We find it thus in the histories of Abraham, Jacob, and many others; and all these things are left on record for our benefit and blessing. What a blessed title is this! "*God who comforteth.*" The three persons in the Trinity are each separately mentioned as comforting; thus proving our God, indeed, to be "The God of all comfort." How delightful is the thought that, if we are true Christians, however low we may be cast down, God's everlasting arms are underneath us, and that we can be in no place nor situation where "Christ cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities!" This title of God is verified by his promises. He knew all our weakness, wants, and desires, and thus provided for them. Well may the believer sing, "The God of my mercies shall prevent me." He has treasured up magazines of comfort in his promises. One has well said, "The heart of God looks through the eyes of the promises," and truly this is the case, and we shall, indeed, find it to be so when we give heed to the "Fear nots" of our gracious God; and fully believe him when he says, "I will be with thee;" "I will guide thee with mine eye;" "I will instruct thee and



teach thee;" "As thy day thy strength shall be."

But these promises must be turned into prayers; God loves to hear them pleaded, and to be reminded of the ways in which he fulfilled them to ancient believers, and to ourselves in previous parts of our history. "Gratitude is the remembrance of the heart," and we do well to recall past answers to our prayers when soliciting new favours. Jacob did so when requesting deliverance from Esau, and if we do the same we shall find God will turn the promises into consolations, supplies, and blessings, and thus will our confidence in him be strengthened.

We may here mention that strong trust in God does not exempt us from deeply feeling our trials. The human feelings of Christians are as tender as those of other people, and even though grace may render our feelings more intense, it will at the same time purify them. David, though he held such intimate communion with God, was yet susceptible to the joys and sorrows of human friendship; and he who called God his refuge and strong tower, in the agony of his heart, exclaimed, "Would God I had died for thee, oh, Absalom, my son, my son!"

God sometimes uses instruments to comfort this people; when this is the case, they should be received with gratitude, but the glory should be given to him alone. God comforteth his cast down servant by the coming of Titus. Paul experienced the joy; he was grateful to Titus as the instrument; but gave the honour of all to God. God's instruments of blessing are often apparently very unlikely ones; they even sometimes come in the form of fresh trials; but still they must be received submissively from God's hand; and they will always be found at last to have been sent for some wise purpose, to work out some real good. It may be that a Christian has fallen into some snare or temptation, which has kept him at a distance from God: if it be broken, and his soul is brought near to his Father by a fresh trial, gladly will he own that sorrow as a blessing and means of comfort. The language of sincere souls is—

"Nearer, my God,  
Nearer to thee,

E'en though it be a cross that raises me."

Let us remember this when the cross comes,

and seek to be able in cheerful submission to "thank God, and take courage."

We may learn from this subject not to be ashamed to make known our feelings, nor afraid to discover our inward conflicts and spiritual enjoyments to our fellow-saints. This is part of the communion of saints. Were this more the case, how much better should we be able to cheer each other on in our way to heaven! How would the strong assist the weak, and the more advanced help the younger ones! It would also hinder much of that unprofitable talk which is so common among Christians, but which is often a hindrance to them. Let us be natural in this respect, and let not fear keep us silent on spiritual subjects, when the opportunity offers to converse with our fellow-pilgrims. The heart often feels the need of such sympathy and communion. That it is pleasing to our gracious Saviour is proved by his joining the two sorrowful disciples, who were conversing together about himself, on their way to Emmaus. Did we thus often speak to each other, we should have more of the Lord's company.

We would, in conclusion, say to every Christian who is "cast down," *Look up* to the God who comforteth. To those who are enduring very heavy trials, we would especially say, Endeavour to look *above* and *beyond* them—above to a gracious heavenly Father, who is himself guiding and comforting; and beyond, to the land where sorrow shall not be.

If comforted, look *around*, and strive to comfort others. Bring your own experience to bear upon their trials and temptations. Show them how God has proved himself to be in your experience what he declares himself to be in his titles of love. Testify that he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. In connection with all, let us all look *forward* with glorious hope to that happy land where there is no "*casting down*," but where there is pure and permanent joy. Then how small will the largest earthly trials and sorrows appear when viewed in the light of heaven, where they will only be remembered to serve by comparison to make our happiness more complete!

"We speak of its freedom from sin,  
From sorrow, temptation, and care,  
From trials without and within—  
But what must it be to be there!"

## THE UNSEEN PERIL.

"But a step between me and death."—1 Sam. xx. 3. "The darkness and the light are both alike to thee."—Psa. cxxxix. 12.

THE smoke-darkened, yet many-tinted structures of that ancient town, which stands where the Romans had their "Pons Ælii," (and in a later age was compared, by an enthusiastic writer, for the completeness of its defences, to Jerusalem of old,) shone picturesquely beneath an afternoon sun, one day near the end of August, 1850, when two of its residents quitted it for a visit to the birth-place of the younger, a solitary farmhouse in the Vale of the South Tyne. Both children of "the country," though from widely different localities—both cherishing a love of natural beauty, all the more intense from their having been "long in populous city pent" (the elder editing a newspaper, and the younger being connected with another)—their hearts bounded as they left behind them the clang of hammers and the smoke of furnaces, and drank in the pure air, and beheld the green turf, so pleasant to wearied eyes. The district they were traversing was not only beautiful from its diversified scenery, but rich in historical associations. The western beams, which came with a golden radiance through the trees, and were reflected in countless sparkles from the surface of the Tyne, lighted up to the north the ridge still crowned by the solid remains of that great wall\* which the Emperor Adrian constructed soon after the commencement of the Christian era; while to the south the same rays fell upon Prudhoe Castle, and illumined that old pile, once a Romish cathedral, which stands out so prominently at Hexham; in which town, by the way, a Particular Baptist church existed more than two centuries ago, and long flourished, but has been for many years extinct. Having passed the confluence of the North and South Tyne, and reached Haydon-bridge, the friends quitted the railway, preferring to complete their journey by a long circuitous walk. Met by a schoolmaster, a friend of the younger, they ascended from the valley to his house at some distance, where they were entertained with true Northumbrian hospitality; and the three proceeded, beholding, as they went on, less of the works of man, and

more of those of the Creator. The wide upland pastures through which they passed were studded with innumerable flowers, among which—

"The azure harebell that doth ceaseless swing" abounded, and the bright flowers of the foxglove were conspicuous; while beyond lay the moorlands, covered with vast masses of heather.

It was sunset when they arrived at the edge of a deep, wooded valley. Having gone for a short distance through the trees, they came to a very narrow isthmus; projecting into the valley, with a great depth on either side, and passed along it to a small peninsula, with sides equally deep and perpendicular, on which stood, amidst long grass, the remains of a fortress, of necessarily limited size, but with massive walls (built all round to the edge of their rocky site), called Staward Peel, which had been erected in this secluded spot in troublesome times, and in the days of border warfare had defied many an assailant.

"The north country! the north country!  
Full many a ruined tower  
Is there, like trunk of scathed tree,  
Stripped of its pride and power."

Here they mused with deep interest on a state of society which had disappeared before the benign influence of the Gospel of Peace. The sun was now no longer visible; but there was much beauty in the view from that lone and silent spot. In one direction the prospect along the valley was intercepted by its windings; and its sides, on either hand,

"Rose up, all clad in coppice wood,  
Which rock and steep did hide."

But before the pedestrians, as they gazed upon the fading tints which yet lingered after the sun's departure, opened a sort of vista, along the centre of which was visible, at intervals, the river Allen—in winter a rushing torrent, but now gently flowing, literally like a silver thread, in the diminishing light, and beautifully contrasting with the masses of dark foliage through which it passed, where firs of various kinds abounded, and where the ash and the beech, the elm and the oak, were interspersed with the sombre yew. Farther on, the landscape widened, till, in the distance, the river was lost to view; and the vale, in the dimmer

\* The "Barrier of the Lower Isthmus."

light, blended with the woodlands and hills which stretched away to the horizon. As twilight came on, they reluctantly retraced their steps across the once carefully-guarded isthmus. Not far off is an old building called Staward House, in which, it is said, the good Bishop Ridley slept the last night he was in the district, before he was conveyed to the metropolis to suffer martyrdom. Without stopping, however, to visit it, they descended to the river's side, and came to a sort of basin, where an old legend tells of an immense treasure-chest having been sunk, which only fairy power can raise. There, in the "gloaming," they discoursed of old superstitions, the influence of which still lingers throughout the country to a much greater extent than many persons imagine. This topic absorbed their attention till even the twilight had well nigh passed away.

There was no road, and their nearest way, for a considerable distance, would be along the valley. They would have kept close to the stream, where there was still some light left; but its irregular banks—in some places overhung by the hazel and bramble, and in others rising steeply from the stony bed of the river, or above deep pools, which had been formed in various parts—were impracticable and unsafe. And as the sides of the valley sloped considerably, they had to keep at some distance, under the trees, the trunks of which were soon undiscernible a few feet off. Here the schoolmaster kindly lent the editor his walking-stick, and carried the latter's umbrella, which was large and heavy—an apparently trivial incident, but not without importance afterwards. They managed to thread their way through the trees until they reached, without accident, a wider part of the valley, where there is a level and cleared spot. This is crossed by a path to a neighbouring highway, which path they entered, and had light enough to see a narrow plank bridge, across a deep part of the Allen. This they passed over, and began to ascend on the opposite side. Here they were quickly in darkness again; for all light was shut out by the trees above, even before they got beneath them. But they went confidently on, till, suddenly and unexpectedly, they were stopped by a hedge.

It was evident that they had diverged, imperceptibly, from the path, but on which side of it they could not tell. So they groped along in search of an outlet; the editor, who had never been in that locality

before, naturally following the others. Coming, however, to some very uneven ground, he lost the fence, and, on regaining it, found himself a little in advance, and immediately afterwards discovered a narrow and partial opening. It did not admit light, but he could just make out that it extended to within about three feet from the ground; and he found, by touch, that that three feet was filled by stake-hedging. On his companions coming up, they at once concluded that this was the line of foot-path, especially as the stake-hedging was smooth at the top. But, though he knew that such rough substitutes for stiles are often used, he could not forget that gaps are stopped in a similar way; and therefore, when they were for going over at once, he hesitated, wishing first to know something about the other side. Looking was useless, for nothing but blackness met the eye; nor, on trying with the stick, could anything be touched. Obviously, there was no ground level with that on which they stood; but his companions were of opinion that it was only a little lower, or else that there was the ordinary hedge-side ditch; and again they wished him to go over. He declined, and extended the stick to find the other side of the supposed ditch; but could still feel nothing. They said it would be easy to jump a greater distance than could be touched; but he was not satisfied. The younger added, that even if he should fall short, the ditch would be dry, or the depth trifling; but still he was not convinced. Both volunteered to go before him, the younger being especially anxious; but he felt strongly that he ought not to give way, and there was not room to pass him. But after again extending the stick in every direction without result, he got half over the fence and sat upon it; then, stooping over, he endeavoured thus to find the ground, but in vain; and he was at a loss what to do. If alone, he would have left the spot to search elsewhere; but an impression that he was between his companions and some danger became still stronger. As no ray pierced the darkness, so no wind stirred the leaves, and no cry of bird or quadruped broke in upon the quiet.

"There reigned a solemn silence over all;" and the effect of this continued groping in "the impalpable obscure" was a sense of indefiniteness, of vacuity, of suspense, which at length became oppressive. When it was again urged that one or other should

go over, he was less than ever disposed to consent. But again stooping as much as he could venture, he held the stick by the tips of his fingers, to reach as far as possible; and from this slightness of hold it fell. For an instant the pervading silence was unbroken. Then he heard the stick striking, with a sharp, ringing sound, against stone, evidently at a considerable depth below. A chill shudder ran through him, for he was now aware that he was hanging over a rocky precipice. Grasping still more tightly the stake in the fence, by which he was holding with the left hand, he cautiously raised himself, and got off—grateful to Him in whose hands are the lives of all men. If he had had the umbrella, instead of the stick, probably, from its weight, he would have held it more securely, and the danger would have remained undiscovered until one or other had perished. His companions—both of whom declared that if close to the opening, they should certainly have jumped over—were now satisfied.

Retracing their steps by the hedge-side, they came to a gate—an indication that they had re-discovered the path. Through this gate the three passed, and, being now in a cleared pathway through the trees, proceeded safely, though in darkness, till the ascent terminated; and, after a rest on the turf, the schoolmaster left them, and returned by the nearest way to his moor-side dwelling. The others, having emerged from the wood, met a man who told them how to reach the high-road, which they soon entered. There was now star-light enough to travel with ease, and they were not long in reaching Beltingham, and passing Ridley-house, which some say was the birth-place of the bishop of that name, though others place it at Williemont Wyke's castle, some remains of which stand a little to the west. To avoid a considerable circuit, they climbed, by the aid of

the ivy on the bridge walls, upon the Newcastle and Carlisle railway, which here passes over the road; and the rest of their course was straight. The lights were out at Hard Riding, as they passed, but its front was visible. Shortly before midnight, they reached Wood-hall, their destination.

The next day but one was the Sabbath, and, in an adjacent village, they attended Divine worship under circumstances of especial interest, both from the recent deliverance and from the place. The "upper chamber" in which the little congregation met, was the second storey of a "peel-house," and they ascended by stone steps to the loop-holed and stone-floored room which armed men had once traversed, but in which they now heard simply and impressively preached the Gospel of the Prince of Peace.

The schoolmaster, on visiting by day the scene of their night's adventure, found his stick lying on a ledge of rock about thirty feet under the spot where they had stood, while below the ledge was a deep part of the river, which they had again unconsciously approached.

When the three, who had never all met before, had separated on the night referred to, they had looked forward to another meeting. But it never came! The two friends returned to their engagements, but, before circumstances would allow of another excursion, the farmer's son had emigrated to an Antipodean colony, and now the Southern Cross has long shone over his grave! The schoolmaster continued to pursue, in the same place, his important avocation. The third of those benighted wanderers afterwards quitted that part of the country, and, after various changes, now gratefully records that night's deliverance.

Has not this true story much practical suggestiveness? Let the reader meditate upon it for himself.

Leeds.

H. A. C.

#### SONNET.

*On the Death of Mr. Town, a Deacon of the South Parade Church, Leeds.*

Couvinced of sin by grace Divine, and brought  
 Unto the cross, pardoned and justified,—  
 Within he strove with evil, and displayed  
 In outward life the change that grace had made.  
 Sinners he warned, and preached the Crucified,  
 Nor of his glory would diminish aught,  
 Or truth suppress, to flatter human pride.  
 To serve the Church he time nor toil did spare;  
 Reproach he in its counsels patient bore,  
 But what his Lord dishonoured grieved him more;  
 And thus he oft was worn by wasting care;  
 But in "the old paths" walked with faithfulness  
 Till sudden called the crown of life to wear.  
 With many such many God our churches bless!

Leeds, August, 1860.

H. A. COLLIER.

# THE LOSING AND TAKING OF MANSOUL;

OR,

## LECTURES ON THE HOLY WAR.

BY THE REV. A. S. PATTON, A.M., AUTHOR OF "KINCAID, THE HERO MISSIONARY."

### VI.—REORGANIZATION OF THE TOWN GOVERNMENT; OR, FRUITS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

"With all thy heart, with all thy soule and minde,  
Thou must him love, and his behests embrace:  
All other loves, with which the world doth blind  
Weake fancies, and stir up affections base,  
Thou must renounce and utterly displace:  
And give thyself unto him full and free,  
That full and freely gave himself to thee."

SPENSER'S HYMN OF HEAVENLY LOVE.

"What this repentance was which the new covenant required as one of the conditions to be performed by all those who should receive the benefits of that covenant, is plain in the Scripture, to be not only sorrow for his sins past, but (what is a natural consequence of such sorrow if it be real) a turning from them into a new and contrary life."—LOCKE'S REASONABLENESS OF CHRISTIANITY.

"That ye should show forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light.—1 Peter ii. 9.

"For sin shall not have dominion over you."—Rom. vi. 14.

THE work of conversion is but the *beginning* of a great and glorious change. When, therefore, such a change is professed, we are warranted in looking, at once, for the indications of a progressive transformation.

Very beautifully has Bunyan illustrated this important feature of a Christian life, in the remarkable events and changes which he describes as taking place in Mansoul immediately after its conquest by Immanuel. The inhabitants of the town, he tells us, after their defeat, were first most delightfully entertained with an exhibition of the dexterity and bravery of the army. "They marched and countermarched, they opened to the right and left, they divided and subdivided, they closed, they wheeled, made good their front and rear with their right and left wings, and twenty things more, until the men of Mansoul were completely ravished with the sight." And the object of this, says Bunyan, in his marginal note, was to display the Prince's graces. In other words, he designs by this exhibition to set before us the admirable adaptation and beautiful perfection of the means which God has appointed, and which he is pleased to bless, not only for bringing a sinner into a state of submission, but for carrying on the conquest to the complete recovery of the soul to himself. And when the believer is favoured with such a view of the means and influences by which he is surrounded, his hope and confidence are so inspired that he is made to rejoice; seeing that the great Captain of his salvation is "girded with strength unto the battle."

Besides this display of his power and glory, however, the trophies of his victorious grace receive such blessed assurances of peace, as lead them most devoutly to desire the constant presence of Immanuel in their souls; and yet, like the people of Mansoul, under a painful sense of their own weakness, they are afraid to pledge themselves to a faithful compliance with his ways, except as they shall be moved thereto by the power of his love. But where, in any heart, this sense of total dependence is found, there Jesus graciously deigns to take up his abode, that he may still further manifest his glory. This design is beautifully exhibited by Bunyan, in the account he gives of the triumphant entrance of Immanuel and his train into Mansoul.

"And this was the manner of his going up thither. He was clad in his golden armour, he rode in his royal chariot, the trumpets sounded about him, the colours were displayed, his ten thousands went up at his feet, and the elders of Mansoul danced before him. And now were the walls of the famous town of Mansoul filled with the trappings of the inhabitants thereof, who went up thither to view the approach of the blessed Prince, and his royal army. Also the casements, windows, balconies, and tops of the houses were all now filled with persons of all sorts to behold how their town was to be filled with good.

"Now when he was come so far into the town as to the Recorder's house, he commanded that one should go to Captain Credence, to know whether the castle of Mansoul was prepared to entertain his royal

presence, for the preparation of that was left to that captain, and word was brought that it was. Then was Captain Credence commanded also to come forth with his power to meet the Prince, the which was, as he had commanded, done, and he conducted him into the castle. This done, the Prince that night did lodge in the castle with his mighty captains and men of war, to the joy of the town of Mansoul."

Now, though literally expressed, all this is in perfect agreement with the spiritual teachings of revelation. It answers exactly to that precious promise of our Redeemer, where he has said, "If any man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." And when he thus deigns to manifest himself, oh, how glorious, how triumphant, how jubilant the occasion! Then it is that he appears to the believer, "glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength!" and his people are led to adore him as the fairest among ten thousand fair, and altogether lovely.

You will notice also, that the office of faith is here most appropriately alluded to by our author, in the circumstance of the castle being prepared for the Prince's presence by *Captain Credence*. And this, while agreeing with the method of grace made known in the Scriptures, is, at the same time, illustrated in the believer's actual experience. Thus, for instance, the Apostle Peter declares God dealt with the Gentiles—"Purifying their hearts by *faith*;" while the earnest prayer of Paul for the Ephesians was, "that Christ might dwell in their hearts by *faith*." It is by this Divine grace that the soul, all polluted by sin, is cleansed from its defilement, so that it becomes a holy temple in the Lord; a fit abode for "Jesus Christ, the Prince of the kings of the earth." The enjoyment of the believer under these circumstances is indescribably great; it is the time of his espousals; he has sweet, yea, enrapturing views of his Saviour, and ever afterwards, in looking back to that period, he is constrained to sing—

"Tongue can never express,  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love—  
That sweet comfort was mine,  
When the favour Divine  
I first found in the blood of the Lamb—  
When at first I believed what true joy I received!  
What a heaven in Jesus' sweet name!"

It is to this delightful experience that reference is had in the sumptuous feast which Immanuel is said to have made for Mansoul; while the "riddles of secrets" with which he entertained them, may be understood, perhaps, as applying to those types of Christ found in the Old Testament, and which are so full of interest and instruction to all who are sufficiently enlightened to understand them. It was in this manner, we are told, that Bunyan himself used to entertain godly company, using the shadows and figures of the old dispensation to set forth the sublime facts of the new. And alluding to this custom, he says—

"Hard texts are nuts (I will not call them <sup>cheaters</sup>),  
Whose shells do keep their kernels from the <sup>eaters</sup>;  
Open the shells, and you shall have the meat,  
They are brought here for you to crack and eat."

"But," says Bunyan, "can you imagine how the people of the Corporation were taken with his entertainment? Oh, they were transported with joy, they were drowned with wonder, while they saw, and understood, and considered what their Immanuel entertained them withal, and what mysteries he opened to them; and when they were at home in their houses, and in their most retired places, they could not but sing of him and of his actions. Yea, so taken were the townsmen now with their Prince, that they would sing of him in their sleep."

The next thing attempted for Mansoul was a new arrangement for its defence, and a complete reorganization of its government. In connection with the powerful weapons which had been brought from his Father's court, viz.: the battering rams and slings, there was also an instrument invented that was to throw stones from the castle of Mansoul, out at *Mouth Gate*; an instrument that could not be resisted, nor that would miss of execution, wherefore for the wonderful exploits that it did when used, it went without a name, and it was committed to the care of, and to be managed by, the brave Captain Credence.

There was a great change, moreover, in the government. Thus, for instance, my Lord Will-be-will was promoted to a post of great responsibility and command, while my Lord Understanding was made Mayor, with a charge that he should "read in the revelation of mysteries all the days of his life, that he might know how to perform his office aright." Mr. Knowledge, also,

was made Recorder, not of contempt to old Mr. Conscience, who had been Recorder before; but because it was in his princely mind to confer upon him another appointment, of which he told the old gentleman he should know more hereafter. In addition to this, he commanded "that the image of Diabolus should be taken down from the place where it was set up, and that they should destroy it utterly, beating it into powder, and casting it unto the wind, without the town wall; and that the image of Shaddai his Father should be set up again, with his own, upon the castle gates, and that it should be more fairly drawn than ever; forasmuch as both his Father and himself were come to Mansoul in more grace and mercy than heretofore."

By the nameless engine, to which allusion is here made, we are evidently to understand that effectual weapon elsewhere styled by Bunyan, *all prayer*. And a wonderful instrument it is, possessing a power so great that no term can sufficiently describe its amazing efficiency. Prayer! why it secures for the believer the resources of Divinity. In a certain sense, it changes impotence into omnipotence, and is a weapon that the enemy cannot possibly resist. Now, when thus brought into alliance with God, the natural powers of the soul begin, at once, to resume their proper offices, and to exercise their appropriate functions. Thus the *will* is made strong to resist the encroachments of sin; the *understanding* is reinstated, having charge at the same time to look for guidance to the teachings of infallible wisdom; and Divine *knowledge*, certain and clear, takes the place of the moral but too fitful suggestions of conscience, while the whole man, no longer exhibiting the repulsive features of sin, is now transformed and renewed after the image of Him that created him.

But this work of reorganization was connected farther with the arrest, imprisonment, and execution of quite a number of notorious Diabolonians; also, with the complete destruction of the chief of the enemy's strongholds. "One of the prisoners," however, says Bunyan, "*Incredulity* by name, in the interim betwixt the sentence and time of execution, brake prison, and made his escape; and gets him away quite out of the town of Mansoul, and lay lurking in such places and holds as he might, until he should again have opportunity to do the town of Mansoul a mischief for their thus handling of him as they did. But, when

the time was come, the others were brought forth for execution.

"So the town of Mansoul slew them according to the word of their Prince; but when the prisoners were brought to the cross to die, you can hardly believe what troublesome work Mansoul had of it to put the Diabolonians to death; for the men knowing that they must die, and every one of them having implacable enmity in their hearts to Mansoul, what did they but took courage to the cross, and there resisted the men of the town of Mansoul! Wherefore the men of Mansoul were forced to cry out for help to the captains and men of war. Now the great Shaddai had a secretary in the town, and he was a great lover of the men of Mansoul, and he was at the place of execution also; so he hearing the men of Mansoul cry out against the strugglings and unruliness of the prisoners, rose up from his place, and came and put his hands upon the hands of the men of Mansoul. So they crucified the Diabolonians that had been a plague, a grief, and an offence to the town of Mansoul."

The accuracy with which Bunyan here describes the trials of these criminals, is quite surprising, and plainly shows us that he had been a close observer of the forms of law, and was perfectly familiar with the rules and customs generally observed in well-ordered civil courts. But, after all, that which must be regarded as most remarkable, is the holy ingenuity he displays in making this whole scene minister so directly and beautifully to our spiritual instruction.

"They that are Christ's," says the Apostle, "have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts." Let not sin, therefore, reign in your mortal body. For sin shall not have dominion over you." And it is only as we strive to conform to these teachings that we evince the proof of our sincerity as Christians, or are able to gain any decided advantage over the sinful influences which so constantly oppose us.

The names given to these criminal characters, whom Bunyan describes as executed in Mansoul, we regard as remarkably appropriate to designate the carnal sentiments and propensities against which all believers have, more or less, to contend. "Alas!" as Burder says, "how much practical *atheism* is there even among professed Christians! For if men live without prayer, and in opposition to his will, they live 'without God in the world,' and what

is this but atheism?" And "*the lusts of the flesh*," how they war upon the soul, making it necessary to keep the body under, and most steadfastly resist its unholy promptings. And what shall we say of *unbelief*?" This, as Bunyan expresses it, is really "the very worst of all the gang," the giant sin, which, though we may condemn, we fail to destroy, and is, therefore, found continually warring against our peace. Then, too, how "*forgetful are we of good*," a sin that has its seat not in the heart but in the mind, resulting not simply from indifference, but from a natural and positive aversion to things that are spiritual and holy. And who is there that has not been troubled with a *hard and impenetrable heart*? or who has not suffered from a guilty apathy into which he has been led by the indulgence of a *false peace*; or who, when he has heard Jehovah asking for "truth in the inward parts," has not been obliged to confess his likeness to that wicked one, of whom it is said "There is no truth in him?" And, finally, who has not known something of a *pitiless and haughty spirit*, which God abhors, and which is hated even among men?

Now, if we are true Christians, these opposing influences will not be tolerated, because there is in the renewed soul a holy detestation of sin, a desire to escape from its power, a determination to resist it under every guise, and to destroy it in all its modes of development. Thus, if the jury were unanimous in their verdict against the prisoners of Mansoul, so are all believers in dooming their besetting sins to death. Says the Christian—

"Yes, My Redeemer, they shall die,  
My heart hath so decreed;  
Nor will I spare the guilty things  
That made my Saviour bleed."

But what a desperate struggle ensues! How long and how fiercely do these sins strive with us! Like the Apostle, our flesh has no rest, and we are troubled on every side, without fightings, within fears. Nor can we possibly succeed in the contest without Divine assistance. We must look and ask for the aid of God's Spirit, and if he graciously deigns to invest us with power, putting his hands upon our hands, as did Elisha to the king, when shooting the arrow of deliverance, then we shall certainly conquer, because we have this most explicit and cheering promise, that "If, through the Spirit, we mortify the deeds of the body, we shall live."

The people of Mansoul having succeeded in putting an end to some of their most insidious and dangerous foes, are visited by Prince Immanuel, who highly approved their proceedings, and promoted one of them, a Mr. Experience, to a place of distinguished trust and honour, making him a captain over a thousand of the choicest men. By this we are simply taught the important service that is to be derived from our past religious history, especially in times of darkness and danger. Those exercises through which we have already passed, my brethren, mark but the beginning of a life-long contest, and what we have thus but just begun to learn from experience, will serve, if properly viewed, to admonish and encourage us in our whole subsequent history. Our author, it will be seen in his note, refers us to the language which the stripling David addressed to Saul: "Thy servant," said he, "slew both the lion and the bear; the Lord, who delivered me from the paw of the lion and bear, will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." And in the same spirit, and with a more assured confidence, the Christian, as he refers to his past experience, may be heard to sing—

"His love in times past forbid me to think  
He'll leave me, at last, in trouble to sink;  
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,  
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite  
through."

The next thing done by the Prince for Mansoul was the renewal of the charter, or rather, "the giving of another and a better, a new one, more steady and firm by far," securing to them grants, advantages, and privileges of the very highest importance, and such as were never before conferred upon any town in the whole universe.

"So, when the town of Mansoul had received at the hand of Immanuel, their gracious charter, which in itself is infinitely more large than by this lean epitome is set before you, they carried it to audience, that is, to the market-place, and there Mr. Recorder read it in the presence of all the people. This being done, it was had back to the castle gates, and there fairly engraven upon the doors thereof, and laid in letters of gold, to the end that the town of Mansoul, with all the people thereof, might have it always in their view, or might go where they might see what a blessed freedom their Prince had bestowed upon them, that their joy might be increased in themselves, and their love renewed to their great and good Immanuel.



But what joy, what comfort, what consolation, think you, did now possess the hearts of the men of Mansoul! The bells ringed, the minstrels played, the people danced, the captains shouted, the colours waved in the wind, and the silver trumpets sounded, and the Diabolonians now were glad to hide their heads, for they looked like them that had been long dead."

The evident allusion here is to the many and inestimable blessings which are secured to us in the covenant of grace, and the unbounded joy which is awakened in the heart of the believer by their reception. And well may the Christian exult in the abundant and glorious blessings of the new and everlasting covenant, because it is established on better promises than the former, and all its provisions are adapted to minister to his happiness, and contribute to his growth in holiness.

To secure this important spiritual development, however, other aids have been provided, and these are appropriately alluded to in the appointment of a most distinguished personage as "chief teacher," and also, in the setting apart of old Mr. Conscience to minister to the goodly town of Mansoul in all his "laws, statutes, and judgments." Now this *chief Teacher* is no less a person than the Holy Ghost, whose special prerogative it is to "guide us into all truth," opening our understanding to a discovery of the wondrous things of God's law, and revealing to us the things of Jesus, according to his own most gracious promise.

But, in connection with this, we are favoured with another ministry, the teachings of which are to be to us as the voice of God, and which, while not attempting to broach any new doctrine, is required to be faithful and true in the enforcement of such as have been already revealed. This is the peculiar office of conscience, when purged by the blood of Christ. And every man in profound respect to its teachings, should say—

"What conscience dictates to be done,  
Or warns me not to do,  
This teach me more than *hell* to shun,  
That more than *heaven* pursue."

In addition to the instructions given with reference to these ministers, the inhabitants of Mansoul received special charge to carry it very kindly towards Immanuel's valiant captains.

"Slight them not," said the Prince, "nor despise them, but rather strengthen them, and encourage them, though weak and

ready to die, for they are your fence, and your guard, your wall, your gates, your locks, and your bars. And although, when they are weak, they can do but little, but rather need to be helped by you, than that you should then expect great things from them, yet when well, you know what exploits, what feats and warlike achievements they are able to do, and will perform for you.

"Besides, if they be weak, the town of Mansoul cannot be strong; if they be strong, then Mansoul cannot be weak; your safety, therefore, doth lie in their health, and in your countenancing of them. Remember also that if they be sick, they catch that disease of the town of Mansoul itself."

These instructions, here so appropriately introduced, refer, undoubtedly, to the behaviour of Christ's followers toward his ministers. Subject, as they often are, to great trials, and called, as they are, to the most arduous and responsible labours, they are to be "esteemed very highly in love for their work's sake," and to be cheered and assisted in the performance of their duties; for while this is profitable to the people, it is, at the same time, a debt of love due to God and to them.

Mansoul was also admonished of the existence of certain Diabolonians, who were so effectually ensconced in her midst that it would be almost impossible to get rid of them unless they should pull down the walls of the town. They were nevertheless commanded to find out their haunts, and to assault them and make no peace with them. Moreover, they were cautioned against some among themselves, who would show themselves to them "in another hue" than those just mentioned, and against whom they were to watch lest they should be betrayed. The application of these earnest counsels must be perfectly obvious. They teach us that, as Christians, we must constantly watch and pray against the remaining corruptions of our nature, against sins which, though they may not possess the castle of the heart, yet have their private lurking-places, and may, if not resisted, do the believer most serious harm.

Now, when the Prince had thus far remodelled the town, he appointed a day on which he would meet them, and bestow on them the white robes which he had provided for Mansoul, and without which, as he assured them, they would not be permitted to see his face. So, at the time appointed, they put them on, and now to look

upon they were fair as the sun, clear as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners. But, in addition to this mark of honour, the Prince would now also feast them, and be with them continually. Hardly a week would pass but a banquet must be had between him and them. Yea, every day with Mansoul was a feast-day now.

"And if Mansoul did not frequently visit him as he desired they should, he would walk out to them, knock at their doors and desire entrance, that amity might be maintained betwixt them and him. If they did hear and open to him, as commonly they would, if they were at home, then would he renew his former love, and confirm it too with some new tokens and signs of continued favour.

"Now did Mansoul's cup run over, now did her conduits run sweet wine, now did she eat the finest of the wheat, and drink milk and honey out of the rock! Now, she said, How great is his goodness! for since I found favour in his eyes, how honourable have I been!"

A blessed fulfilment is this of that promise—"We will come unto him." And this pledge is verified to the believer in the daily communications of his word and Spirit. "Earth," says an eloquent writer, "has no lovers who meet so often as Jesus

and his bride. The lowliest and poorest Christian God honours with daily visits. He comes at the time of prayer; he occupies the mercy-seat at the stated hour of worship; and into the closet where the good man goes, he goes along with him. He is closeted there with God; and comes forth like a warrior from his tent, inspired with courage, and armed for the battle of life. Happy man! he sleeps at night in God's arms—happy man! in every trial he weeps on God's bosom—happy man! although his fare be but a crust of bread and a cup of water, he dines every day at heaven's royal table."

The Prince, also, it is said, appointed a new governor in the town, whose name was *Mr. God's Peace*, and under his benign rule everything went on prosperously and well; so that, through the whole town, "nothing was to be found but harmony, quietness, joy, and health."

A beautiful representation, this, of the holy enjoyment of Divine things with which the soul of the believer is favoured—when, lifted above the world and brought by faith into sweet and intimate fellowship with heaven, he is made to experience the *peace of God* ruling in his heart—a peace so blessed, that it "passeth all understanding."

(To be continued.)

## TRAITS OF TROUBLOUS TIMES.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF THE REV. MR. JOHN HICKS, AN EJECTED NON-CONFORMIST MINISTER, 1670-1.

TRANSCRIBED BY JANE BOWRING CRANCH.

### CHAPTER XIV.

*Master Hicks in Goal, about his "Master's Business"—The Trial.*

THE divers grievous sufferings I've experienced since I was clapped up here, together with my late sore sickness (so near proving a mortal one), hath hindered me such long time from the using of my pen and ink, that now (being still in extreme weak condition) I do need make pretty determinate struggle against the languor of a disposition inclining me to lay aside these jottings altogether. Neither will I deny my miseries at times have been of a poignancy so extreme, that it seemed to me almost like the laying bare a shrinking nerve or sinew (as with their knives the chirurgeons do)—even the committal of my feelings to this the silent keeping of my little book.

Winter having set in bitterly (as I noted after receiving my poor wife's parcel) its nipping air

did so unkindly chill and freeze my blood, lacking the grateful warmth of fuel and wholesome exercise, that there were moments when I feared my heart itself would grow a-cold. And, sad to tell, the poor prisoners in this goal are kept upon such starving short commons, that when my last groat was gone, a barley cake given me at times in the prison courtyard, by a kind soul coming there occasionally, who pitied my most sorrowful condition, proved a boon, none save a wight dinnerless and supperless for two days on a stretch can fitly understand the refreshment of. Alack! in goals there be those, if the prisoners hap to have a little money (or 'tis suspected they can raise it through friends) who scruple not to prey upon them, as vultures will upon a helpless living quarry.

By assigned reason of a quibbling law pretext (though most like another I fear me I sound too truly) my trial has been postponed till the

spring assize, now fully arrived. Perhaps certain cruel folk might shrewdly conclude, a winter passed in a gaol, reported about the worst in England, would render any other sort of trial for John Hicks quite needless, and they have been *very* near hitting their deadly mark. But the Lord, blessed be his name! hath seen fit, by preserving his servant alive, to disappoint their malice; yea, in the sharpest exercises of faith and patience, enabled me, as never I did afore I came hither, to prove the truth of his own gracious promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee," and to feel that they whom wicked men hate most, are also those whom *he* loves most.

Now, some of the saddest of my trials in this place (which assuredly is one of Satan's strong-holds) have arisen from the foul converse and shocking evil practices, when opportunity presented, of by far the greater number of they around me. Misery, starvation, and oftentimes brutal punishment from the gaoler and his men, instead of taming and subduing, did the rather tend to harden or madly exasperate my unhappy fellow-prisoners; and *sain* was I to wish I could shut my ears against the words of their profane tongues as easy as I could my eyes against their persons. This matter weighing heavily upon my heart, I hasted lay it before the Lord; my faith in praying is this—that, as spiritual breathings are the very soul of spiritual living, so he, who, by his Holy Spirit, giveth us the desire to come to him in this wise, never denieth a *faithful* prayer. Even while I prayed, a light broke in upon my mind, and, rising up from my knees, I exclaimed, "What an unprofitable servant have I been since I came here, where surely God hath work for me to do! I will delay no longer to 'be about my Master's business.'" And afterward, whenever fitting moment offered, or I could any wise contrive make one myself, I spake out boldly that of which my heart was full to the thieves and out-purses by whom I was surrounded, beseeching them fervently to "flee from the wrath to come." At first, they gibed and scoffed, and then began pelt me; and soon such a tumult was raised that the turnkeys, followed by the gaoler, came running in to see what the cause might be. These fiercely threatened; and, in consequence of my persistence in my exhortations to the prisoners, I was looked up several hours over time in the filthiest of the stinking cells, and my poor, scant allowance of food taken away. Yet, through Divine grace strengthening me, I bore these things joyfully, for his sake who bore the death of the cross for mine; and in time, the gaoler and his men grew softer, I giving them never an angry look nor froward, peevish word, because I knew the heavenly strength a-lying in meekness and forbearance. At length they grew so far softened as actually to permit me preach in the courtyard of the prison, which I've done repeatedly; and if

the precious seed of Gospel truth sown in so *much* weakness hath some of it fallen in stony places to be choked by thorns or scorched by heat, other, I have been privileged receive good evidence, fell "into good ground"—yea, hath already "brought forth fruit."

And here I will observe what a notable difference I perceived in the expression of the countenances and 'haviour of these poor souls, the prisoners, when I set before them, as I joyed to do, the tender mercy, the long-suffering, the yearning, pitiful compassion, the wondrous love of Christ, as a Divine Redeemer—to that they presented when I pled them with rebukes and threatenings. To the latter they most times hearkened either with sullen, dogged indifference or scornful, defiant sneers; but when I spake of the pardon vouchsafed the dying thief, the welcome awaiting the prodigal son, the gentle admonition given to the woman taken in adultery, their aspect changed. For these were all so many keys by which the Holy Spirit helped me unlock their hardened hearts, and bid tears flow from eyes which seemed to have forgot what blessed thing it was to weep at word of truth or tenderness; and, with gratitude inexpressible, I, seeing such tokens of emotion in my hearers, said inwardly, "Though the Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor the leopard his spots," yet "with God *all things* are possible." Many were still very young in years, and from their earliest childhood owned to no training, save that given them by vicious parents, or wicked keepers and companions; these I regarded with profound compassion, for while the youngest were almost preternaturally sharp in all manner of evil knowledge, I yet found it a more difficult matter to bring down my discourses to their sin-darkened comprehension than if I'd been called to preach before the bishops in Latin.

Among this dismal company was one who minded me of her of old, namely, that "*woman of the city, which was a sinner,*" who, afterwards kneeling at our Lord's feet, washed them with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head, and concerning whom he said, "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven her."

"Let me entreat thee," said I to this person, who showed a very deep contrition for her past wicked ways, "If thou shouldst again be set at liberty, to return to thy ill courses no more. Ah, become not (as holy Scripture warneth) like the sow gone back to her "wallowing in the mire," nor give the flower of thy young life, which should be of Christ's setting, any longer for the devil's plucking."

"But who, master," cried she, eagerly interrupting me, her cheeks all wet with tears, "*who* will stretch out hand to help or succour such as me? The scornful city dames would count their mantles fouled, if in the street the borders of 'em brushed my sleeve."

"Take heart, poor wench," quoth I, "for there's One as yet ye wot but little of, who's strong and powerful enough, and, what's more, *scilling* to save and shelter thee." Then, in the plainest, clearest speech that I could frame my lips to utter, I expounded to her the nature of the pardon God offers to *all* men through his Son, and pressed it heartily upon her acceptance. "None, even the vilest, need despair obtaining it," said I; "and as thou canst not read the blessed Word for thyself, I must tell thee that he bids a poor and stricken sinner attempt the doing of no hard matter, no slave's task, in coming to the foot of the cross—nought save the simplest, easiest, naturalest thing imaginable. Harken to what he himself says, 'LOOK unto me and be ye saved.' Thou seest yonder streak of sunshine slanting bright against the wall of this our dreary prison?"

"Ay, master, I do."

"Even as ye regard that sunbeam with the eyes of your body would I have thee, through grace, look upward to thy Saviour. For he is God, 'and there is none else.' And as the stung and dying Israelites gazed at the brazen serpent lifted high in the wilderness, and were saved, so, I trust, was this poor guilty creature brought regard him of whom it was the type. Moreover," continued I, "Jesus, who so freely shed his most precious blood for our salvation, after he hath once taken poor sinners into his love, will suffer none to pluck them out of his hand. Ye may feel sure that, having forgiven, he will continue to care for; and if all others cast thee off, *he* never will. Learn this little prayer I shall now teach thee—one which, when said from the heart (though evil folk tempt, and Satan may try) is sure to be heard, and answered. 'Tis short enow for thee to very well remember; yet so much to the purpose that Christ himself commended it."

"Kind sir, I'll learn, and gladly."

"Then hearken. All the words of it are these: '*God be merciful to me, a sinner.*' Yet are they strong enow to make the gates of heaven open joyfully, for a penitent soul to enter."

And as the wench, all humbly and brokenheartedly, said them after me, I could not help thinking her prospect in this life, if she do get released from gaol, much like his who, despised by the haughty Pharisee, stood afar off, and "would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven."

"Alack!" mused I, "there be they too proud of their good name and fame to bestow word of pity, or deed of compassion, on fallen outcast such as this. Yet *how* did the spotless Redeemer of mankind act by her prototype of old!" And at conclusion of our talk, I remember observing, "Now bear in mind the command of my Divine Master Jesus, 'Go and sin no more.'"

"I'll pray the Lord, sir," answered she, weeping, "that when I leave this place it may be with me even as ye say, to '*sin no more*,'" repeated she, very slowly, and thoughtfully.

I had writ my wife, and despatched my letters, according as I found opportunity, amid the rule, or rather *mis*-rule, of this gaol; and though I gat no answer, I did not allow it unduly to weigh upon my heart, reasonably enow concluding that the risk of her getting my letter safe was to the full equal to hers reaching me. Moreover, I felt comforted upon reflecting she was under the roof of a loving kinswoman; and kind Mistress Aylmer's parting word was, my wife should be tended as if she were her own daughter. Yet just about this time, strive as I might, I felt a gloomy sinking of the heart, a trembling prescience of coming woe, impossible to describe. Ah! what had become of the buoyant spirit, that wont so stoutly maintain there was a bright light hidden in the darkest cloud; but now the cloud of affliction hooded and wrapt my soul as in a mantle, and the light I could in nowise discern the gleaming of. Quoth I to myself, when *alone* with myself, "The only way by which I can combat these despairing thoughts is to 'pray without ceasing;'" and while I prayed, calling to remembrance the weakness and the necessities of they who were so wound around my heart, as to have become the very life of its life, likewise my own forlorn estate, I shed tears, till this Scripture 'gan greatly relieve and comfort me, "God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory, by Jesus Christ."

A day or two afterward, on being locked up for the night, a letter was slipped into my hand, I could not see by whom. I was forced wait till day-break for light to read it; and during the dark watches lay sleepless, grasping tightly the letter which I trusted would give me tidings of my poor family. Well might it then seem to me as if the "wings of the morning" were shorn of their swiftness, ere my straining eyes beheld the first unfolding of their brightness. At last the golden gates of day were opened, and I was able to decipher the superscription: "These for the worthy hands of the Rev. John Hicks." Alack! with a deep sigh of disappointment, I perceived 'twas not in the slender, delicate writing I so longed to see, but the fair round characters of good Master Hope instead.

I've oftimes spoken of Master Hope's face, as reminding me of the truthful index to a right pleasant, genial book. Moreover, this our brother, in addition to a most happy natural disposition, hath, by the purity and consistency of his outward carriage, greatly set forth and recommended the beauty of a holy life and conversation in the eyes of they who are not believers. For these watch sharply the walk of such as have "professed a good confession be-

fore many witnesses." And if a Christian professor stumble and fall into any heinous sin, like David, he may repent heartily, and be forgiven his "great transgression;" yet I do not think that erring brother, or erring sister, will be made largely useful (save by way of example), or ought expect to hold the same place in the Church of Christ on earth as they do who have maintained a profession "without spot," and "unrebukable." The friends at Kyngsbridge loved apply to him of whom I'm writing (in part perhaps, because it bore reference to his fair earthly name) this Scripture—"Christ in you the *hops* of glory;" and while a-talking with Master Hope, I've more than once called to mind a story of an old-world king, who, after he had gotten a famous victory, divided the fruits of it among his followers: to one he gave whole countries, to another store of gold and jewels; at last they asked him what he meant reserve for himself. "The bravest treasure of all," said he. "And what, O Prince, may that be?" "Why, I will keep HOPE," quoth he. And verily this monarch thought to hope for that which would make him do whatever he was able to do, or any could think, was enow to fill even a soul as great as his.

Master Hope's letters are, in general, as faithful a reflex of his mind, as a true mirror is of a man's face. Aforetime I've read some of 'em, which, if set among the leaves of my present jottings, would show there just as bright marigolds might in a bunch of sad and dismal rue. This, however, that he now sent me, was an exception, being fuller of lamentation, Master Hope said, than any he ever writ in his life before. And here is a page of it:—

"His worship, Master Beare, proveth so sore a scourge to the Lord's people in Kyngsbridge, that a good many of 'em will, ere long, be clean driven out o' the town. Some of the younger folk (Robin Cheke is one) are bethinking them of embarking, very shortly, for America, having had news of that brave land, which they liken to the receiving 'glad tidings of the kingdom of God' from a far country. Worthy Master Burdwood our enemies have plagued in such sort, that he hath been obligated leave his farm, and is now entertained (with his wife and some of his children), by a very godly person in the town o' Dartmouth. The crew of informers at beok of Master Justice Beare unhung his gates, rifled his house, seized and drove away his cattle, ripped the locks off his barn-doors; and poor Mistress Burdwood, and her young daughters, were forced seek shelter among the better-disposed of their neighbours. Master Beare's black horse (who, divers o' the ancient gossips affirm, hath in him somewhat of the evil spirit which possesseth his master), taking freely the road leading to Master Burdwood's, at all hours might his hoofs be heard galloppin

in that direction; and upon one of these occasions, the fierce stamping brute having cast a shoe, Master Beare ordered a certain smith to set it right, which he, in not a little bodily fear, having done, the wicked horseman getteth into further converse with him, and, finding this smith owed Master Burdwood a small sum of money, aviseth him never pay it; and, worse still, become a party—which the person hath since done—in helping to ruin his benefactor. But 'the Lord God of recompences shall surely requite these folk' according to their deserts hereafter. I need scarce tell ye, Master Burdwood bore the coarse insults heaped upon him by his persecutors, with so admirable a patience, cheerfulness, and composure, that Master Beare's rude nature was greatly irked and mortified thereby. Our excellent brother took 'joyfully the spoiling of his goods,' praying God to forgive them who did it. Nought the new justice could do had power to make him forget that he was the servant and faithful minister of One who, when his enemies 'reviled him, reviled not again;' neither, Master Hicks, did he fail comport himself with a dignity becoming the well-born gentleman he is, which chafed Master Beare hugely.

*Postscriptum.*—A little dog belonging to young Mistress Burdwood happened, when the spies were lurking near her father's house—the family being at evening prayers—to thrust out his head, and bark at 'em, whereby a great mischief was wrought for they withiu. And the cruel strangers catching the poor little noisy rogue, treated him to a bit of hemp—the pretty maid herself finding him stark, and hanging from a tree-bough, in Master Burdwood's orchard."

After I had ended the reading Master Hope's epistle, I could not help musing with much surprise over this circumstance, namely, how it came to pass his letter should find its way to me with the string and seal both unmeddled with; and, that which made the matter all the more remarkable, was its safe containment of a gold Carolus, which Master Hope, and certain kind souls beside, enclosed therein for my use; and I, knowing how oft they are without a crown themselves, exclaimed, "Truly the Lord hath his 'jewels' in that little town of Kyngsbridge, none the less precious though they be hid; yea, high-headed folk might count them *buried* there. As touching myself, I can testify 'they oft refreshed me,' and now I am unrighteously cast into prison, and some of them are implicated in the issue of my coming trial. They yet remember, and minister, to my cruel want, and are 'not ashamed of my chain.'" Afterward I made discovery, these kind friends, being sorely puzzled how to get their help conveyed me, at length lighted upon an honest countryman going direct to Exon, who'd a sister

married to one of the gaol turnkeys, and she prevailed with her husband to deliver me the letter, which (as before stated), in the darkness, he did, (thus faithfully fulfilling the trust confided him; when, if otherwise minded, he might easily have defrauded me of it altogether. Now this man is of a forbidding countenance, and extreme surly carriage; unknown to myself, I'd conceived a prejudice against him; conceiting sagely, so rough a shell must needs contain a very bitter kernel—in short, that nothing friendly or good might be hoped from such a quarter. But ye cannot always tell what o'clock 'tis in a man's breast by the dial of his face; and this person's worthy conduct towards myself has given me a new, and, I trow, clearer light wherely to ponder these words of the Apostle, "Charity *thinketh* no evil."

I'd many a time heard of the havoc disease maketh in gaols, and I knew if it should be the Lord's will to send "the pestilence that walketh in darkness" among us, Death, in our crowded, filthy cells, would prove a swift and fearful reaper. As it was, several of the prisoners were always more or less disordered. Here there is no provision made for sick folk, nor a ward for them to lie apart in; and now that which I dreaded came to pass. Scant, unwholesome food, foul air, and other dreadful miseries beside, proved too much for me, and I sank down upon my bundle of straw overpowered by the fearful sickness of which they were the chief cause, that had already begun its awful ravages among the prisoners. But while stretched helpless on my straw, and proving by experience the force and truth of these few simple, yet most moving words, "*sick, and in prison,*" expecting the hour was near approaching in which I must surely die, still, through God's mercy, before my senses forsook me, I could from my inmost heart cry, "I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things; and do count them but dung so that I may win Christ."

And my heavenly Master forsook me not, in this my seeming last extremity. It pleased him to awaken pity and compassion for my sad state in the hearts of some of the gaol people; the hard-featured turnkey, anon I spake of, proving among the foremost; thus was I fetched back to life at the moment I appeared the nearest leaving it. After a while, my sound, healthful constitution prevailed over the fever; and though wasted to the shadow of my former self, in time, with help of a staff, I managed to crawl, feebly as a fly, alongside the wall of the gaol court-yard. Last week, as I was trying to catch the warmth of the little sunshine that could find its way there, I spied a coffin carrying out, and asking of they nearest me which of the prisoners was again dead, learned 'twas

none other than the woman I'd held the converse with, already jotted down. As I watched the men bearing away her corpse (which, like the rest of they who died of this sickness, was to be buried in a church-yard outside the city walls), her own words returned with force to my mind—"God grant that when I leave this place it may be to *sin no more.*" And afterward, with feelings pen or tongue can ne'er describe, I learned the poor wench died with the prayer I'd taught her, the blessed one of the publican, a-trembling upon her lips. Nor doubt I, her soul is numbered among theirs "who have washed their robes, and made them white, in the blood of the Lamb."

Yesterday, the gaoler himself gave me another letter, which, when I saw 'twas superscribed by the feeble hand of Mistress Aylmer, my heart sunk with a fear dreadfuller than all other fears beside; at last I gathered courage to read its contents. My wife had been confined of a still-born child, and, though the kind old gentlewoman who wrote evidently dreaded to add "sorrow upon sorrow," I was given understand her recovery must be considered as very doubtful. Of the letters I sent, they'd received but two. "To our safe getting the last, under God's good providence (said Mistress Aylmer), do I ascribe the continuing of your poor wife's life; for nought (even *the voice of her children's weeping*), had power to arouse her languishing spirit; till, through mercy, that letter reached us."

As I was a-penning these last words, a very faint, prolonged swell of distant music (my sense of hearing was always exceeding nice and accurate) made me stop, and listen intently. I have resolved the meaning of yonder far-off sound. 'Tis the flourish of trumpets, announcing that the judges appointed to try the prisoners are entering the city. And now, to him whose very name "is a tower of strength into which the righteous fleeeth and is saved," do I all fervently commit a—perhaps dying—wife and helpless children. This haughty trumpet peal hath no further power to shake my heart, though a certain death-knell for many a trembling one beside.

*Two days later.*—(These following writ by me, eleven o' the clock at night, barely four hours after ending of my trial. LAUS DEO!)—Upon crossing the outer court of the gaol, on my way to the castle of Exon, at the hour appointed me, to stand my trial there, I found, anxiously waiting by the gates, those good friends already spoken of as accused (though in much milder sort) of being accessories to the crime whereof I was charged as being the chief perpetrator, and who, according to their several recognizances, now appeared at the assize. If put under the same indictment, I felt assured matters would not be pushed against them (their having been

allowed get sureties had already shown it) half as severely as against myself. They were duly advised of the pestilential sickness in the gaol whence I was just taken; but no sooner did they espy me coming than, running forward, Enoch Trueman grasped both my hands, while ardent Master Hope, falling on my neck, could not forbear weeping; quoth another, "Dear Master Hicks, ye have indeed 'sorrowed much.'"

Alack! the last two months had done the work of many years upon my outward man. 'Twas a long time since I'd seen my visage in a looking-glass; yet their sad, pitying eyes, and the smothered words of surprise and grief that fell from their lips, told me, to the full as truly as any mirror, how greatly I must be changed in person.

Having neither inclination nor ability to describe, save in a general and cursory manner, the nature of a trial such as mine, which was conducted pretty much after the manner of many a similar one in these sad times—where infamous, perjured witnesses, who scruple not to gain a piece of bread by laying information against the innocent, affecting their characters as loyal subjects, with what can be made out beside by the twisting and misrepresenting perhaps some simple word or action of the accused, or any other kind of presumptive evidence that can be fished up, do oftentimes enable a pre-determined judge, and corrupt counsel, to influence a jury in obtaining from them the fatal verdict they desire—I shall hasten to say, that when placed at the bar, and the indictment against me was read, I answered "Not guilty," with a tongue which, God be thanked, never yet gave my conscience the lie.

Lo! the very first witness called was none other than our notorious adversary, Master Beare. The new justice bustled into court in his bravest attire, and with his usual insolent swagger, as he doffed his hat—in the lace band of which was looped a great flapping feather—he mightily affecteth the gentleman of figure, which, beside they of the true sort, only maketh him appear the more vulgar, for silken purse was never wrought out of a sow's ear)—and showed the coarse, bloated features of his broad red face, lit by eyes at once fierce and dull, yet with a leer of triumph in their wicked twinkle when turning his regards in the direction where I was, which limner for the evil one alone could fitly paint. Thus stood we twain before that large assemblage: he, the big, burly, prosperous justice, in his fine, glittering habit—I, wasted to a wain and meagre shadow, and for many a month no woman's gentle hand had done its best to make my miserable clothing decent. Yet, as I've said, when in this bad man's presence before, though outwardly so weak and wretched, yet felt I strong in the consciousness of an innocence both white and clean; and

would not have been degraded by charge of places with my adversary, for aught this world could offer in shape of recompense.

The questions put Master Beare by the counsel for the Crown, as well as his replies, were all that a heart of malice could possibly prompt lying lips to utter; and so carefully ordered withal, that I at once 'gan suspect a secret understanding between the parties, in order to the making my condemnation secure, and the punishment of those poor souls alongside me in tribulation a very different matter to what, in their simplicity and country ignorance of law-courts, they had ever conceited it would be. And the Kyngsbridge friends now and then giving a groan while the harsh voice of Master Beare was a-grating on their ears, just to mark their sense of his wickedness, the criers of the court called silence, and forthwith certain officials dealt them so smart a rap with their wands on the pate, and they being greatly confused thereat, the graceless folk around laughed out loudly, and this unseemly merriment received no check from those sitting in judgment upon us.

Joan Lucas was then produced, in her black hood and widow's garb; but she comported herself in so bold a manner, and with gest and speech so impudent, that most present knew nought, save free use of strong liquors, could reasonably account for a carriage thus reckless and daring.

As her shrill scream, craving that "justice might be done upon the murderers of her husband," ceased its sound, a man with a bat slouched over his eyes was heard say, "Well answered, daughter; we'll hang him yet."

Divers others evil evidence next followed. The chirurgeon, he who spake truthfully, what time the inquest on the body of John Lucas was holden, the powers of darkness had since been permitted tamper with; his replies, however, proved so confused and contradictory, that he was quickly dismissed.

Over the coroner who presided on that most shocking occasion had likewise come an ugly change, he answering the counsel with a quaking tremulousness, as if afraid of some secret power, which coerced and held him in subjection. This man had neither the courage of virtue nor the hardihood of vice.

Certain persons subpoenaed by the brethren present to give evidence were plied by certain lawyers (no secret being made as to which side they, the lawyers, belonged), and perplexed with their subtle cunning, and brow-beat by their insolence; for the wily questioners tried hard mislead and frighten these simple, honest natures; but, I joy to record, truth stood the test bravely, and the counsel failed to shake their testimony in our favour.

Faint by reason of my late sickness, I leaned

wearily against the rail in front o' me. This weakness of body did seem affecting my intellectuals. Whatever natural powers I once possessed, now that most I needed 'em, appeared forsaking me; in this condition I was called upon for my defence. When I began to speak, many a fierce and frowning visage turned darkly toward mine. Had it been as in time past with me, how differently should I have proclaimed my own guiltlessness of murdering a man who, I am bold to say, I never in my life laid finger near (as well as theirs, accused by "them that plot iniquity" of aiding me in committing such crime), to what I then felt able! But, crushed and broken as I was, that which, through mercy, strength was given me to say, though of necessity exceeding brief, artless, and unstudied, produced no inconsiderable impression; yea, carried along with the simple earnestness of its appeal a conviction to the minds of the honestest present, that I, and my friends, were accused on the falsest, most unfounded of pretexts, by our bitter and merciless persecutors.

After I'd done, there was a great hush in the crowded court; it became so remarkable, that methought the ticking of a watch, or the fall of a pin, might have been heard in the silence. Judge Rainforde was about to deliver his charge. At first sound of this judge's voice, I lifted up my eyes (dulled and heavy as they had become), in sheer amazement; for it was so rarely musically sweet in tone, and withal persuasive, that as the silvery accents of his tongue melted on my astonished ear, I could scarce believe what I before heard reported, namely, that this judge was of nature so ruthless and cruel, the hangman and the strangling cord followed his appeals as surely, and as closely, as a wight's shadow doth himself. But full soon I discovered, though "his words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords," and "the poison of asps was under his lips;" for this voice, in its depths so majestic, in its cadence and clearness so harmonious and perfect that not the smallest syllable was lost, which charmed men's ears as by a sorcerer's accurst enchantment, could yet control and awe, with a power so strange and terrible, that those of Squire Reynells, or Master Beare, when in their savagest of moods, would be impotent compared with it as the peevish crying of a froward child against the subtle one of him who said to our first mother, "Ye shall be as gods, knowing good from evil." And there was the motley expectant audience, the keen-eyed lawyers in their gowns, the sheriffs and their men in the gorgeousest of liveries, the figure of Joan Lucas in her mourning garments, her bold, black, burning eyes, riveted upon the stately judge, while with outstretched neck she listened to him greedily, and against whom, I fear me, the soul of many a

wretch cut off in a youth of sin, the tears and wailings of many a desolate widow, orphaned child, and heart-broken parent, will rise up at the day of doom. My blood ran chill, while reflecting upon the malignity, the desperate heart-hardness of this man; so corrupted by sin, yet endowed with natural gifts so extraordinary, all perfected too, as they were, by the highest training, art, learning, and experience can give: he minded me of the fallen "Son of the morning," who, with his bright compeers, kept not their first estate; yet lost, everlastingly lost, and in perdition though they be, are, in the greatness and grandeur of their intellectual powers and capacities, angels (if of darkness) *angels still*.

Oh, with what fair seeming of truth and justice did this judge, in his summing up, remind the jury of each thing charged against us, yet how carefully omit, or set in light of such false likelihood (that I myself was startled by his close and subtle reasoning), the saving points which made for our defence! Lastly, with what an overmastering force of eloquence did he seek make the wrong appear the right, the worse the better, the innocent the guilty cause!

From an adversary so deadly and powerful, and altogether set against us, I considered my own sentence as already sealed, likewise feared that of my poor friends would be ruinously severe; but the God we serve, in "whose hands are the hearts of all men," at the very moment I had given up all earthly hope of being saved, saw fit, by a signal interposition of his sovereign will, to show that *he* could deliver us when we were inwardly exclaiming, "Our souls are among lions, among them that are set on fire, even the souls of men, whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongue is a sharp sword." For the jury, after consulting a long while together, returned with a verdict altogether the reverse of that which was expected—yea, confidently predicted by our enemies. Upon hearing the resolute "NOT GUILTY" of the foreman, I felt a certain dizziness, causing me to grope at what was nearest for support, while surrounding objects floated all formless and confused before my eyes; the buzz of angry murmurs, which arose from our disappointed foes, sounded in my ears as sounds the surge of waters to the drowning.

I know nothing further of what passed in court, and as soon as I recovered out of the stound into which, owing to bodily weakness, I'd fallen, finding myself once more in the blessed open air of heaven, I knelt down and returned the Lord solemn thanks for the merciful deliverance he had vouchsafed his servant,—likewise, that in England there were still left hearts of truth and honour, yea, they who will not suffer the blood of the innocent to be poured forth like "water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again."

*(To be continued.)*



## DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

## FIRST MEETING IN MR. SPURGEON'S METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

On Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 21, a meeting was held in Mr. Spurgeon's Metropolitan Tabernacle, to render thanks for the success which has attended the erection of the building, and to raise funds so that it may be opened for preaching free of debt. About 2,000 persons were present, of all whom had collected five shillings for the building fund. The announcement that Mr. Spurgeon would narrate some incidents in his continental tour probably increased the audience to some extent. At three o'clock the chair was taken by Mr. Apsley Pellatt, and large numbers of Dissenting clergymen, among whom we observed the Rev. Drs. Campbell, Boaz, Arthur, and Brown; Revs. C. Stovel, W. P. Balfour, B. Davies, G. Wyard, T. Field, J. Whittemore, J. George, F. Wills, J. W. Richardson, W. Barker, E. Shindler, C. Woolcott, T. J. Cole, J. Rogers, J. A. Spurgeon, F. French, T. W. Medhurst, G. W. Geuders, — Cracknell, W. Bonner, T. Atwood, and A. M. Henderson. Messrs. J. Snow, W. Olney, G. Moore, J. Lowe, and C. Higgs were also present. The Rev. Hugh Allen was, we are informed, the only Episcopal clergyman on the platform.

The Tabernacle is rapidly advancing towards completion. The building will accommodate 3,600 sitters; there will be standing room for another 1,000; and when packed, it is estimated, it will hold 6,000.

A hymn having been sung, and a prayer offered by the Rev. B. Davies,

The SECRETARY read the financial statement. The gross sum received for the building fund was over £22,000, and about £8,000 yet remained to be raised.

The CHAIRMAN said he was highly honoured in presiding at the inauguration of a new era—that of the erection of the largest place of worship in the metropolis. He congratulated Mr. Spurgeon and his friends on the success which had attended their efforts.

Mr. SPURGEON said he would say a few words about the structure. If his unbaptized brethren on the platform were to fall through the floor they would find themselves in the baptistry. There was no water in it now, but whenever any of them wanted, in obedience to their Master's command, to be immersed, he would be glad to be their humble servant. (Laughter.) The pulpit was capacious, and would hold perhaps 100 persons, but he said it was not too large for one who required so much freedom of action as he did in preaching. (Laughter.) The acoustic arrangements of the building he said were excellent, and the chapel was excellently proportioned. It was so big that it could hold two chapels like the Tabernacle in Moorfields.

The Rev. HUGH ALLEN, rector of St. George-the-Martyr, Southwark, next addressed the meeting. He rejoiced, he said, in the success which had attended the ministrations of his rev. brother Mr. Spurgeon, in the fullness and fearlessness with which he proclaimed those great doctrines which so many were apt to slur over or conceal. He considered that the success of Mr. Spurgeon's preaching was, by the grace of God, to be attributed to the fact, that the people were willing to hear the whole Gospel preached.

Mr. SPURGEON complimented the Rev. Mr. Allen on his courage, as a clergyman of the

Church of England, in coming forward to address them on that occasion. He offered him his pulpit whenever he chose to fill it, and if it would avoid any technical scruple he said he would defer the formal licensing of the place till after he chose to officiate. But this, he thought, was not an obstacle which ought to weigh after what they had witnessed at Exeter-hall, where nearly one hundred clergymen of the Church of England had preached, after he (Mr. Spurgeon) had had it licensed as a place for the celebration of Nonconformist worship. (Hear, hear, and applause.)

The Rev. Dr. CAMPBELL, on making his appearance, was loudly applauded. As to their descending into the baptistry, in the event of the platform giving way, he felt some satisfaction that he was on the outside edge, and fairly on dry land. (Laughter.) Some thought that those who baptized "in" water should unite with those who baptized "with" water, but he thought they had better remain as they were. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) At the Creation the experiment was tried of a union of the two; but it was found far better when the dry land was formed into lovely continents and charming islands, and the beautiful lakes, and magnificent oceans, were left to themselves. (Hear.) He had seen cases in which Baptists and Pædo-Baptists had attempted to unite; but the result was unsatisfactory, inasmuch as the ministers of both persuasions were tongue-tied. After expressing his cordial sympathy with the movement, the rev. doctor resumed his seat, amid loud applause.

The Rev. JONATHAN GEORGE, who represented the neighbourhood, then spoke, and made some severe remarks on one class of preachers, whose Gospel he said was in cloud-laud, and likewise on another class who were afraid to preach a free, unrestricted Gospel.

The Rev. WILLIAM ARTHUR, D.D., as the representative of the Wesleyans, then addressed the assembly, and a brief adjournment took place.

On re-assembling, the Rev. CHARLES STOVEL delivered an address, in which he mentioned with great earnestness, that the union of the various denominations ought not to be purchased by sacrificing vital principles.

Mr. SPURGEON then gave a very interesting account of his Continental tour.

The sum of £1,050 was collected during the proceedings, leaving the debt on the building £7,000.

## MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

THE Rev. W. Brock, minister of Bloomsbury Chapel, has received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Harvard University.

ROCHDALE.—The Rev. J. Batey, pastor of the General Baptist church, Rochdale, has resigned the pastorate over that church.

LANEIAN AND LANDBLAS.—The Rev. A. J. Morton, of Pontypool College, has received an unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the churches of the above places.

LOCKERLEY, HANTS.—The Rev. J. R. Parker has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation to take the oversight of the Baptist churches at Lockerley and Mottisfont, and has entered upon his labours with cheering prospects of great usefulness.

LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE.—The

Rev. T. Bumpus, of Stratford-on-Avon, has accepted an unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Sparrow-hill, Loughborough, and has entered upon his stated labours.

#### SPECIAL SERVICES.

**KETTERING BAPTIST CHAPEL.—DESIGNATION OF MISSIONARY, AND LAYING MEMORIAL STONE.**—A series of highly-interesting services was held at Kettering on Tuesday, August 14, in connection with the Baptist denomination in that town, viz., the public designation of Mr. Thomas G. Rose (a young townsman) to the work of a missionary in India, and the laying of the memorial stone of the new Baptist Chapel by Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart., M.P., the celebrated builder. The following ministers and gentlemen took part in these services: At the ordination service, the Rev. Messrs. Mursell, minister of the place; J. C. Page, late of Barisal; Rev. T. Toller, Independent, of Kettering. The Rev. F. Trestrail put the usual questions to Mr. Rose. The Rev. T. T. Gough, of Clipstone, and J. T. Brown, of Northampton, also officiated on the occasion. At the memorial services, Mr. J. Hobson, of Kettering, deacon, presided. The Revs. J. Mursell, J. T. Brown, and T. T. Gough, took part in the services. Sir Morton Peto, who laid the stone, gave £20 to the building fund. This new chapel is being erected by the people who formerly were blessed with the labours of that wonderful and useful man, the Rev. A. Fuller.

#### RECOGNITION SERVICES.

**WOLSTON, COVENTRY.**—On Tuesday, August 7, Mr. B. Low, a member of the Baptist church, Towcester, was publicly recognised as pastor of the church in the above village. In the afternoon a sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Jones, Mr. Low's pastor, from Heb. xii. 28, 29. At half-past four o'clock a large number of friends partook of tea. In the evening a public meeting was held. After prayer by Mr. Cox, of Dunchurch, the Rev. H. Angus, of Rugby, took the chair. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. B. Macmaster, B. Low, J. Jones, — Taylor, and other brethren. Suitable counsel and encouragement was offered to pastor and people, and many fervent wishes expressed for their comfort and prosperity.

**THRAPSTON.**—On Wednesday evening, August 15, a very interesting service was held in this place in connection with the designation of Mr. J. A. Comfort (late of Thrapston) for missionary work in India. The Rev. Jas. Mursell, of Kettering, conducted the service by reading the Scriptures and prayer. The Rev. J. C. Page, of Barisal, then described in a very interesting manner the "field of labour;" after which the Rev. T. T. Gough, of Clipstone, asked the usual questions, and offered the designation prayer; appropriate counsels were addressed to the missionary by the Rev. F. Trestrail, secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society; and the claims of the mission were presented to the congregation in an eloquent address by the Rev. J. T. Brown, of Northampton, who has recently returned from a visit to the churches in the West Indian Islands. The deeply interesting engagements of the evening were concluded with prayer by the Rev. J. Cubitt. A large congregation was assembled on the occasion.

#### OPENING SERVICES.

**HADDENHAM, CAMBS.**—The Baptist chapel in this place has been closed for ten weeks, for the purpose of enlargement, owing to the increase

of the church and congregation during the past year. Great improvements have been made, and 230 additional sittings provided. The cost of these improvements is upwards of £320. The re-opening services were held on the 14th and 18th of August, when sermons were preached by the Rev. T. A. Wheeler, of Norwich, and the Rev. J. Hart, of Houghton. The subscriptions and collections amounted to £200.

**CINDERFORD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**—On Tuesday, July 31st, the opening of a new and beautiful Baptist chapel was celebrated in this place. The Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool, preached morning and evening, and the Rev. James Smith, of Cheltenham, in the afternoon. At five o'clock about 1,200 persons sat down to tea, under a spacious covering erected for the occasion. The proceeds of this day amounted to £172. On the Lord's-day following (August 5th) the opening services were continued, when the Rev. Dr. Thomas, of Pontypool, preached morning and evening, and the Rev. William Jones, of the Wesleyan Free Church, in the afternoon, on which occasion £45 were collected towards the building fund. This is the second chapel erected within the course of a few years. There remains, however, a great debt; and, as most of the members are poor, it is one of those urgent cases which demand help and sympathy. The Rev. Philip Preea will be glad to hear from any friend on this subject; or Mr. W. Rhodes, Post-office, Cinderford.

#### FORMATION OF NEW CHURCHES.

**HOLLOWAY INSTITUTE.**—This commodious hall has recently been opened for Divine service, under encouraging circumstances. Mr. John Trotman is the officiating minister.

**PARK END, FOREST OF DEAN.**—A Baptist church was formed at this place on Friday, Aug. 17. The service was conducted by the Rev. Philip Preea, of Cinderford, who read letters of dismission from the churches at Lydney, Whitebrook, Mounmouthshire, and Alford, Lincolnshire, delivered a suitable discourse, and presided at the administration of the Lord's Supper. An address was also delivered by Mr. T. French, of Rowdon College, and prayers were offered by Mr. Preea, and by the brethren Edward Hutchings, of Lydney, and Thos. Roberts, of Coleford. A piece of ground has been purchased and paid for, on which a chapel will be built, and it is hoped this will prove to be an important station amongst a numerous and increasing population.

#### SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

**EYNSFORD, KENT.**—Harvest thanksgiving services (D.V.) be held in Eynsford Baptist Chapel, Tuesday, October 9, on which occasion two sermons will be preached by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON. Services to commence: afternoon at 3, and in the evening 6 o'clock, after which collections will be made. A public tea will be provided in the British School-rooms, sixpence each.

**SOHO CHAPEL SUNDAY-SCHOOL, OXFORD-STREET.**—The twenty-first annual tea-meeting will be held (D.V.) on Tuesday, Oct 2nd. Tea at five o'clock; tickets, 6d. each. After which a public meeting will be held, when Mr. Pells, pastor, will preside. A report of the past year's proceedings will be read, and addresses delivered by several ministers.

**MEARD'S-COURT.**—The thirty-sixth anniversary of the opening of Salem Chapel, Meard's-court, Dean-street, Soho, will be holden (D.V.) on Lord's-day, September 23, when the Rev. J.

## CHRIST'S LOVE FOR HIS VINEYARD.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL.

"My vineyard, which is mine, is before me: thou, O Solomon, must have a thousand, and those that keep the fruit thereof two hundred."—Solomon's Song viii. 12.

YOU are aware that these canticles are responsive songs—that one sentence is uttered by Solomon and then the next by Solima, his spouse. We believe that it is Christ speaking in tones of love, and the Church replying to him with words of love, which his love has suggested. Its being a responsive song sometimes renders it the more difficult to understand, because it is not easy to discover in every case whether it is Solomon or Solima—Christ or his Church—that is speaking. The first sentence in this verse is just of that character; it may be Christ who says, "My vineyard, which is mine, is before me;" it may be also the Church speaking, and she may be saying, "My vineyard, which is mine, is before me." About the last sentence, we have no difficulty, for we can see upon the very face of it that it is addressed by the spouse, by the bride, to her Divine Bridegroom, when she calls him Solomon, and says, "Thou, O Solomon, must have a thousand."

I. Let us look at the first sentence—"My vineyard, which is mine, is before me." We have no difficulty in understanding that the Church is this vineyard. She is not compared to a grove of trees—even of fruit-bearing trees—because there are many trees which are valuable not only for their fruit, but for their timber; and should they bring forth no fruit, yet would they be of some value. Not so the members of Christ's Church; they are like the vine. Now if the vine bringeth forth no fruit it is fit for nothing, it only cumbereth the ground. It does not bring forth enough timber even for a man to make a hook, so that he may hang a vessel thereon. It is fit for nothing. Scarcely will it even warm him in the winter's cold; it hath not strength enough to yield a log for the winter's fire. It must bear fruit, or it has no value whatever. Hence the Church is always called a vineyard, because if she do not bring forth fruit to the Lord Jesus Christ she is less useful than a mercantile and commercial community. That mercantile community, or body corporate, instituted for wise purposes, may further some useful design; but the Church is of no use whatever unless she bring forth the fruits of holiness and of gratitude to her Lord, her husbandman. Better that she be not a Church than that she should pretend to be a Church of Christ when she bringeth forth no fruits. I say, then, we are under no sort of difficulty to understand that this vineyard is the Church, because it is a symbol so exceedingly significant of the body of Christians banded together whom we call the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ.

We must understand this first sentence, first of all, as being THE WORDS OF CHRIST; and here you see at once two things—first, that Christ has a special property in his Church; and, secondly, that he has a special regard and care of her. "*My vineyard, which is mine, is before me.*"

1. The Master here, then, *claims a special property in his Church*; twice doth he say it, "*My vineyard, which is mine,*" as if he asserted his rights, and would maintain them against all comers; was ready to stand up for them before heaven's chancery, or before the hosts of all his enemies who might seek to snatch his inheritance from him. "Whatever is not mine," saith the Divine Lover, "my Church is; she is so mine, that if I gave up Lebanon, if I should renounce Bashan, and give up all the rest of the lofty mountains,—Zion, my well-beloved, I must still retain—my mountain, my vineyard, I must still retain." Now, beloved, we know that the Church is Christ's by special bonds—not simply by creation. It is true that the Lord Jesus had created all his people, but then he doth not claim them by that matter of right, because all men are his by creation; nay, the very devils in hell and the most damned of the fiends are his in that sense, and therefore he doth not claim

us by that right. Nor doth he claim his Church by the rights and prerogatives of providence, for in that sense the cattle on a thousand hills are his; the lions of the forest and the young ravens which cry to him, and he supplieth their needs. All things are his by providence, from the stars of heaven down to the midge in the summer's air, or the worm that conceals itself in the grass at even-tide. He claims his people by a higher title than that of mere creation or of providence. Nor is his Church his merely by right of conquest. It is true that he hath fought for his people, and that his people may be considered as the spoils taken in war; he hath redeemed his people out of the hand of him that was stronger than they; each one of them, as he shall bring them up to heaven, may be looked upon as signs and wonders, trophies of what his strong arm hath done against his fierce and tremendous foes. But, beloved, Christ claims his Church by a better title than this.

(1.) He claims his Church as his own, first, *by his Father's gift*. You know the Church is the property of all the three persons of the holy and blessed Trinity. She is the Father's property by election; she is the Son's property by donation, passing from the Father's hand unto the hand of the Mediator; and, then, she is the Spirit's Church by his indwelling and inhabitation; so that all three of the Divine persons have a right to the Church for some special office which they exercise towards her. Christ claims his Church as his Father's gift, a love-token, a reward, a sign of the Father's favour and regard towards him. He looks on his people as being dear, not only for their own sakes, but for the sake of him who gave them to Christ, to be his for ever and ever. They are his, then, by donation, and as such, since his Father gave the gift, they are very, very precious in his sight.

(2.) The vineyard, again, is his *by purchase*. And here there are some that say, All men are his by purchase. But, beloved, you and I do not believe in a sham redemption, which does not redeem; we do not believe in a universal redemption, which extends to lost spirits in hell, and to those even who were in hell before the Saviour died. We believe in an effectual redemption, and can never agree with those who would teach us that Christ's blood was shed in vain. He laid down his life for his sheep; he bought with his blood his people. He purchased, not the world's wide wilderness, but the spot enclosed by grace, the vineyard which his right hand hath planted. Dear, then, to Jesus' heart is every vine and every cluster of grapes in this vineyard, because he bought the whole of it with his blood. If Naboth would not sell his vineyard to the king, "because," said he, "it is my own inheritance, and God forbid that I should part therewith," do you think that Jesus will ever part with his vineyard, which is not only his inheritance from his Father, but his by purchase—"being bought, not with corruptible things, as with silver and gold, but with his own most precious blood," that he might preserve it to himself? On every leaf in that vineyard his blood hath fallen. The juice that flows so freely from the clusters, when pressed, is but the blood in another shape. If the soil be rich, it is because he hath enriched it with his blood; if it bring forth plenteously, it is because of his care, and specially because he hath fattened that soil with his own body. Dear, then, I say, to Jesus is his vineyard, for those two reasons—it is his Father's gift, and his own most dear-bought purchase.

(3.) And yet, more than this, this vineyard is Christ's by one other tie, which, perhaps, might make it dearer still. He calls this vineyard, in other places, his own spouse, his own bride. Changing the figure, the Church is dear to Christ because *she is affianced unto him*, and he has a special right in her. Whatever a man may not have a right to, he certainly has a right to his own espoused wife. Whatever legal quibbles might be raised about a piece of earth, and about a man's title to his freehold, to his own wife he certainly has a clear right and title. Now, Jesus looks into the eyes of his spouse when he hath taken her to himself and redeemed her out of the hand of her enemy, when he has put the jewels of grace about her neck and in her ears, when he has covered her with his righteousness and made her beautiful in his beauty—he looks at her, and he says, "Thou art mine,

thou art mine; none else can claim thee. My spouse, thou art no harlot, thou shalt not play the adulteress with other lovers; thou art mine, thou art mine, and none can claim thee but myself; none shall partake of thy sweetness, none shall receive thy heart's love but myself, myself alone."

By these three ties, then, O thou Church of Christ! thou art Jesus' special property; and by each of these thou art endeared to him. He sees on thee, O Church! the mark of his Father's love-gift; he sees, then, the signs of his own loving purchase, and Jesus marks thee as being his also by the Divine affiancing and espousals which were made between thee and him before the world was.

2. But to pass on; in this sentence, you perceive we are not only told of his special right to his Church, but *his special care and observation of her*. "My vineyard, which is mine, is *before me*."

(1.) She is before him in the sense that *he loves her so that he never has her out of his presence*. The vineyard is so dear to the Master that he never leaves the vine; he may sometimes seek to hide himself in the rows, but he is always there, seeing how the vines progress, and delighting himself with the sweet smell. He is never absent from his Church, for he loves her too much to be divided from her. Is it not a sweet thought, that believers are ever in the eye of Christ? He could not be happy unless he had them all before him. He loves his Church so well, she may bear his absence for a little while, but he cannot bear hers. She may grow so cold that the absence of his love may seem but a little matter; but the absence of her love to him is not a little matter to his heart. He has a love even strong as death, and a jealousy even cruel as the grave, and he cannot endure to have her out of his sight; he will always cast upon her the beams of his love, and ever set his whole soul, and the goings-forth of his affection, upon her and towards her.

(2.) You may take this also in another sense: "My vineyard, which is mine, is *before me*;"—that is, *Jesus is always caring for it, as well as always loving it*. There is never a moment when the face of Christ is turned away from the good of his people. "I, the Lord, do keep it; I will water it every moment." "What! want water every moment?" Yes, Lord, or else its roots will dry. "I will water it every moment; lest any hurt it, I will watch it night and day." Oh, what scrupulous care—night and day! "Yea, I am with you always,"—not for half the day, nor an hour in the day, nor enough time to superintend you, and then leave my ministers to carry out my orders alone,—yea, I am with you always—even to the end of the world." He walketh between the golden candlesticks; he doth not come and light them, and then leave them, but he walks among them; he indeed is their light, and if he were absent they would be darkness itself. "My vineyard, which is mine, is before me." Christ is always in his Church, always caring for it, always bidding providence assist her agencies, always helping her ministers, always upholding her in her hour of trial, leading her into all truth, instructing all her sons and daughters, and making all her members meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.

(3.) There is also another sense here—not only that of love and of care, but of *knowledge*. "My vineyard, which is mine, is *before me*." Christ knows every vine in the vineyard, and he knows all the fruit that is on each vine; how much there was there last year, and how much will be there in years to come. Before there was a vine in that vineyard, Christ knew how many plants would be planted, and where they would be put; and of what sort they should be, and how much fruit they should bring forth. He did not find out by degrees what his inheritance was to be, but he knew it before all worlds. There is nothing in Christ's Church that is new to him; he foreknew, and foresaw, and fore-ordained every single particle of mould that lies in that vineyard, and every stone that is in her walls, and every plant that grows; ay, and every leaf, yea, every particle of blight or mildew that falls upon a leaf; all has been settled and ordained, or foreknown and prepared for by the great Proprietor.

"My vineyard, which is mine, is before me." There is a sweet thought there for all who love the Saviour; you, as a Church, and as a people, are especially Christ's property, and are specially preserved by him. "Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, my way is passed over from my God?" I tell thee, soul, he sees thee as much as if there were none else for his eternal eyes to look upon. And he cares for thee as infinitely, and with as undivided a heart, as if thou wert the only soul that he ever bought with his blood. If thou wert his only elected one, his only redeemed, his only loved one, he could not deal with thee more wisely or more tenderly than he is dealing with thee now. If thou art Christ's thou art never behind his back, thou art always before him. He can always see thee, though thou canst not always see him. When the eye of thy faith is dim, the eye of his care is not so; when thy heart seems dead and cold, his heart is still hot with infinite affection; and when thou sayest, "My God has ceased to be gracious," thou dost belie him, thou slanderest him; he is but gracious after another sort. He has but changed the manifestation of his purpose, but his purpose is still the same: to drench thee with floods of mercy, and wash thee with streams of grace, and fertilize thee till thy clusters are like the branch that was brought by twain from Eschol; till he shall make thee such a vine that earth has never seen its like, and he shall, therefore, have to transplant thee to a better vineyard, on the hill-top of glory.

I think, if we look to this verse, then, as the language of Christ, it is very sweet, "My vineyard, which is mine, is before me." My brethren, the elders and deacons in the church, must always take comfort in this. If there is anything in the church that grieves us we must feel "It is *his* vineyard, it is not ours; it is before him, he will undertake it." I am sure, dear brethren, we would lay down our tasks if we had not our Master with us; I dare not be a minister, and you dare not be church officers, unless you felt it was before him. In your different districts, let the sick, let the backslider ever be carried before your God; and let all the members feel that although we are but feeble instruments to lead so great a people, yet that the church may grow and increase, until we be not only fifteen hundred, but fifteen thousand, if the Lord will, and it would be just as carefully seen after—for it would be before him. He would be the husbandman, and he is able to take care of his vines when they are very numerous, just as well and just as perfectly as if there were but one vine in many acres, and that one were the only object of his care.

But now, in the briefest manner possible, I want you to regard this first sentence as being THE LANGUAGE OF THE CHURCH itself. According to the eleventh verse, Solomon had let out different vineyards to different keepers, and each keeper was to take care of his own part, and then to bring, as the result of his labours, each man a thousand pieces of silver. Now, dear brethren, every one of us whom the Lord hath led to himself, hath a vineyard to keep. We do not go and sing with Wesley—

"A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify,  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky,"

because we do not believe in it. We leave the saving of our souls in better hands than our own; but after our souls are saved, then we have a charge to keep, and that charge is to spread the name of Jesus to the utmost of our power, to bring others under the sound of the Gospel, and tell them what they must do to be saved. Now, there are a great many people who seem to forget that they have a vineyard of their own to keep, or else, if they remember it, they cannot say, "My vineyard, which is mine, is before me;" for they go about gazing on other people's vineyards. They say, "There is so and so, I do not think he trims his vines after the new fashion," and then they say, "Could not seven or eight of us get together and do something better?" I always notice that those people who have got a lot of plans and are always finding fault with other people's plans, never do anything at all. I like for elders in a church, and the Sabbath-school teachers, to have no other plan than

this—to do all the good they can, and to do it all in the fear and in the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ; and then let other people do what they can, and do not interfere with them. It is a capital thing when a man has got his work before him, knows what he is going to do, and then goes right straight at it. But there are lots of people gadding about here and there, seeing what others are doing, and trying to find out better plans and ways by which they shall succeed. Let me tell you, brethren, the best way to succeed is to have no plan at all except this, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Whenever I see a church laying down a multiplicity of rules, I know they are getting themselves into a multiplicity of troubles. If they will but leave rules and regulations to come up when they are needed, they will find them when they want them. Let every man who has the Spirit of God in his soul set about the work which he is called to do, just see to the vineyard which is before *him*, and try to get his thousand pieces of silver out of his own piece, not out of another man's piece. There is always a set of grumblers about who think they could preach better, and manage Sunday-schools better, than anybody else. They are the people that do nothing at all. I get sometimes anonymous letters, asking me to amend my style in this way or the other. I know where they come from—they are always either from people who are very idle, to whom the penny post is a great blessing, to enable them to spend an idle hour, or from people who think they shall be noticed for their communications. I generally place them on the top of the fire if it is winter, or if it is summer throw them in the waste basket till they shall be required to light the kitchen grate—and the more of them perhaps the better; there is the less need to buy waste paper. But if these people, instead of that, would write a letter that had some good sound sense to some poor sinner who wants to know the plan of salvation; or, if instead of wasting the penny on me, they would lay it out on some poor crossing-sweeper, they would do some good, instead of wasting it on a person who thinks he could do better without their advice than with it. It is always the grumbling souls that are the do-nothing souls. But the men who get the thousand pieces of silver out of their vineyard, have got their work before them, and have no leisure to look to other people's work and find fault. Their work engrosses them so entirely they have no time to meddle with another man's servant; they know right well they have no business to interfere between the man and the Master—to their own Master each must stand or fall.

Now I pray that this church and every member of it may ever be able to say, "*My* vineyard, which is *mine*, is before me." I am not responsible for my brother in the church, but for myself. I will always keep my own work before my eyes. I will go about it and do what I am doing as if there were nobody else in the world to do anything. I will work as hard as if I were the only Christian alive; at the same time I will always comfort myself that my poor feeble labours are not all, that there are yet seventy thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal. I will work, wishing every man greater success than myself. If I see any prospering more than myself, I will bless God for it; but I will still say, "*My* vineyard, which is *mine*, is before *me*." However well he gets on, that is no reason why I should slack my efforts; and however badly another should succeed, that is no reason why I should neglect my duty to oblige him. "*My* vineyard, which is *mine*, is before me." Next time ye are inclined to murmur at some brother or sister, check yourself, and say, "It is *my* vineyard which is before *me*; there are some large thistles in it, and some great nettles in the corner; let me think of my own; I have not trimmed my vines this summer, I have not taken the little foxes which spoil my vines, for my vines have tender grapes. I will just look to my vineyard which is *mine*." A blessed way of keeping you from finding fault with other people is to look to your own vineyard. "Cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote which is in thy brother's eye."

II. I will now turn to the second sentence, though I can dwell upon it but briefly—  
THE LANGUAGE OF THE CHURCH TO HER GREAT PROPRIETOR AND LORD, "Thou,

O Solomon, must have a thousand"—*must* have a thousand—" *must.*" Whatever others have, thou *must* have a thousand—" and those that keep the fruit thereof two hundred." See, then, that in the first place, the fruit of the Church belongs to Christ; but in the second place, Christ and his Church both agree to reward the keepers of the vineyard, and let them have their two hundred.

1. First, then, *all the fruit of the Church belongs to Christ, and Christ must have it.* Dwell on that word "*must,*" and let each one of you feel the blessed necessity. There are some churches, that if they have fruit, keep it to themselves. The Word has free course, and is glorified; sinners are saved, saints are comforted; and then they take the honour and glory to themselves. Other churches there be who give all the glory to the minister. Things succeed well, everything prospers, and then the keeper of the vineyard has the thousand pieces of silver. And there be other churches who at times will give all the glory to the rich people in them. "Everything will go on well," say they, "while the squire attends with us, while Mr. So-and-so is deacon, while such and such a one is so excellent a subscriber;" so that the thousand pieces of silver are given to man. Ah! but they shall not be, brethren. Stand back, intruders! we cannot give you so much as a farthing's worth of the fruit of this work. The vineyard is Christ's, he bought it; and the fruit is his, for he purchased it with his own life's blood. He *must*, he shall have all the praise; there shall be none given to another, he *must* have it all. Open wide thy hand, O thief, and give up the glory thou wast about to take to thyself—we demand it of thee imperatively—we require it—give it up, sir, for Jesus Christ *must* have the thousand pieces of silver.

But, brothers and sisters, it sometimes happens in a church that there is no glory at all, so it does not matter to whom it is given—there is none to give. The Church is so badly off, has so thin a congregation, such an absence of zeal, and so very, very small has become the spirit of prayer, that there is no glory to fight about. What shall we say to such? Brethren, do not sit still, do not say, "Solomon shall have a hundred." No; he *must* have a thousand. I want all the members of this church to believe that Solomon *must* have his thousand. We will not allow one year to get below the mark; if Christ had glory out of us last year, he *must* have the same glory this year; if we had a revival in years gone by, we *must* have a revival now. If Solomon had a thousand once we will never let it come under that sum, he *must* have a thousand still; souls *must* still be brought in; men *must* gaze and admire and hate the change grace works in those whom grace converts. The ministry *must* be powerful, the prayer-meetings *must* be full of grace and energy, the members *must* strive together in love for the extension of Christ's kingdom; his kingdom *must* come, and his will *must* be done in the midst of us. We will not put it as an "if" or a "but;" it *must* be so, and we will not be satisfied unless it is. King Solomon *must* have a thousand. Suppose we find, in looking back, brethren, upon the last year, that we have not had so much of the Master's presence, and have not done so much for him as in years gone by; shall we say, "We will make it up next year?" No, no, this year King Solomon *must* have a thousand. What! shall he have less than the stipulated price? Shall I contribute less to-day than I did yesterday to my Lord's honour? Shall I be less zealous, less useful, less laborious? Can I bear now to let one arm sleep when I ought to be using both? Shall the minister preach less? shall the elders visit less? Will you pray less, will you serve Christ less? Yes, when you love him less, and when you owe him less, then you will. But, brethren, I trust you do not love him less, for I am sure you owe him more; you are plunging every day deeper and deeper into debt to him; he is giving you to know more and more of the heights and depths of his love which passeth knowledge; he is leading you further and further into the fellowship of the mystery, and is teaching you to know him, which is more than knowing mere doctrine; and I ask you, will you love him less than you did in years gone by? Will you pray less earnestly, and praise him



less affectionately? No, brethren; I think we cry unanimously as Christians, "As we come nearer to thyself, Lord, make us more fruitful; and as years tell on us, let it not be said we do less for the Master at fifty than at five-and-twenty." Let not people say of us, "He did run well, what did hinder him?" Oh, let not the Spirit have to chide us, and say, "Thou hast left thy first love," but let us insist upon it; as we begun we must go on—King Solomon must have a thousand—or rather that we will not go on as we begun, but seek to go from strength to strength, from walking to running, and from running to mounting, as on wings of eagles, upwards towards him. I charge ye, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by his undiminished beauty, by his undivided love—love him not less. O ye keepers of the vineyard, my brothers in the ministry, and ye that go out from this church and preach the Word, if ye gave him glory last year, if ye loved the souls of men, if ye knew how to wrestle in your closet in months gone by, you must know the same now. Ye must not do less, ye must not preach less earnestly, ye must not pray less fervently, but rather serve him better, and love him more. Oh, may the Spirit of God so bedew you with his secret influences that you may ever say, "King Solomon must have a thousand."

But there are some of you who never give King Solomon anything. Perhaps you are the people of God, at least you profess to be so, but what are you doing for him? I do not think there are many members of my own church I can complain of, but there may be some; you have been converted, perhaps, for years, and you do not know that you ever were the means of bringing a soul to Jesus. You say that you love the Saviour, but what do you do for him? It is not doing anything for him merely coming here on the Sunday, and listening to his Word, and coming here on the week-day, and so forth; there are other and better ways of showing your love than merely hearing another man talk to you about it. What are you doing for Christ? Oh, if I have one idle member in the church that speaks of love but does not act, I would look you in the face if I knew you, and tell you that faith without works is dead, that the love which does not show itself in practical piety is a pretended love, a painted flame, and not the gift of heaven. And I think I may say that each one of us, though we are doing something for Christ, are not doing enough. I feel sometimes, brethren, as if I wished I had a thousand tongues to tell the story of his grace; I wish that each day were a long year, and each week a century, that I might love him more and serve him better. Often, when a sermon is over, I come down and chide myself, because I have spoken so coldly of the theme that demands a tongue of fire; I have painted so badly that lovely image, which, if you could but see it, would so captivate your hearts that you would not want to see aught besides, but only wish for ever to behold that face and know that love, and lie upon that bosom. And yet my heart can say, honestly, I do desire to give my Lord and Master his thousand pieces of silver. It is my heart's desire

"To serve him while he leads me breath,  
That, when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise may employ my nobler powers."

I cannot stop preaching, brethren; you cannot stop praying; we cannot, any of us, stop working. I am quite sure that if we should get so old, so very feeble, that we could scarcely get out of our door, we would try and serve him to the very last; we would find out some means of praising him, even on a dying bed. I think we might cease to breathe, but if we love the Master, we should not cease serving him. King Solomon must have a thousand.

2. And then notice—and with that I shall conclude, saying nothing upon the point, really—"Those who keep the fruit thereof shall have two hundred." That to say, Christ's ministers are to receive the people's love, the people's respect and honour, for the Master's sake. Joseph Irons puts this very prettily. I forget his exact words, but he says the ministers really get the two hundred. They have one hundred while they are preaching, while they have in their own souls an enjoyment of the sweetness of the mystery which they open up to others; and then, you know

they have another hundred in the success of their ministry—the sweet joy of seeing sinners saved, barlots reclaimed, and drunkards converted. Our Master is a blessed pay-master, for he pays us while we are doing his work, in the work; he pays us when the work is over, and then he has only begun to pay us, for he says, when the whole of the work is over, then shall we enter into his own joy, and receive the fulness of our reward.

I may have some members of country churches present, who, perhaps, are not kind to their minister. I can speak plainly upon this point, because my people are almost too kind to me; but I say to members of other churches, Take care of your minister; you will never get a blessing unless you are kind to him whom God has set over you. If your minister does not get the two hundred—that is, if he has not your love and respect, and if you do not seek to give him a maintenance that shall lift him above want—you cannot expect the Spirit to work with you. I believe there are scores of churches in which no good is ever done, for this very reason. God has said, "You starve my minister—I will starve you. You keep him in poverty, you quarrel with him, you find fault with him—then, I will quarrel with you: there shall be no blessing upon you; you shall be like Gilboa—no dew shall ever fall upon you." I hear, sometimes, sad, sad stories of what is done in some churches with the minister of Christ. He is looked upon as being the drudge and slave of the community. Some self-important, pompous man lords it over both minister and people; and that poor man, even when he is preaching the everlasting Gospel, has to think where the coat shall come from, in which he shall appear in the pulpit by-and-bye; for the one he has is nearly out of elbows, and if he were to mention but so much as a word that another was wanted, there would be notice for him to go elsewhere. They would tell him that he was a mere hireling, that served for loaves and fishes—as if there were either loaves or fishes to be got out of such people as they are. I do not believe God either can or will bless a church that acts like that. I have some painful recollections in my soul of what I have seen and heard. God forbid I should expose the Church, if it were not in the hope that she may amend. I have heard the remark in France and Geneva, I have heard it in England and in Wales, and wherever I have travelled, that the minister has a certain sum paid to him; but the great mass of the people never think—"He is my minister, I must cheer his heart; he is my minister, I must make glad his soul." No, he is no more to them than the carter that drives their horse, and they will not give so much towards his maintenance as they give to the very girl in the scullery. Is not this disgraceful to Christ's Church? I speak honestly, because I have no reason to speak for myself. I have to thank God for the kindness and the affection which my people have ever exercised towards me; but I speak for those who dare not speak of themselves, because, if they did, they would cease to be ministers of the Church. I say this, that the Lord hath a quarrel against many of his churches, on this account; he layeth it to heart that his ministers have to groan and cry. The oxen tread out the corn with muzzled mouths; the servants of Christ are despised and rejected of men—by the very men, too, whom they seek to serve, and those who call them brethren in Jesus. King Solomon must have his thousand, and his ministers two hundred.

We will say no more about the last part, but stand up for the thousand—let the Master have a thousand. The minister will cry, even though he do starve, "Let King Solomon have a thousand;" and even though he have to wade through poverty to heaven, Christ shall have his thousand. Perhaps you ask me why I mention this last head at all. Why because it was in the text, and because sometimes it has been on my heart too. I was in a certain village in Hertfordshire; I stayed there on a journey, and the minister said, "Will you preach here this evening, sir?" "Well," I said, "I should like an opportunity of talking to your people, if you will give them notice." I went into the minister's house; I found the people only gave him thirteen shillings a-week, and the coat upon his back was miserable.

When I went up to the pulpit I thought, "Now I will just give these people something." And I *did*, too, I can assure you. And after that I gave *him* something, and they gave him something, and we just managed to contribute together enough to get him a new suit of livery, as he called it; and I do not think that brother has been quite as low in the depths of poverty since as he was just then. I did feel rather angry, and I did talk rather solemnly, and rather to the point. When I told them how ashamed I was of them, they came down with a little contribution, and I found their hearts were not quite so hard as they appeared, after all. They would have been horrified if the minister had not worn a black coat, and yet where was he to get it out of thirteen shillings a-week? There are scores of places in the country like that, and yet you expect to get a blessing, do you? You will wait a very long while for it; and if it were to come at all it would be the greatest wonder in the world, and worth nothing to you when you got it.

The minister of Christ must have some regard, some honour, some esteem in his church; but then, after all, Christ Jesus must have his thousand. Let my people take home the first part of the sermon, that will be the most useful to ourselves. But you big farmer deacons take home the last part. Do not go to sleep to-night until you have thought, "What shall I do for that poor dear man who is to preach to me next Sunday?" As for my own members, you need not think about that at all; think about the first part. Let it be your joy to know that Christ's vineyard is his vineyard, that it lies ever before him; and seek each one of you to give to Jesus his thousand pieces of silver—all his honour, all his glory, all his praise and love, and all his service from the beginning of the year even to the end thereof.

## P O E T R Y.

## THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS.

What noble records history's page doth yield  
Of martyrs brave and good,  
True soldiers of the cross, who gladly sealed  
Their faith with blood!

Against the Church fierce persecution's rage  
Hath burned from time to time;  
Its victims it hath found in every age,  
In every clime.

And in our own now highly favoured land  
The fires of Smithfield blazed;  
And on the graves of England's martyred band,  
Freedom was raised.

The faith of some by tortures dread was tried,  
And while they writhed in pain,  
"Recant, and ye shall live," their torturers cried,  
But cried in vain.

With fearless hearts, with faith by God sustained,  
Their cruel death they met;  
Their dying words, on history's page retained,  
Aro fragrant yet.

For in the fire some sang with fleeting breath  
The praises of their King;  
Tho' robed in flame, for them the monster Death  
Possessed no sting.

What nerved their hearts to bear contempt and  
scorn?  
What cheered them at the stake?  
The glorious fact that every pain was borne  
For Jesu's sake;—

For his dear sake who in Gethsemane,  
Anguished in fearful pain;  
For his dear sake who died upon the tree,  
Their souls to gain.

Compared to his, how light their sufferings  
were!  
And then, amidst the fire,  
Jesus was with them, giving strength to bear  
Each pang so dire.

They bore the cross; and now, life's woes all  
past,  
They have received the crown;  
In heaven, before the Lamb of God, they cast  
Their honours down.

They overcame through his rich blood alone;  
Now, through eternal days,  
They strike their harps before the great white  
throne,  
And hymn his praise.

Wellingborough. THEODORA.

## THE RIGHT PLACE, AND THE RIGHT FAITH.

BY THE REV. W. P. DALFERN, OF BOW.

"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus the disciple whom he loved."—John xix. 25.

THE Gospel does not present us with a more deeply-affecting and instructive picture than that which we have here drawn by the hand of love and profound humility. From the character of this loved disciple we should

expect that if there was one sheep which would keep near to the shepherd when the storm beat upon him, he would be the man; that if there was one disciple who would not leave the feet of the

Great Teacher even when they were nailed to the tree, it would most assuredly be that disciple who had drunk in so deeply of his Teacher's love. It is recorded of the Apostle Peter that when our Saviour spake of his sufferings and of his disciples forsaking him, he replied, "Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee." John was not the speaker on this occasion, but when the day of trial came he was found by the side of his Lord—the love of his Saviour bound his heart to his cross, while the humility, which is ever the offspring of such love, led him to speak of this fact with all the touching simplicity and artlessness of a little child—"Now there stood by the cross the disciple whom Jesus loved."

*He stood by the cross*; a beautiful illustration of how meekness and might are inseparably wedded together. Meek men are strong men, and ever-pleasant in the eyes of their Lord. The head of this beloved disciple had often rested upon the bosom of his Lord, whose eyes had doubtless frequently been brightened by the contemplation of the steady, quiet growth of his servant in humility and love; but now that the day of trial has come, and an infuriated crowd surround the Saviour, with what pleasure would his eye recognize his faithful follower still by his side, with all the tender solicitude of love, watching his dying looks, and seeking still to catch his dying words! Many had followed the Saviour when in health and strength he led them through the fields, and bade the flowers preach to them the lessons of paternal love; and many, doubtless, when the people would have taken him by force and made him a king, were willing to be numbered with his friends: but now to find one near to his cross when his tongue was silent, his hands were pierced and bleeding, and a crown of thorns pierced his temples—this must have been pleasant to the Saviour indeed.

*He stood by his cross*, and how infinitely right was this! Why, had not that bleeding, dying man forsaken all, that he might stand by him?

He was a learner, too; and must not all be learners here? This loved disciple had heard mysterious words he wished more fully to understand, he stood beneath the cross to reach their meaning, and it is only

here this can be reached. Reader, if thou wouldst understand thyself, thy God, the many strangely-written pages of time's book, read thou beside the cross, stand there as John did, in fixed and steadfast love. The words of Christ will open to thee there, and blossom as a rose; the cloud that seemed to hide from thee the eternal lines of mercy, truth, and righteousness, will fly away, and faith and peace will claim thee as her child—lost, long lost, it may be, but now in peace, in heaven's own peace, and mercy found.

*He stood by the cross*. The unbelieving Jew will not come here but to revile; the intellectual Greek looks but to sneer; too often we only see but what we are and bring: but still, where this disciple stood we find our sight, and only here.

*He stood by the cross*. "Lost time, lost time," say some. "Look at this man, take down that book." "Well, sirs, 'tis darkness all; we cannot see *the thing*; it is the old tale again in other form, and we want MORE." Well, it must be; no light will come, but through the cross. It will not, men, do what you will. You must stand *there*, or the great WHY of life shall never be yours. "Stand there? Well, how?" In thought, in faith, in prayer.

*He stood by the cross*. He meant to stand—with weeping women too; he had a little faith in that despised one; it was not dead, and could not die, for Christ could not. And love would have this faith be seen—why not? the real thing bears the fire; and storms, they do but nourish faith; it lives on things beyond its reach; it does not ask, How goes the tide? and Will this suit? but takes its stand like John beside the Son of God, though pierced, unknown, and slain. Oh, blessed man, thy faith will grow in spite of woe and weakness, in spite of doubt and darkness, the hidden thorn and noisy crowd.

But now the golden legend of the whole: our Saviour loved this man, but had a cross for him—*his own*—but gave him grace to stand by it. And all this may be repeated in *our* experience; let us, therefore, try and learn to accept a cross from him who will give a crown, and so to seek for grace that when the day of trial comes it may be written of us, as of the disciple of old, "Now there stood by the cross the disciple whom Jesus loved."

# THE LOSING AND TAKING OF MANSOUL;

OR,

## LECTURES ON THE HOLY WAR.

BY THE REV. A. S. PATTON, A.M., AUTHOR OF "KINCAID, THE HERO MISSIONARY."

### VII.—INDICATIONS OF REVOLT IN MANSOUL; OR, THE DEVICES OF THE ADVERSARY.

"A liberty which persecution, fraud,  
Oppression, prisons, have no power to bind;  
Which whose tastes can be enslaved no more:  
'Tis liberty of heart derived from heaven,  
Bought with *It's* blood, who gave it to mankind,  
And sealed with the same token. It is held  
By charter, and that charter sanctioned sure,  
By the unimpeachable and awful oath  
And promise of a God."

"The language of the Bible harmonizes with all human experience, in declaring that all progress implies effort, resistance, combat."—PARSON'S ESSAYS.

"Lest Satan should get an advantage of us; for we are not ignorant of his devices."—2 Cor. ii. 11.

THE "poet of the Sanctuary" hath said—

"We should suspect some danger nigh,  
Where we possess delight."

And though direct reference is here had to worldly enjoyment, it is not a whit less true when applied to that which is purely spiritual. It is the great aim of the adversary, in some way, to destroy our peace; and if this is not done by open assaults, we may next expect to find his practised subtilty employed in lulling the soul into a state of dangerous, self-confident security. This is just as Bunyan has sketched the Christian's experience in his Holy War. The town of Mansoul, as we saw in the last lecture, had been so entertained and feasted by Immanuel, that her cup quite ran over, and she was constrained to cry, "How great is his goodness! for since I found favour in his eyes, how honourable have I been!" But there was a man in Mansoul by the name of *Carnal-security*, and this man, after all this mercy bestowed on this corporation, brought the town into great and grievous slavery and bondage. He was the offspring, we are told, of Self-conceit and Fear-nothing, and having, in the conquest of the town, sily wheeled about, and joined the forces of the Prince, he now "ventures himself into the company of the townsmen, and attempts also to chat among them. Now he knew that the power and strength of the town of Mansoul was great, and that it could not but be pleasing to the people if he cried up their might and their glory. Wherefore he beginneth his tale with the power and strength of Mansoul, and affirmed that it was impregnable. Now magnifying their captains and their slings, and their rams;

then crying up their fortifications, and strongholds; and lastly, the assurances that they had from their Prince that Mansoul should be happy for ever. But when he saw that some of the men of the town were tickled and taken with his discourse, he makes it his business, and walking from street to street, house to house, and man to man, he at last brought Mansoul to dance after his pipe, and to grow almost carnally secure as himself; so from talking they went to feasting, and from feasting to sporting; and so to some other matters."

Immanuel seeing their exposure to this evil device, admonished them that their security was not so much in their fortifications, as in their so living as to secure his permanent abode in the castle. "For the right doctrine of Immanuel," says our author, "was, that the town of Mansoul should take heed that they forget not his Father's love and his, also that they should so demean themselves as to continue to keep themselves therein."

And this, my brethren, is according to the teachings of the Bible. Sometimes, perhaps, we may discover within us a tendency to build our religious hopes on the soundness of our creed,—a temptation to trust in our orthodoxy, instead of looking alone to our vital union with Christ, and, when this is the case, we are depending for security on our fortifications, rather than on the daily exercise of that faith which keeps the soul in close communion with heaven, and strengthens it for a vigorous growth in holiness. Now while it is all well enough, nay, while it is our duty and privilege, to rejoice in the doctrines of grace, it is at the same time indispensable

that we "depart from evil," and strive earnestly to keep ourselves "in the love of God," since, as Bunyan says in his marginal note, "It is not grace received but grace improved that preserves the soul from danger." In losing sight of this important truth, which they did through the policy of Mr. Carnal-security, the hearts of the men of Mansoul "were chilled and abated in their *practical* love" of their Prince, so that, after faithfully admonishing them, he determined, with his secretary, to leave them until they should consider and acknowledge their offence. Now this abatement in their love was manifested in these particulars—

"1st. They left off their former way of visiting him;—they came not to his royal palace as afore.

"2nd. They did not regard, nor yet take notice that he came, or came not to visit them.

"3rd. The love-feasts that had wont to be between their Prince and them, though he made them still, and called them to them, yet they neglected to come at them, or to be delighted with them.

"4th. They waited not for his counsels, but began to be headstrong and confident in themselves, concluding that now they were strong and invincible, and that Mansoul was secure, and beyond all reach of the foe, and that her state must needs be unalterable for ever."

Thus they went on growing worse and worse until, at length, "when they came to visit him, as now and then they would, they might knock once, yea twice, but he would seem not at all to regard them; whereas, formerly he would run and meet them half-way, and take them too and lay them in his bosom."

Here, we have described some of the prominent causes and painful consequences of backsliding. Only let a Christian discontinue his approaches to the mercy-seat, and become negligent of holy seasons of communion, and thus grow self-confident and careless, and soon, as a consequence of his defection from Christ, he will be obliged, with one of old to complain—"I sought him, but I could not find him: I called him, but he gave me no answer;" or with the forsaken patriarch, he will be heard crying, "Oh, that I knew where I might find him! that I might come even to his seat!—I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him." And thus, instead of that ready, warm welcome which

he once found in coming to Christ, he experiences anxious delays, and the cold reception of a neglected love.

And when this is the case with a believer, then, as with Mansoul, God's peace—the sweet influence of which we have before spoken—forsake him, and he is left to experience the evil and bitter consequences of his sins.

But the dangerous influence of this Mr. Carnal-security in Mansoul, was nobly resisted, we are told, by one Godly-fear, and also by the subordinate preacher, Mr. Conscience; for being invited by Carnal-security to a great feast, they appeared with the rest of the guests; but one of them, instead of eating and drinking and making merry, sat at the table like a stranger, "which," says our author, "when Mr. Carnal-security perceived, he addressed himself in a speech thus to him:—

"Mr. Godly-fear, are you not well? You seem to be ill of body and mind, or both. I have a cordial of Mr. Forget-good's making, which, sir, if you will take, I hope it will make you bonny and blithe, and so make you more fit for us feasting companions."

Unto whom the good old man discreetly replied—

"Sir, I thank you for all things courteous and civil, but for your cordial, I have no list thereto. But a word to the natives of Mansoul: You the elders and chief of Mansoul, to me it is strange to see you so jocund and merry, when the town of Mansoul is in such a woeful case."

Then said Mr. Carnal-security, "Fie, fie, Mr. Godly-fear, fie; will you never shake off your timorousness? Are you afraid of being sparrow-blasted? Who hath hurt you? Behold I am on your side, only you are for doubting, and I am for being confident. Besides, is this a time to be sad in? A feast is made for mirth; why then do ye now, to your shame and our trouble, break out into such passionate, melancholy language, when you should eat, drink, and be merry?"

Then said Mr. Godly-fear again, "I may well be sad, for Immanuel is gone from Mansoul. I say again he is gone, and you, sir, are the man that has driven him away; yea, he is gone without so much as acquainting the nobles of Mansoul with his going, and if that is not a sign of his anger, I am not acquainted with the methods of godliness.

"And now, my lords and gentlemen—for

my speech is still to you—your gradual declining from him did not provoke him to depart from you, the which he did for some time, if perhaps you would have been made sensible thereby, and have been renewed by humbling of yourselves; but when he saw that none would regard, nor lay these fearful beginnings of his anger and judgment to heart, he went away from this place, and this I saw with mine eye. But since without him you can do nothing, and he is departed from you, turn your feast into a sigh, and your mirth into lamentation.”

Then Mr. Conscience, the subordinate preacher, being startled at what was said, immediately stood up and seconded Godly-fear's suggestion, and while seconding it, “looked,” says Bunyan, “as if he would fall down dead at the table, also all there present, except the man of the house, began to look pale and wan.” Finally, having considered the case, the company agreed to believe Mr. Godly-fear, and determined, at the same time, to avenge themselves on Mr. Carnal-security by burning his house over his head.

But for the powerful influence of the fear of God in our hearts, my brethren, to what lengths of sin might we not go! Oh, how subtle and strong, at times, are the believer's temptations to backslide, and with all his watchfulness, how gradually and wickedly is he sometimes found yielding to those carnal enticements which grieve the Saviour, and deprive his soul of the sweet enjoyments of the Holy Spirit! The fear of God in the heart, being utterly opposed to carnal mirth, sternly rebukes the Christian in its indulgence, admonishing him of his danger. And when, besides this, conscience is roused and quickened into sensibility, then all the faculties of the mind are not only excited to resist Carnal-security, but are invested with power to accomplish its complete destruction.

Immediately following this, the soul begins to inquire again after Christ, saying, “I will seek him whom my soul loveth;” and every effort is made to procure, if possible, the return of forfeited blessings.

But, alas! he who has been grieved away is not to be found—and he the spouse in the Song of Songs, the deserted one is heard complaining, “I opened to my beloved, but my beloved had withdrawn himself, and was gone, my soul failed when he spake: I sought him, but I could not find him: I called him, but he gave me no answer.” Nor can one in such a case avail

himself of the aid of the Holy Spirit, by whom alone Christ is revealed; for he too has been grieved, and, as with Mansoul, it is felt to be “a day gloomy and dark, a day of clouds and of thick darkness.”

But that which heightened the distress of Mansoul was this, that Conscience, the subordinate preacher, still kept accusing, reproving, and threatening them until the town was well nigh driven to distraction. He preached, for instance, on one occasion from this text,—“They that observe lying vanities, forsake their own mercies;” and such was the effect produced, that the people “were scarce able to go to their homes, or to betake themselves to their employments the week after. They were so sermon-smitten, and also so sermon-sick by being smitten, that they knew not what to do.”

About this time, also, there was a severe sickness in Mansoul, and, to add to their distress, Boanerges again appeared before them, and, with his wonted earnestness and power, preached to them from this text, “Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?” And this sermon, it is said, wrought much upon the hearts of men of Mansoul; “Yea, it greatly helped to keep awake those that had been roused by the preaching that went before. So that, now, throughout the whole town, there was little or nothing to be heard or seen, but sorrow, and mourning, and woe.”

This description is intended to set forth the spiritual exercises of a delinquent Christian, and must be regarded as very striking and truthful. It shows us, in the first place, how Conscience,

“In his fits of inspiration,”

can preach to a man of duty, and chastise him for its neglect. Then it sets forth the intense suffering and anguish of a soul when brought a second time under the influence of sin, and, finally, it represents the overwhelming power of awakening truth as addressed by Christ's ministers to those living in a state of conscious declension.

And to how many cases does this apply! How many, in consequence of their defection from God, carry in their own breasts a sting which they cannot remove, and the pain of which they can scarcely bear. Thus they sometimes appear as men that are sick, moving about with downcast faces, and disqualified, in a great measure, for both worldly and spiritual duties. And when such hear the fearful alarms of a faithful

ministry, they are made to tremble with fear, and very bitter are the tears they shed at the remembrance of their sins!

Happy for such if, like the people of Mansoul, they shall begin to consider "what is best to be done;" for though, at first, their efforts may be fruitless and they may meet with repulses rather than with tokens of mercy, yet, let them not grow weary, remembering, as Godly-fear suggested to Mansoul, that "it is the way of the wise Jehovah to make men wait and to exercise patience, and it should be the way of them in want to be willing to stay his leisure." And, knowing the value and essential importance of prayer, let them unceasingly press their petition for the speedy return of their offended Lord.

Under such circumstances, moreover, there is special need of great watchfulness, from the fact that there are other spiritual foes lurking within us, who, taking advantage of Immanuel's absence, will not fail to plot, and, if possible, accomplish our ruin.

When Mansoul was taken, there were, it will be remembered, some of the old Diabolonians who found "holes, dens, and lurking places, under or about the wall of the town;" and these, we are told, seizing the opportunity offered by the Prince's absence, now began to exert themselves to regain their power. To effect this, they met for consultation, and "when they had tossed the matter to and fro, they jointly agreed that a letter should forthwith be sent away to Diabolus, asking his advice in the case. To speak minutely of the correspondence which ensued would require us to be tedious. Let it suffice to say that its whole scope and design is to set forth the fearful subserviency of the baser propensities of our nature to the will of Satan, and at the same time, his own wicked cunning, in using them to promote his most infamous designs. And this is according to the Scriptures; for "The flesh," says the Apostle, "lusteth against the spirit;" and taking advantage of this opposition, the enemy of souls seeks to suggest and encourage such sensual and impious schemes as are most likely to ensure their destruction.

The means suggested in the present instance were, 1st, A vicious life. 2nd, Despair of mercy. 3rd, Prevailing pride. And, while either of these would be sufficient to insure Mansoul's ruin, the one fixed upon as most easy and certain of success was the second, for, said Mr. Deceit—"If we could drive them into desperation,

that would knock the nail on the head, for then we should have them, in the first place, question the truth of the love of the heart of their Prince towards them, and that will disgust him much. This, if it works well, will make them leave off quickly their way of sending petitions to him; then farewell earnest solicitations for help and supply, for then this conclusion lies naturally before them, As good do nothing as do to no purpose."

But the next question related to the development of this plan, and this was soon settled by an agreement to send two or three Diabolonians under false guise and names to offer their service to the town of Mansoul. Accordingly, they pitched on Lord Covetousness, Lord Lasciviousness, and Lord Anger. And very soon, Bunyan tells us, these "vagabonds" were engaged, and, having got into the houses of the men of Mansoul, quickly they began to do great mischief therein.

Lord Covetousness called himself by the name of *Prudent Thrifty*, and being the most insinuating in his nature of the three, he held his position until, through his baneful influence, Mr. Mind, his employer, became as bad as himself. Lord Lasciviousness called himself by the name of *Harmless Mirth*, but he did not meet with so prompt an engagement as his companion, a fact which is sarcastically accounted for by the statement that "the town of Mansoul was now in Lent." A well-merited reproof of that form of godliness which allows a man, provided he only abstains from meats and worldly amusement forty days in each year, to spend the rest in feasting and folly. Lord Anger called himself by the name of *Good Zeal*, but his true character was soon revealed, and he was obliged to flee for his life.

How deceitful is sin! Here we see positive faults assuming the names of real virtues, and, in disguise, the meanest passions of our nature are employed by us, while, at the same time, they are in the service of the enemy, aiding in the furtherance of his hellish plans against us.

It is just in this way, by taking advantage of our moral infirmities, that the adversary seeks to gain us back to himself; and we may expect, therefore, that instead of having to encounter attacks from without, our chief danger will arise from the influence of unsuspected enemies within, and when, in a sense, invulnerable to the assaults of open foes, then especially



are we in peril from those that are secret. Unless prayerful and watchful, therefore, the remaining corruptions of our nature will certainly be employed against us, and their influences will conspire to betray our souls and destroy our peace.

Oh, what need is there then of constantly taking heed, lest Satan (though we are not ignorant of his devices) should, by such means, get an advantage of us.

And, now, the condition of Mansoul is represented as exceedingly distressing. She had offended her Prince, and he was gone; and the powers of hell, with an army of twenty thousand doubters, were making ready to come against her, seeking her utter destruction; and though the people cried unto their King for help, alas! for them, it is said they laid Diabolonians in their bosoms.

What a fearful state is this when men encourage evil thoughts and propensities in the heart, and at the same time are heard praying to God against them! And yet, this is but too often the case even with those who call themselves Christians.

"If I regard iniquity in my heart," says David, "the Lord will not hear me. This is true with reference to sin in all its forms, and we have no right, therefore, to expect that petitions offered under such circumstances will ever prove successful.

"To keep a sin in the heart whilst there is a prayer on the lips, is like going into the monarch's presence arm in arm with a rebel, or getting some noted enemy of his to countersign our petition. It is as if the one hand held out a plea for God's favour, and the other a plea for God's frown. In truth, it is the more honest part of the man contradicting the other; the sinner shouting *Nay* to the *Amen* of the hypocrite, and drowning in his louder voice the feeble muttering of the feigned lips."

The spirit of our prayers, whenever the

forces of evil are felt working within us and against us, should be, "Lead us not into temptation;" for when a man prays thus, he really prays against himself, and implores help from God that he may not only be able to resist the outward enticements of sin, but also, the evil inclinations which are found struggling to maintain their hold within.

Nor is it strange that such are left to complain of their fruitless prayers, and to mourn over the absence of all religious enjoyment. Strange, indeed, would it be, if it were otherwise; for then might we doubt the rewards of devotion, and cease to fear the consequences of declension.

"Poore heart, lament,  
For since thy God refuseth still,  
There is some rub, some discontent,  
Which cools his will.

Thy Father *could*  
Quickly effect, what thou dost move;  
For he is *Power*: and sure he *would*;  
For he is *Love*.

Go search this thing.  
Tumble thy breast and turn thy book:  
If thou hadst lost a glove or ring,  
Wouldst thou not look?

What do I see  
Written above there? *Yesterday*  
*I did behave me carelessly,*  
*When I did pray.*

And should God's care  
To such indifferents chained be,  
Who do not their own motions heare?  
Is God lesse free?

But stay! what's there?  
*Late when I would have something done,*  
*I had a motion to forbear,*  
*Yet I went on.*

And should God's care,  
Which needs not man, be ty'd to those  
Who heare not him, but quickly heare  
His utter foes?

Then once more pray:  
Down with thy knees, up with thy voice:  
Seek pardon first, and God will say,  
*Glad heart, rejoyce."*

GEORGE HERBERT.

(To be continued.)

## TRAITS OF TROUBLOUS TIMES.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF THE REV. MR. JOHN HICKS, AN EJECTED NON-CONFORMIST MINISTER, 1670-1.

TRANSCRIBED BY JANE BOWRING CRANCH.

### CHAPTER XV.

Oh, "that mine adversary had written a book."

*From my lodging in Margaret-street, Westminster, this 20th of May, 1671.—Surely no man ought feel firmer assurance than I, that*

each event in the lives of us poor mortals, be in our eyes never so small, mean, and insignificant, is ordered and disposed by Him who has numbered even the very hairs of our head; all that is good must of necessity proceed from God, as naturally as a stream does from its

parent source, and all that is evil, we are sure, is in an absolute subjection to, and only permitted to serve his purpose, in the infallibility of whose Divine wisdom there can be no error, when to mere human reason and intelligence, its ways appear mysterious, its depths soundless. If, in this tumultuary lower world, I've had the hap to pass, not without much damage, over dire treacherous quicksands and sunken rocks, while certain of my compeers, beginning life just when and as I did, have so trimmed and adjusted the sails of their barques as to sail in the very sleeve of earthly fortune and prosperity, yet I envy them not their boon voyage, though barely escaped another of those threatening reefs, which again was opening its black mouth to engulf me. Albeit, I have, or as good, I trow, shot safely the danger that was pending: and methinks I can scarce use the leisure of this evening at my inn, more to my satisfaction than in tracing, with pen and ink, a few more links in that chain of events unenlightened folk call destiny, but which a child of God knoweth, as I've before said, to be none other than so many manifestations of the overruling, ever-present agency of the Lord himself. The particular circumstance which led to my coming hither, in manner altogether unforeseen by myself, I consider one of them. 'Twas passing strange; and I do seem, even now, more like a man in a dream than awake while reflecting upon it.

Immediately after my release from gaol, I journeyed fast as love and fear could make a person in my exhausted condition direct for the place where Mistress Aylmer liveth. The meeting between myself and family, in the greatness of its joy, had yet a very affecting solemnity; for when my poor wife, looking more like the ghostly spirit than the bodily reality of a living woman scanned, my pale, altered visage, as in turn most sorrowfully I did hers, each felt how near the other had been to the crossing over the narrow boundary which parteth time from eternity, though our step had been stayed on its awful threshold. Even then it seemed to us if we were still standing in the shadow of the Valley of Death: but the Lord mercifully decreed our children at that period of their lives when most a loving parents' watch is needed, should not be deprived of it.

I soon begun reflect carefully upon a project whereby, under God's guiding providence, I meant shape my future course. It was to close with a proposition made me to join the little company of godly folk who have made arrangement to sail next month from the port of Plymouth for New England, a colony which seems planted by the hand, likewise in a very peculiar manner blessed by the favour and protection, of the Almighty.

Outsounding my wife's mind about leaving this

the land of our birth and that of our ancestors for many a long-past generation, she made answer which, coming from one reduced to such weak, feeble condition, struck me as being not without a certain pious heroism, and for a woman very much to the purpose. "Dear husband, when we can no longer live in our own beloved country but in such way as is worse than dying in it, I think God shows us the time is fully ripe for our leaving it."

"Amen," said I; "and though that to which we think of going may seem little better than a wilderness by comparison with this we are driven out from, yet shall we and our children find there the blesseddest of all earthly privileges and enjoyments, namely, FREEDOM TO WORSHIP GOD."

Our eldest son being old enow to understand the subject we were discussing, I scrupled not tell him of that which I was a-meditating, for ever since my children have been able express their thoughts in language articulate, I've encouraged 'em without fear to pour their innocent confidences in my ear, and ofttimes these have refreshed and gladdened my toil-worn spirit more sweetly than I know now to describe. Our young family, if composed of separate bodies, will yet, I humbly pray, in all important matters (*religious* especially), be found to have but one heart and soul. Ah, never did I see the blessing of God descending, or his Spirit resting like a tranquil dove in any household widely apart, and *divided*, in opinions of this kind, with near the same unction as they do where husband, wife, and children, dwelling together, prove of united mind in serving the Lord upon earth. To such heaven-bound families apply the words of the 133rd Psalm, as it can to none other, for on them has "the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore."

My son, fixing his quick, observant eye upon a chart lying before me, in which was depicted, not only the track of our sea-voyage, but the bearing of that portion of the land of New England where I designed settle, mastered the whole with an intelligence so clear and ready that I felt afraid I should grow proud o' my scholar, seeing he hath had no teacher save myself; and then the dear youth spake so modestly of his wish to be helpful to his parents, and his desire in some measure to requite all their loving cares for him, that my wife and I looked upon one another till our eyes grew moist. Truly, our hearts were full of gratitude to the Lord in bestowing on us, in our first-born, a child thus dutiful and towardsly. I regarded him "even as a father the son in whom he delighteth," and, through God's preserving mercy, as one who will worthily "keep my name in remembrance" hereafter; but his mother laid her thin, pale hand (it looked all the paler and thinner by the contrast) upon his black, crisp, glossy curls

a tear stole slowly down her cheek—yes, such a tear as would have left no stain upon that of the most “blessed among women”—and her lips moved, though they uttered no sound. Then I knew the prayer which is above all prayers—a holy, faithful, tender mother’s—was a-going up to God on her son’s behalf; nor doubt I the blessing so piously invoked will descend copiously upon his young and comely head.

For my own part, I confessed to a feeling amounting almost to joyful certainty, that it would be greatly for my young family’s future benefit this remove to that far land, I began contemplate as our future home; and, after what I had lately gone through in this country (whose future seemeth daily grow more overcast with clouds of doubt and gloom), the proposal I’ve referred to—for me and mine to leave it—was grateful to my spirit as is the rush of water to ear of a wretch spent with his wandering through a parched and dreary desert. While pleading earnestly before the Lord for his guidance, protection, and more especially that it might be vouchsafed my feeble wife and younger children in this our greatest venture, the words, “God himself shall be with him,” came to my soul so like a comforting messenger of heavenly promise that straightway the last shade of mis-giving vanished therefrom.

Knowing several weeks must of necessity elapse ere the voyage could take place, I said, “My pen and ink shall not be idle during this quiet leisure interval.” Accordingly, I filled a good portion of each day by framing and compiling an account of the grievous fines, exactions, and illegal prosecutions divers parties in this county have suffered and been laid under for the steadfastness of their Nonconforming principles. If the names of the individuals who made themselves most busy in worrying and afflicting them were set down, still ’twas nought save a bare statement of facts—sufficiently ugly and startling I grant yet all unlike this little private note-book I carry about with me, and in whose artless pages I’ve talked with my pen as I would with my tongue to a very honest friend; but, upon reading over what I’d set down (the rough outer shell of these sad affairs, and nothing more), I could not, I confess, help exclaiming, “Tis no wonder these things make godly folk cry out, in the language of David, “Oh, that I had wings like a dove; for then would I flee away.” ‘Lo, then, would I wander afar off, and remain in the wilderness.’”

Just as I was putting the last stroke to my work, three worthy persons from the neighbouring town, two of whom were brother-ministers, calling to see me, and finding what I’d been engaged upon, asked permission to look over my performance, which, sooth to say, I was nothing loth grant. After they had done reading it, the oldest and gravest of ’em (a man of

sterling solid parts, and generally accounted much prudence) wanted show the writing to other of our friends, and I feeling tickled at the commendation implied therein, very willingly consented, and this being done, the brethren quickly agreed among themselves, that as it was a thing, as they conceived, like to do good service in the sacred cause we are engaged in, must need get it *printed*.

Yet, though my name, and the printer’s also, were carefully withholden, the book gat freely circulated, and much talked about; in consequence thereof, the feathers of more than one evil human bird of prey were sorely ruffled. At length their suspicions pointed toward me as its compiler. With shame I confess, that when a rumour of these things was wafted me in my retreat, I heartily wished my over-active friends had deferred the printing of this pamphlet till there were some few thousand miles of tumbling water between me and my adversaries; but after a moment’s reflection ’gan despise myself for entertaining so abject and mean a thought. Quoth I, “Tis the truth, and nothing save the truth; and what Christian man ought feel afraid or ashamed to draw his pen in defence thereof? Now, out upon thee, John Hicks, for turning such a craven!” and with blushing cheeks I commenced singing, though I felt scarcely worthy to do so, a verse of honest Christopher’s prison rhymes—

“Let timid hearts school prudent tongues,  
Their coward peace to hold;  
Lord grant that in *truth’s* sacred cause  
I steadfast prove as bold.”

An exceeding sweet, clear, youthful voice (I was not ’ware of my eldest son being within earshot of the stove), joined mine, and sang the two last lines manfully.

At this particular juncture, it fell out that our good cousin, who, as already noted, is a lone aged widow, grew very anxious about the settlement of a small property in part connected with payment of her yearly jointure. The person chiefly concerned in the affair lives upon an estate not far from Exon, which once belonged to her late husband, Walter Aylmer; and she entreated me do what I could in the way of seeing her claim properly established. Right glad was I of this opportunity to show the excellent gentlewoman my gratitude for all her friendship and affection to us in our misfortunes; therefore I decided setting off without delay upon the business; but a journey of near threescore miles lying afore me, Mistress Aylmer would have me tarry till she’d first begged the loan of a horse from a neighbour, who thinketh more of his than many folk do of a poor relation. When, after some little hesitation, the widow made her request, wealthy Master Winterblossom answered thus, “My

brown mare Phillis is ye know, dame, reckoned the bravest roadster in the county; I'd fear trust the good wench in any other hands except my own, saving one pair, and they are Master Hicks's. 'A righteous man,' Mistress Aylmer, 'regardeth the life of his beast;' and I've noted how careful over, and considerate he is with all dumb creatures, and knowledgeable of their ways and nature; therefore tell him the mare is heartily at his service, ay, an it be for a month to come."

Thus handsomely mounted, I set forth early on a Tuesday morning, fully purposing, through God's mercy, to return at close o' the week; and, being no mean horseman, performed my journey with all the ease and pleasure imaginable; its results proved satisfactory. I was very civilly entertained by the gentleman I waited on, and at end of a couple o' days free to travel homeward, with the back-standing arrears of Mistress Aylmer's jointure in my pocket, and the pleasing assurance that I'd been able effect what she desired, touching future payment of the same.

While trotting pleasantly along, I could not help comparing the difference between riding such a fine, well-conditioned, swift-paced creature as Brown Phillis, to plodding wearily afoot, or striving after the uncertain chance of getting a seat among the bales on a pack-horse, if a string of such hap go by, and which seat I always preferred to one in the heavy diligence, that rarely exceedeth four miles an hour, and is for ever meeting mischances, whereby the passengers are bruised and shaken horribly. Moreover, I felt within my veins the delicious sense of returning health and cheerfulness; the year also, was, to my mind, at its primest season, when the earth puts on her robe of many colours, and looks as youthful as she did near six thousand springs ago, with the blush of coming summer on her tender leaves and blossoms, and the air breathes fresher, sweeter odours than art can ever hope to imitate. 'Twas in delightful mood like this, I repeated, as I rode, the 128th Psalm, to every word of which, methought the bright and lovely scenes around gave back a glad response.

Going leisurely up a little ascent, I spied a pair of mounted travellers a good way on before. The horse of the elder of them proving somewhat lame, and that of the other a hard-mouthed brute with a head like a camel's—but none of that mild Eastern slave's obedience and knowledgeableness inside o' it—I soon overgated them, and they, very civilly accosting me, I slackened my pace, and we fell into a discourse touching the road; upon their asking a few questions concerning it, I readily gave them all the information I could, on finding they were bound in the same direction as myself. These new acquaintances were well equipped in long

riding-coats and boots, and the younger had a silver lace about his hat. There was nought in the least soldier-like about the mien or bearing of either. I set them down as belonging to a peaceable profession, perhaps that of a city scrivener and his clerk; and being a solitary traveller, with another person's money in charge, I was not altogether sorry (thieves being grown mighty plenty and daring of late), to find myself in company with two such pleasant, civil gentlemen. He upon the hard-mouthed horse complaining how the ill-contrived beast strained his arms, naturally fell a-praising and admiring the sleek, graceful, and very handsome creature on which I was mounted, just at that moment pacing daintily as if she trod on eggs, laying back her thin, fine, small, light ears, and every now and then giving her head a little scornful toss, for all the world like proud, silly human folk do, when they conceit themselves demeaned by being thrust into company with those they count their inferiors.

Soon after, we arrived at a mean hamlet, and perceiving, amid the cluster of cottages, one with the sign of a bush over the door, and horse-block projecting deep into the road, we decided to rest, and refresh ourselves and horses, at this poor house of entertainment. The folk o' the place seemed cleanly and obliging, and the hostess readily agreed furnish us a dinner of eggs and bacon.

"But I will first go to the stable," quoth I, "and see to the mare's corn and water myself," which, accordingly, I did, she giving short, grateful neighs of approval, all the while I was a-tending her.

Upon re-entering the low-raftered kitchen of the little hostelry, with its wide fireplace, of the time of Queen Bess, where a pan of savoury rashers was then in full sputter, the good wife begged show me into a little room, divided off from this the principal apartment; and there I found my new friends, with a tankard of ale and bread and cheese before them. To these viands were quickly added the smoking rashers and fresh eggs, when immediately I took it upon me to say grace. After having done so, the elder of the two gentlemen craved liberty to ask if I was not a parson, for such he could scarce help conceiting me. I answered briefly in the affirmative; and our ride having made us hungry, question and answer seemed alike forgotten, till we had done ample justice to our simple fare. Then, he who ventured the inquiry thus 'gan resume his questioning:—

"I think you said, sir, that you belonged to the Church?"

"Ay, and truly," answered I, wiping my lips.

"Your whole appearance, ay, very garb, though without bands, sufficiently tokens your orthodoxy," pursued the friendly stranger pushing the tankard towards me.

Now, my appearance, as far as a suit of clothes went, was just that of a curate with seven pounds a-year salary, and I felt a little surprised at my coat, the same my good wife has mended so often, being taken as evidence decisive of the soundness of my creed.

"But," proceeds my gentleman (without giving me time to reply), "those canting scoundrels of Nonconformists, scattered all over the country, who have of late given our admirable Lord the Bishop such trouble, still some o' em insolently affect the clerical habit, yet a practised eye can easily discern the varlets under their false colours. Don't you think they deserve to lose their head as well as their ears, which latter a good many (serve 'em right, too) have already done, for the pother and disturbance they make?"

Here, opportunely enow for me, our host made his appearance with a bottle of wine; and the attention of the travellers was thereby drawn off from the surprise and consternation I doubt not was painted in my look, sufficiently strong to betray me.

"May I be so bold," said the younger of this precious pair, after the cork had been drawn, "to ask if ye're going as far as the town o' Plymouth?"

"Not quite," replied I, rather inadvertently, for I was thrown off my guard by the sudden discovery I'd made of the sentiments of my companions.

"Yet, possibly (if ye belong to that part), ye may be able give us some inkling of *information* touching a person now harbouring in the neighbourhood?"

"You were right, gentlemen, in supposing me a minister, but are very wide the mark in conceiting I am an informer," quoth I, sharply.

"Nay, be not in a huff; all we designed civilly inquire is, kuow ye aught of a certain Master John Hicks, sometime vicar in the Church, with a very pretty living, too; but the fool chose become a speratist and schismatic, and my Lord Bishop judgeth him a more than commonly troublesome fellow."

"The person ye ask about, if I mistake not," said I, carelessly, though my pulse beat a quick measure, "was set free from Exon gaol this last assize."

"The very same," cried both, in a breath.

"And I'll warrant," quoth one of the apparitors (for such they were), feeling in his pocket for something which looked like a roll of vellum, with a seal attached thereto,—"I'll warrant he'll ere long be clapped up again. Look ye, master, *here's* his mitimus" (just showing me the end of the parchment); "and this time I take upon me to prognosticate he'll not be let off, seeing how greatly my Lord the Bishop is offended against him. For this Hicks was no sooner at liberty than he must need ply his pen in lieu of his hawling tongue, and hath writ,

ay, printed too, forsooth, a book full of scurril, treasonable matter against his superiors."

Then they fell a-reviling me as so active and dangerous an enemy to King, Church, and State, that I, on their stopping to draw breath, said drily, "Methinks, gentlemen, ye make John Hicks of far more importance than he really is; 'twould be rather difficult, I conceit, to prove *his* power, supposing he had the will, to disturb a whole kingdom."

"Sir, ye underrate the mischief; did I not tell ye this cockatrice hath *writ a book*, and what's more than can be said of some, 'tis one that folk read, by which means the poison is spread far and near. My lord ever abhorred these scribbling rogues as the worst of the entire pestilent lot. John Hicks's offence requires a notably sharp punishment; but he'll get his deserts, little fear o' that."

"And with all my heart, in a matter like this," said I, cheerily, "I trust he may. Now by your leave, gentleman," (rising from my seat), "I'll just step out and see how my mare is getting on."

"And we, worthy sir, will quickly follow."

"Don't hurry yourselves," quoth I.

"Our road," cried they, "lyng much in the same direction, by all means let us ride together."

Making straight for the stable, I nimbly saddled and bridled Brown Phillis, looking with special care to the saddle-girth. Then stroking her silken cheeks, I said, while she turned her dumb, lustrous eyes mildly upon me, "Approve thyself true to a friend in need o' thy help, wench; for I perceive a very different journey stretching its length out before me and thee to what either of us conceited this mornng."

The son of mine host then making his appearance, I gave him money enow to pay my full share o' the reckoning; and as he was a-thanking me for't, the two worthies I'd left in the little hostlerie made their appearance.

"Why this haste?" cried they, running forward; "we'd be loth to lose your good company."

"But I am more than well content to be quit of yours, gentlemen," answered I, setting myself firmly in the saddle. "Sirrah, let go," I exclaimed, looking very stern, and holding up my riding rod, for the younger and most active had laid his hand on the mare's bride.

"This man hath the megrims in his head. Mayhap he'd behave more civilly if he knew *what* we are," said they, looking at each other in amaze.

"Ah," quoth I, "that I've already discovered, likewise the cruel business ye're bound upon, for of yourselves ye bewrayed it; though by the Lord's help and mercy John Hicks shall escape your clutches even 'as a bird from the hand of the fowler.' Did ye not say ye were a-going in search of him? Take another, and what I trust will prove a farewell look, my masters, at *me*."

With desperate fury the two apparitors tried to keep back the mare, shouting lustily for the astonished folk of the hostlerie, to help unhorse me, on which I dealt them a few smart cracks a-piece with my cane, and jerking the reins out o' reach of the hands striving to grasp 'em, away flew Brown Phillis at a pace which seemed mocking the wings of the wind to follow. As it by instinct, she retraced the road we had travelled that morning; for the generous docile creature appeared fully comprehend the nature of the service I required her perform, and would have continued her marvellous speed till fairly spent; but I, knowing how badly mounted the foe left behind were, felt certain the pursuit could not be a very hot one, therefore after a time drew bridle, and continued gently trot her, while I cogitated the possibility of putting in practice a resolve generated by a sudden motion which had risen in my mind, during that short interval elapsing between my rising up from table in the little room of the inn, and saddling the mare in the stable.

For I must here observe the danger I was then fleeing was not the first of the same kind (though *this* seemed much more pregnant with evil) I'd met with in my life before. During my sojourn at Kyngsbridge, the Bishop's Court oft harassed me by their citations: a cheerful spirit and courageous heart stood me good stead on most of those occasions; moreover, the times were not so wholly overcast with gloom and fraught with danger then as now, and kind friends generally contrived give me a reasonable hint, what day would be prudent for me to absent myself.

On one occasion, however, a bishop's messenger arrived, when, having received no previous warning, I was in my own house. Making his errand known to some of the townfolk, he was by them gravely advised, "Take heed how he meddled with Master Hicks; for let us whisper ye," said the sly rogue, "he hath not only a stout heart, but a sturdy oaken staff to boot, and a strong arm to use it."

The man laughed scornfully, came straight to my dwelling, and knocking at the door inquired for me. Down I went, and it so happened had in my hand a stiff walking-cane. Regarding him by no means unkindly, I briskly inquired his business.

"It lies with Master John Hicks, *gentleman*," replied the messenger.

"Then I am he, friend; for every true Christian brother, be his possession in this world never so little, I hold a gentleman," quoth I, pleasantly adding, "and he now standing afore ye is a poor unworthy minister of the blessed Gospel as well."

The apparitor was a person of tall stature, and exceeding stalwart, powerful frame, far

more so than myself; yet, while thus quietly answering his question, I perceived his face change colour, till it became of an ashen hue, and he 'gan tremble, like a wight struck with deadly fear and horror. To my inconceivable and altogether unutterable amazement, I saw this man (who was come for the express purpose of apprehending me), after throwing another glance of terror upon my countenance, just as if he'd seen a Gorgon, turn away in haste, and I never again beheld him afterward.

The inexplicable nature of the circumstance I can give no reasonable explanation of whatsoever, and as I gat not the slenderest clue to help me thereto, it must remain among those mysterious dealings of Providence more than once exercised for my immediate personal preservation, of which I dare not attempt the solvment; yet am I very certain there is nothing repellent or forbidding in my natural, ordinary aspect. On my carefully interrogating my wife, who knoweth each change of my face better than any other human being can, if, in all the time we've lived together, she had ever seen it wear "*a look*," quoth I, solemnly, "dreadful enow to fill a fellow-creature with lively emotions of dread and terror." The bare conceit of the thing moved her to mirth in such a degree that her only answer was a burst of gentle laughter; perceiving, however, I was quite in earnest, and likewise a kind of awe imprinted on my features, she in turn 'gan question me, and was even more struck than myself by the singularity of this remarkable occurrence, for the cut of my face, especially when I smile, pleaseth young children mightily; ay, very shy little stranger folk I've known affect my company hugely; and I, remembering that "of such are the kingdom of heaven," love theirs most dearly; moreover, as I've somewhere said before, all dumb creatures, yea, they whose natural instinct warneth them to shun mankind as their greatest enemies, I've known put confidence in me—birds soon learn feed securely from my hand, and once I mind, as I was a-walking in the fields, a hare, hard pressed by her pursuers, fled along my path. The poor, frightened, harmless thing, stayed her course for a breath, lifted her wild eyes to mine, and, with a cry that filled my soul with pity, leaped direct into my arms for shelter, nor would I suffer her to be torn from thence; and it gave me no mean degree of pleasure to feel the soft subsiding of the timorous creature's heart (which at first seemed as if it would burst its fur clothing) against my own doublet.

But to return to that sudden motion, I firmly believe of the Lord's special sending, which, like an arrow of light, shot across my bewildered brain, and seemed to point, as might the finger of a guide, the direction I had best take, namely, without a moment's dallying hesitancy to ride straight to London; and, safely

gotten there, wait upon a certain nobleman, a pretty near family connection of my own, on the side of my sainted mother, whose niece he had married. I knew this Lord Haverford was a member of the Privy Council, and likewise reported high in favour at court. 'And if,' mused I, 'through his influence I should gain admission to the presence of the king, my suit, by his blessing who is the Ruler of princes, will not be rejected; nay, more, the king shall learn from a truthful, if not a courtly tongue, the wrongs inflicted upon, and the sufferings borne by, us his Majesty's loyal and faithful subjects in the west; and that these flagrant doings are now committed openly, by they who, instead of being true delegates, are surely foul abusers (at least I would fain *still* hope so) of the authority entrusted them as magistrates, by virtue of his royal commission. Moreover, the strong assurance vouchsafed me from our high, touching my present enterprise, made me resolve follow this leading of Providence with implicit reliance, feeling neither doubt nor fear concerning the issue of it; and I, therefore, directed my course accordingly.

Arrived at Exon, I judged it prudent seek a tavern as much in the outskirts of the city as possible; the brave mare, though she had gone more than fifty miles that day, had never turned a hair, and I intended pursuing my journey at sunrise. Having found a place of entertainment that suited me, and been furnished with all needful accommodation, I ere I betook myself to rest, drew out my pen and inkhorn, and, procuring some paper, writ two letters: the first to my wife, showing how well I'd sped with good Mistress Aylmer's business, and then the strange misadventure that had imperilled my liberty as I was a-thankfully returning to them; now, through God's overruling mercy, I'd thus far clean escaped the pending danger and its miserable consequences, and the sudden resolve I'd come to in consequence thereof; moreover, the comfortable assurance I'd received from the Lord, that *all would be well* with me, whatever the result of the journey I'd undertaken might prove. The other was to worthy Master Winterblossom, in which I told him I was, greatly to my sorrow, like go near making good his permission touching the mare; yet I trusted, within the time he'd named, restore that admirable creature to the hand of her good master, never a whit the worse for her travels.

Having tied and sealed my letters, I directed 'em, under cover, to a very honest hosier at Plymouth, whom I could rely upon, that, when he saw my writing, would lose not a moment in hasting deliver them to my wife. I gave this packet, next morning, as I was a-leaving the inn, to the care of the buxom, cheerful hostess, for her face bespoke a nature at once shrewd and kindly. She readily agreed despatch it by

the post, which would start about noon that day, and, further, refused the piece of silver I offered, while conjuring her to be mindful of her promise.

The long string of pack-horses which go weekly between Exon and Bristol had left the former the day previous, yet I overgot them ere they were a third way on their journey. These patient, docile, serviceable brutes are of a size, strength, and knowledgeableness, to mind one of the rare marvels told of elephants and camels by travelled folk who've had the hap to visit far-off countries. When I came up with them, the sun being very hot, and the good beasts weary, the drivers were resting awhile under the cool, fresh shade of some trees, in a spot which, were I given to poetics, I'd select for subject of an idyl; neither should it lack a fitting hero, albeit he was old and grey. The country here lying afore me extended far as the eye could measure, in a wide, open range of land, seemingly bounded by nought, save the meeting of earth and sky together, diversified with woods, cornfields, pastures, rich in flocks and herds, with clusters of distant cottages; a grey church-tower rising in their midst, and, nearer, the turrets of a stately castle, its bridge down, and battlements reflected in the moat, filled by the river, that wound along by those stern walls, and which, now lost to sight, then sparkling out again amid the beautiful landscape, for ever and for ever went on its way rejoicing.

While gazing delightedly, and repeating softly those words of the Lord to Jerusalem—"I will extend peace to her like a river, and the glory of the Gentiles like a flowing stream," I spied an old man, of brisk carriage, and exceeding hale, comely countenance, coming toward me. In one hand he held a stick, of twisted thorn, with a long crook at the end, in the other a half-knit woollen stocking, and by his side was a rough-coated dog, whose eyes were more observant, and, I was just a-going to write, better informed with sense, than those in the heads of many folk of human kind.

"Methinks," quoth I to the old man, "methinks a shepherd's life" (pointing to the flocks, feeding so peaceful in the sunny distance) "must be a mighty pleasant one"

"In summer weather 'tis, sir," replied he cheerily.

"I take it," said I, "that you're a shepherd yourself."

"Ay, many and many a year I've kept sheep among yonder hills and plains, with other farm work atween, and let me tell ye, master, a shepherd's life, in the bitter blasts and snow-storms of winter, is not so mighty pleasant as ye town gentlefolk" (and he smiled at me), "sitting upon a daisy bank in the sunshine, most-times conceit it must be."

"Your face, however, honest friend, is a brave

witness in its favour, for such a healthful visage, with its white hairs for a crown, doth a man's heart good to look upon."

"Say ye so?" answered the shepherd, with another cheery smile. "Now at what age might ye reckon me to be?"

"Well, ye said ye'd kept sheep these pretty many years, so I'll guess full threescore, or" (taking a sharp survey of him) "mayhap a few years more."

"A few years, in truth, master, for as such to me they seem, and yet how wide the mark ye've guessed, for I've seen five instead of threescore summers pass over my head. By our church book, I was a hundred years old last Christmas day."

"Then 'faith, gaffer," cried one of the pack-horse men, who joined us while we were a-talking, and heard these last words, "I think I'll turn shepherd myself. Come, take a hearty sup o' this" (drawing forth a certain leathern bottle, which, for better convenience and security, the driver carried strapped to his girdle); "the good liquor will warm thy ancient blood, and make thee feel growing young again."

"Nay, thank ye kindly," said the shepherd, rejecting firmly the proffered bottle, "I'll none o' it, for ever since I was a boy my drink hath been the same as Adam's was in paradise—water, pure, blessed water, and nought else. Yet methinks, friend, my cheeks are still near as ruddy as (craving your pardon) the tip o' your own nose is."

"Water's well enow in its way," replied the other; "'tis excellent to wash a horse's legs, or the grime off a body's face, or the cook wenches to boil their pots with; but for a grown man to drink—ugh! I that am the wrong side o' forty—ye're laughing, old sir, and I grant ye may; but as I was a-going to say, I begin feel I want something to cheer and strengtheu my inwards. Man, after all, is a kind o' animal, that—"

"Right," exclaimed the shepherd, very quickly interrupting him, and then pointing his crook with much meaning toward the pack-horses—(it joyed me see what care their masters took o' 'em, stroking their great necks, and carefully examining their huge feet, than which I conceived a mammoth's could scarce tread firmer)—and these now having had their good feed o' corn, were drinking gratefully from a clear runnel near the road-side. "Ye see," pursued the shepherd, "there's nought lacking in the way of strength or sinew in the brave legs and mighty shoulders of they true water-drinkers a-quaffing yonder stream."

"Was ever the like o' that heard before?" cried the driver. "Now shame upon ye to even the palate and stomach of a pack-horse, for such is your drift, with the inside of a Christian."

"Nay," quoth I, "ye mistake. Our friend here was speaking of there being neither lack of

strength, nor power, in the noble beasts that have thus far brought ye and their heavy loads in safety; and I'll warrant many a useful thing hath he gathered up during his long out o' door life, in observing the changes of the weather and the seasons, and divers other matters, beside the ways and habits o' the dumb things about him, for these last are never false to the instinct God hath planted in them as a guide to their meaner natures."

"Use plainer speech, master," said the shepherd, who was listening attentively. "I'm but a simple herdsmen. Now what meant ye about God's a-planting?—faith, I've lost the word, 't had a cracked sound."

"Just this," was my reply, "that the Lord, in his wisdom and mercy, hath seen fit to give even boasts a certain kind of sense, and though they use it without reason, it never leads 'em wrong."

"Ay, ye may well say so; yea, 'tis my belief, venture more than that concerning some o' 'em. Why, here's this dog o' mine; he kuoweth the face of each sheep in our flock as well as I do, though to eyes like yours they might seem as much alike as one pea is to another; yet they all differ. An' I might tell of things beside, which, unless ye'd seen as I've done, ye'd ne'er believe a pate like this (and the shepherd laid his hand lovingly upon the dog's head) could get knowledge of. He hath a tongue, too, in it, that never told a lie; and I wish all servants, from they who wait upon our gracious king downward, were as true to their masters as mine is to me."

"What children have ye living?" asked I.

"Ah, master, that's the saddest part of an old, very old man's tale; for mosttimes, such as reach my age see those they hoped would lay their grey hairs in a quiet grave, go thither afore 'em. Once I had wife, and goodly sons, and blooming daughters; but all, all are gone. Yet, sometimes when I'm out in the fields alone, their faces smile around me; though when I speak they fade away, as does the morning mist upon the hills. I'm apt forget, sir; 'tis more than fifty years ago since I beheld some o' 'em in the flesh." And then I saw a look come into his eyes which told of tears for the long-buried dead, that never again might flow—he'd no more left to shed.

"Thine age, good friend," said I, after a few remarks touching the great, and, I trusted, heavenly change so close awaiting him, to which he meekly and very reverently hearkened, "is, I hope, well tended."

"Ay, never an old man's better," answered the shepherd, smiling, "and by the hands of a good, loving grandchild. Might I make bold, gentle sir, to ask ye go along with me to my cottage; 'tis bare half a mile from here?" and he pointing his stick in the quarter where it lay,



discerned a low roof of warm, brown thatch, peeping out like a nest from the trees near it.

I felt grieved I mustn't think of accompanying him thither, and after we had bidden each other a fervent God-speed, I turned me twice to watch this ancient shepherd a-wending his homeward way. 'Twas then I first perceived his shoulders were a trifle bent; just the slight stoop peculiar to scholarly men, oftentimes before they have reached to middle age. The locks beneath his wide-brimmed hat were still abundant, and white as the driven snow; but his firm step, and, in short, entire carriage, as he walked leisurely onward in the direction of the cottage, set me a-thinking very seriously, whether pure water to drink, plain food to eat, fresh country air, a sober life, a patient, disciplined spirit, and, above all, a heart reconciled to God, is not the true philosopher's secret for lengthening out man's days upon earth.

On parting company with the pack-horse train, I pursued my journey with renewed spirit, fluding not much difficulty in gaining what information I needed, touching the road, from other decent travellers, most of 'em like myself on horseback, or civil way-side folk a-foot; likewise suitable entertainment at the inns of the divers towns and villages (the names of half which I forget, and the other 'tis bootless jot down here) through which I passed; but more than once I'd the hap to arrive in the very nick of time the heavy-loaden diligence was overturned, and all its flustered, crumpled passengers cast with their goods about the king's highway, in a mighty clamour and tumult of confusion, the poor souls making a noise more like a flock of gabbling geese when affrighted than anything else to which I can compare it. And well they might clamour, seeing few escaped these distressful upsets without getting ugly bruises, and some much worse hurts than bruises. Though it hindered me sorely—and for the pressingest of reasons I'd not a minute to spare—I alway lighted lighted down, and lent a helping hand to these unhappy wights, and then pushed forward with speed.

'Twas after assisting the last time to pick up the stunned folk of the diligence, that Brown Phillis, cantering easily along, all of a sudden gave a short quick neigh, and then shied a *very* little (the good beast never started) at some near object. I, at the same time, hearing a rusty creaking sort o' sound, looked sharply around me, and lo! hard by us, was a tall black gibbet, from which swung slowly the rotting corpses of two robbers hanged in chains. The night had begun to close, and a chill wind swept over the face of the earth; it made the rusty irons give forth the creaking sound I've noted, and fluttered the dead men's rags, bestowing such ghastly semblance of living motion, as made me hastily

give the mare a 'hint,' which she as readily obeying, bounded forward fast as her fleet strength could carry her.

After a breathing gallop we fell into a gentler pace, and I, gazing up at the heavens, perceived the moon and stars coming forth in all their silent beauty. The sight seemed stay the sick loathing of my spirit. "'The eyes of the Lord,' mused I, 'run to and fro in the earth;' he regardeth all creatures who have the breath of life, both the evil and the good, and without his knowledge and permission thieves and murderers cannot be doomed suffer punishment for their iniquities,"—and with this I repeated the 10th Psalm.

But of all "perils by land" throughout my journey, the chiefest I encountered was when a nearing the end o' it, in crossing a wide, bare, heathery tract of waste common, exceeding drear and desolate to view. The landlord of an inn, a few miles distant from this place, kindly warned me of the danger, as a single traveller, I ran of being stopped, plundered, perhaps murdered by thieves, and would fain have compelled me stay till either the heavy diligence came up, or some nobleman or gentleman's equipage, to which I might attach myself for better chance of safety; but I, knowing the diligence had lost both its hinder wheels, and must stay to get them righted, and that perhaps three or four days might pass ere the coach and outriders of a family of quality arrived, determined on braving all risks, "for the Lord's eye will be on his servant in the midst of you wild plain, as much as it is here in this snug shelter," thought I; and the thought gave me courage to ride over two-thirds of a way in such fearful ill-repute, without a single misgiving.

As I was a-trotting, however, by a clump o' stunted fir trees, out started, pistol in hand, three stalwart rogues, their faces covered with black masks, and in the distance I spied a couple more, mounted on powerful horses, hastening toward me. Now, I never carry any weapon, save a walking staff or oaken riding rod; for had I the hap to kill a fellow-creature, even in self-defence, the notion of sending a soul, all sudden and unprepared, to its last account, would make me wretched; yea, I'd just as lief be slain myself. Therefore, my only chance of escape lay in the mettle and swiftness of the brave creature I bestrode; but Brown Phillis seemed scent the exact nature of the danger which beset us. With a curve quick as lightning, she avoided the first rush of my assailants, and then, with a marvellous leap ('twas well I'd learned how to sit a horse properly), clearing an ugly kind of bankment on our left, slacked not her wonderful speed till she'd brought me fairly into the skirts of a little straggling towu, where I harboured safely that night. Yet the mounted robbers chased us full ten miles, and the horse

of one o' em was able keep even my flying mare in sight. Moreover, these villains fired repeatedly, and though their murderous balls hit neither myself nor the mare, one went direct through the crown of my beaver; but the Lord suffered not a hair of his servant's head to be hurted.

'Twas near noon o' the day, following this encounter, that, gazing westward, I discerned, through a filmy haze spread all over that part the horizon, the thrice welcome sight of spires and towers, with peaked roofs and chimneys, of what did seem to me a countless number of houses, while a sound, at first faint and uncertain, swelled gradually fuller and more distinct upon the ear, as I drew nearer the famous city that may be called the heart of this brave kingdom.

Now, when I was in London seven years ago, I had found excellent accommodation at a house of entertainment for travellers, kept by very sober folk in the purlieu of Westminster; the ravages of the great fire—which hath turned near half the old town (mightily, methinks, to its improvement and beautification) into a new one—reaching not hither. I found the good people o' the house I remembered and sought, alive and hearty, though neither so noted nor wealthy as they might easily have become, had they conformed, like some of their neighbours, to the loose ways and doings of the gay lawless times in which they live. Yet have my honest friends of the "Rose and Garter," in *this* choosing, acted well and wisely, for at the end o' the reckoning ill-gotten gains are sure never to prosper.

Suffice it to say, here I was readily furnished, and at moderate charge, with all that a man, putting up at a quiet ordinary, can reasonably desire. After settling myself in these good quarters, I brushed carefully the dust from my garments, penned a brief letter, and then, without loss of an hour, sallied forth in the direction where stood the almost princely mansion of the Earl of Haverford.

Though London, by the multitude of new buildings a-going on, and streets laying out in place of those destroyed, is marvellously changed, I had no trouble in finding the well-known residence of him I was about seek interview with. The big red-faced porter of whom I inquired if his lord was in, at first eyed me coldly, and rather suspiciously, and, I shrewdly surmise, was about give a flat denial to this question. On taking, however, a second and more attentive look at my countenance, a good deal of surprise, mingled with no little curiosity, became expressed in his own; and most civilly he prayed me enter his lodge and state my errand. I answered by handing him the missive I'd prepared (I knew enow of the ways of town menials to give a piece of money

along with it), and said I would wait the issue of its delivery.

After short space, a page, richly habited, appeared, saying he was come with orders from his master to conduct me to his presence immediately. On hearing this, the round eyes of the fat porter dilated wider, and making me a most respectful obeisance, at the same time craving pardon for his presumption, he said my face struck him as being so like—the man paused a moment sorrowfully—so like his late noble lady's that he felt certain I must be near related to her.

"A poor cousin, in truth, friend," quoth I, smiling sadly, as I followed the page into the hall.

Lord Haverford and I were still youths when last we parted under my father's roof, and I thought he would scarce recognize me; but I was mistaken. On the first step of the grand staircase stood the earl, holding my letter in his hand, and after darting a keen, momentary glance at my person, grasped both mine, with a warmth and cordiality exceeding grateful and reassuring to a man in my then most uncertain and misfortunate condition. As on his gracious bidding I entered a gorgeous saloon, I could not help contrasting the wide difference in our respective worldly circumstances—*he* rich, noble, living in splendour; *I* poor, oppressed, just set free from a gaol, and, under God's mercy, trusting to the favourable exercise of his influence with royalty to shield me from the threatening horrors of another, perhaps more terrible, more fatal imprisonment.

Lord Haverford peremptorily refused hear aught of the business that had brought me thus unexpectedly before him, till I had partaken of what appeared to me like a kingly banquet, served upon silver and the rarest porcelain; but the dainty viands and choice wines were tasted by me only out of complaisance to the wishes of my noble entertainer. I longed so greatly disburthen myself of the communication I'd to make; and naturally I seized the very first opportunity that offered for this purpose.

At length the earl consented listen to my woeful relation; and after I had stated my late alarming adventure with the apparitors of the bishop, and the storm of episcopal fury like to break upon me in consequence of the pamphlet I writ being—unawares to myself—made public, Lord Haverford observed,—

"You are on the horns, cousin, of a dilemma, and a more than ordinarily awkward one; yet they shan't gore you to the death, if I can help it; though what you've just been telling me proveth to demonstration the truth of a certain old wisecrack's maxim, 'From them whom I trust, God defend me; from them whom I trust not, I will defend myself.' This trouble your imprudent, busy, puritan friends have so near been

a means of dragging you into, will, I foresee, require some skilful management to get you well through with; for that party," continued the courtier (he had received accurate information of the circumstances which led to my resignation of my living, and joining the nonconforming separatists from the Church Episcopal), "that party you, in my humble opinion, so unwisely chose cast lots with, grow daily more and more obnoxious to certain personages whose influence is weighty in the council chamber of the king, who is of too easy a temper to much trouble his royal head about other men's wrangling and disputations (especially religious ones), provided they presume inneedle not with his own personal concerns. The court is now at Tunbridge, but will return to St. James's in four or five days hence; till then, good kinsman, ye must perforce consent make this poor house of mine your home."

With respectful thanks, I steadily persisted in declining this last proffered courtesy. The sumptuous palace which my lord, with some little affectation, called his "poor house," with the throngs of gay and splendid company perpetually arriving to pay their respects to its

courted, powerful master (during our private talk, what a number of these painted butterflies had gathered in the ante-chamber), would grievous ill-suit the complexion of mind of a poor, hunted, Nonconformist minister. "But I'll not fail, my lord," said I, rising, after I had (nearly at the risk of giving him offence) at last succeeded in waiving his hospitable endeavours to overcome what he called, laughing, my "scruples of conscience,"—"I'll not fail to appear again shortly, though in you I feel I've not a patron like those their petitioners need remind till they grow weary, sick of hope deferred touching fair promises that mean—"

"Exactly what they're worth," interrupted he, "which is NOTHING. No, no, John Hicks this I've made for sake alone of my dead Lucy, whose beautiful face, the cut of yours, though a care-beat, middle-aged man, so strangely resembleth, as well as that sweet lady, my wife, was thought so much resemble thy own gentle mother, whose blessed soul again seems looking at me through those mild eyes of thine. I'll make the concern that brought ye hither as much and heartily my own as if I stood in thy own square-toed Nonconforming shoes."

(To be continued.)

## DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

### METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.

In order to accomplish the noble design of opening the above place of worship free from debt, it is proposed to hold a bazaar in the Lecture Hall of the new building, about the month of March next. The contributions of friends towards the above object, either in money or fancy articles of all kinds, are earnestly requested, and will be gratefully received by Mrs. Spurgeon, New Park-street Chapel, Southwark, or Nightingale-lane, Clapham.

### BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

ARRIVAL OF E. B. UNDERHILL, Esq.—Mr. Underhill, who has been absent for some months in the West Indies and in the United States, has arrived in England. We are happy to announce that both Mr. and Mrs. Underhill have returned in good health. The joint report of Mr. Underhill and Mr. Brown on the condition of the Jamaica churches will be presented to the committee of the Baptist Missionary Society as soon as it can be prepared.

### THE BAPTIST ASSOCIATION RETURNS FOR 1860.

(To the Editor.)

DEAR SIR,—As the projected publication of the denominational Hand-book has brought into the hands of the Secretaries of the Baptist Union, at an earlier period than usual, the Association Letters for the present year, we have already become acquainted with the nature of the returns; and we are sure that the early publication of the facts will be interesting to some

of your readers also. It appears, then, that of 31 Associations, not one has suffered a decrease, and all but one have been favoured with an increase. Also that, in 1,024 churches, there has been a gross increase of 11,651 members, or an average of more than 11 members per church. It was stated, in the Report presented to the Annual Session in April last, that the rate of average annual increase in the churches had been for several years in a course of regular augmentation; it is gratifying to observe that this augmented rate is still continued—the average increase in the churches in 1859 having been 10 per church, in 1860 it is 11. This is the largest average increase since 1850, when it reached 12 members per church. There is in this statement much cause for gratitude to God and encouragement to renewed exertion.

We are, dear Sir, yours respectfully,  
EDWARD STEANE, } Secretaries.  
J. H. HINTON, }

### MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

HAREFIELD.—The Rev. G. Norris, pastor of the Baptist church, Harefield, will resign the pastorate of that church on the first Sunday in October.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—The Rev. Richard Hall, B.A., late of Olney, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church in his place.

BIRCHCLIFFE, HEDDEN-BRIDGE, YORKSHIRE.—The Rev. W. Gray, late of Ashby, has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist church in this place.

MARGATE.—The Rev. J. H. Lummis, of Ebenzer Chapel, has announced his early resignation

of the pastorate. His address is 46, Hawley-square, Margate.

**BIRMINGHAM.**—The Rev. William Varley, of Stourbridge, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist Church, Aston-road, Birmingham, and will commence his labours on the first Sabbath in October.

**SHEFFORD, BEDS.**—**UNION CHAPEL.**—The Rev. W. T. Whitmarsh (late afternoon lecturer at New Broad-street Chapel, City), having accepted the pastorate of the Baptist church meeting above, intends (D.V.) to commence his labours, Sunday, Oct. 7.

**HEBDEN-BRIDGE.**—The Rev. J. Green, pastor of the Baptist church, Upton-on-Severn, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the Baptist church at Hebden-bridge; he commences his labours there the first Sunday in October.

**COLERAINE, NORTH OF IRELAND.**—The Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey, has accepted the unanimous call of the Baptist church to the pastorate, under the auspices of the Baptist Irish Society. Mr. Medhurst preached his farewell sermon at Kingston-on-Thames, on Lord's-day, Sept. 2nd, and commenced his labours at Coleraine, the following Lord's-day.

**STOW-IN-THE-WOLD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**—The Rev. Joseph Acock, who for some years past has been labouring with great earnestness and self-denial to revive this ancient interest, and whose labours have been greatly blessed of God to this end, has found it necessary, through prolonged afflictions, to resign his pastorate; and Mr. William Ormant, of Regent's-park College, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church to the pastoral office, and enters upon his work with pleasing prospects of success.

#### PRESENTATION SERVICES.

**BIRMINGHAM—HEXAGE-STREET.**—On Wednesday evening, Sept. 7, the young ladies of the congregation presented Mrs. Hanson with a neat rosewood writing-desk, as a small but substantial expression of her cordial welcome amongst them as the wife of their esteemed pastor, the Rev. W. Hanson.

**LLANDEWELI.**—The pulpit of the church at this place was supplied, during the summer vacation, by Mr. J. George, of Pontypool College. It pleased the Lord to crown his labours with great success. The church and congregation gave a proof of their love towards him, in presenting him with a copy of Dr. Adam Clark's "Exposition on the Old and New Testaments," 8 vols., value 4s.

**KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.**—A farewell tea and public meeting was held at Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey, on Aug. 27th, on which occasion a purse of gold was presented by G. West, Esq., in the name of the members of the church and congregation, to the Rev. T. W. Medhurst, as a parting testimonial of their continued affection and esteem, and a mark of their desire for his future prosperity in Coleraine, Ireland, whither he has removed.

**ALLENBAEN.**—On Wednesday evening, the 12th inst., the members and friends of the above church met together for the purpose of presenting the Rev. John Morgan, of Pontypool College, with a very handsome writing-desk, "Barnes's Commentary on the New Testament," Leake's edition, and a purse containing the sum of twenty pounds as a token of respect. The

Rev. T. Thomas, Bassaleg, presided over the meeting, and the Rev. O. Williams, Twyquwyn, delivered an able address on the occasion.

**STAINES.**—A tea-meeting was held on June 20th, at the Baptist chapel, Staines, Middlesex, for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to the Rev. G. Hawson, previous to his leaving Staines, as a token of their high esteem and Christian love towards him, after residing among them for 36 years, as pastor of the Baptist church in that town. Mr. W. Buckland occupied the chair, and presented Mr. Hawson with a purse containing 31 sovereigns, observing, that while it was a source of regret for his friends to part with Mr. Hawson, it was extremely gratifying to them that he had gained the affections of Christians of all denominations.

**COWLING HILL, YORKSHIRE.**—On Saturday, Aug. 25th, a tea-meeting was held for the purpose of presenting to the Rev. N. Walton, Baptist minister of the above place, a valuable testimonial, consisting of a handsome silver tea and coffee service, with a full set of spoons, and a purse containing ten sovereigns, by the members of his church, and other friends, as a token of their esteem for his faithful and disinterested labours among them for thirty-four years. After tea, there was held in the chapel an interesting public meeting, when the testimonial was presented by Henry Dean, Esq., of Colne, and addresses were delivered by neighbouring ministers and friends.

**CHATHAM.**—The Rev. J. Coutts having recently resigned the pastorate of Zion Chapel, Chatham, preached his farewell sermon in the lecture-hall on Lord's-day, Sept. 2nd. The building was crowded, many having gone away without obtaining admission. In connection with the above a tea-meeting was held in the same place on Tuesday evening, Sept. 11th; about 300 sat down to tea. The Rev. W. H. Smith, of Sheerness, occupied the chair. The meeting was effectively addressed by the Rev. J. S. Hall (Chatham); the Rev. J. Walker, B.A., and the Rev. E. W. Shalders (Rochester); and the Rev. J. Duthie, Congregational missionary (Chatham). During the evening Mr. W. B. Leve (one of the members), in a very feeling speech, presented the Rev. J. Coutts, in the name of the friends, with a purse of money and a memorial, numerously signed by members of the church and congregation, as a mark of their personal esteem and high appreciation of his abilities as a minister of Christ. Since the settlement of the Rev. J. Coutts in 1856, about £900 have been raised for the entire liquidation of an old chapel debt, and the erection of commodious school-rooms. Eighty-six members also have been added to the church. Mr. Coutts leaves his present sphere amid the regrets of Christians of all denominations, and of the community.

#### SPECIAL SERVICES.

**PENKAP, WESTBURY, WILTS.**—The jubilee services in connection with the Baptist church in this place have just been held. On Lord's-day morning, August 26, after the ordinance of baptism had been administered to eight persons, two sermons were preached by the Rev. S. Evans, late pastor for twenty-one years, to crowded congregations. On the following Wednesday afternoon an eloquent and very appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. C. Vinco, of Birmingham, from Psalm lxxvi. 10. Afterwards about 250 persons sat down to tea in the spacious school-rooms, after which a public

meeting was held in the chapel. The chair was taken by the present pastor, the Rev. J. Hurstone, who, after singing and prayer, proceeded to read a lengthened but most interesting history of the church during the past fifty years. After the report, addresses were given by the Revs. W. Cloak, T. Hind, T. Gilbert, H. Anderson, J. Sprigg, S. Evans, and C. Vince.

**MELBOURNE, DERBYSHIRE.—CENTENARY SERVICES.**—In 1760 a Baptist church was organized in this place. This event was commemorated on Tuesday, August 14th. The attendance was very large, and the proceedings deeply interesting. At 4.30 p.m. both the spacious school-rooms were occupied, when 440 persons sat down to tea. The morning service commenced at ten by singing, and the Rev. W. Underwood, theological tutor of the Baptist College, Nottingham, then delivered an able introductory discourse, in which he gave a succinct exposition of the doctrines and polity of the General Baptist churches, referring to the Melbourne church as having presented a fair sample of both in her history and action during the last hundred years. The public meeting in the afternoon continued three hours. Alderman Pegg, of Derby, presided. The Rev. T. Gill, pastor of the church, read the "centenary memorial," which embraced the history of the cause during a hundred years, and was listened to throughout with deep attention. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. E. Batt, of Barton; T. Yates and J. F. Winks, formerly pastors at Melbourne; Edward Stevenson, of Loughborough; J. Salisbury, of Hugglescote; B. Baldwin; and D. M. Graham, M.A., of New York, who is here as a deputation from the Free-Will Baptists of America to the General Baptists in England. The last-named minister presided in the evening, and the following also took part in the devotional and other exercises of the day:—The Rev. Isaac Stubbins and Mr. W. Brooks, missionaries from Orissa, in India; the Rev. William Jones, of Derby; the Rev. Joseph Holroyd, of Barton; and Mr. T. W. Marshall, of the Bank, Loughborough. On the following Sabbath, August 19th, the second century in the history of the church was inaugurated, when suitable sermons were delivered, in the morning from 2 Chron. xiv. 11, and in the evening from 2 Cor. v. 14, 15, by the Rev. T. Gill, whose pastorate of more than thirteen years at Melbourne has been greatly blessed, 223 persons having been baptized and received into the fellowship of the church.

#### RECOGNITION SERVICES.

**BOURTON, DORSET.**—The Rev. J. Toll having responded to the cordial and unanimous invitation of the Baptist church meeting at the above place, on May 10, the members and the friends of the various denominations partook of a social tea, after which a public meeting was held in the chapel, when addresses were delivered to an attentive audience, by the Revs. J. Haunam, R. Goldsborough, &c. Each gave expression to their Christian esteem for, and sympathy with, the church and minister.

**GLYNCERIOG, NEAR LLANGOLLEN.**—Special services were held at this place, August 29th and 30th, in connection with the settlement of the Rev. John Jones, from Pontypool College, as pastor of the Baptist church. The Rev. H. C. Howells preached on the Nature of the Christian Church, and the Rev. R. Roberts preached to the minister, and the Rev. John Pritchard offered the ordination prayer with the imposition of hands, and preached to the church on its

duty towards the minister. The Revs. H. Jones and A. J. Parry also preached to the congregation.

#### LAYING FOUNDATION-STONE OF NEW CHAPELS.

**NEWRY, NEAR HOLYHEAD.**—On Thursday, September 6th, the foundation-stone of a new English Baptist chapel was laid by Mr. Spurgeon. The proceedings were commenced by Dr. Morgan giving out a hymn in Welsh, which was sung by the whole immense assembly on the ground. Then the Rev. Mr. Pritchard, of Denbigh, offered a most fervent prayer in Welsh, which seemed to electrify all present. After that the Rev. J. D. Jones, late of Rickmansworth, read a brief historical sketch, in English, of the rise and progress of the Baptist denomination in Holyhead. Next came Mr. Spurgeon, who delivered a masterly address, amidst the profoundest silence and attention, at the termination of which, Mr. Lewis handed him the silver trowel, and he performed the ceremony to the satisfaction of all. During this visit to North Wales, Mr. Spurgeon met with the widow of the late Rev. Christmas Evans, of Anglesey, whose apostolic labours and pulpit eloquence have rendered his name famous in every village and hamlet of the Principality, and throughout British Christendom. The venerable old lady he found to be in circumstances of great poverty; and to render her last days free from the cares and anxieties of pecuniary privations, Mr. Spurgeon has made arrangements to allow her an additional income of twelve guineas per annum for life.

#### OPENING SERVICES.

**CREWE.—NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL AND SCHOOL.**—On Sunday, August 19th, three sermons were preached in the morning and evening by Mr. L. J. Abington, of Hanley, and in the afternoon by Mr. Peddy, of Hall-o'-the-Heath. On Tuesday evening, August 21st, a sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Burns, D.D., of London. After each sermon liberal collections were made to liquidate the debt on the above place of worship and school.

**IWERNE MINSTER, DORSET.**—On Wednesday, Sept. 5th, the Baptist chapel, which has been rebuilt, with a school-room attached, was opened for divine worship, when two excellent sermons were preached by the Rev. C. Stovel, from London, in the morning and afternoon. In the evening a public tea was provided, to which 400 persons sat down. Addresses were subsequently delivered by the Revs. C. Stovel, B. Gray, J. Davidge, and Messrs. Edwards, Greathead, and Brown. Any contributions towards liquidating the debt will be thankfully received by Mr. John Dorney, Iwerne Minster.

**SHOULDHAM-STREET CHAPEL, AND BRITISH DAY AND SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.**—The above chapel having been enlarged and repaired, and the school-room extended to double its original size, now affording excellent accommodation for upwards of 300 children, replete with every convenience, special services in connection with the re-opening of the same were held on Sunday, September 9, when sermons were preached by the Rev. Dr. Burns, the Rev. Dr. Leask, and the Rev. J. S. Warren. On the following Monday evening a tea-meeting was held in the spacious school-room, which was handsomely decorated for the occasion with flowers and evergreens, attended by upwards of 200 friends, followed by a public meeting, presided over by General

Goodwyn, when addresses were delivered by W. J. Maxwell, Esq., Revs. Dr. Burns, J. H. Blake, of Sandhurst; J. Batey, of Craven Chapel; J. Whittemore, of Eynsford, Kent; W. Kilpin, J. Redford, and other friends. Liberal collections were made after the services.

#### SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

**GREAT GRANDEN, HUNTS.**—The anniversary will be held on Tuesday, October 8th. Rev. J. Bloomfield, of London, is expected to preach in the afternoon and evening. A collection will be made after each service.

**MELBOURN, CAMBS.**—The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon will preach in the Baptist chapel on Tuesday, October 2nd. Afternoon service at two; evening service at six. Tea will be provided at 1s. each. Collections will be made for the Building Fund.

**SOME CHAPEL, OXFORD STREET.**—The second annual tea-meeting commemorative of Mr. Pell's settlement as pastor will be held (D.V.) on Tuesday, November 6th. Tea at five o'clock; public meeting at half-past six. Brethren Bloomfield, Foreman, Green, Milner, W. Palmer, and Wyard have promised to address the meeting. Other ministerial brethren are expected to be present.

**CRANFIELD, BEDS.**—The bi-centenary anniversary of the Baptist Church, at the above place, will be held on Thursday, October 18th. In the afternoon a sermon will be preached by the Rev. C. Bailhache, of Watford. Tea will be provided at five o'clock; tickets, 9d. each. A meeting will be subsequently held, when addresses will be delivered by several ministers. Collections after each service.

**EYNSFORD, KENT.**—Harvest thanksgiving services will be held, D.V., at Eynsford Chapel, on Tuesday, October 9th, on which occasion two sermons will be preached by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of New Park-street Chapel, in the afternoon at half-past three, and in the evening at quarter past six o'clock. Collections after each service. A public tea will be provided in the British school-room at half-past five o'clock; tickets, sixpence each.

#### BAPTISMS.

**APPLEDORE, DEVON,** August 12—Two by Mr. P. Gast.

**BATTLE, SUSSEX,** Sept. 23rd—Three by Mr. Brown—*one a Wesleyan, who wishes to continue with that denomination, but from his convictions could not neglect the ordinance of believer's baptism.*

**BECKINGTON, near Bath,** Sept. 2—Ten, by Mr. W. Cloake, seven of whom were from the Sabbath-school.

**BEDFORD,** Sept. 2—One by Mr. H. Killen.

**BEEWICK-ON-TWEED, Walker-gate,** June—Six; July, Three, by Dr. Bannister.

**BIRMINGHAM, Henage-street,** August 5—Nine by Mr. Hanson.

**BLUSHAM, Beds,** Sept. 9—One by Mr. Abbott.

**BOXTON, Dorset,** April 6—Nine; August 19, Eleven, by Mr. Toll. During the short time of Mr. Toll's pastorate among us, twenty have been added to the church, and the school and congregation are more than doubled.

**CAENSWA, Montgomeryshire,** Feb. 19—Eight; March 18, Twelve; April 15, Four; May 13, Four; June 10, Four, by Mr. Nicholas. Nine of the above were restored backsliders.

**CHESBAM, General Baptist,** Aug. 31—Ten by the Rev. A. Prater.

**CHESHAM, Baptist,** Aug. 23—Four; Sept.

23, Six, by Mr. Payne, of Regent's-park College, son of the pastor. There are many others seeking the same privilege.

**CROCKERTON, Wilts,** May 27—Five; July 29, Eight, by Mr. Dew, whose labours in connection with other ministers have been much blessed to this church. The Rev. Z. Child, the esteemed pastor, is unable now to preach regularly through age and infirmities.

**ERRV VALE, Monmouthshire,** July 8—Two by Mr. W. J. Godson.

**FROME, Ebenezer, Aug. 5—Thirteen** in the river Frome, by Mr. N. Rogers.

**GREENWICH, Sept. 20—Nine** at New Park-street, by Mr. Davis.

**KINGSFORD-ON-THAMES, Aug. 22—Nine** by Mr. T. W. Medhurst, one of whom was the Rev. Henry Fook Ellery, a minister who has just left the Primitive Methodist body.

**KINGTON, Hereford,** Aug. 5—Six by Mr. G. Cosens.

**LEDBURY, July 5—One** by Mr. T. Rees, of Pontypool College.

**LLANDEWY, Sept. 16—Six,** by Mr. George.

**LONDON, New Park-street,** Sept. 20—Ten by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon.

**—, Soho Chapel,** Aug. 26—Four by Mr. Pells.

**—, Regent's Park Chapel (late Diorama),** May 30—Ten; June 27, Two; Aug. 29, Five, by Mr. W. Landels.

**LONG CRENDON, Bucks,** Sept. 2—Eleven by Mr. Williams. Five of the above were senior scholars in the Sunday-school.

**LYONSHALL, Hereford,** July 5—Six by Mr. G. Cosens; Aug. 19, Seven.

**MAIDSTONE, Bethel,** July 29—Nine by Mr. D. Cranbrook.

**NANTYWELLAN, Radnorshire,** Sept. 16—Seventeen by Mr. D. Davies, of Dolau, in the presence of 1,000 spectators. There were several of the candidates in the prime of life, but one of them had seen eighty-five summers.

**NEWBRIDGE-ON-WYE, Radnorshire—**From March, 1859, to the present time, Fifty-six have been added to the church by baptism in the river Wye, by Mr. Jarman.

**—, Pisgah—**Seventeen by Mr. Jarman (no date given).

**NEWPORT, Isle of Wight,** Aug. 1—Six by Mr. A. C. Grey.

**PAIDHAM, Lancashire,** July 29—Four by Mr. Brown.

**PENKNAP, Westbury,** Aug. 26—Eight by Mr. Hurlstone.

**RYDDYPILEN, Montgomeryshire,** Feb. 26—One; March 25, Eight; May 20, One; Aug. 5, Two, by Mr. Nicholas. Of the above one backslider restored.

**RICKFORD, Somerset,** Aug. 26—Seven by Mr. T. Bowbeer.

**RYDE, Isle of Wight,** July 29—Six by Mr. J. B. Little. The first time the ordinance has been administered in this place for eight years. Aug. 5, Six, also by Mr. Little.

**SEVEN OAKS, KENT,** July 22—Two by Mr. Mountford.

**SPEERFIELD, Leicestershire,** Sept. 9—Ten by Mr. Thomas Swain.

**TWERTON, Bath,** Feb. 26—Three; July 13, Three, by Mr. Clark. Four out of the six have been members of the minister's Bible-class.

**UXBRIDGE, Sept. 9—Four** by the Rev. G. R. Lowden.

**WESTON BY WEDON, Aug. 5—Two** by Mr. E. Payne.

**WORKINGHAM, July 22—Nine** recd.

## THE SUBJECT OF APOSTOLICAL PREACHING.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHELTENHAM.

PAUL was an extraordinary man, called to an extraordinary office, and being sent to perform an extraordinary work, he chose an extraordinary subject. He knew history, he was acquainted with philosophy, and he was well versed in tradition. There were few subjects that he could not handle, few themes that he could not discuss, few congregations that he could not interest. But he made the conversion of sinners the object of his life, and he chose Christ crucified to be the subject of his ministry. No matter where he went, he took this subject with him. No matter whom he addressed, he directed their attention to this one point. He knew what men required, and what men preferred; but it made no matter to him, as he wrote to the Corinthians, so he always acted, "The Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom; but WE PREACH CHRIST CRUCIFIED, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God," 1 Cor. i. 22, 24.

PAUL'S SUBJECT, THEN, WAS CHRIST CRUCIFIED. Christ was God's anointed, the Messiah, the Son of God; the promised Saviour, who came to destroy the works of the devil. The anointed Son of God was put to the most cruel, shameful, and degrading death—he was crucified. And he was put to this death that he may be a sacrifice for our sins, expiating them, and putting them away. He died as the Substitute of his people; as the Surety who had engaged to discharge their debt; and as the conquering Saviour, putting all his foes to flight. Blessed Jesus, thou wast the representative of thy people, the victim of their transgressions, and the sacrifice for their sins! Thy blood was the price paid for their ransom; and thy resurrection secured their discharge! O my soul, look to Jesus as crucified for thy sins; think of Jesus as dying in thy stead; and speak of Jesus as full of grace and love!

PAUL CHOSE THIS SUBJECT, AND HE HAD GOOD REASONS FOR DOING SO. First, it is a most comprehensive subject, for it is the *centre* where time and eternity, God and man, sin and holiness, life and death meet. It is the *theatre* where God displays his perfections, unfolds his purposes, maintains his rights, confounds his foes, and secures his glory. It is the *instrument* by which death is destroyed, sin is conquered, rebels are reconciled, saints are sanctified, and heaven is opened. It is an *object* which confounds reason, astonishes angels, attracts sinners, imparts health, and furnishes matter for endless praise. Second, it is the most honoured subject. It tunes the harps of heaven, and fills the sweetest songs on earth. It is that by which God the Holy Ghost works in the conversion of sinners, in the consolation of seekers, in the sanctification of believers, and in the establishment of the Church of God. By the preaching of Christ crucified the oracles of the heathen were silenced, the altars of the heathen were cast down, and the temples of the heathen were transformed into houses of prayer. By the preaching of the cross, society is elevated, nations are honoured, and millions are snatched from death. Third, it is a subject that is intensely hated. Devils hate it, and try to prevent its publication; erroneous men hate it, and try to substitute something of their own for it. And just in proportion as men are influenced by the Prince of Darkness, or yield to the pride of their own fallen natures, will they hate the doctrine of the cross. But Christians love it, all the ministers of Christ glory in it, and poor perishing sinners need it. The more we know of God's nature and government, the more we see of man's natural state and condition, and the more we feel of our own weakness and depravity, the more shall we prize and value the doctrine of the cross. Christ and him crucified shall be the subject of my ministry, the theme of my songs, the joy of my heart, and the foundation of my everlasting hopes.

Brethren, *What do we preach?* Know ye not that we are all preachers, and that we preach daily? But do we preach Christ? Christ crucified? *How do we preach Christ?* Do we speak of him with our tongues? Do we write of him with our pens? Do we honour him with our lives? Is Christ and his glory the grand end and aim of our lives? *Why do we preach Christ?* Is it out of love to him? Is it that we may do good to souls? Is it that we may please God? Christ crucified should be preached by every Christian. Christ crucified should be preached in all companies. Christ crucified should be preached every day. Beloved, if we would save souls from death, if we would rescue sinners from gloom and misery, if we would make believers happy, if we would cover Satan with shame, if we would deprive death of its sting, if we would plant flowers around the grave, and if we would make the road to glory plain, we must preach Christ crucified—we must exercise faith in Christ crucified—and we must daily meditate on Christ crucified. May Christ and his cross be all my theme. May Christ and his cross be all my hope. May Christ and his cross be all my joy. Cross of Jesus! Jesus crucified! To thee would I look in life, and all its troubles; to thee would I look in death, and all its pangs; and to thee would I look in glory, when filled with all its joys! “God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of my Lord Jesus Christ!”

### OUR HEAVENLY HOME.\*

BY THE REV. OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D.

“My Father’s house.”—John xiv. 2.

HEAVEN was the point of man’s departure, and heaven is destined to be, through grace, the goal of his return. Christ left heaven to tell of heaven, to unveil heaven, and to win back, by love and grace, the revolted race of man to its blissful and peaceful home. He seldom unlocked and unveiled the horrors of the bottomless pit, but loved to plant the pulpit, from whence he preached his own Gospel, amid the glories of heaven. He sought not only to demonstrate the fact that there was another life—a future state of existence—that that life to the holy would be a life of augmented purity and bliss: but in order to inspire us with confidence, to detach us from earth and attach us to heaven, and to win back our rebellious hearts to their rightful allegiance to God as our Father, he invested heaven with the character of a home, and so portrayed to us the final glory of the blessedness of that state which is to be the everlasting rest of the Church. He sought to impress upon us the great truth that every step we took in this life—supposing us to be the regenerated children of God—be the path along which we tread one of sadness, sorrow, or gloom, darkness or light, it was a retracing of our steps back to paradise—paradise no longer represented as in Eden, but as a Father’s house.

You will at once perceive, my beloved

hearers, the truth which I purpose, with God’s help, to endeavour now to expound, illustrate, and enforce. I am about to speak to you of heaven with the view of winning you to seek it; for there awaiteth us but two destinies—either the destiny of Tophet, with its undying worm, its unquenchable flame, its everlasting horror and despair, its banishment from God with a life that shall run on parallel with the life of God himself, herding with the spirits of woe, and of darkness, and of despair—or the brightness, and the attractions, and the glory of my Father’s house.

Oh! solemn thought; it overwhelms me with its magnitude that, in a few rolling months, every individual in this large assembly of deathless minds will be peopling the regions of darkness and despair, or basking in the sunbeam of my Father’s house, reposing in those bowers of purity and bliss which Christ has gone to prepare for all his disciples. And I do bid you, when you slowly and solemnly return from this sanctuary, that you will take home with you this weighty and appalling thought—“My future destiny will be either written in mourning, lamentation, and woe, or it will be enshrined in glory, honour, and immortality. For which am I preparing, and for which am I destined?”

It will be proper, then, in the right dis-

\* A Verbatim Report of a Sermon delivered at Craven-hill Chapel, Bayswater, April 1, 1860.



ussion of the subject, following the order Christ has observed in this brief but most touching and beautiful passage, to direct your thoughts,—in the first place, to the parental relation of God to man; secondly, the paternal character of heaven; and, thirdly, to the soothing and sanctifying influence which this sublime theme should exert upon our minds, hearts, and life.

I. THE PARENTAL CHARACTER OF GOD, IN ITS RELATION TO OUR REGENERATE AND RESTORED HUMANITY, is a doctrine of pure and express revelation. It is not a discovery; it is a revelation. It was left for Christ in the originality of his teaching to reveal and unveil the parental character of God, and to present it in a light, impress it with a dignity, and bathe it with a lustre it had never before known.

I do not affirm by this that man, simply aided by the light of nature, will never have any glimpses of the fact that God is a parent. That *he is to man, by nature, a parent*, by nature God has given some knowledge to man. Hence the Apostle, in that sublime argument he holds with the heathen sceptics of Athens, quotes from one of their own Gentile the poets expression—

“We his offspring are.”

So that the Gentiles, even without one beam of light bursting from the Sun of revelation, had written on their hearts something of the fact—something of the truth that the great God was their parent. “We,” says the heathen poet, “his offspring are.”

Nor do I affirm that the *Old Testament saints* had no brighter glimpse of this truth that God was their Father—dim, and shadowy, and typical, and symbolical as was their dispensation. I have no doubt whatever, but that the patriarchs, amidst the gloom and twilight of their dispensation, bowed their knees before God in the consciousness that they were pouring out their hearts into the ear of God as their Father; yet it was but a dim, and shadowy, and twilight conception they had of the parental relation of Jehovah.

Just for one moment, let me bid you pause in the process of this inquiry, and ponder that solemn truth—apart from adoption, apart from grace, apart from the atonement—that the great God stands to you in the relation of a father, of a parent, that you are his offspring. No fond mother bends over her cradled infant with more absorbing interest and tender love than that great God bends over you. His sun

shines on you; his hand is outstretched to preserve you. He supplies all your daily wants; he guides all your unknown steps; he preserves you moment by moment. God, by nature, is your Father, and as such God expects the acknowledgments of a child. Oh, let the parental relation of God overshadow your walk—let it blend with your daily thoughts and pursuits. Bear with you, in all the whirl and turmoil of life, amidst the dark dispensations of Providence, oh, bear with you the blessed truth—“That great God, that invisible God, is my father by creation. He endowed me with these mental faculties—he furnished me with these physical powers—his invisible hand traced out all my windings through life’s labyrinth—he covers my board with daily supplies. He regards me with an eye that never slumbers, a goodness that never wearies, and a patience that is never exhausted. He hovers unseen and unheard around my every step.” With that constantly placed before your mind, we ask you if it will not exert a power and control throughout the whole of your life?

But, my brethren, a more impressive and important aspect of the subject yet awaits us—I refer to the fact that *in relation to saints of God*—the regenerated of our humanity—*God stands to us in the relation of a Father*, the closest, the tenderest, and the most loving. And it was left for Christ, who dwelt in the bosom of the Father from all eternity, to expound this truth, to illustrate it, and to invest it with a glory and a beauty which it never before possessed. “O righteous Father,” is his language, “the world hath not known thee;”—they have not known thee as a Father by adoption—“but I have known thee.” “No man knoweth the Father, but the Son, and he to whom the Son will reveal him.” “I have manifested thy name”—What name? My Father’s name.—“I have manifested thy name unto the people whom thou gavest me out of the world.” The inference, clear and logical, from these passages, is that until Christ, in the originality of his teaching, made his advent to our world, man had no conception of the close relation, tender and loving, in which God stood to man as a Father. Christ came to reveal and unveil and illustrate the truth, and bring it home to men’s bosoms with a power irresistible.

Now, having made this statement, let me proceed, in very brief terms, to unfold this important truth of our parental relation to God.

1. In the first place, we are met with the great truth that *Christ, in expounding it, associated it with himself.* Assuming our humanity, becoming the Elder Brother of the one brotherhood, he links himself with man in the same filial relation to God. Thus, when he rose from the dead, he more emphatically announced that truth than he ever did before—when he said to Mary, "Go to my brethren, and tell them, behold I ascend unto my Father and your Father." He associates himself with the brotherhood—claims the same filial relation to God which they claim—elevates them to the same filial dignity, and acknowledges that his Father was their Father, that their Father was his Father. Thus he not only impressed it with a dignity, and presented in a point of light the most winning and irresistible, but his whole teaching tended to develop and establish the relation. Everywhere he taught them to look up to God with filial confidence, and reverence, and love—to approach him as a child approacheth a father, in whose fathomless love he knoweth he hath an interest. He sought to dislodge from the human mind that trembling and that dread of God—the great God which he knew would be a wide gulf between God's family and God himself, and so clothe that great being with a character the most endearing and touching as to disarm us of our dread and fear, and inspire us with confidence and love, and win us to God as his dear children.

But he not only taught the truth: just for a moment see how he illustrated it in his own life and conduct. Trace the demeanour of our Elder Brother, the Lord Jesus Christ, and mark how every step develops and confirms the great truth, that he ever recognized God as a Father, that the parental relation was associated with every step of his loving reverential obedience. Was it the subject of prayer? Listen to his language—"Father, I know that thou hearest me always." He never prostrated himself before the throne of grace but it was with the recognition that God was his Father. Was it filial reverence and devotion? Listen to his language—"It is my meat and my drink, to do my Father's will." And in an earlier period of his life—"Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Was it filial submission? Listen to him, when the cup of sorrow in Gethsemane was placed to his shrieking lips—"If this cup may not pass from me except I drink it, not my will, O

Father, but thine be done." Follow me through Gethsemane—where, amidst its darkness, and its horror, and its blood, he taught us a lesson of filial submission to God; to Calvary, and amidst the death, throes, and agonies of that appalling scene listen to the language that flows from his expiring lips—"Father, unto thy hands I commit my spirit."

O brethren, shall not the preacher's prayer for you and for himself to-day be that when we reach that solemn crisis of our being—earth receding, heaven advancing—the gradual falling of all that is of time, and the rising of all that is of eternity,—that this may be the prayer with which we shall surrender our deathless spirit to God—a child resigning his renewed, ransomed, and adopted spirit into the hands of his Father?

I would fain close my sermon here, and dismiss you with that solemn truth reflected on your heart. Beware, O beware, that you anticipate that solemn moment with an assured conviction that, by adoption and by grace, you are of the family of God—that God is your Father.

2. I should like to have remarked on another great truth growing out of the parental relation of God—I allude to *the one brotherhood.* It beautifully illustrates the great truth that if God is the Father of his family, all his people constitute one brotherhood. There would be great incongruity between the two facts—if facts they were—that God looks down with love and with interest upon his people as their Father, whilst they who acknowledge him to be the one Father, should yet be divided and sundered one from another as if they belonged to different families, to different homes, and recognized a different parent. My brethren, wherever you find the children of God you find the elements of one brotherhood. Look on what branch of the Christian Church you may, be they this or that, they constitute one brotherhood—one family of God; and when they bow their knees before the throne of grace, though their paternoster be breathed in language that is harsh and unknown to your ear, there kneels at your side a brother, one of the family of God, who is pouring out his heart in prayer and supplication into the bosom, into the ears of the same God and Father.

How ought this to annihilate all those artificial human distinctions of ecclesiastical polity, and worship, and creed, which do so much to separate and divide the children

of God the one from the other! Or how it ought to elevate all the regenerate children of God, and bind and knit them together in sympathy, and love, and co-operation, and service—those who hold and acknowledge one God and Father, who loves all alike! Oh, it is a blessed truth, a holy, sanctifying, precious truth; and sure I am the more deeply the Church of God shall become baptized in the Spirit of adoption, it will disenthral them from those bonds, those ecclesiastical fetters, which so much bind us—it will bring man to man, blend spirit with spirit, and heart with heart. And all in whom I see the image of my Elder Brother, the image of the Lord Jesus Christ, be he an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, a Baptist, or a Wesleyan, be he an Englishman or an American, an Indian or a Hottentot, if I see gleaming in his face the image of the Elder Brother, I will take him home to my heart, and feel for him a brother's love, and show to him a brother's kindness.

II. Having thus adverted to the parental relation of God, let me very briefly proceed to glance at THE PATERNAL CHARACTER OF HEAVEN. Oh, it is a sweet thought that God is my Father, and that my Father's home will be the home of my spirit. It cannot be doubted for a moment but that while Christ intended, as I shall show presently, to limit his conception of heaven here to the heaven of glory that awaits us, he would not exclude the idea that the whole universe was God's mansion, God's house. Where can you be where God is not? Where God is God dwells, and where God dwells that is God's mansion, that is God's house. The solitude of the desert, the whirl of public life, wherever you may be, there God is, there you may find him; from his presence you cannot flee, from his eye you cannot veil yourself. Wherever you are, there is God's dwelling, there is God. Sweet is the thought to you who are tracking your footsteps homeward along the rude and rugged path of life. The world may appear to you sometimes a dreary desert—no sunshine, no sweet spring; sad, weary, and wounded, you would fain lay you down and die. Not so, my brother. This wilderness world is your Father's house, it is a Father's dwelling; here he is, here he dwells; his presence, invisible and noiseless, surrounds you every step in your dreary pathway homeward. It is he that smooths the rugged path. It is he that illumines the gloomy way. It is he that dries your tears. It is he that calms and subdues your fears.

It is he that guards you, moment by moment. You cannot be where your Father is not; for this vast universe, this lower world of ours, is your Father's house.

But without this our blessed Lord intended to illustrate the character of heaven—the final resting-place of the Church of God—as the home of God—as the home of the children of God.

Now I want just for a few moments only to impress this great truth upon your believing minds—for this part of my subject has no relation to any other being than an adopted child. I want you to take that truth to your hearts to-day—*heaven is the home only of the children of God*. It is a home appointed and prepared for you who believe in Jesus. "We know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." My brethren, it is a delightful thought that heaven is already appointed, prepared, and garnished. There is nothing to supplement, there is nothing to add to it. The moment thy Father says to thee, "Come up, my child," thou shalt find thy home all ready, all prepared, angelic minstrels ready to welcome your return, and Christ ready to introduce you to the Father. Oh, is it not a delightful thought that heaven is all prepared to receive you? My Father's home is all ready for my reception. My Elder Brother is gone as my forerunner to take possession of it for me, and he has left it upon record—and oh, it is the charm and joy of my life—that where he is there I shall be also.

Now look, for a few moments, at some of the departments of our Father's house. There are some beautiful thoughts suggested here.

There is a *reception-room* in our Father's house, where, the moment the saints of God arrive, they are received by the Father and the Son, and where angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect, bid them welcome. The moment we enter heaven, we shall be ushered into the grand reception-room, where we shall find Christ all ready prepared to receive us. And what a reception will that be—the weary pilgrim welcomed home, the wandering child welcomed home—the Father pressing to his heart the ransomed and glorified spirit of his dear child—his son, his daughter! What a blessed thought is that, beloved, that a magnificent reception like this awaits you!

Our Father's house, too, hath its *banqueting-hall*: its place of feasting. Christ himself reminds us that we shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, at the marriage-supper of the Lamb, and that he will come and serve us. Oh, what a banquet awaits you in glory! Oh, what a repast is provided for you there—banqueting on the everlasting love of God, on the unclouded view of Christ's glory! you shall drink of the river of pleasure, at God's right hand, and bask in the sun of his smile for ever.

There is *music* too, beloved, in our Father's house. Heaven is a place of music, heaven is a place of melody. Every child of God hath his harp strung and tuned to one anthem—"Worthy is the Lamb, for he was slain for us." God is now teaching us, by his varied dispensations, to learn that song, which, ere long, we shall chant in the music of our Father's house. Oh, brethren, what a beautiful view of heaven is this!

It will be the place of *the re-union of all the family of God*. Methinks this is one of its most attractive features, that it shall be the place where all the children of God, sundered by circumstances, divided by time, separated by death, shall all meet together at home. Those who have gone before us, whose eyes we closed in thankful hope, whose remains we bore to the silent grave, depositing them there with the full conviction that their flesh did rest in hope—oh, brethren, they have not disappeared into some region, some land where we never shall trace them, or see them more. They have only been gathered home—only carried to the upper mansion, to the higher dwelling of their heavenly Father. They have left the lower room, the lower mansion that was often beclouded with darkness, bedewed with tears—that was often vocal with their groans and sighs—they have quitted this lower room of our Father's house and gone up higher; and they have entered into the reception-room, have taken their places at the banquet, and are swelling the anthems of praise, associated with apostles, and prophets, and martyrs, and with all the company of the one family who preceded them to their Father's house. Oh, brethren, it is Christianity that brings to light and life this glorious hope. It is the religion of Jesus which tells me God is my Father, and that my Father's house will be my home for ever. It is Christianity that lights up the grave with the glorious hope of a re-union beyond it. It is the

Gospel of Christ alone can tell me that when the spirit wings its mysterious flight to the world unseen and unknown, I shall find myself at home in my Father's house, and once more associated with the members of my family that sleep in Jesus.

III. And now, for a very few moments let me trace THE SOOTHING AND SANCTIFYING INFLUENCE WHICH THIS ELEVATING THEME SHOULD EXERT UPON OUR HEARTS AND MINDS. One can scarcely imagine a more ennobling, a more elevating, a more tranquilizing theme than that which has now engaged our thoughts.

1. In the first place we urge you who profess to be believers in Christ to *seek a full, assured conviction of your adoption*. Many multitudes of God's children are not walking in the blessed enjoyment of their adoption. There are many who still are bound with the spirit of bondage, and are not walking in the free spirit of the children of God. My brethren, it is a most unhealthy, it is a most unholy state for you to continue in. If you have fled to Christ as a poor sinner—if you have abjured your own righteousness and have wrapped you round with the righteousness of Christ—if you have nailed your hope of heaven to his cross, and the merits of Christ constitute the one sole basis of your hope for the future, then God is your Father, and you ought to know it; you ought to have not one scintillation of a doubt that you are the children of God, but to clasp the great truth that God is your Father firmly to your loving child-like heart. Oh, then seek the spirit of adoption, that all you do may spring from filial love to your heavenly Father.

2. The subject ought to inspire us with *filial submission and contentment with all our Father's procedure*. God giveth no account to any of his matters. He often hides himself in thick darkness, but he is not less a Father when he chastens and corrects, when frowns appear to darken his brow, and harsh tokens seem to express his feelings—when he smites, and wounds, and disappoints, he is not less our Father. Oh, no; I was almost going to say, he is still more a Father. This I will say, that his heart never throbs with a parental love so deep and intense as when he uplifts his hand to smite the wayward, and disobedient, and erring child; and the absence of this chastisement—the absence of that moral discipline, by which God our Father trains us for our Father's house—would often be the absence of some of the choicest blessings

of our life. It is a beautiful remark of Tennyson, the poet-laureate—

“Love veileth love.”

God veils his love often by the dispensations of his providence. It is recorded of our own Elizabeth that, ignorant of the laws of painting, she wanted an artist to paint her portrait without shadows—little knowing that the absence of these shadows would just despoil the portrait of some of its greatest beauties, and veil the very objects she wanted to bring out in bold relief. How often would men seek to put out the shadows of death and judgment from life's picture, forgetting that it is the existence of death and judgment that are to bring out, in bold relief, the great fact of our moral responsibility and accountability, and the solemn relation in which we stand to God! Oh, my brother, my sister, how often would you and I have taken the brush, and obliterated from the canvas of life's picture the shadows that God has flung upon it—the sorrows, the trials, the bereavements, the tears, the disappointments—forgetting that it is just these dark shadows, God has thrown upon the picture, that bring out, in bold relief, these great, glorious, and precious facts of our adoption into his family, and of the unchanging love of our Father, in the midst of it all!

3. Let my subject quicken us to *greater diligence in our homeward journey*. Oh, let us speed our way onward, growing in grace, growing in holiness, growing in knowledge of God and Christ, with a

blessed conviction that we are going home and shall soon be happy in our Father's house.

Are there present—as doubtless there are not a few—those who have been drinking of the cup of bereavement; who have been called to part, but in blessed hope of eternal life, with those who have trod life's bright and shady paths by your side? Oh, bereaved ones, rejoice that those who sleep in Jesus are only gone from the lower part into the higher—from our Father's gloomy dwelling here to our Father's bright mansion above. Let the assurance comfort, and cheer, and gladden you, that you shall see them again in a little while, and shall see them in our Father's house.

And the thought may well invest the prospect of your own entrance to that world of glory with a brightness and an attraction that shall often make you, in the language of the Apostle, to desire to depart and to be with Christ. Shrink not, my brother, from the cold touch of Jordan's waters; recoil not from the mysterious rendering of the tie that bindeth the mortal to the immortal; fear not to plunge into the world unknown; tremble not—

“Dying is but going home.”

The moment the last gasp of life transpires, the moment the spirit entereth the world invisible, you will find yourself at home—welcomed home by the loved ones who shall line the shore on the the other side, and received by Christ and presented to the Father as one of the ransomed to eternal bliss.

## THE HEALER.

BY THE REV. W. S. BARRINGER, OF BLANDFORD-STREET CHAPEL.

“And Jesus put forth his hand, and touched him, saying, I will; be thou clean. And immediately his leprosy was cleansed.”—Matt. viii. 3.

IN considering the many pains to which sinful flesh is heir, it is sweet to remember that a compassionate God has ever provided means of relief; and we must conceive there is no cloud so dark but has a silver lining, and no desert so dreary but some smiling oasis is found therein. Let us conceive of the position of that man who, suffering from a dreadful disease, is compelled to shun the haunts of his fellow-men. His friends have forsook him—the house of God closed upon him—his very life a burden—every one shuns, not only his touch, but the very sight he presents of sorrow and suffering. How desolate the present—no remedy; the future—no hope. But a still worse disease is

preying upon his heart—an internal one—which, if not cured, must end in everlasting misery. His cries and groans are pressed out of his burdened spirit; day and night to him are alike. At length he hears of Jesus; his fame is already sounded abroad; and with the determination of necessity he will seek help from him. He has no guide to direct his faltering steps, no comforter to assure him of welcome reception. At length having arrived at the spot where Jesus is, he makes immediate supplication for healing in the earnest and pointed cry, “Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.”

Every eye is now directed unto Jesus,

to their shame, and for a warning to the rest of the town of Mansoul.

"Now this was the manner of penance in those days. The persons offending, being made sensible of the evil of their doings, were enjoined to open confession of their faults, and a strict amendment of their lives."

The reappearance of old Incredulity at this critical juncture with Mansoul, may serve well to remind us of the inveterate cruelty and fearful power of unbelief. And when called to cope with the many and anxious fears aroused by this monster sin, *unbelief*, oh, how important is it that we should be freed from the influence of those evil principles and thoughts, which, having insinuated themselves into the mind or will, are constantly working against our peace, and weakening the exercise of all our spiritual graces! When, however, these evil principles are detected, and promptly held in check, they may be easily destroyed, and then, through hearty confession and true penitence, we may escape the serious damage which would otherwise ensue.

But the army of Doubters to which we have alluded, are not to be so easily thwarted, and, coming upon us with all their force and fury, they fill the soul with alarm, and bear down upon every weakness, and imperfection, and fear with which we have ever been tried, until they drive the trembling believer into a state of dejection approaching absolute despair.

In the account given of the assault of this army upon the town, mention is made by our author of the "roaring of their drum," by which the people were sorely affrighted. We may understand this, perhaps, as alluding to the terrors felt by the Christian when made sensible of the malice and hate of the enemy as engaged to do him the utmost possible harm. Bunyan himself experienced this, and in his "Grace Abounding" speaks of "those tumultuous thoughts, that, like masterless hell-hounds, roar and bellow, and make hideous noise within me." And alluding to the cause of this distress, he says in another work, "It is for want of a hope (a sound Scriptural hope, arising from faith and its purifying effects upon the soul) that so many brisk professors, that have so boasted and made brags of their faith, have not been able to endure the *drum* in the day of alarm and affliction."

Now, when the people of Mansoul found themselves thus beset by the forces of the enemy, they very prudently betook them-

selves to the Lord Secretary for counsel and advice, and they begged favour of him in the following things:—

"That he would look comfortably upon them, and not to keep himself so much retired from them as formerly. Also that he would be prevailed with to give them a hearing, while they should make known their miserable condition to him. But to this he told them as before, that as yet he was but ill at ease, and therefore could not do as he had formerly done.

"The second thing that they desired was, that he would be pleased to give them his advice about their now so important affairs, for that Diabolus was come and set down before the town, with no less than twenty thousand Doubters. They said, moreover, that both he and his captains were cruel men, and that they were afraid of them. But to this he said, You must look to the law of the Prince, and there see what is laid upon you to do.

"Then they desired that his highness would help them to frame a petition to Shaddai, and unto Immanuel his Son, and that he would set his own hand thereto, as a token that he was one with them in it; for, said they, my lord, many a one have we sent, but can get no answer of peace, but now, surely one with thy hand unto it may obtain good for Mansoul.

"But all the answer that he gave to this was, that they had offended their Immanuel, and had also grieved himself, and that, therefore, they must as yet partake of their own devices.

"This answer of the Lord Secretary fell like a millstone upon them, yea, it crushed them so that they could not tell what to do, yet they durst not comply with the demands of Diabolus, nor with the demands of his captain. So, then, here were the straits that the town of Mansoul was betwixt when the enemy came upon her—her foes were ready to swallow her up, and her friends did forbear to help her."

It is thus that a believer, when filled with guilty fear and reduced to painful straits, is led to seek assistance of the Holy Spirit, invoking that guidance and support which in his emergency he so greatly needs. But, alas! how often do such applications seem only to result in a deeper sense or conviction of guilt! for having thus wilfully offended the Saviour, and grieved the blessed Spirit, instead of finding relief, the poor soul is reduced to greater straits, and

plunged into still deeper trouble. In such a condition Bunyan, by representing the inhabitants of Mansoul as resorting to the use of *slings*, has wisely suggested the importance of giving special attention to the use of God's Word—that being the most formidable instrument that can possibly be used in beating down and discomfiting our foes.

But let us not forget that Satan has various modes of attack, and if, therefore, he succeeds not as the roaring lion, he will assume the craftiness of the serpent; if he prevail not by fear, he will resort to flattery, and in this latter way he may do us an amount of harm which he could not possibly effect by any other expedient.

This, we find, was the next device of Diabolus against Mansoul, for “when he saw that his captains and soldiers, high lords, and renowned, were frightened, and beaten down by the stones that came from the golden slings of the Prince of the town of Mansoul, he bethought himself, and said, I will try to catch them by fawning, I will try to flatter them into my net.

“Wherefore, after a while, he came down again to the wall, not now with his drum, nor with Captain Sepulchre, but having so all besugared his lips, he seemed to be a very sweet-mouthed, peaceable prince, designing nothing for humour's sake, nor to be revenged on Mansoul for injuries by them done to him; but the welfare, and good, and advantage of the town and people therein, was now, as he said, his only design.”

And yet, before he concluded, his persecuting spirit would show itself, and the following haughty words fell from his lips:—“Have you I will, in a way of peace or war; nor do you flatter yourselves with the power and force of your captains, or that your Immanuel will shortly come in to your help, for such strength will do you no pleasure.”

Seeing, at length, that little was to be gained by this parleying, he again drew up his army of Doubters before the town, placing them chiefly against Feel-gate, Nose-gate, and Eye-gate, while he sought, if possible, to stop up Mouth-gate with dirt.

The simple meaning of this procedure is, that Satan would fain destroy us by first

betraying us through frames and feelings; in other words, by getting the advantage of some of our physical senses, he would weaken us for resistance; and knowing well the power of prayer, he is especially anxious to stop up Mouth-gate, in the hope of thus being able to interrupt the soul's approaches to God.

A fierce battle is finally described as taking place between this army of Doubters and the forces of Mansoul, and among the most remarkable features in the contest, are the vigorous and successful charges made upon the enemy under the command of Captain Credence; also the appearance of Captain Experience as he hastened to the scene of conflict on his crutches, and especially the desperate and deadly onslaught made by my Lord Will-be-will on the life-guard of Diabolus. In spite of all their skill and courage, however, the result of the engagement hung for a long time in doubt, nor did the victory turn decidedly for the Prince's army until Immanuel himself appeared in the field. Then the contest was soon decided, and “there was not left so much as one doubter alive.”

This battle with the army of Doubters is evidently designed to represent the conflict which often rages in the Christian's breast between the principle of faith and the suggestions of unbelief.

At times doubts and fears seem to beset the believer like a body of armed men, but if we only fight the good fight of faith, we shall certainly come off more than conquerors, for faith must at length prevail, and before the gracious manifestations of Christ to the soul, Satan with his doubters cannot possibly stand.

We are encouraged to believe, therefore, that whatever the schemes and devices of the enemy, our confidence and hope will never be utterly destroyed; since “they that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed.” And with David we may sing—“The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavillion in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me: he shall set me up upon a rock, therefore will I sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.”

## THE LOSING AND TAKING OF MANSOUL.

## IX.—ENTRANCE OF IMMANUEL INTO MANSOUL; OR, CHRIST OUR JOY AND STRENGTH.

Without the din of arms that shakes the skies,  
He gains the victory of victories,  
None crowd the conflict scene with anxious gaze;  
Th' extent of victory none know, none praise.

Yet 'tis a triumph gained, and foes withstood,  
For few resist the force of flesh and blood;  
But truly great the man, a conqueror he,  
Who over SELF obtains the mastery."

"Sin has brought into the Commonwealth of the human soul utter anarchy and violent and grinding tyranny. Who shall heal the anarchy and expel the tyranny? Is the work to be done by outward observances, and the merit of bodily services, and austerities, and sacraments; or by aught less than the spiritual and the Divine? No—the Atoning Blood and the Regenerating Spirit, these can, and these *only*; and it is in their train that peace comes."—Wm. R. WILLIAMS.

"For the joy of the Lord is your strength."—Neh. viii. 10.

"Who out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens."—Heb. xi. 34.

THE earnest exhortation of the Apostle is, "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity," and, in another place, he says, "They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh, with the affections and lusts." Impressed with the necessity of becoming thus dead to the world and alive to Christ, every true follower of the Saviour is found "striving against sin,"—struggling earnestly for the mastery of every spiritual foe, and aiming to bring "into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." Among all the conflicts of the soul, however, none are so long and violent as those which often occur between faith and unbelief; and at such times, we should have no hope of deliverance but for the gracious and timely help received through Christ. It was the presence of the Prince, as we saw in the last lecture, that gave Mansoul the victory over the army of Doubters. They had so offended him that, for a time, he departed from them, and taking advantage of his absence, these enemies rallied their forces, and so besieged the town that, but for the seasonable coming of Immanuel, they might have accomplished its utter destruction. Having now returned, however, and the battle being ended, "the captains and elders of Mansoul come together to salute Immanuel, while without the Corporation; so they saluted him, and welcomed him, and that with a thousand welcomes, for that he was come to the borders of Mansoul again; so he smiled upon them and said, 'Peace be to you.' Then they addressed themselves to go to the town, they, the Prince, and all the new forces that now he had brought with him to the war. Also all the gates of the town were set open for his

reception, and the streets were crowded with people, so glad were they of his blessed return.

"Thus was he had up straightway to the castle; for that was the royal palace, and the place where his honour was to dwell; the which was ready prepared for his Highness by the presence of the Lord Secretary, and the work of Captain Credence. So he entered in.

"Then the people and commonalty of the town of Mansoul came to him into the castle to mourn, and to weep, and to lament for their wickedness by which they had forced him out of the town. So they, when they were come, prayed that he would again, as of old, confirm his love to Mansoul.

"To the which the great Prince replied; Weep not, but 'go your way, eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nought is prepared—for the joy of the Lord is your strength.'

"And now there was music and dancing throughout the whole town of Mansoul, and that because their Prince had again granted to them his presence and the light of his countenance, the bells also did ring, and the sun shone comfortably upon them for a great while together."

The happiness of the Christian, when living by faith on the Son of God, is indescribably great, but, when beset by gloomy doubts and fears, his soul is filled with the deepest distress; his joys are then turned into mourning, and, instead of the voice of praise, he is ready to cry—

"Come, Lord, my head doth burn, my heart is sick,

While thou dost ever, ever stay;  
Thy long deferrings wound me to the quick,  
My spirit gaspeth night and day.  
O show thyself to me,  
Or take me up to thee!"



Sad, indeed, is the case of that professor when, as the fruit of his backslidings, his spirit is oppressed with fear, and shut up as in the prison-house of despair: then he is forced to exclaim with one of old, "My way is hid, and my hope is perished." He is in the condition of that one whom Christian saw in the house of the Interpreter, and who said, "I am what I was not once, I am now a man of despair, I am shut up in it as in this iron cage." After such distressing seasons of darkness and trouble, how gladly is Jesus received! Then every faculty and emotion of the soul joins to welcome his presence, and, from a heart overflowing with delight, the believer would fain be constantly adoring his mercy, and speaking forth his praise.

Mingling with this joyous experience, however, there are, at times, recollections of sins and defections which fill the soul with the bitterest grief, and so humble and abase it, that, but for the comforting assurance of Jesus, sorrow would prevail to drown the believer's joys, and every source of happiness would then be destroyed.

"But if Immanuel's face appear,  
My hope, my joy begins;  
His name forbids my slavish fear,  
His grace removes my sins."

It is in this way that the troubled heart of the Christian is filled with comfort. Thus does the Saviour hear his prayer for mercy. Thus does he "confirm his love" to him, and, as the immediate consequence of this favour, he is enabled to live in the light of his countenance, and to rejoice in a sweet and abiding sense of his presence!

"After things were thus far put into order in the famous town of Mansoul, care was taken and order given by the blessed Prince Immanuel, that the townsmen should, without further delay, appoint some to go forth into the plain to bury the dead that were there—the dead that fell by the sword of Immanuel and by the shield of Captain Credence—lest the fumes and ill savours that would arise from them might infect the air, and so annoy the famous town of Mansoul.

"Thus they buried, in the plains about Mansoul, the Election-doubters, the Vocation-doubters, the Grace-doubters, the Perseverance-doubters, the Resurrection-doubters, the Salvation-doubters, and the Glory-doubters."

"This marks the completion of the victory. Through a stormy and perplexing contest the believer has fought his way, and at last

comes forth, "more than conqueror." He has not only vanquished his foes, but most of them are utterly destroyed, yea, and buried. Some it is true, among whom is old Incredulity, have made their escape, and will no doubt be the occasion of future trouble. Nor must he forget the danger which threatens him from a resurrection of these dangerous adversaries. Though slain, they may live again, and then, with increased power, they will molest his peace and threaten his destruction.

When Greatheart and the pilgrims had killed Despair, and were rejoicing over the ruins of Doubting Castle, Bunyan thus warns them—

"Though Doubting Castle be demolished,  
And the Giant Despair hath lost his head,  
Sin can rebuild the castle, make it remain,  
And make Despair, the giant, live again."

The only security of the believer, therefore, is in constant watchfulness and prayer, and, if neglectful of these duties, he will soon find, to his cost, that foes once slain, and whom he had ceased to fear, will renew their assaults, and, in the end, succeed in doing incalculable harm.

Having disposed of the army of Doubters, Mansoul was soon called to experience another species of plague and torment. Her cruel enemies, to revenge themselves, as we are told, on the loss they had sustained, resolved to make another attempt upon the town, "by an army mixed, and made up partly of Doubters and partly of Bloodmen.

"The Doubters are such as have their name from their nature, as well as from the lord and kingdom where they are born; their nature is to put a question upon every one of the truths of Immanuel.

"The Bloodmen are a people that have their name derived from the malignity of their nature, and from the fury that is in them to execute it upon the town of Mansoul. These people are always in league with the Doubters, for they jointly do make question of the faith and fidelity of the men of the town of Mansoul, and so are both alike qualified for the service of their prince."

These Bloodmen, Bunyan tells us, Diabolus had often proved, "and their sword did seldom return empty. Besides, he knew that these, like mastiffs, would fasten upon any, upon father, mother, brother, sister, prince, or governor—yea, upon the Prince of princes. And that which encouraged him the more, was for that they once did

force Immanuel out of the kingdom of Universe, and why, thought he, may they not also drive him from the town of Mansoul?"

In the experience of Christ's followers, especially in other times, how often has this feature of our allegory been illustrated! Here we have brought to view a combination of enemies quite different in character from those just overcome; and the believer, while yet rejoicing in the subjugation of foes that warred within, finds himself in danger from still more bitter enemies without.

The primary reference here is, no doubt, to the spirit of bloody persecution by which so many of the faithful, in past ages, have been tried, and through which Satan has, at different times, sought the destruction of God's people. Bunyan, by reading Fox's Martyrs, one of his favourite books, had become familiar with the character and doings of the Bloodmen, and he had seen enough in his own day, and, it may be, even in his own experience, to satisfy him that while persecution had a tendency to try the Christian's faith, all such tests, by reason of new doubts which they occasioned, had the effect also to increase their terrors, and thus to add to the danger of apostasy.

This spirit of persecution, let it be remarked, is only wont to exhibit itself when the followers of Christ are vigilant, faithful, and zealous. While suffering from the prevalence of doubts and fears, they are sure to decline from holiness, and their influence will only be felt for evil. But when they bestir themselves, and, shaking off unbelief, are found living a life of faith, and aiming to be "holy in all matter of conversation and godliness," then they are not unfrequently called to suffer reproach and persecution. This may be regarded as one of the enemy's most wicked and desperate devices; and having, as he falsely fancies, so often proved successful, he is still disposed to employ it whenever a pious heart is found resisting his influence, or Christian efforts are made to subvert his kingdom. But, blessed be God! by such means Satan has never been suffered to accomplish his purpose. He tried his Bloodmen upon Christ. This, however, only crushed his head, "shook his power, and will annihilate it, and fill hell with fresh torments. He pursues the same course with the saints of God, and their blood and groans become the fruitful seed of the Church. So does Satan aid in destroying himself."

The surest and most effectual way of meeting such opposition, is indicated in the measures adopted for Mansoul's defence; for, discovering their peril, we are told, they drew up a petition, and brought their case before the Prince, earnestly requesting him to save them from bloody men. "So he took it, and looked upon it, and considered it, and called the noble Captain Crendence, and bid him go, and take Captain Patience with him, and go and take care of that side of Mansoul that was beleaguered by the Bloodmen!"

Then he commanded that Captain Goodhope and Captain Charity, and Captain Experience, and my Lord Will-be-will, should take charge of the other side of the town, there to watch against the attacks of the Doubters. "This siege," says Bunyan, "was long, and many a fierce attempt did the enemy, especially those called the Bloodmen, make upon the town of Mansoul, and many a shrewd brush did some of the townsmen meet with from them, especially Captain Self-denial, who, I should have told you before, was commanded to take care of Ear-gate and Eye-gate now against the Bloodmen."

"This captain, therefore, being a hardy man, and a man of great courage, and willing to venture himself for the good of the town of Mansoul, would now and then sally out upon the Bloodmen and give them many notable alarms, and entered several brisk skirmishes with them, and also did some execution upon them; but you must think that this could not easily be done, but he must meet with brushes himself, for he carried several of their marks in his face; yea, and some in some other parts of his body."

The titles given to these captains intimate, in the happiest manner, the respective offices of prominent Christian graces; while the places to which they were assigned, may be regarded as indicating the peculiar circumstances which demand their exercise. Where hope, charity, &c., are found, a most formidable and successful resistance may be expected to the suggestions of unbelief; and the possession of faith, patience, and self-denial has ever proven the strongest and surest safeguard in times of trial and persecution. In the exercise of *self-denial*, however, the Christian possesses a very special advantage, inasmuch as this trait not only enables him to bear up under opposition, but, at the same time, it so diminishes its terrors, that he

is found rejoicing in it, as affording an occasion for proving his sincerity.

Acknowledging the reasonableness of the command, "Deny thyself and take up thy cross," he gladly embraces the opportunity afforded by every season of trial, to manifest his willing obedience to this precept; and the completeness of his surrender is shown in the fact, that he can say with the Apostle, "I take pleasure in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake."

Now, when persecution is met in this spirit, it will be found far more threatening than formidable; a fact which Bunyan himself intimates, when he says of the Bloodmen, "though they are mischievous and cruel where they can overcome, yet all Bloodmen are chicken-hearted men, when they once come to see themselves matched and equalled." All that the believer need be careful to do, therefore, is simply to maintain his integrity, pitying and showing mercy to such as are moved to opposition by ignorance or superstition, and in no case resenting evil; because it is written, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." This, let it be remembered, is the law of Christ: "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you;" and if the salutary influence of this gentle and forbearing course fails to subdue the enmity and rage of those who seek to do us wrong, it will be enough to know that such must soon appear at the bar of judgment, when God will vindicate the righteous, and reward the wicked according to their works.

The town of Mansoul having now vanquished its most dangerous foes, might be expected to enjoy a good measure of prosperity, but alas! we find there are still some who plot against her peace, and seek to accomplish her ruin. "There were three of those," says Bunyan, "that came from the land of Doubting, who, after they had wandered and ranged the country awhile, and perceived that they had escaped, were so hardy as to thrust themselves, knowing that yet there were in the town Diabolonians—I say they were so hardy as to thrust themselves into Mansoul among them. Three, did I say? I think there were four. Now, to whose house should these Diabolonian Doubters go, but to the house of an old Diabolonian in Mansoul, whose name was Evil-questioning: a very

great enemy he was to Mansoul, and a great doer among the Diabolonians there."

Now it happened that one of Lord Will-be-will's faithful soldiers, whose name was Mr. Diligence, stood listening under old Evil-questioning's eaves, and heard all the talk that passed between him and the Doubters that he entertained under his roof.—The soldier was a man that my lord had much confidence in; because he was a man of courage, and also a man that was unwearied in seeking after Diabolonians to apprehend them.

Under the guidance of Mr. Diligence, these enemies of Mansoul were quickly apprehended and as speedily brought to trial. The first one set to the bar was old Evil-questioning himself, the receiver, entertainer and comforter of these Doubters. After the reading of the indictment, which set forth the offences charged against him, he boldly stood forth and uttered the following plausible words of defence:—

"My Lord, I know not the meaning of this indictment, forasmuch as I am not the man concerned in it; the man that standeth by this charge, accused before this bench, is called by the name of Evil-questioning, which name I deny to be mine, mine being Honest-inquiry. The one indeed sounds like the other; but I trow your Lordships know, that between these two there is a wide difference; for I hope that a man, even in the worst of times, and that too amongst the worst of men, may make an honest inquiry after things, without running the danger of death."

Notwithstanding these specious pleas, however, both Evil-questioning and those whom he had encouraged, were fully convicted of the crimes charged against them, and having been sentenced, were, in due time, publicly executed.

The allusion here is plainly to the return of those distressing suggestions of unbelief, which, as we have before seen, press so sorely upon the soul, that they not only destroy its peace, but, at times, even peril its safety. Though not as numerous as they once were, they are, if possible, more dangerous; for insinuating themselves into the soul, they take shelter under such disguises as make them most difficult of detection. Great diligence, therefore, is required to search out and expose these lurking foes, that we may understand their true character, and especially that we may thus discriminate between evil-questioning and honest-inquiry; for while one is a Christian

duty, the other is a presumptuous sin. In the pursuit of truth we are assisted by the enlightening influences of the Holy Spirit; but when we seek to wrest and pervert it, we do so under the guidance of our own depraved reason. *Honest-inquiry* is to be encouraged, but *evil-questioning*, under all circumstances, must be opposed and condemned. The sentence and execution, of which Bunyan here speaks, is not to be understood, of course, as against persons who hold these opinions; but he means to teach us allegorically, that the errors themselves are to be eradicated, and thus the soul of the believer freed entirely from their dangerous and destructive influence.

This same important duty is still further enforced in the account given of the execution of Self-love, Clip-promise, and some others. These sins cannot be tolerated, they must be exterminated. As Mr. Self-denial said with reference to the first of these, "Such villains as these may not be winked at;" "because to clip the promises" is as high a crime as clipping the current coin; and if self-love be cherished there will be no room for the exercise of self-denial, and the absence of this will prove destructive both of life and peace; for it is written, "If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die: but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live."

Two enemies still remained in Mansoul, that, with all their vigilance, they could not destroy. One of these was Mr. Carnal-sense, who having been apprehended and put in hold, succeeded in breaking prison and making his escape. The other was Mr. Unbelief, and though many had tried hard to take him and slay him, they could not; because, as Bunyan says, he was "a nimble jack," and they were never able to lay hold of him. "He therefore, and some few more of the subtlest of the Diabolonian tribe, did yet remain in Mansoul, to the time that Mansoul left off to dwell any longer in the kingdom of Universe. But they kept them to their dens and holes; if one of them did appear or happen to be seen in any of the streets of the town of Mansoul, the whole town would be up in arms after them, yea, the very children in Mansoul would cry out after them as after a thief, and would wish that they might stone him to death with stones."

So inveterate a foe is Carnal-sense, that, do what we will to destroy it, we find it still persistently defying all our efforts of resistance. It has its seat in the corporeal senses, and the grave is the only secure prison in which it can be forever shut up. Such a fearful influence does it sway that the believer is often forced to utter the sad confession,—“I am carnal, sold under sin.” Thus, in a coincident experience, the testimony of the Apostle is verified, when he speaks of a law in his members warring against the law of the mind, and bringing him into captivity to the law of sin. And no matter what may be our attainments in grace, or how circumspect in our lives, if we have any proper apprehension of the spirituality of God's law, and of the evil of our own hearts, we shall be constrained, in the deepest self-abasement, to confess that sin, even though hated, opposed, and proscribed, is still dwelling in us, and, alas! that we have no power to destroy it.

But after all, unbelief is the worst foe we are called to encounter. So subtle are its influences that they operate where they are least suspected. It meets us at every turn in our spiritual course; it fills the soul with fears; it preys upon our peace; it tempts to the indulgence of evil thoughts; and not till life's close, may we hope to be wholly exempt from the cruel assaults of this master sin.

It is a most encouraging feature of Christian experience, however, when these lurking and dangerous enemies are earnestly resisted; for, if uniformly opposed, God, we are assured, will never suffer them to prevail against us. True, they may greatly annoy and distress us, but they can never again obtain the ascendancy; and, in the end, they shall be utterly and for ever destroyed. Earnestly desiring this, let the sincere prayer of every pious heart be:—

Father divine! this deadening power control,  
Which to the senses binds the immortal soul;  
Oh, break this bondage. Lord! I would be free,  
And in my soul would find my heaven in thee.

My heaven in thee! O God, no other heaven  
To the immortal soul can e'er be given;  
Oh, let thy kingdom now within me come,  
And as above, so here, thy will be done!

My heaven in thee! O Father, let me find  
My heaven in thee—within, a heart resigned:  
No more of heaven and bliss, my soul, despair!  
For where my God is found, my heaven is there.

(To be continued.)

## TRAITS OF TROUBLOUS TIMES.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF THE REV. MR. JOHN HICKS, AN EJECTED NON-CONFORMIST MINISTER, 1670-1.

TRANSCRIBED BY JANE BOWRING CRANCH.

## CHAPTER XVI.

*The Westminster Assembly of Divines—Master Hicks Hears the Rev. Richard Baxter Preach—A Royal Audience.*

RARELY have I looked toward the cunningly-wrought brazen gates of King Henry's Chapel in the old historic Abbey of Westminster, without in my mind's eye seeing pass between them that notable company of godly, learned men, in their plain black coats and bands, who near thirty years ago (after prayer, fasting, and other solemn religious exercise) first met there, to hold conference touching such discipline and government in the Church as might among themselves be deemed most agreeable to God's Word, and likewise tend preserve peace and concord in the realm. If these grave and seasoned divines occasionally differed touching matters of sentiment or on certain points of opinion, yet as the shades of God's bow of promise in the heavens, though composed of divers hues, do yet mingle together harmoniously as a complete and glorious whole, so did they to a man prove of one mind in their theologic doctrines, which, free from all taint of heresy, were sound and Calvinistic—in a word, those of the Church of England herself. Moreover, they strove ably to clear and vindicate those doctrines from the foul aspersions and false interpretations cast upon them by semi-Papist wolves in sheep's clothing, within a sacred and consecrated pale. The reverend ministers who made the Westminster Synod were the honour of the Parliament party, and so far (as was maliciously charged against them by their enemies) from stirring up the people by seditious preaching, and thus proving a main cause of the civil commotions of their time, a number of their body mildly conformed to certain exactions all more or less painful, because they esteemed some things lawful in case of necessity; though certes they longed to have that necessity removed. But till the bishops proceeded so far as to approve recreation on the Sabbath-day (for 'tis well known "The Book of Sports" was printed with their lordships' sanction), and the bowing to altars, and other Popish observances, likewise *dancing*, which above all things that could be conceived by the loose, vain, and carnal, was a grief of mind to men of such exceeding gravity, solidity, mortification, and holiness—yea, this Herodias dancing, proved to them an abhorrence inexpressible.

Therefore, when the Parliament set about a

sifting reformation in those evil practices, godly persons could not fail rejoice and be thankful thereat, seeing how many pious ministers, with their wives and families, by steadfastly refusing to fall in with such monstrous sinful doings, were ruined and undone in temporal estate, against conscience, against all bowels of compassion.

These Westminster worthies would never rest satisfied with giving God the cap and knee at public service and prayer time, and direct afterward yield themselves up to all manner of gaiety and wickedness—yea, as I've read of certain fabled fruits, be fair and shining outwardly, but to the core full of ashes and rottenness: if in the beginning of their troubles they had studied how to please God and men *both*, they quickly discovered that to be in favour with those who are out of favour with him is a reproach and disgrace, instead of an honour; therefore they hasted free themselves from yoke so intolerable, and espousing the sacred cause of religion and civil freedom, put on "righteousness as a breastplate," and were "clad with zeal as a cloak."

During this my stay here, 't has been my happy privilege to renew old acquaintance with one Master Amos Burroughs, a kinsman of the eminent Master Jeremiah Burroughs, who was a conspicuous member of the Westminster Assembly, helped largely in the compiling their Catechism, and was, moreover, counted among the most approved and famous of the *triers*. This admirable (yet I conceit somewhat severe) man, in his office as trier, remembered the words of John, "*Try the spirit, believe not every spirit;*" he listed not the taking doctrines upon trust, without a searching trial of their soundness, and in a very faithful manner tested the sayings of ministers by the sayings of God. He knew that all is not truth that goeth for truth. The cup may be of gold that containeth a deadly poison within; and sometimes 'tis but mere copper ore what foolish pates think pure silver; therefore those that presented themselves before him for trial got it to their marrow; for, as I said, Master Jeremiah proved and sifted them by the Word of Truth itself. The birth, estate, learning, wit, or shining parts of the candidates mattered nothing at all; he rejected and trod down all these things as dirt under his feet, unless he found their possessors agreeable to, and bottomed on the truth, and presuming neither preach nor teach any other doctrine than that declared in holy written word. A

poor man's genuine graces he esteemed far beyond a rich man's costliest treasure. Master Burroughs loved gifts, but graces more. "A heart," quoth he, "full of grace, is better than a head full of notions; and many a minister speaketh much of the Lord to his flock, yet falleth grievous short of his speaking himself,—can sharply rebuke from the pulpit they who walk in the way the most go, but is he straitly careful to get in the right way himself. Neither can I abide thought of those who scruple not take Christ's money and do Satan's pleasure nimbly with it; who under a fair surplice of profession hide the foul deeds of corruption; with their tongues in church proclaim their readiness to set a crown of glory on our Lord's head, yet alack, alack, by an unseemly walk and conversation, put a crown of thorns there in reality." And truly the pious men Master Burroughs, by the Holy Spirit's guidance, passed with acceptance through his crucible as a *trier*, and became a means of installing in livings, were such (I mind not a single exception) as set themselves heartily and laboriously to God's work, and whose light so shone before others, as in some instances to make them a blessing and an ornament to the age in which we live.

Yesterday Master Amos Burroughs (who, with all his household, have shown me "much kindness" for the Lord's sake) came to my lodging, bringing news Master Richard Baxter was a-going to preach that morning (he can do so only occasionally) at Pinner's-hall; and would I like bear him company thither?

"Right gladly," said I, "having already held rare communion in spirit with this Master Baxter, in his holy treatise of "The Saint's Rest," which hath long been as a savour of most sweet odour to the soul of many a heavenward-bound pilgrim; ay, for that matter, to the whole Christian Church throughout the length and breadth of the land, though its brave author hath suffered much loss, and been sorely tried for conscience' sake."

On our arrival at the hall we found it (and 'twas a week-day) full crowded; but Master Burroughs, being very well known and respected, a passage was made for him, and he gat me a seat on a bench near the pulpit.

Some few minutes afterward, a side-door hard by was opened, and Master Baxter came forth and went up its stair—from his appearance I reckoned he had passed his third score—of a spare and slender make, with hair once of a brownish hue, still retaining somewhat of the wavy curls of youth, profusely streaked with grey, and he wears it after the fashion of godly ministers from foreign parts, under a small skull-cap of black velvet. The complexion of Master Baxter's face is purely, deeply pale—pale, as well as thought having set its signet

there, and worn, and somewhat sharpened the clear-cut features. I've since learned he is the severely-disciplined, unmurmuring servant of Him who ofttimes, "like a refiner's fire," trieth and purifieth his best beloved, choicest servants in the flesh, "that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness;" for Master Baxter suffereth under the same hidden malady which long since secretly and insidiously began sap the foundations of dear Master Burdwood's mortal life; and I fear me, from what I've lately heard, threatens at no very distant period to destroy it. But Master Baxter's face hath a sweeter, more refined gravity, a calmer, holier tenderness of expression, than, methinks, I ere before observed in human, though I may have dreamed of such for *spiritual* countenance. Awhile he bowed his head upon his clasped hands, which rested on a large Bible; through a high, narrow window direct behind him the sun was softly shining; its light descended upon that bowed head, and when he slowly raised it and stood up before the people, the rays encircled his thin, white temples as with a glory.

Now, were I to live upon earth a thousand years, never should I forget this man's preaching, though pen of an evangelist could alone describe fitly its wonderful richness, fulness, and unction; moreover, the argument of his sermon, likewise the application thereof, had a keenness and force which I compared to a sword of finest-tempered steel, cutting its way through the pith of a knotty or difficult scriptural passage, the golden threads whereof others less gifted must seek unravel by a more tedious process, and thereby not unfrequently tangle them the more. Yet in Master Baxter's discourse, which I believe in a measure resembleth that the saints above hold with and hear from each other, there was so rare and happy a union of reason and persuasion, that, while he convinced the understanding, he failed not gain the heart—yea, all those fountains were opened for him, able to look steadfastly into the profoundness of depths serene and transparent to his eye. I noted, too, with much approval, that both rebuke and warning were followed by appeals which methought none save hearts of stono might long resist unmoved; and here his fervid earnestness became mingled with a certain noble negligence of style; for this great mind, surcharged with its subject, seemed as if it could no longer stoop to the affected eloquence of words, even when his wero most piercing in their sweetness and Divine in their power. At conclusion of his sermon, Master Baxter spake of the future blessedness of the Lord's elect—of the *everlasting rest* awaiting God's saints—till he appeared to me as one who had already partaken of that rest he knew so ravishingly how to describe. Surely he dwelleth on the borders of "The Holy City," the "New Jerusalem"—yea, I do believe

in beatific vision, hath been permitted look *within* its gates of pearl.

Master Baxter preached a good space (for he turned his hour-glass), yet it appeared a very little moment of time. But they who would grow weary of *his* preaching, would grow weary of heaven itself.

On returning to my lodging, right glad was I to perceive a page of Lord Haverford's waiting for me; he brought a brief missive from the Earl, who requested I would immediately after reading it commit myself to the guidance of this, his messenger; a coach was likewise sent to convey me to the palace, where he hoped receive and conduct me to the king's presence.

Now may the Lord (prayed I inwardly) enable me to speak before his Majesty with sufficient wisdom and discreteness; so that the honest statement of even an insignificant person like myself, shall find its way to his heart. Then I bethought me of these words as in a certain point of view not inapplicable to one in my situation: "When we are taken before rulers for his name's sake whom we serve, it shall be given us, in that very hour, what we shall say." And I pondered over them to such purpose that by the time the coach stopped at the palace entrance, I felt cool and collected as ever I'd been in my life.

Scarce was I set down, ere Lord Haverford, kindly greeting me, led the way to the king's audience chamber. We passed through noble and princely halls and galleries, where gay gentlemen of his Majesty's household, bluff yeomen of the guard, and now and then a fair lady with sweeping train, borne by little pages in attire glittering and fantastic as the scarlet and tinsel apes are disened with, might all be seen.

"I confess," whispered the earl, "that I found more difficulty in gaining the king's consent to grant this audience than I counted on, though he was too good-natured to hurt an old friend by direct refusal. But, kinsman, a word of caution for you: remember that a royal ear is soon wearied."

As my lord spoke the folding-doors at end of the gallery which separated us from the presence of a sovereign of three kingdoms, were thrown open, and at the upper part of a lofty, richly-furnished chamber I beheld a gentleman reclining carelessly in a gilded chair, above which was blazoned the arms of England, a few other persons seeming (save that they were all standing) near as much at their ease as himself, chatted unrestrainedly together some little distance from the gentleman in the chair, who, of course, I immediately recognised as the king. He appeared above middling stature and well enow shaped, his complexion brown to swartness, and, I supposed to suit its hue, he wore a large black periwig; his eyes were dark, brilliant, and

expressive, yet had a rolling, ogling kind of look, which, taken with a certain sensual fulness in the formation of his lips and chin, spake him a man of appetite. He was dressed in a plain untrimmed suit of black velvet, and his costly lace neck-band had the most careless twist imaginable; the only personal decoration which distinguished him, was a star and ribbon across his doublet. Three little spaniels, of a beauty that for their kind might be called incomparable (all other dogs of this sort I've seen being turnspits by comparison) brushed familiarly against the silk hose of their royal master, their long ears nearly touching the Persian carpet on which his foot-stool rested; and certainly, wherever I had seen that master, I should have set him down as person of the highest rank, from the perfection of his deportment and manner, which might, nevertheless, well be called the very grace of simplicity itself—a grace that appertaineth almost as a birthright to they of most distinguished lineage and breeding. True, I know in part the nameless charm of their stately, or airy, and witty, but *always* polished address is in good measure the result of very early careful training, and ofttimes serveth only as a varnished mask for the foulness and emptiness it covers.

The king smiled when he perceived us advancing, and never have I seen smile which made a face far enow from handsome so exceeding pleasant to look upon: a sunbeam lighting up a sombre object gives it not more beauty than did this arch brightness impart to his countenance. Extending his hand, which the earl, dropping upon one knee, in very courtly manner saluted, his Majesty, after regarding myself for a moment, was pleased also to show me the same mark of condescension. Truly as far as mere *outside* is concerned he may be called a "most gracious" prince.

Then, in a voice which at times had so mirthful a sound that it contradicted the grave expressiou of his features, the king asked me a few questions, and by them I discovered he was very well informed of the reason which caused my sudden flight to town; yet, with some appearance of curiosity, he signified his pleasure to hear what I had to say for myself.

I thereupon (taking, as I conceived, sharp heed of Lord Haverford's caution) drew briefly a picture, and truth made me a faithful limner, of what his *most loyal* (I laid much stress on these words) Nonconforming subjects in the west suffered at the hands of their Episcopal oppressors.

He heard me good-naturedly but indifferently, toying all the while with the silken ears of his little spaniels. Unpromising as this appeared, I quitted not my vantage-ground before solemnly declaring that as our principles are sound, and lives sober and peaceable (here his Majesty

yawwed slightly, and Lord Haverford gave me a meaning glance), likewise our obedience to the law indisputable, saving those points wherein, we believed, we only followed the Word of God for a guide in acting as we did, and therefore I humbly trusted he would see fit exert his royal authority in our behalf.

"Odds fish!" cried the king—for with these two foolish, senseless expletives his commonest remarks are perpetually garnished, let their subject be a bishop or a mountebank—"Odds fish! Master Hicks, we've been told ye yourself have been doing something with your pen of late, and what your tongue can" (and he laughed merrily) "we've now, methinks, had pretty fair taste of. There's a certain bookish thing of yours which hath a mighty ill odour in the nostrils of our lords the bishops; and they, along with divers justices of the peace, complain loudly thereof, demanding it should be burned at Tyburn. Odds fish! mau, ye must have a craze in your pate to venture do aught of this sort."

"I'm sane enough, your Majesty, God be thanked—for oppression hath sometimes made wiser men than me go mad: yet doth their madness, and the wild acts which spring from it, lie at the door of they who torture and distract them; and such there be, O king, who do thus daily by some of your truest and faithfulest lieges, whom the justices beyond all law have very much wronged."

"Then, odds fish! they shall be righted, only take our royal word for it, we'll see they are."

But even as I bowed in token of gratitude for this gracious assurance, the Scripture darted vividly to my remembrance, "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes;" and the thought, "he whose son ye are made the word of a king a jest for even the false themselves to mock at," would obtrude itself.

A sign from Lord Haverford informed me I must consider my audience ended; and his Majesty smiling, and again gracefully extending his hand for me to salute, repeated the assurance just given, that the wrongs of his Nonconforming subjects should be redressed.

The Earl, in a subsequent conversation, after he had quitted the royal presence, expressed himself as confident the king seriously means to keep his promise (the Lord grant he may); and that by virtue of his supreme power in ecclesiastical matters, he will shortly suspend and perhaps cancel the severe penal laws, now put in such barbarous force by ill-judging, violent men against the Nonconformists; in this case, they will have leave to repair and build their meeting-houses anew. Ah, if so blessed a state of things do come to pass, may the ministers and the members of their flocks prove humble and modest in their prosperity, as they showed themselves firm and unshaken in their adversity. "Praying always with all prayer and supplica-

tion in the spirit, and watching thereunto, with all perseverance and supplication for all saints," may abundant utterance be given the ministers to open their mouths boldly in making known "the mystery of the Gospel;" and may he who loves to see the face of his Church beautiful, wipe away her tears, and present her to himself "a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but holy, and without blemish;" and "the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord."

I had almost forgotten to jot down that since I came here I've been offered a large preferment (which though the Earl's interest might easily be obtained me) if I would *moderately* conform—in other words remain passive under Episcopal domination. I said at once, on receiving this proposal, "No temptation shall bring me to that;" nor neither do I look forward to be one of they who will enjoy the promised grant of princely favour. I pray that in the end it may not prove a cruel mockery and deception; yet all I've learned of the court and its tricky ways seemeth fuller of falsehood, hollowness, vice, and corruption than my simplicity of nature could before have supposed possible. The nobleman to whose good offices I hold myself so greatly indebted (for solely owing to his influence I can now return without apprehension to my family) is not wholly escaped from taint of its pollution; and yet, in heart, I feel sure he must loathe its glaring wickedness. Then he hath such goodly gifts and graces of mind, person, and estate, that it grieveth me to see them thus perverted. Never shall he lack the earnest prayer of a sincere soul at a throne of grace, whilst John Hicks can offer one on his behalf.

I have already spoken in this my note-book (at the last leaf of which I'm come) of my wife's hearty willingness to leave England, and for aye. Some natural regrets, in so doing, we must experience poignantly; but unless Providence interpose and visibly direct otherwise, soon after I rejoin my family (and I set out to-morrow), we shall embark in the good ship "Heron," which next month sails from Plymouth for America. I feel like one about to be freed from the fetters of a galling chain, and whose home after much suffering is at last found. Our God, the God of our fathers, hath hitherto been with us, yea, will to the end; and that new world wherein (with certain dear and pious friends, who design accompanying us across the sea) we seek cast our future earthly lot with theirs that have already founded so prosperous and flourishing a colony, hath ofttimes, when I've been most sorely hunted and distressed, filled me with ardent longings and conjectures of its majestic realities: those mighty rivers and mountain fastnesses, primeval forests and untrodden wildernesses where even foot of the swart and painted salvage man ne'er yet ventured, rise



before my mind's eye in dim and mystic grandeur; and these sublime images suggest nought save peaceful, soothing, tranquil, and happy thoughts. In my night-dreams and day-musings they seem to beckon and invite me, whispering softly, "With us is thy appointed place,

where thou shalt again labour, more than hitherto thou hast been able, in thy Master's vineyard; and the children's children of thee and thy good wife rise up and make both her old age and thine most blessed." Amen.

THE END:

## THE BAPTISTS IN RADNORSHIRE.

THE names of those faithful ones who have employed their time, used their talents, and devoted their energies to promote the glory of God in the salvation of men should not be allowed to fall into oblivion. Such names have an honourable place in the records of heaven, and if the admirers of poets, statesmen, and warriors erect monuments to preserve the fame of those characters, surely the Christian Church should preserve a record of the names of her faithful and devoted ministers. Some of these servants of Christ, though not possessed of the brightest talents or the best culture, have, by the blessing of their great Master, done more for the highest interest of man, than all the famous conquests of an Alexander, or all the effusions of a Byron. The Principality of Wales has been highly favoured with many of the devoted servants of Christ.

It seems that the Gospel was preached in Radnorshire about the year 1630, and about the year 1640 there were means of grace, distinguished by evangelical and powerful ministry, extending to various places throughout the county. Several sinners were converted to God. The pious and zealous Walter Cradock and Vavasor Powell were going about to preach Christ through Wales and through Radnorshire, and their ministry was made instrumental to convert many souls to the Christian faith. For a time the pious were widely scattered and not formed into churches. Baptists and Presbyterians generally communed together. One John Weaver, ejected from the Established Church, ministered to the Christian converts at Radnor from the year 1653 to the year 1660, and for two years afterwards at Knull, near Presteigne. In farm-houses at Walton, Glascomb, Cwm Llandewi, and often in the open air in some solitary nook, &c., their meetings were held, in order to avoid the persecutor. The Baptists in Radnorshire endured severe persecutions at various periods. In Glascomb the authorities refused them permission to bury their dead in the parish cemetery. One Jehu Lewis, a person of some property who lived there, gave them a graveyard. His son, Thomas Lewis, had a good education, was converted to God, became a Baptist minister; and it seems that he administered the ordinances there much the same as the Particular Baptists of the present day. He was an eminent and faithful minister, who held fast to his principles

through much cruel persecution. He died in the year 1735. In New Radnor there was a house leased for a thousand years for the use of the Baptist denomination. The Baptist interest, after it had existed one hundred and twenty years in these parts, declined, and at last became altogether extinct about the year 1771.

In Llandewi Ystraddeuy, generally meeting at a place called Cwm, there was a Baptist church formed about the year 1647, the first, except what was at Glascomb, formed in the county, and second to few in Wales. Persecution forced many useful members of this church to emigrate to the United States of America, especially to the State of Pennsylvania, where they became instrumental in planting and forming new churches, and greatly extending the Redeemer's cause. Emigrants from Radnorshire planted the first Baptist church in that State about the year 1687.

The members of the church at Cwm Llandewi were widely scattered over the upper parts of Radnorshire; they had two preaching stations, which afterwards became localities of Baptist chapels in which Baptist churches have been formed. The Rock, about two miles to the west of Penybont, was a dwelling-house with two acres of land adjoining it. One Stephen Price purchased both, and gave them for the use of the church. In that house meetings were held; and there the Rock chapel was built, in which the church originally at Cwm now worships.

One of the members of the Cwm, Roger Walker, lived in his own farm, the Dolan, in Nantmel, licensed his dwelling-house for preaching, and became himself an eminent and successful minister. His son, Richard Walker, gave land near his house for building a chapel, and bore most of the expenses of the erection himself; and thus, through the instrumentality of these good men principally, the Dolan church was formed. The Dolan first chapel was built in the year 1761. The family of the Walkers still live at the Dolan farm, and are now, as they have always been from the beginning, zealous supporters of the cause of the blessed Redeemer in this place. The church of the Cwm was favoured with eminent ministers, who stood well to their principles through many rough storms of persecutions. Hugh Evans, the first pastor of this church, took its charge about the year 1647, and presided over it for nearly ten years. He died in the year 1656. Henry

Gregory, a very useful and faithful minister, succeeded Hugh Evans, and was the minister of the church of Cwm for forty years. He held a farm, and through the whole period of his pastorate persecution more or less prevailed. Owing to this, several of his beloved children emigrated to America. His property was often confiscated. On one occasion two persons took away all his cattle, except one cow, and drove them fiercely through a river near his house; and what is remarkable, one of those men was afterwards drowned in the very place through which he had driven Mr. Gregory's cattle. The other man came to a miserable end. Another persecutor of this good man died like Herod, eaten of worms. The only cow left was afterwards taken off when Mr. Gregory was from home; and on his return his wife grievously wept, and cried, "They have taken away our only cow." The good man meekly replied, "Do not vex; Providence will devise some way for us to have a cow again." Nathan Davies succeeded Henry Gregory, and was a minister of this church for twenty-six years. He, in his early days, was very thoughtless. His father, Francis Davies, was a pious man, who assisted Mr. Gregory in the work of the ministry, and who tried all means to reform his son; but all warnings, expositions and entreaties, produced no effect upon Nathan. The old man, who had many children, when on his dying bed called all his family together, and after the manner of old Jacob, gave to each of them, except Nathan, some solemn advice for their future life. Nathan, being thus left without any charge, was greatly affected. The silence of his father on his dying bed, produced more effect upon Nathan than all the instructions he had through his whole life. This silence of the father just as he was leaving, never to return to be heard, again, melted Nathan into a flood of tears, and moved him to go in search of a new friend, and, fortunately, he found the best of all friends, the Lord Jesus Christ. Nathan was a man of good mental abilities, well educated, and, after his conversion, became, not only a good Christian, but also an excellent minister and faithful successor of Henry Gregory. He was commonly one of the preachers at the Welsh Association. Roger Walker succeeded Nathan Davies to the pastorate of Cwm and its branches. He was a native of England, and was educated for the Established Church; but like Moses, and like several in those days through England and Wales, he preferred to take his lot with the afflicted Dissenters rather than to enjoy the rich things of the establishment; and for this choice he had to leave his family. Coming to Wales, he

purchased the Dolau farm, and became a member, and finally a useful minister of the church. Though an Englishman, he learnt the Welsh language; and preached both in English and Welsh, a work that was very necessary to the different branches of the church. There were, besides these persons set apart for the work of the ministry, several assistant preachers at the Cwm from time to time, such as John Price Maesygelli, a respectable farmer; Francis Davies, Peter Davies, Thomas Davies, Richard James, and James Griffiths. Owing to the want of ministers capable of preaching in both languages after R. Walker, the church of the Cwm declined, in Llandewi and at the Rock, to a low state, for want of an English ministry; but the portion which met at Dolau preferred the Welsh, and they gave a call to David Evans, a young man from Cilwovir, Pembrokeshire, and this branch was preserved in a more flourishing state. He settled at Dolau in the year 1771, but seldom visited the English branches because he was not accustomed to public speaking in their language. His son, David Evans, became minister of Dolau in the year 1798. He could preach well in both English and Welsh. He went forth full of fervour and holy unction, and his ministry was full of peculiar attraction, and attended with considerable success. He became instrumental not only in reviving the cause at Rock and in Llandewi, but also in introducing the Gospel to many new localities, such as Bleddfa, Pilleth, Presteigne, Rhiwe, and Kington, in Herefordshire. Men in various parts, under his ministry, were brought to God, and some of them persons of respectability and influence. When the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered at Rock, the converts flocked in troops from various parts to that sanctuary, and often found it to be indeed no other than the house of God and the gate of heaven. There the pilgrims scores of times enjoyed sweet refreshment. Mr. Evans continued a minister of the church for thirty years. Death removed him in the midst of his usefulness. After his death, Rock and Dolau became separate churches. The account of James Jones, the late minister of Rock and its branches, I intend for another paper. In closing, I may just state that there are now no less than sixteen Baptist chapels in the small county of Radnor. In the course of last year there were hundreds in this county baptized on the profession of their faith. One hundred and eight were added by baptism to the Baptist church at Presteigne only. May the doctrine of the cross gain its triumphs till the whole population of the county are brought to Christ, is the sincere desire of  
Dolan.  
D. DAVIES.

## REVIEWS:

*Early Blossoms: Memorials of a Minister's Family, Five of whom Died within Fourteen Months. By their Father, WILLIAM FULTON. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Son. London: Thickbroom and Co.*

WE have risen from the careful perusal of this very attractive little volume with a full conviction of mind that the young cannot read it without benefit. We believe it will be blessed in winning many youthful feet to walk in the "ways of pleasantness." Heads of families will do well to imitate the conduct of these parents, so painfully bereaved, but who realized to its full extent the fulfilment of the promise, "Train up a child in the way it should go, and when it is old it will not depart therefrom." The book deserves to be highly esteemed, and will form one of the most suitable presents we know of either to parents or children. We predict for it an extensive circulation.

*Morning and Evening Portion. By the Rev. ROBERT HAWKES, D.D. Two Vols. in One. London: W. H. Collingridge.*

THIS new edition of a well-known series of daily devotional readings is deserving of very high commendation.

*Light Beyond: Thoughts to Guide and Cheer. By REBECCA M. REDFORD. Pp. 156. London: John Snow.*

THIS work is exceedingly well adapted for preparation for dying moments, and for solace and sympathy to those who are bereaved. The amiable authoress is daughter of one of the excellent of the earth—the late Dr. Redford. The writer and her volume will do no discredit to the literary fame of her venerable parent.

*Hints to Church Members. By the Rev. JABEZ BURNS, D.D. New Edition. London: Houlston and Wright.*

AN excellent manual on the privileges and responsibilities of Christian fellowship.

*The Sabbath Treasure. By the Rev. JABEZ BURNS, D.D.*

THIS little book contains a passage of Scripture, an original hymn, and questions and counsels, for every Lord's-day in the year.

*After Many Days: a Tale of Social Life. By SENECA SMITH. Pp. 363. London: W. Tweedie.*

A SINGULAR volume, but one possessing considerable interest, and is adapted for usefulness.

## POETRY.

## "SAVED IN THE LORD."

In Christ what matchless love I see,  
Who lived and served and died for me;  
He bore my sin, my pain, my shame,—  
All glory to his "worthy name!"

By right of his atoning blood,  
"Made free from sin," I live to God;  
From guilt and condemnation clear,  
"Complete in him" I now appear.

The law has no demand on me,  
Its claims he answered on the tree;  
Now justice with a smiling face  
Attests the triumph of his grace.

Enthroned upon the seat of power,  
My happiness he will secure;  
With heaven and earth at his command,  
I'm safe for ever in his hand.

The Spirit's ministry, I find,  
Exalts Immanuel in the wind;  
Ou him it leads my heart to rest,  
And shows how much in him I'm blest.

Redeemed by merit and by power,  
I may not yield to evil more;  
To holiness my fruit must be,  
Till life supernal I shall see.

Lord Jesus, save me by thy life  
From prayerlessness, and pride, and strife;  
Through all my days my Leader be—  
My praise through all eternity.

Trinity Chapel.

W. H. BONNER.

## "WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF."

(Isaiah lxiv. 6.)

*Founded on some remarks by Rev. W. Arnot.*

Autumn has nearly past away,  
And every forest bough  
That lately gleamed with red and gold  
Is bare and leafless now.

The fallen, withering leaves that strew  
Each woodland path and glade  
Remind us of the Bible truth,  
That we like them must fade.

Last spring we watched these very leaves  
As into life they sprang,  
But knew not when this one should fall,  
Nor how long that should bang:  
One thing was sure—that every leaf,  
Then fluttering on the bough,  
Would fall before the year had gone—  
We knew not *when* nor *how*.

Like them we fade. Our life on earth  
Is very short to all;  
And none can tell, save God above,  
When we in death shall fall.  
Wisely the future is concealed—  
Enough for us to know  
Life is uncertain, death is sure,  
To all who dwell below.

Some leaves by mildew were destroyed  
Ere spring had passed away,  
While others in the summer fell  
To canker-worm a prey;

One dropped when, by a stormy wind,  
The forest-trees were toss'd;  
Another hung upon the bough  
Till nipped by autumn's frost.

Like them we fade. In childhood's spring,  
In youth's bright summer-day;  
In manhood's prime—in wintry age,  
Death comes and claims his prey.  
How blest are they who are prepared,  
Through grace, to live or die;  
Ready to live for Christ on earth,  
Or reign with him on high!  
Wellingborough. — THEODOREA.

## CLINGING.

Cling to the Mighty One,  
Cling in thy grief:  
Cling to the Holy One,  
He gives relief.  
Cling to the Gracious One,  
Cling in thy pain:  
Cling to the Faithful One,  
He will sustain.  
Cling to the Living One,  
Cling in thy woe:  
Cling to the Loving One,  
Through all below:  
Cling to the Pardonng One,  
He speaketh peace:  
Cling to the Healing One,  
Anguish will cease.  
Cling to the Bleeding One,  
Cling to his side:  
Cling to the Rising One,  
In Him abide:  
Cling to the Coming One,  
Hope shall arise:  
Cling to the Reigning One,  
Joy lights thine eyes.

## DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

"After the night—the day!  
After the darkness—dawn!  
Trust to the sun's bright ray,  
Though for awhile withdrawn!"

So sings a hopeful bard—  
Well, perhaps, so to do;  
Poets, when illis press hard,  
Hearts from despair may woo.

Yet 'tis not always here  
Happiness follows woe;  
Some in the brighter sphere  
Only relief may know.

Often the "weary and worn,"  
Plunged in a night of care,  
Here watch in vain for a morn  
Waiting them only there!

Oh, for the faith and love—  
Oh, for the grace to look  
Up to God's court above,  
Into his holy Book!

Clouds may obscure earth's sky,  
Ne'er can the soul despond  
Fixing an earnest eye  
Full on the light beyond—

Light of which not one "ray"  
Is "for awhile withdrawn;"  
Ever the noon of day—  
No eve—no night—no dawn!

There with adoring eyes  
Such shall "behold his face;"  
Earth for their tears and sighs,  
Heaven for their resting-place!

Newbury.

SAMUEL E.

## DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE,  
NEWINGTON.

In order to accomplish the noble design of opening the above place of worship free of debt, it is proposed to hold a bazaar in the Lecture-hall of the new building, about the month of March next. The contributions of friends towards the above object, either in money or fancy articles of all kinds, are earnestly requested, and will be gratefully received by Mrs. Spurgeon, New Park-street Chapel, Southwark, or Nightingale-lane, Clapham.

## MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

NEWCASTLE-EMLYN AND DREFFACH.—The Rev. Benjamin Thomas, of Bristol College, has accepted the invitation of the Baptist churches at the above places to become their pastor.

HALIFAX.—The Rev. J. Horne, of Rochdale, having accepted the pastorate of the church at Trinity-road, Halifax, as the successor of the Rev. W. Walters, entered upon his labours the first Lord's-day in October.

COLEFORD.—The Rev. W. Best, B.A., pastor of the Baptist church, Ramsey, has accepted a unanimous and very cordial invitation from the church at Coleford, and entered upon his new sphere of labour on the second Sunday in October.

OVER-DARWEN, LANCASHIRE.—Mr. J. T. Gale,

of Rawdon College, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, and proposes commencing his ministerial labours there on the first Sunday in 1861.

TREFOREST, GLAMORGANSHIRE.—Mr. Thomas Phillips, of the College, Haverfordwest, has been unanimously desired to take the oversight of the church at the above place. He commenced his labours there on October 14.

MERTHYR TYDVIL.—The Rev. Cornelius Griffiths, of Aberavon, Glamorganshire, has accepted a very cordial and unanimous invitation from Zion, to be the successor of the late Mr. J. Jones. He intends commencing his ministry there on the third Sunday in November.

RATHMINES.—The Rev. J. E. Giles, of Portmahon Chapel, Sheffield, has accepted a very cordial invitation to the ministry in connection with the new cause at Rathmines, Dublin. He commenced his labours there the second Sunday in October.

EVENJOB AND GLADESTRY.—The Rev. G. Phillips having resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church, Mochdre, near Newtown, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to become the pastor of the Baptist churches at Evenjobb and Gladestry, near Kington, and commenced his labours in his new sphere on Lord's-day, October 7th, with cheering prospects of success.

## RECOGNITION SERVICES.

**SHARNBROOK, BEDS.**—On Sept. 27, the Rev. S. J. Wheeler was recognized as pastor of the Old Baptist church. The Rev. G. Rogers, of Camberwell, London, delivered an appropriate charge, after which about 200 persons sat down to a tea, gratuitously provided by the friends of Mr. Wheeler. In the evening, the Rev. J. Howieson, of Lion-street, Walworth, preached to the church. Rev. Messrs. Corby, of Sharnbrook; Bradfield, of Rushden; and Silvertown, of Carlton, took part in the services of the day.

**LONGTOWN, HERTFORD.**—Ordination services were held at the Baptist chapel here on Sunday and Monday, Oct. 14 and 15, when Mr. T. Williams, of Pontypool College, was ordained to the pastorate of the church. On Sunday morning and evening, sermons were preached by the Rev. G. Thomas, M.A., of Pontypool. On Monday morning, Mr. Thomas delivered an excellent address, after which he put the usual questions to the young minister, and offered up the ordination prayer. The Rev. T. Thomas, D.D., of Pontypool, then delivered the charge, and the Rev. M. Lewis, Chapel-y-fîn, addressed the church. The Revs. G. Thomas, M.A., and Thomas Thomas, delivered impressive sermons. A meeting was also held in the evening, when the Rev. E. Edwards, Llanfihangel, preached.

## PRESENTATION SERVICES.

**ROCHDALE.**—A very interesting meeting was held in the school-room of West-street Chapel, Rochdale, a few weeks back, the object of it being to present an address and testimonial to the Rev. W. F. Burchell, who, after twenty years' zealous and successful labour, has relinquished his ministry in that place. The occasion was the more interesting inasmuch as Mr. Burchell had that day attained the age of sixty-two years, and the amount of the contributions to the testimonial was £82, exactly the number of years of Mr. Burchell's life. Mr. T. Watson occupied the chair, and opened the proceedings with appropriate remarks. Mr. Williamson then presented an address, after which Mr. James Cropper presented the purse. Mr. Burchell very suitably, and in a very touching manner, acknowledged the kindness that had been shown him. Several other addresses were also given, and the meeting was closed with prayer.

**COUNTERSLIP CHAPEL, BRISTOL.**—On Wednesday, September 26, a deeply interesting and very crowded meeting was held in Counterslip Chapel, for the purpose of bidding farewell to the Rev. Thomas Winter, who has recently resigned the pastorate, after a ministrations of nearly forty years. Robert Leonard, Esq., who had been the means of bringing Mr. Winter to Bristol, occupied the chair, and introduced the proceedings with appropriate and touching remarks. He concluded by presenting to Mr. Winter, on behalf of the church and congregation, a timepiece, and a purse containing £270. After the reading of an address to him, Mr. Winter, who was visibly affected, addressed the meeting in the most appropriate and touching manner; and he was followed by Mr. Pounce, the Rev. G. Wood, Mr. Wearing, Mr. Riddle, Mr. W. Clark, of Cheddar; the Rev. E. Robert, and Mr. Gould. Mr. Winter then delivered a closing address. During the ministry of Mr. Winter about thirteen hundred persons have been baptized. Of this number, many have been called to labour in different parts of the Lord's vineyard; sixteen are now in the minis-

try, twelve pastors of churches in our own country, one a missionary in Calcutta, two preachers of the Gospel in America, and one or two in Australia. For the last seven years, from sixty to seventy of the friends have emigrated to Australia and other foreign parts, and there are also a dozen preachers connected with the Baptist Itinerant Society. Mr. Winter leaves amidst the esteem of his brethren, and with the deep affection of the church he has served so long.

## FORMATION OF NEW CHURCHES.

**BLACKPOOL.**—This increasing and attractive watering-place was without a Baptist interest until about two years ago, when a large room was appropriated by them for public worship. A new and beautiful chapel is in course of erection, and, when complete, will accommodate about 700 persons; it is expected to be opened early next year. The Rev. W. T. Burchell, of Rochdale, secretary to the Lancashire and Yorkshire Association of Baptist Churches, has just accepted the unanimous and most cordial invitation to become their pastor, and will commence his labours amongst them the first Sabbath in November.

## LAYING FOUNDATION STONE OF NEW CHAPEL.

**MAIDSTONE.**—The laying of the foundation-stone of the Baptist church in King-street, took place on Friday, September 14. The Rev. H. H. Dobney, pastor of the church, addressed the assembly. The committee had placed upon him, as their chairman, a duty which he had great pleasure in performing—namely, that of presenting to Mr. Stevens, the mayor, as a small token of esteem, a silver trowel with which to lay the first stone. Mr. Stevens then made a few remarks, after which the stone was lowered and the mayor proceeded to lay it in the usual manner. Mr. Dobney then offered a prayer for a blessing on the work. A liberal sum was contributed toward the building fund. The chapel will be a large and handsome structure, and complete in its internal arrangements.

## OPENING SERVICES.

**DAWLEY BANK, SALOP.**—A new chapel has recently been erected in this place, for the congregation under the pastoral care of the Rev. S. Kemp, and was opened for Divine worship on Sunday, Sept. 30, when three sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Williams, of Glasgow. The services were continued on Sunday, Oct. 14, when three sermons were preached; two by the Right Hon. Lord Teynham, and one by Dr. Cranage, of Wellington.

**CHEPSTOW.**—Two sermons were preached on 11th inst., at the Baptist chapel in this town, by the Rev. James Smith, of Cheltenham, on the occasion of the re-opening of it for Divine worship, having been closed for repairs, alterations, and an enlargement, since the 1st of August last. The expense amounted to near £100, and the greater part of this has already been met by the subscriptions and the collections at the opening services.

**CULLOMPTON.**—The Baptist chapel in this town has been completely restored, so as to produce an almost entirely new place of worship. A commodious vestry has been built, and other additions made. An excellent organ has also been provided, the whole involving a cost of about £400. On the 3rd of October re-opening services were held, and impressive discourses delivered during the day by the Rev. J. Baynes.

of Wellington; the Rev. E. Webb, of Tiverton; and the Rev. S. Newman, of Barnstaple.

**SIRHOWY.**—The Baptist Tabernacle at Sirhowy has been entirely re-built, and the opening services were held on the 9th and 10th Sept., when the following ministers officiated:—Revs. J. Evans and T. Bevan (Nautygio); D. Roberts (Trosnant); W. Williams and E. Thomas (Tredcar); W. Edwards (J.), (Aberdare); O. Jones (Trrfil); W. R. Richards (Carnarvon); R. Ellis (Sirhowy); J. Williams, J. Watts, and J. Emylu Jones, M.A. (Ebbw Vale). The collections were excellent.

**PEN-YR-NEOL, NEAR HAY, BRECONSHIRE.**—This ancient place of worship, after having undergone extensive repairs and improvements, was re-opened for Divine service on Wednesday, October 3, and preceding evening, when the following ministers officiated:—Revs. M. Lewis, Chapel-y-fm; E. Price, Crickhowel; G. Llewellyn, Erwood; F. Wiles, Hay; Mr. R. Lloyd, Walton; and the Rev. W. Evans, pastor of the church, also took part in the proceedings, the latter by giving a brief account of the expenses incurred, &c.—from which it appears that the alterations cost £120, and that about £50 had been raised by the members and friends of the neighbourhood.

**NEWPORT, MONMOUTHSHIRE.**—**NEW ENGLISH BAPTIST CHURCH, TEMPRANCE HALL.**—The opening services of the above new interest took place on Sunday, Oct. 14, when three sermons were preached by the Rev. D. R. Williams, of Berea Blaina, in the morning and evening; and by the Rev. J. E. Jones, A.M., of Ebbw Vale, in the afternoon.—[From the *Newport Gazette*.—"We are glad to find that the establishment of a new Baptist congregation in this town is not brought about by any dissensions existing in the old congregation, but from a praiseworthy desire to enlarge the connexion, and bring strangers to religion to a full knowledge of the Gospel."]

#### SPECIAL SERVICES.

**SHEFFIELD.**—A public meeting was recently held in the Cutlers' Hall, Sheffield, for the purpose of bidding farewell to the Rev. J. E. Giles, who, after fourteen years' ministrations in Portmahon Chapel, in that town, was about to remove to Rathmines, Dublin. The Rev. J. H. Muir occupied the chair. The Revs. Brewin Graut, J. Feather, M. Robinson, and Mr. Alderman Hoole, also addressed the meeting, expressing their deep regret at Mr. Giles' removal from Sheffield, and their hopes for his future usefulness.

**TRETPOD, NORFOLK.**—Mr. G. W. Olding, of Yarmouth, having accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the lately-formed Baptist church in this town to become their minister, and the agent of the Suffolk and Norfolk Baptist Home Missionary Union, a public meeting was held on Monday evening, October 8th, to welcome him to the town, and encourage the little church in their work. The Rev. J. Green, of Yarmouth (Mr. Olding's pastor), the Revs. T. M. Morris, of Ipswich, P. Woodgate, of West-row, and G. Hitchin, of Braudon, and Messrs. T. Ridley, and Free love, of Bury St. Edmund's, addressed the meeting. Tretford contains a population of 4,500 persons, and in the villages near it are 1,500 souls, very inadequately supplied with the preaching of the Gospel of Christ.

#### SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

**DUNSTABLE, BEDS.**—The Rev. J. Bloomfield, of Meard's-court, London, will preach (D.V.)

two sermons at the Old Baptist chapel in the above place on Wednesday, November 7th; afternoon at two; evening at half-past six.

**SOHO CHAPEL, OXFORD-STREET.**—The second annual meeting, commemorative of Mr. Pells' settlement as pastor, will be held (D.V.) on Tuesday, Nov. 6. Tea at five o'clock, 6d. each. Public meeting at 6.30. Mr. Pells will preside. Brethren Bloomfield, Foreman, Green, Milner, W. Palmer, and Wyard have promised to address the meeting. Other ministerial brethren are expected. Collection for the pastor.

#### BAPTISMS.

**THE REV. HENRY GRATTAN GUINNESS** having become a convert from baptism *with* water to baptism *in* water, was immersed in the presence of a large assembly, in the city of Bath, at the beginning of the past month. The administrator was a Peer of the Realm, Lord Congleton, who himself is a Baptist and an Evangelist. On that occasion he stated at length the circumstances which led to his change of views, and adduced a succession of Scriptural arguments in support of Believers' Baptism. His address has since been published *verbatim* in a penny pamphlet, by Mr. Stevenson, of Paternoster-row. Considering the wide-spread popularity of Mr. Guinness, and his fame as an Evangelist, it may be supposed that his statement will be extensively read. It is well calculated to inform the public mind concerning the grounds of our faith and practice in the matter of which it treats; for this reason we would advise our readers to endeavour to assist in its circulation.

**AN INTERESTING FACT FROM AMERICA FOR ENGLISH BAPTISTS.**—The Pædo-Baptist General Association of Massachusetts reports that the practice of Infant Baptism is dying out among the Congregational Churches of that State. The membership has greatly increased, but during the last year there were nearly five hundred fewer infants sprinkled than in the previous year, while adult baptisms were never before so numerous. From one church not a single infant baptism is reported, which used to average 25 per year, the total membership remaining as high as ever.

**ACCCINGTON, Blackburu-road, Sept. 30.**—Five by Mr. C. Williams. More are expected shortly.

**ATTLEBROUGH, Norfolk, August 19.**—Two, one the pastor's son; Sept. 23, Seven, by the Rev. W. S. Brown.

**BALLYMENA, August 23.**—Nine by Mr. Parsons, for Mr. M. Vicker; October 22, Thirteen by Mr. J. Allan, for Mr. M. Vicker.

**BEEA BLAINA, Monmouthshire, Oct. 7.**—One by Mr. E. D. Williams. This makes forty-nine since July, 1859; many others are on the way, for which we are thankful.

**BIRMINGHAM, Hope-street, Aug. 26.**—Four by Mr. Griffiths.

**BLUNHAM, BEDS, Oct. 7.**—Two, husband and wife, by Mr. Abbott.

**BROMYARD, Hereford (no date).**—Five (two households) in the river Frome, by Mr. A. J. Hamer.

BUCKINGHAM, Oct. 6—Six by Mr. W. Bourn.  
 BURNHAM, Somerset, Sept. 2—Four by Mr. Rodway.  
 CARDIFF, Bethany, Sept. 2—Five by Mr. Tilly.  
 CARLTON, Beds, Sept. 30—Fourteen by Mr. Silverton.  
 COATE, Oxon, Sept. 2—Three by Mr. B. Arthur.  
 COLCHESTER, Eld Lane, Oct. 10—Three by Mr. Langford; one from the Sabbath-school.  
 COLERAINE, Ireland, Oct. 11—Three by Mr. T. W. Medhurst, who commenced his stated labours, as pastor of the church here, on Lord's day, Sept. 9, 1860.  
 CONISTON, near Ambleside, Sept. 18—One by Mr. Myers.  
 CORSHAM, Wilts, from July 1 to Oct. 7—Twenty by Mr. J. Pooley; four from one family, and five young men from the pastor's Bible-class.  
 EARL'S COLNE, Essex, Aug. 5—Thirteen; Oct. 7, Eleven, by Mr. Griffin.  
 FLEETPOND, Hants, July 8—Four; Sept. 30, Four, by Mr. S. K. Bland. Amongst these were an aged pilgrim of eighty-three, and his wife nearly as old.  
 HAY, Breconshire, May 27—One; Sept. 30, Four, by Mr. F. Wiles.  
 HEMYOCK, Devon, May 6—One; May 27, Three; Oct. 21, Five. These are the first fruits of our pastor. Your magazine is a great favourite among us.  
 KETTERING, Aug. 30—Three by Mr. Mursell.  
 — Ebenezer Chapel, Oct. 14—One by Mr. Wilson.  
 LANGLEY, Essex, Aug. 21—Three by Mr. C. Smith.  
 LEEDS, South Parade, Aug. 26—Eight by Mr. Edwards.  
 CALL LANE, Aug. 26—Two by Mr. Tunnicliffe.  
 LLANGIAN, Sept. 16—Five by Mr. Jenkins.  
 LLANFIEANGEL, near Abergavenny, Oct. 14—One by Mr. E. Edwards.  
 LONDON, Church-street, Blackfriars, Sept. 27—Two by Mr. W. Barker.  
 — New Park-street, Oct. 11—Twenty by Mr. Spurgeon.  
 — Providence Chapel, Hackney-road, Aug. 5—Three; Aug. 26, Five; Sept. 30, Fifteen; by Mr. Russell.  
 — Squirries-street, Bethnal-green, Sept. 23—Three by Mr. Flory. Two of the above were a mother and her daughter.  
 LYDNEY, Gloucestershire, Sept. 2—Nine by Mr. R. H. Roberts.  
 MAESYRHELEM, Radnorshire, Aug. 11—Three; Oct. 7, Five, by Mr. Jones. There are more anxious inquirers.  
 NEWTOWN, Montgomery, Oct. 7—Two by Mr. Rees, of Pontypool College.  
 NEWBRIDGE-ON-WYE—Since March last, fifty-six by Mr. Probert, in the river Wye.  
 PONTSEA, Kent-street Chapel, Sept. 28—Four by Mr. G. Morris.  
 POPLAR, Cotton-street, Sept. 30—Four by Mr. Preece.  
 READING, King's-road, Aug. 26—Seven by Mr. Aldis.  
 RISELY, Beds, Sept. 2—One by Mr. Wilson.  
 STRADBROOK, Suffolk, Sept. 30—Three by Mr. Webb.

SWANSEA, York-place, Sept. 3—Four by Mr. Hill.  
 TAMWORTH, July 1—Two; Aug. 5, Three by Mr. R. Miles, of Birmingham.  
 TEDDYN STON, Carnarvonshire, Sep. 9—Three by Mr. J. Jenkins.  
 WEST HADDON, May 8—Eight by Mr. Howard; Sept. 16, Five by Mr. J. M. Thorpe, of Long Buckley, who kindly officiated in the absence of the pastor through indisposition.  
 WHITBOURNE, near Warminster, June 3—One; July 1, One; and October 7, One by Mr. James Parsons.

## DEATHS.

SARAH MAESS, OF BLUNHAM, BEDS.—On Tuesday, October 16th, Sarah Maess, in her 21st year, after a few days' distressing illness from lock-jaw, died rejoicing in Jesus. She left the Sunday-school about five years since for service. She has attended at the old chapel again for some weeks, and listened with interest to the preaching, and on her sick-bed earnestly sought, and found salvation at the cross of Christ. Hers was a most happy death—a delightful instance of the power and joy of salvation by the grace of Jesus. Her funeral sermon was preached to a crowded congregation on Sunday evening, October 21st, by Mr. Abbott, from a text very expressive of the happy state of her mind, "Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better.—Phil. i. 23.

On September 7th, at Blunham, Beds, John Abbott, aged 28, from rapid consumption. He died, "looking unto Jesus."

On September 18, 1860, Mrs. Charlotte Spiller, relict of the late Rev. Charles Spiller, Baptist minister, of Campden, Gloucestershire, departed this life after a brief illness. Her end was peace.

On October 5th, at Halesworth, Mr. Erwin Henry Yeo, of Plymouth, aged twenty-one, of pressure on the brain, brought on by over-study. The deceased was a truly Christian young man, useful in the church, and deservedly respected by a large circle of acquaintances.

## THE LATE REV. JAMES JONES, ROCK, RADNORSHIRE.

James Jones was born at Brondre, in the county of Radnor, in January, 1785. His parents were both members at Nantgwynne, and his father a deacon of that church. His parents brought him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and laboured early to impress his mind with the importance of religion. In his twenty-first year he was baptized, and received into the church by the late Rev. T. Thomas, of Nantgwynne. Soon afterwards he married Miss Mary Jones, of Old Castle, a pious and amiable young woman, whose parents were among the oldest members at Rock. He took a farm in the neighbourhood, called Trelowgoed, in which he lived for thirty years. His landlord had been a clergyman, but his views changed, and he became a Baptist, and occasionally preached. This good man, finding Mr. Jones a person of consistent character and good abilities, encouraged him to exercise his gifts, and he commenced to preach in 1814. He continued for fourteen years an acceptable assistant to the late Rev. David Evans, the beloved pastor of Rock and Rock. At the death of this excellent man he was invited to become the pastor of Rock and its branches. He accepted the invitation, and in February, 1829, he was publicly recognised as the minister of the church. The

late Messrs. Jones, of Newtown; Evans, of Brecon; Jarnon, of Newbride, and other brethren, took part in the services of the ordination. Many openings were made by Mr. Evans, the predecessor of Mr. Jones, in the lower parts of Radnorshire. Mr. Jones occupied those stations with fervent zeal and marked fidelity; and in his time, churches were formed and chapels built in the following places, viz.:—1. Franks-bridge; 2. Gladestry; 3. Evenjobb; 4. Presteigne. Mr. Jones could not regularly minister to all these churches so far from each other; but, it is to be observed, that he and his predecessor introduced the Gospel and the Baptist interest into those localities—a work which ultimately led to the establishment of the cause and the formation of those churches. Mr. Jones preached generally three times every Sunday, and travelled the distance between Rock and Frank's-bridge, some ten or twelve miles, in all sorts of weather, over exposed commons, and through rough and dirty lanes. He also preached in the week at different stations. Finding his farming entangling his mind with worldly anxieties, and producing more sorrow than profit, he gave it up, and the church generously built a neat little cottage for him on the ground adjoining the Rock chapel. There he lived the last years of his life. About three years ago Rock and Frank's-bridge became separate churches, owing to Mr. Jones becoming too feeble to minister to both places. He was an ordained minister for thirty-two years, and in the work of his Master for forty-six. He married twice. The issue of the first union were four children—two only are now alive—one a Baptist minister near Olau, in Shropshire. The issue of the second union were three children—one only is now alive—the respected pastor of the Baptist church, Towcester, Northamptonshire. He was once a strong and healthy person, but through incessant labours his health, during late years,

began to give way. For about twelve months he had been very weak and delicate, but in the midst of all, he continued to preach till within five weeks of his death. He had the comfort of seeing the cause in a flourishing state at the time of his going home from his work to his reward. At Nantywellaau, a station belonging to Rock, on the 13th of May, eighteen were baptized. At Rock, the 22nd of April, four were baptized. Thirteen are now before the church waiting for baptism. The prospects of the church at the present time are very encouraging. After a few days of great suffering, Mr. Jones departed this life on the 18th of last May, in sweet hope of immortal blessedness. The 27th of the same month his funeral sermon was preached to a crowded congregation, by the Rev. D. Davies, Dolan, from Ephes. iii. 8, the passage which the deceased had selected for the occasion. If the talents of Mr. Jones were not of the brightest order, or cultivated by an academical training, or aided by the advantages of an extensive and suitable library, his labours were blessed to accomplish much good. He never courted publicity or opportunities to distinguish himself on special occasions; but he was mostly at home among his own people, attending to their spiritual welfare, with diligence, constancy, and perseverance rarely excelled, and seldom equalled. He exemplified the power and principles of the Gospel in his character, from the beginning to the end of his religious life, by such a consistency as is seldom witnessed. His instructions in the pulpit had the great advantage of a virtuous and exemplary life to enforce them. May the great Head of the Church send a successor to Mr. Jones full of the earnest and devoted spirit of those departed ones, who, in ages past, have laboured so successfully in this portion of Christ's vineyard.

Dolan.

D. DAVIES.

## MR. GRATTAN GUINNESS ON BAPTISM.

Now ready, price 1d.; or 12 copies post free for 10d.,

# A PLEA FOR BELIEVERS' BAPTISM.

## An Address

DELIVERED on his BAPTISM at SOMERSET-STREET CHAPEL, BATH, SEPT. 29th, 1860.

BY THE

## REV. HENRY GRATTAN GUINNESS,

LATE OF NEW COLLEGE, LONDON.

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## PERFECT JUSTIFICATION AND PERFECT PARDON.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF NEW PARK-STREET CHAPEL.

"In those days, and in that time, saith the Lord, the iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none; and the sins of Judah, and they shall not be found; for I will pardon them whom I reserve."—Jeremiah i. 20.

I do not profess sufficient proficiency in the prophetic parts of holy Scripture to be able to enter, as some can, into the minutiae of the future, and show when any particular promise will have its actual, literal fulfilment; and, indeed, if I could do so, it would not serve my turn this time; for I wish the rather to take my text—perhaps you may think by way of accommodation—as describing what shall be the case with all God's people, when, having passed through the river Jordan, they shall stand before the great white throne, and indeed what is now the case with all of them who have "fled for refuge to the hope set before them in the Gospel."

I shall use my text thus—and may God grant that many of us may feel that we have a sweet and undoubted participation in the complete pardon and deliverance which is here spoken of—first, I shall say a little about the great sins which are here said to be blotted out, forgiven, and lost; and then we shall say somewhat more upon the great forgiveness by which these sins have been put away.

I. And, first, let us look at **THE GREAT INIQUITIES AND SINS MENTIONED IN THE TEXT.** "These sins are of no common order. Israel was a people chosen out of the world—chosen of old, out of no regard to anything in them, for they were ever a stiff-necked and rebellious people, but chosen because of God's sovereign grace, because he had set them apart to be his people above all the nations of the earth. Blessed with these special privileges, even if they had been but common sinners, their sins would have assumed a most serious aspect, for never does sin seem to be so black as when it is set in the light of great love, special peace, high privileges, and Divine blessings. They were not an ignorant people; they sinned not as the Philistines did, in the dark; they were not a people left to the mere dim twilight of nature; they had the fullest revelation that was afforded to any man in those days. They were not taught by a system too high for them, for the types and figures of the sanctuary were exactly adapted to the infant state of their commonwealth, and to the spiritual infancy of their minds. Well might God say, concerning them, "What more can I do unto my vineyard than I have done?" He had walled them round about by making them a separate people, he had digged the wine-press, he had brought a goodly vine out of Egypt, he had planted it in the richest soil of the earth. Wherefore, then, when he looked for it to bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes? I repeat it, if the children of Israel had but sinned like the other nations, yet their sins would have been of the most heinous character, because of the greatness of their privileges, and of the love bestowed on them. But, my brethren, they were sinners of an unusual kind—they were, positively unmatched by any nation under heaven. What other nation forsook their gods? Did they not cleave unto their Bael, and hold fast by Ashtaroth? Do we find that even when the nations were smitten, they forsook the god they professed to worship? did they not blindly and foolishly still hold the calf, and bow before it? But Israel cast away its God. They who worshipped Jehovah turned aside and sinned before Bael Peor; and oftentimes did they vex him, provoke him to anger, because they went after other gods, and turned aside to worship idols that were no gods. It was a new thing under heaven, a thing unexampled and unknown. The heathen held fast by their gods, they would as soon lose their nationality as cease to worship the deities whom they adored; but Israel had played the harlot, and she who should be the chastest among the spouses of man, turned aside from her Lord, and left her beloved, and went gallivanting abroad among the evil things which the nations worshipped. Besides, my brethren, I would have you remember that the children of Israel

provoked God, perhaps, more than any other nation that has ever been upon the face of the earth, by this reason, that the provocations of others were speedily punished, and never allowed to run on so long as was the case with Israel. The Canaanites must be exterminated for sins that were no greater than the very sins of God's Israel; for I dare to say it—the sins which were committed in Gibeah, and that terrible occasion on which the concubine was cut in pieces, evinced a state of morality of the commonwealth of Israel as low, as sensual, as debased, as even the criminality of Sodom itself. They were a nation who had sinned as foully as others, and the more foully, because, when often smitten and often chastened, they returned again as “a dog to its vomit, and as the sow that has been washed to her wallowing in the mire.” What say ye, sirs, of the forty years in the wilderness? Were they not forty years of miracles, of long-suffering? How often did they provoke him, till he said to his servant Moses, “Let me alone, that I may destroy this people, and I will make of thee a great nation.” And the Lord turned from his fierce anger, but his anger was fierce and very terrible against them. Think, too, of their continual revolts under the Judges—to omit, for the while, the perhaps better state they were in under Joshua: they were first under bondage to one king, and then to another and another, till there was scarcely any nation known which had not afflicted them, for the simple reason that there was not a single false god whom they had not in turn adored, nor was there a single lust, nor a single crime, which Israel had not learned. And then, think you, my brethren, of the desperate iniquities of the house of Israel during the days of the kings who succeeded Solomon; how they offered incense unto false gods in all their high places, and bowed unto the evil ones in all their groves, and under every green tree. You will not have forgotten that they adopted the very worst forms of idolatry: they made their children pass through the fire, they dedicated their infants unto Moloch; infant-murder was common among them, because they offered their children to those false gods of the heathen; they were not content to weed out the better part of heathenish idolatries, but they must take the whole, even drain the black cup to its dregs, and seemed to aggravate the wickedness of those they imitated, and at last excelled. Surely the provocations of Rome, and they were many; the iniquities of Greece, and they were intolerable; the pride of Babylon, and it could not be borne; the crying iniquity of Nineveh, and it reached even to heaven; and all the sins of Sodom and Gomorrah were not, after all, greater than the iniquities of the children of Israel. But the children of Israel, in the run and race of sin, distanced these, who were apparently greater sinners in iniquity. I do think we must give the pre-eminence to them, especially, as I have said before, if we come to measure them in the light of the goodness which the Lord God had displayed to them. And yet, brethren, let us turn to the text, and read it again in the light of what I have said: “In those days, and in that time, saith the Lord, the iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none; and the sins of Judah, and they shall not be found; for I will pardon them whom I reserve.” Their provocations, their idolatry, their lusts, all these are to be swept away and to be forgotten. Crimes which have collected upon crimes, are to be cast into the depths of the sea. Yes, this shall give hope to the very chief of sinners, to any of you who are greatly depressed on account of guiltiness; this should give great encouragement, for if God is here about to take away, not the sins of those who have lightly offended, but the crimes of the very blackest of criminals, oh, my soul, why may he not wash away thine, and why mayest thou not hope, and confidently be assured, that the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth thee, even thee, from all sin?

II. Now I turn as briefly, and with as much strength as I can afford to it, to look for a little while at THE COMPLETE PARDON SPOKEN OF IN THE TEXT. Look first at the words, and then at the sense.

1. At *the words*. Here is a metaphorical form of speech used, “The iniquity shall be sought for, and there shall be none; and the sins of Judah, and they shall

not be found." You remember that Rachel hid the image under the seat on which she sat, and when the father searched for it, he could not find it, but it was there. Oh, but it is not to be so with our sins; they are to be searched for, and they shall not be; they shall be put away, there shall be none. Not only shall there be none discovered, but none to discover. They shall be so effectually removed, they shall be so completely annihilated, that the sin of God's people shall cease to exist. Come, let me draw a picture for you. Are there any who will ever search for the sins of God's people? Let me answer, there are many who would do so if they could, and some must do so.

There is, first of all, *an awakened conscience*. One of the first things which an awakened conscience does is to search for sin; it will not ever rest easy in the house where there is sin; it will go through every chamber of the heart, and track sin into its most secret recesses. A blind, dead, sensual conscience may lie in the same bed with sin, and not be disturbed, but an awakened conscience smelleth it afar off, and will have nought to do with it. The lie, the iniquity, cannot tarry within the sight of a conscience, the eye of which has been spiritually opened. And, believer, thou art so pardoned that though thy tender conscience could search for sin, it shall not be found; and when thy conscience shall be illuminated with the sunlight of heaven, and all its obliquity and dimness of vision shall be taken away, if it should in heaven look for sin, there shall be found none. It is easy to imagine that a blind man cannot see sin, but I aver that a man with the keenest sight shall not see it readily. And we say that a man with a blind conscience would see no evil in himself; what should we say if the enlightened, the intelligent, the instructed, the perfect conscience shall search the soul through and through, but there shall not the shadow of a spot upon the soul be found? So pure, so clean shall be the washing, that the eye which runneth down with tears both day and night—to-day on account of conscious sin—shall then not know a fear, for it shall see no sin to weep for, it shall see no iniquity over which to sigh, no crime for which to heave a groan. Oh, glorious cleansing this, when an awakened conscience shall search and find no sin!

But more than this, there is within us another eye that is quicker than even our conscience, and that is the eye of *our unbelief*. It is amazing, my brethren, how soon our unbelief finds a ground for fear lest we should be lost—finds it when there is none. It will catch at any little circumstance in our daily life to make us imagine that God has forgotten us. Unbelief is blind to good and to God, but it is very quick of sight to everything that is fearful and terrible. I have known some Christians so full of unbelief that it was very hard to give them any comfort: they were so dexterous in finding out the worst parts of their history, they were so very crafty, as it were, in seeking to neutralize the force of the promise by mentioning some evil thing in their own experience, which seemed as if it deprived them of their right to receive the promised gift. But oh, look you here, God shall so pardon his people that even their doubts, their fears, their searching unbelief shall not be able to find a flaw. Oh, if I should be smitten with unbelief in heaven, and should begin to mistrust my standing, or to wish to find a reason why I should mistrust, I shall not be able to do so. I may look upon myself with the eyes of one who shall even long to find a spot, but say at last, "Great God, I am clean; through Jesus' blood I am clean." And even now, beloved, even here, though your unbelief thinks it sees a dozen sins, yet remember, those sins, as far as the guilt of them is concerned, are not there; they are cast away, Christ has drowned them in the sea of his blood; there may seem to you to be guiltiness upon you, but there is none if God hath pardoned thee, "there is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." Thou mayest think there is, but there is not; now God seeth no sin in Jacob nor iniquity in Israel. He seeth it to reprove it, he seeth it to chastise it; but judicially to avenge it he seeth none. Behold, our Lord has made us so completely white, that there is no spot to be found; and he hath so completely covered us with the robe of his matchless righteousness, that no imperfection shall be seen

when we shall come to another world. Precious thought this! Lord, give us grace to believe it, and to dwell in Christ and enjoy him.

But, further, there are other eyes beside our own that are always seeking for our sins, and there is the quick eye of *the envious world*. Oh, there are some of us who have good reason to be dead to the world, for the world has never spoken a good word of us, but hath even been ready to find fault where there was fault, and to magnify it; and to lie against us where there was no fault at all. I, of all men, have no reason to respect public rumour. I do not respect it, and I cannot; for of all the lying things, public rumour exceeds Satan himself in the lies which it will invent. Thus men who are to stand pre-eminent as God's ministers must set their minds, when they begin, to be accused of every crime in the calendar; and I should not wonder if you should hear that I had committed the grossest iniquity that ever was perpetrated. And, my brethren, should you hear it, it will not so much distress my soul as it might have done in years gone by, now that I know the world's tongue to be ever ready to speak the worst word it can against the man who does it the most harm. If I am to fight my Master's battles, I shall leave him to fight mine; if I am to defend his character, he shall defend mine—I shall not, that I know. But surely you have noticed, each of you in your more private capacity, how quick the world is to find fault with you. You make a little trip, and they say you fall; there is a spot upon your cheek, they say your face is covered with mire; you stooped and you picked up a pin, they say you stole a ton of gold. They ever magnify; and when there is no fault, I say, then do they lie. It is a grand thing for a man, when the world shall lie against him, because it seems to say to him, They cannot say anything against you, unless they tell lies. Oh, it is a noble thing for a man when the world, in order to pull him down, has to invent falsities, because he can stand right up and say, "Now have I come where I desire to be; the world and I—there is no love lost between us. Yea, the world is dead to me," saith the believer, "and I am dead to the world." If we say hard things of the world, as we must do, of course it will say hard things of us; and if we say it is a flaunting harlot, and that its joys are paint, and that all its beauties are but a sham, of course the world will say the like of us. Have you never noticed in the street, that if two men are driving, and one drives on the wrong side, the man who was wrong will always be sure to cry out, "Where are you driving to?" He is sure to speak the first, and so will it always be between the Church and the world. The world will be sure, because it is on the wrong side, to cry out, "Oh, there! what are you at there? what are you doing?" I say the very question you ask of us proves that you attempt to throw the criminality on us, because you are conscious we could not take it on ourselves unless you say it of us. Well, Christian, there is a joyous thought for all those who have been slandered, criminated, and abused; the day is coming when "the iniquity of Jacob shall be sought for, and there shall be none;" when before the eyes of an assembled universe God's despised servants shall stand out avenged; when against him there shall not a dog move his tongue, even as it was in the day when Israel came out of Egypt. Oh, glorious shall be that resurrection of buried reputation, when there shall come up from the grave, not only God's people, but their characters too, and they that have served God shall shine as the stars of the firmament of heaven for ever and ever. This is a joyous thought, that sinners who hate the Word and who hate God's people shall seek for their sins but they shall not be found.

And yet, again, brethren, there is One whose eye is quicker even than that of the world, who is always looking for faults; and that is *our infernal enemy Satan*, Apollyon, the destroyer; oh, how he watcheth over us! Never did lion, crouching for its prey, watch the harmless hind that feedeth on the plain, or that drinketh at the fountain, more keenly and more anxiously than Satan watcheth us. Ever is he seeking to find fault with God's people, and then to accuse them, sometimes in the form of their conscience, and, at other times, before the very throne of the King himself. And happy, happy day shall it be for us, when Satan shall not be able to

find fault with us. There shall God's servant stand in his filthy garments, and there shall stand the accuser; and then shall come forth the Divine Pleader, and he shall say, "Take away his filthy garments from him; set a crown of pure gold upon his head." And then Satan in the pit may gnaw his iron bonds, and may in secret hate, and long to find a slander or a theme for scandal, and he shall be compelled to turn his venom within, for he will be unable to spit it on the people of God. A glorious triumph this, thou poor, devil-tried child of God, when thou shalt put thy foot upon the accuser's neck, when thou shalt utterly confound him, stop his mouth, and prevent him for ever from daring to speak or to insinuate a word against you.

But one more illustration here, and we have done with the matter of the text. There is One whose eyes are quicker than the world, whose insight is more keen than that of the Satanic spirit. It is *He*, our Father and our God, the All-seeing One. All things are naked and open to the eye of him with whom we have to do. If there were the faintest trail of sin upon us, he would discover it; doth he not search the heart and try the reins of the children of men? Can we hide from his presence? Would the top of Carmel be too high for him, or the depths of the sea too deep? Should we seek to mount above the clouds to escape him, or fly beyond the western sea and get beyond his ken? There is he—everywhere—above, beneath, around—all eye, all ear, hearing, seeing all things,—knowing, even before they are our own, the inborn thoughts which are in our spirits. But what a joy this is, that even he himself shall not be able to find a sin in the blood-washed child of God! Up from the bath of precious blood we come, and omniscience itself can see no spot remaining; in the full blaze of the awful glory of the day of judgment, when God's eye shall read the very inmost thoughts of sinners, and when his voice shall wake the echoes of every conscience, God's eye shall see no sin in those for whom Christ died; God's voice shall wake no accusing thought, shall not startle us, but shall cause us joy unsullied, because we shall know that he seeth in us no shadow of fault, but accepteth us in the beloved. Sweet truth, and easy to repeat, but how hard to hold and grasp firmly!—we are complete in him, perfect in Christ Jesus, for he hath put away our sin, he hath cast our iniquities into the depths of the sea. "I have blotted out like a cloud thine iniquities, and like a thick cloud thy sins; they shall not be remembered against thee any more for ever." "Thy sins shall be searched for, but there shall be none—yea, the sins of Judah, but they shall not be found." Fly, fly, thou spirit, thou bright-eyed one—fly abroad to all the countless hosts of Christ's elect, washed in his blood. Gabriel, look upon each one as they now gather before the eternal throne, and, thou discerning one, hast thou found fault in one of them? There is Magdalene there, and there the thief, and Saul of Tarsus and Manasseh; findest thou a fault in them, thou spirit of the blessed? There stand the glorious hosts of those who, in these later days, have crossed the stream and entered their eternal rest. I charge you, ye watchers and ye holy ones, tell me, can you find a fault among them? and their answer is, "Nay, their being here proveth that there is none, for there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth. Ay, when the last great day shall come, and the whole company shall be safely housed, and all appear in their Father's house, even amongst them all, if they were all examined, put into the scales, there should not be found one of whom Tekel could be said; if they were put into the fire, there should not be a grain of dross in them altogether, though the chief of sinners once; and if they shall be examined, as they must be, by the eternal eye of justice, yet, in them all, no stain or shadow of a fault shall be discovered.

2. And now I want you to take *the sense of the words* as I have tried to take their sound and work out the metaphor. As I understand, the sense is just this, that when God pardons his people he pardons all their sins at once—not half, but all. Their blasphemy, their lust, their theft, their pride, their lying, whatever it may have been, that one name, written in blood, is full receipt for all—"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin." If thou believest now, my hearer, thou

is not one sin in God's book against thee, nay, not a tithe of a sin, nor the charge of iniquity. But know again, not only does God pardon all, but he pardons in all senses of the term. You know, my brethren, that sometimes a man may pardon his son, but still he could not reinstate him into the same confidence. A father may forgive the son who has run wild, but he will not entrust him with his money, and he sometimes thinks it right to make some little difference between the treatment of this son, penitent though he be, and the other who had not wandered. But God pardons completely; he harboureth no ill thought of you, but loveth thee no less than he would have done if thou hadst never sinned. Yes, hear me while I say it. If thou hadst been as Adam once was—perfect and pure, without spot—he could not love thee more than he doth now, when he puts away thy sin; nor could he give thee greater privileges. He could not give thee greater honours; he has given thee a promise of a crown, and a share of Jesus' throne. He hath made thee heir of all things, joint-heir with Christ. What more could he have done unto thee, hadst thou been a perfect one? So I say, when you are believers, all your sins are in all senses put away.

But remark, when God pardons the soul he puts away all sin *for ever*. The cloud may return after the rain, but the cloud of my sin cometh back no more. When the winter is gone, and the spring-time and the summer hath made sure her footsteps, yet shall the winter come again, and the green leaves fall from the trees; but the winter of my spirit's discontent and sin shall never come again. The great sea, when it cometh up in its flood, must flow again and ebb; but that love of God which covereth up my sins shall never come back again, but it shall abide at the full for ever and for ever. Sinner, the sun of God's mercy never sets when it has once risen! The stream of Divine love never dries up when it has once begun to flow. It is no brook like Cherith, at the side of which a prophet might sit down; but there it is, an ever-flowing river, as perpetual as the fountain itself, which is none other than the eternal heart of God. Oh, I know not where my brethren get any comfort from—those who think that pardoned sin may come back again! Oh, beloved, this Bible would be to me like a casket empty of its jewels, if you take from me the firm belief that once-forgiven sin is no more imputed; once washed, the blackness, the filthiness remains no longer. That argument of the Apostle Paul was magnificent indeed, "For if while we were yet sinners Christ died"—or if when we were enemies we were reconciled unto God by the death of his Son—"how much more being reconciled we shall be saved by his life!" Do you see the pith of the argument? For if when we were enemies we were reconciled, how much more being friends! if when we were enemies we were reconciled—the harder work—how much more being reconciled shall we be saved! and if when we were enemies we were reconciled by his death, how much more being reconciled we shall be saved by his life! It seems to be a bow which hath three arrows in its quiver. Here are three great points, each of which prove to a demonstration that the forgiven sinner shall be saved by the life of Christ.

So here let us rest awhile; verily we are now clean, if we are washed in Jesus' blood, and so clean that—

"Not the shadow or a spot  
Shall on our soul be found."

Come death when it may, we shall meet it with joy, and not with sorrow, for with our Saviour's garments on we are whole as the whole God.

Sinner, if thou hast never known what it is to be pardoned, let not this seem like a dream; but if thou sayest, "May I be forgiven?" Yes, sinner, yes. "Come, now, let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Sinner, if thou believest on Christ, be thy sins never so many, they shall be blotted

"The moment a sinner believes,  
And trusts in his crucified God,  
His pardon at once he receives,  
Forgiveness in full, through Christ's blood."

Oh, mayest thou, without delay, just as thou art, come and trust in Christ, and thy sins, which are many, shall be forgiven thee, and thou shalt go on thy way rejoicing in hope of the glory of God, even as thou art rejoicing in the assurance of the love of God! Amen.

## THE LOSING AND TAKING OF MANSOUL; OR, LECTURES ON THE HOLY WAR.

BY THE REV. A. S. PATTON, A.M., AUTHOR OF "KINCAID, THE HERO MISSIONARY."

X.—THE TOWN SEEN IN ITS FIRST BEAUTY; OR, THE SOUL MADE PERFECT IN HOLINESS.

"Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my cry shall be,—  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!"

"Just before I die sanctification will be finished; but not till that moment shall I ever claim perfection in myself.—O! glorious hour! O blessed moment! Methinks I long to die if there were no heaven, if I might but have that last purification, and come from Jordan's stream most white from the washing. O! to be washed white, clean, pure, perfect!"—C. H. SPURGEON.

"That ye put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness."—Eph. iv. 24.

"For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."—Rom. xiv. 17.

THE conflicts of the believer, though painful and long, are not doubtful as to their result, for, warring a good warfare, he shall certainly subdue all his foes, and come off, at last, more than conqueror, through him that hath loved us and given himself for us—*through* him, mark you! And this dependence is not only deeply felt, but gratefully acknowledged by the true Christian in every contest and in the achievement of every victory.

But while this is the case, it affords no ground for spiritual spathy, and is perfectly consistent with the most constant and earnest exertion of our own natural endowments. Very beautifully indeed has Bunyan set this forth in the honours shown by Mansoul to Immanuel, and in the reciprocal favour shown by the gracious Prince to some of the chief men of the town. Thus while we read that the captains and elders of Mansoul came together on the occasion of a great victory, to salute and welcome him with a thousand welcomes, he, it is said, in return, not only smiled upon them, but also bestowed upon them many distinguishing tokens of his favour. And this conjunction of effort and honour—effort on our part, and honour received

from Christ—is continued through the whole period of our spiritual history; while it is especially conspicuous in the case of those who have made any considerable progress in the Divine life. Hence we read, that Mansoul, having succeeded in vanquishing all her foes, now enjoyed "some good degree of peace and quiet—her Prince also abode within her borders, her captains also, and her soldiers did their duties, and Mansoul minded her trade that she had with the country afar off, also, she was busy in her manufacture."

How finely does this illustrate that great Scripture truth—"To be spiritually minded is life and peace;" for it is only as we strive against sin, and mortify the deeds of the body, and rise above the debasing influence of carnal passions, that we can possibly arrive at that state of quietness and spiritual comfort, which it is the peculiar and exclusive privilege of the true believer to enjoy. And this resistance to the influences of sin from without, and this crucifixion of the affections and lusts that war within, is not the work of a day; oh, no! it is a labour taxing the vigilance and energy of the whole life. The figure which the Apostle Paul employs to represent the Christian

life, is indeed a fearful one. He seems to fix our view on two athletics, as they meet in the public arena, there, with all their muscular power, to contend for a prize, and when the contest is over, and the victor is hailed with wild applause, and crowned with laurels, the Apostle says to those who are entered for "the good fight of faith"—"So fight, so win."—"They do it that they may obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible."

Before we are successful, therefore, a long and desperate conflict may tax our strength, and, often terrified by the power of the enemy, and depressed by a painful sense of our own weakness, we may be almost ready to give up the contest. But, though thus troubled on every side, only let patience have her perfect work, and, with unwavering courage, let the Christian, clad in the Gospel panoply, "*stand*," and he shall be able "to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." Satan shall certainly be put under his feet, and, like Mansoul, he shall arrive, at length, "to some good degree of peace and quiet."

Nor is this the only result flowing from the believer's steadfast resistance of sin, for if thus successful in opposing the encroachments of Satan, he shall be blessed with the presence and love of his Saviour,—a sense of whose favour shall be to him more than a feast; and whereas, he was once only conscious of indwelling sin, he shall now be more deeply conscious of an indwelling Christ, and the joy of the Lord will be his strength. Thus it was with Mansoul, for "*her Prince also abode within her borders, her captains also and her soldiers did their duties.*"

But especially, under such influences, will the soul be stirred up to *prayer*, for as with Mansoul, she will then "*mind her trade that she has with the country afar off.*" And a most profitable commerce this is. It is a trade carried on between a land of want and one of unfailing plenty—a business of vast extent, and conducted, not between neighbouring continents, but between distant worlds, and yet, so perfect in all its arrangements, that there is no interruption in the communication, and no failure in the abundant return of spiritual blessings. Of prayer some one has said, "it flies where the eagle never flew; and rises on wings broader and stronger than an angel's. It travels further and faster than light. Rising from the heart of a believer, it shoots away beyond the starry sky, and

reaching the throne, enters into the ear of God. So soon as the heart begins to work on earth, it moves the hand of God in heaven, and ere the prayer has left the lips of faith, Jesus has presented it to the Father, and secured its answer. Thus the supply is on the road before the want is expressed; the door opens before the hand has struck it; while prayer is travelling up one line of the telegraph, the answer is speeding down the other."

The believer knows of no sweeter privilege, and experiences no holier enjoyment than that afforded him of holding spiritual intercourse with heaven, and when "Christ dwells in his heart by faith," he will not, he *cannot* be neglectful of those seasons of devotion, which, while they bring him into "audience with the Deity," serve, also, to loosen the hands of sin, to purify the soul, to elevate the affections, and to raise his whole nature into closer sympathy with the holiness and happiness of the redeemed in glory.

But the Christian life is one of *effort* as well as prayer. Mansoul, we are told, was not only mindful of the trade which she had with the country afar off, but "*was busy also with her manufacture,*"—a remark which seems intended to suggest the duty of diligently employing our time and talents in doing good. We are to labour unceasingly for the extension of the Divine glory and for the salvation of the perishing. If we would be consistent Christians, this conjunction of prayer and effort is indispensable; for it is only when we are thus found *working* that we can consistently pray—"Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us: yea, the work of our hands establish thou it."

The working forces of the Christian Church have, of late, been greatly increased. The numerous instances of the power of prayer, to which attention is frequently called, are manifestly associated with remarkable proofs of an increase of religious activity; and we believe that, at the present day, there is much to encourage the hope that we are soon to witness a higher development of the Christian life, than that with which we are now familiar. Here and there already we see those who seem to know the value of the immortal soul, and who, feeling for men ready to perish, are putting forth efforts for their salvation, in some measure commensurate with the vast interests at stake. And when this shall be



characteristic, not of a few, but of all the followers of Christ, they will then be fulfilling their true mission, and as the grand result, the kingdom of God will speedily come. It is not, however, to the effects flowing from prayer and effort on others, so much as to their influences on their individual own heart, that Bunyan here refers. He evidently means to teach us that prayer is a frame of mind and holy activity, a habit of life, that invariably indicate a condition of true spiritual prosperity; and those, therefore, who reach this standard of piety, will not only secure to themselves the largest measure of happiness, but, at the same time, accomplish the greatest amount of good for others. When in this state of mind, and, as if to reward him for his devotion, the believer experiences a remarkable and blessed sense of the presence of his Saviour, and in fulfilment of the promise—"I will love him, and will manifest myself to him," Jesus makes all his goodness to pass before him, and by the doctrines and cheering promises of his Word, he encourages him to hope for the greater glory of which he is hereafter to be the partaker.

It is with this delightful feature of Christian experience that Bunyan very appropriately closes his allegory. Accordingly, we read that Mansoul, having now been brought into a condition of peace and happiness, and the Prince having appointed a day on which to meet them, he proceeded in touching language to rehearse all his dealings with them, and in closing, gave them some further instructions for their safety and comfort.

"Many and great," said Immanuel, "are the privileges that I have bestowed upon you; I have singled you out from others, and have chosen you to myself, not for your worthiness, but for mine own sake. I have also redeemed you, not only from the dread of my Father's law, but from the hand of Diabolus. This I have done because I loved you, and because I have set my heart upon you to do you good."

He then reminds them of their former state of rebellion, and of his amazing love and forbearance toward them, even while they were madly bent on their own destruction. He also tells them that he had compassed them about and afflicted them on every side, that he might make them weary of their ways, and willing to do what concerned their own good and happiness. He acquaints them, moreover, with the fact

that he had lodged within their borders, "captains and rulers, soldiers and men of war, engines and excellent devices to subdue and bring down their foes." He then assures them that he had passed by all their backslidings, and that they should never again suffer under his anger and indignation. Finally, he informs them that in a little while, he would take down the famous town of Mansoul, and "carry the stones thereof, and the timber thereof, and the walls thereof, and the dust thereof, and the inhabitants thereof, into his own country, even into the kingdom of his Father." "And there," said he, "shall the natives of Mansoul see all that of which they have seen nothing here; there shall they be equal to those unto whom they have been inferior here. And there shalt thou, O my Mansoul, have such communion with me, with my Father, and with your Lord Secretary, as is not possible here to be enjoyed, nor ever could be, shouldst thou live in Universe the space of a thousand years."

In this remarkable speech of Immanuel, we have language such as our blessed Redeemer himself might be supposed to use if addressing his chosen people. Our author evidently designs to represent the Lord Jesus Christ as making a recapitulation of his gracious dealings with the souls of his followers. He shows them, first, that they are saved, not by merit, but by grace; which lays them under the highest obligation to love and obedience. He then speaks to them of his merciful designs in chastening them; of the abundant means which he has provided for their spiritual support and improvement; of his amazing mercy in making them the objects of his love after all their fearful apostasies; and, finally, of his determination, after death, to raise them from the grave, and take them where they shall enjoy everlasting honour and be as the angels of God—where mortality shall at last be "SWALLOWED UP OF LIFE," and body and soul, being made free from sin shall experience the perfect and eternal bliss of heaven.

Now the highest conception that can at present be gained of this happy state is associated, beyond doubt, with the delightful thought of enjoying it with Immanuel. This evidently was the heaven for which Paul so earnestly longed, when he desired to depart that he might be with Christ and the idea of being absent from the body and present with the Lord, was one which

filled his soul with unspeakable delight. It was in prospect of this great privilege that he said—"Whom having not seen we love, in whom though now we see him not, yet believing we rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory." In exact agreement with this experience, moreover, are the sublime visions reported to us in the Apocalypse. Here heaven is opened to our view, and, in its glowing descriptions Christ is represented as the glory of the place, lighting up all countenances with joy, filling all hearts with gladness, and engaging all tongues in adoration and praise. In that holy place there is no night, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God and the Lamb are the light thereof.

Yes, this is heaven. It is to see God; it is to be with Jesus—to be changed into the same image, to burn with a seraph's ardour in our adorations, and to unite with cherubim and seraphim in shouting hallelujah, salvation, and glory, and honour, and power unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb! And when we remember that all this is not for a day, but something that shall last for ever, O how overpowering is its contemplation, and what abundant reason has every believer in Christ to rejoice in hope of the glory of God! It is this hope that now cheers the saints in all their conflicts with sin; and in anticipation of the amazing joys which await them, they are made to renounce the world, and to long for heaven!

This hope, let it be further remarked, generally grows brighter and stronger as the believer approaches the end of his course, until, in some instances, it seems almost lost in fruition, and such foretastes of glory are given to the soul that it is ready to break for the longing it hath.

It is this blessed experience that BUNYAN so beautifully describes in his entrancing sketch of the land of Beulah. Here, he says, the pilgrims "heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear on the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth day and night. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to, also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof, for in this land the shining ones commonly walked, because it was on the borders of heaven."

Marvellous as this language may seem to some, it after all only shadows forth the amazing bliss of one who on earth is favoured with foretastes of the joys of heaven. Such

a favoured one was Edward Payson, when, in a holy glow of feeling, he wrote to a beloved sister:—

"Were I to adopt the figurative language of Bunyan, I might date this letter from the land of Beulah, of which I have been, for some weeks a happy inhabitant. The celestial city is full in my view. Its glories beam upon me, its breezes fan me, its odours are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the river of death, which now appears but as an insignificant rill, that may be crossed at a single step, whenever God shall give permission. The Sun of Righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as he approached; and now he fills the whole hemisphere, pouring forth a flood of glory, in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun, exulting, yet almost trembling, while I gaze on this excessive brightness, and wondering, with unutterable wonder, why God should deign thus to shine upon a sinful worm. A single heart and a single tongue seem altogether inadequate to my wants: I want a whole heart for every separate emotion, and a whole tongue to express that emotion."

It was this view of heaven that led John Howe, in a holy ecstasy, to say one night to his wife—"Though I love you as much as it is fit for one creature to love another, yet if it were put to my choice, whether to die this moment or live this night, and by living this night, I could secure to myself the continuance of this life for seven years longer, I should choose to die this moment." And it was this same hope and prospect of glory, bringing near the bliss of eternity, that led Halyburton to entreat God to stay his hand. lest he should be overcome of joy.

Let it be noticed, however, that while the people of Mansoul were assured of future good, and encouraged to hope that the town would ultimately be made "a spectacle of wonder and a monument of mercy," they were, at the same time, counselled to keep their garments "white and clean," and faithfully charged to make straight paths for their feet, by observing all the Prince's statutes. Moreover, to cheer their hearts and establish their confidence, Immanuel is represented as addressing them in language of deepest and tenderest affection. "Because I live," said he, "thou shalt live also. I reconciled thee to my Father by the blood of my cross, and

being reconciled, thou shalt live through me. I will pray for thee, I will fight for thee, I will yet do thee good. Nothing can hurt thee but sin; nothing can grieve me but sin; nothing can make thee base before thy foes but sin. As I have taught thee to watch, to fight, to pray, and to make war against my foes, so now I command thee to believe that my love is constant to thee."

And thus it is that the Gospel, while encouraging the believer with a "hope of glory," and by its cheering revelations and promises, awakening anticipations of the exalted privilege of living for ever with God, makes it his imperative duty, at the same time, to watch against sin, to keep his garments unspotted from the world, and to perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord. If

this be the aim and manner of his life, he will enjoy a constant sense of the Divine favour; and, resting on the sure pledge of his Saviour's love and power, he will be made strong against every foe; and, under all circumstances, he will be able to say—"I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

"Thus on he moves to meet his latter end,  
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;  
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,  
While resignation gently slopes the way;  
And all his prospects bright'ning to the last,  
His heaven commences ere the world be past."

## THE LOSING AND TAKING OF MANSOUL.

### XI.—THE SPIRITUAL WAR REVIEWED; OR, SATAN VANQUISHED.

"And if I should reach heaven—  
If one who has so deeply, darkly sinned—  
If one, whom ruin and revolt have held  
With such a fearful grasp—If one for whom  
Satan has struggled, as he hath for me,  
Should ever reach that blissful shore!—O then  
This heart will glow with gratitude and love!  
And through the ages of eternal years,  
Thus saved, my spirit never shall repent  
That toil and suffering once were mine below."

"Faith is the grand power in the spiritual battle. It grapples with the mere animal and the infidel in man. It conquers the depravity of his heart, when that power is more than a match for his highest intelligence and firmest resolutions. It brings the heart into contact with the atonement, and 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin.'"—JESSE T. PECK.

"I have fought a good fight;—Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."—  
2 Tim. iv. 7, 8.

"Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. xv. 57.

THE Christian life is a warfare—a perpetual struggle with influences and powers which unite to oppose and destroy whatever contributes to advance an individual in true virtue or holiness. "We wrestle," says the Apostle, "not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against spiritual wickedness in high places." And in view of this fearful combination of adversaries, we are exhorted to take to ourselves "the whole armour of God; that we may be able to stand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand."

A sketch of this contest, embracing its prominent incidents and its final issue, having been given in the preceding lectures; we propose, now, briefly, to review this war from its beginning to its glorious termination.

The evident design of our ingenious author, in the suggestive allegory we have attempted to unfold, is to portray "the good fight of faith;" and a summary of the most important features of this fearful struggle, may serve still farther to enforce the practical and affecting truths which have been already suggested.

Three general aspects of this war will suffice, perhaps, to bring to view the prominent spiritual teachings which it is clearly intended to convey. We shall consider, then,—

I. The original splendour of Mansoul, and the influences which brought about its apostasy.

II. The contest for its recovery, with the means employed to accomplish it.

III. The successful issue of the war

which restored the town to its rightful ruler, and its first beauty.

1. Let us consider, first, the original splendor of Mansoul, and the influences which brought about its apostasy. This town was built, we are told, in the "gallant country of Universe," and was so fair, so curious, and so advantageous in its privileges, that "there was not its equal under the whole heaven." Yea, so goodly was it, when first built, that it is said the gods, at the setting up thereof, came down to see it, and sung for joy.

In the midst of the town there was a noble palace or castle, which had been reared by the King and designed for his own abode. The walls of the town had five gates, and these were "such as could never be opened, nor forced, but by the will and leave of those within." Moreover, among its inhabitants there was not a "rogue, rascal, or traitorous person" to be found, and it was privileged to enjoy the special countenance and protection of its King.

Upon a certain time, however, there was a wicked giant who made an assault upon this town, to take it and make it his own habitation. He was "a great and mighty prince, and yet both poor and beggarly." Once he was employed in the service of the King, but having, with others, been convicted of treason, he had been banished from the court, and now, to revenge himself, he determined to destroy, if possible, "one of the chief works and delights of his Sovereign." By various devices and stratagems, this most wicked and daring enemy succeeded, at length, in gaining entrance to Mansoul; and taking possession of the castle, he assumed the complete rule of the town, and in a short time, every feature of the government was entirely changed, and all that once made it a place of such attraction and beauty, was either sadly defaced or utterly destroyed.

Here let us pause to receive instruction. After what has already been said, it cannot be necessary of course that we should ask whether you understand what is signified by this singular narrative. At once your moral sense detects the import of the figure, and no one can fail to be reminded of the great scriptural truths which it is designed to illustrate. But, the question is, have you any adequate conception of the application of this description to your own state and character? It is a graphic and fearful picture, not of an isolated and remote case of spiritual ruin, but of man's universal

apostasy, and it but too truthfully indicates the agency by which this most sad result was effected. Alas! alas! on every hand we meet with the most overwhelming proof that the moral condition of man has undergone a most mournful change—that his nature, once pure and noble, is now debased and sensual. In a word, that he is an entirely different being from what he was as he came from the hands of his Maker. If any ask how this fearful change has been brought about, we can only say, that upon this point, the testimony of God's Word is most clear and conclusive. By this we are taught that the history of sin in our world dates with the fall of our first parents; and to that fearful apostasy we are taught to trace those powerful-innate tendencies to sin, under the sway of which we are so often obliged to acknowledge our utter impotency to good, and our irresistible inclination to evil, "Adam," it is said, "*begat a son in his own likeness*"—a statement which seems to be in exposition of this very doctrine; the likeness here spoken of referring, not primarily, to physical form, but to moral disposition, and what is said of the first descendant of Adam, may be said, with equal truth, of every being propagated by his posterity. Thus, with David, we must all make the humbling confession, "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me."

But even where this view of the origin of our depravity is not excepted, the existence of sin cannot be questioned; and no mere theory can possibly blind men to the fact that, as transgressors, they are involved in a condition out of which they have no moral ability to raise themselves. In connection with the acknowledged existence of sin, however, the majority of men seem to be unaccountably and deplorably ignorant with reference to the degree of their individual culpability. While they assent to the general proposition which includes them among the apostate, they seem to have but an imperfect conception of the extent of their apostasy. While they acknowledge themselves sinners, they have, too often, no clear and settled view as to what sin is; and no proper idea, therefore, of the enormity of their guilt. By some strange and fell delusion they seem to succeed in persuading themselves that they are not guilty in the same sense, and to the same degree, as their fellows.

Because they are not positively *vicious*, they do not regard themselves as deeply

*sinfu*. They are only appalled at sin when it manifests itself in open acts of injustice, or glaring immorality; and while possessing commendable social feelings, and moral sensibilities, and holding in abhorrence all crimes against civil law, they flatter themselves that they must be, in some sense, exceptions to the great mass of mankind, and exempt from that sweeping verdict of Divine truth which declares, "There is none that doeth good; no, not one."

In opposition to all such false and presumptuous notions, however, we hold that the teachings of the Scriptures upon this point are of *universal* application, and, consequently, that against every individual of the human race, there lies this charge of guilt—a charge which arraigns us all as rebels against heaven, and from which no one can consistently or honestly appeal.

After all, however, the great difficulty is to bring this charge home to the heart and conscience. Even the general admission that "by one man's disobedience many were made sinners," is not necessarily connected with any proper sense of personal guilt. What we most need is an intelligent conviction of our individual apostasy from God, and to this no man can ever be brought, except through the enlightening influence of the Holy Ghost. When this is imparted, the hidden depravity of his heart is at once revealed, and, as he examines his life, he is made to see the fearful subserviency of all his passions and powers to the will of Satan, and with deepest shame and sorrow he acknowledges himself under the complete control of "the spirit that worketh in the children of disobedience." From this degrading vassalage, however, the soul may be delivered, and the agency by which this is effected will be brought to view as we pass to consider—

2. The contest for the Recovery of Mansoul, with the means employed to accomplish it. We are told that when the tidings of Mansoul's revolt were carried to the King, he lamented its loss, and that "at a rate of the highest degree." Very soon, however, it was announced that it should be recovered again, and "in such a way that the King and his Son would get themselves eternal fame and glory thereby." It was accordingly determined that, at a certain time, the King's Son should take a journey into the country of Universe, and there lay the foundation of Mansoul's perfect deliverance. The intelligence of this benevolent design having been recorded by

the Lord Chief Secretary, orders were given to have the same published in all the corners of the kingdom. When this began to be known, it was the occasion of great rejoicing among those in attendance at the court, while, to the Usurper, it proved a cause of "no little molestation." Every effort was made to keep these good tidings from the ears of Mansoul, and by various wicked devices—the passions and prejudices of the people were stirred up, so that they might thus be induced to resist the coming of their Deliverer. Instead of joyfully welcoming him, therefore, they put themselves in an attitude of defence, and it became necessary to besiege the town with an immense army, and to assault it with the most effective weapons of warfare. At one time, fearing they might not be able to maintain their position, they reluctantly proposed to capitulate. All their terms, however, were promptly rejected, and they were, finally, given to understand that unless an unconditional surrender was made, the war would be vigorously prosecuted to their destruction, and the utter ruin of the town.

Let us pause here again, that we may make a practical and personal improvement of this second prominent feature in our allegory. Its obvious design is to teach us that though by nature depraved, and living in open rebellion against our Creator, we may yet, through a provision of his infinite grace, be pardoned, and brought into a state of reconciliation. "I have loved you," says Jehovah, "with an everlasting love: therefore, with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." And when, in connection with this declaration, we read that wonderful, incomprehensible statement,— "God so loved the world . . . that he gave his only begotten Son, that the world through him might be saved," we have brought to view, at the same time, the proof and development of that purpose of mercy, "which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."

By this marvellous expedient, Divine Wisdom designs the recovery of our apostate race, and in the consummation of those eternal counsels which relate to human redemption, the Universe will be called to witness and admire the highest exhibition of God's grace and wisdom.

It was by this arrangement that the foundation of our perfect deliverance was laid, and in the Gospel we have revealed this wonderful scheme of salvation,—a scheme which not only harmonizes with

every perfection of the Divine nature, but, in its results, is certain of achieving the highest ends of human happiness. But while angels and archangels exult in this manifestation of the riches and wisdom of God's grace, our great Adversary, with wicked malevolence, is constantly seeking its subversion, and alas! so successful are his devices that even lost men, instead of promptly and joyfully receiving Christ as their Saviour, are found scornfully rejecting all the overtures of his mercy, and proudly refusing to acknowledge him as their only rightful Sovereign.

To overcome this determined resistance, and bring sinners, through repentance and faith, to yield their hearts to God, is the great design of the various means and instrumentalities which are used for the spread and establishment of Christianity. Prominent among these, however, are the labours of the ministry; and while those who are called to this work, go forth, emphatically, on an embassy of peace, bearing with them a generous treaty from the court of heaven, and beseeching men, in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God, yet how affecting is the thought, that such labours often become, in a certain sense, accessory to their perdition; in other words, that, to many, these very ambassadors prove only a "savour of death unto death." But, happily, these benevolent efforts, which are put forth for the recovery of the lost, accomplish, in not a few instances, a very different result. Multitudes, thus convinced of their guilt, are brought into a state of deep contrition, and, acknowledging the righteousness of the Divine claims, they are led to ground the weapons of their rebellion; and, whereas they were once found obstinately rejecting the counsels of God against themselves, and making Christ an avenger, they are now prepared cordially to embrace the truth, and joyfully to welcome Jesus as a Sovereign and a Saviour.

3. We pass now to notice the successful issue of the war, which restored Mansoul to its rightful rule, and to its first beauty.

Though the most favourable terms of reconciliation had been proposed to Mansoul, they were all, it is said, proudly rejected, and it became necessary for the army of Immanuel to assault the town, and thus take it by force. Accordingly preparations were at once made for battle. After several desperate charges, Ear Gate was finally broken open, when the forces of Immanuel entered the town, and pressed their

way to take possession of the Recorder's house, and also to demand the surrender of the palace for the use of their Prince. In accomplishing these remarkable feats of valour, several very mischievous enemies were slain, the impregnable castle was also carried; and now, the Prince, clad in his resplendent armour, marched with his attendants into the town, and, having cast out Diabolus, took possession of the castle. Mansoul was now at the mercy of Immanuel, and fearing lest he might quickly avenge his wrongs, and deal with them as adversaries, the people began earnestly to petition for pardon. Their suit, though for a time disregarded, was at last granted, and as the result of this clemency, the town, we are told, was filled with universal rejoicing. The government, also, was entirely changed; all the old rulers were removed, and, in their place, such officers were appointed as would strictly adhere to the laws of their Prince, and administer the government for the good of the town. But what contributed most to their felicity was that the Prince himself now dwelt in their midst, and he would "feast them," it is said, "and be with them continually; hardly a week would pass, but a banquet must be betwixt him and them, yea, every day with Mansoul was now a feast-day." With all this, however, they were not entirely free from danger. There were numerous lurking enemies within, and hosts of desperate foes without, whose chief aim it was to conspire and plot against their prosperity and peace; more than once, indeed, they were well nigh destroyed by these adversaries, and nothing but unshaken confidence in their Prince, joined with unremitting diligence, and untiring patience, saved them from falling again under the wicked and despotic rule of Diabolus.

And when the town of Mansoul, says Bunyan, had thus far rid themselves of so many of their enemies, and the troublers of their peace, the Prince instructed them in matters which, "if observed, would tend to their farther safety and comfort, and to the condemnation and destruction of their home-bred Diabolonians." And having thus admonished and counselled them, he gave them, in conclusion, a pledge of his unchanging love, and an assurance of their future advancement both in happiness and honour.

Now all this only represents, in outline, what occurs in the history of almost every man's conversion. There is a marked dif-

ference, we admit, in the reception given to the Gospel by those under conviction. In some instances the heart is manifestly more easily brought into subjection; the conflict is soon over, and instead of violent opposition to the Divine mercy, there is a cheerful acceptance of its proffered provisions. In many cases God is pleased, undoubtedly, to deal so gently with gracious souls that they are not able to tell the precise time at which they were convicted, pardoned, and translated from darkness to light. In reviewing the map of their pilgrimage, they are at a loss to remember the starting-point of their spiritual life; and if we should speak to such, of the desperate resistance, the wilful and violent opposition of the heart to the authority and grace of God, they might truthfully affirm that they had never known such feelings, and had never passed through such an experience. In the majority of instances, however, we are persuaded it is quite the reverse. There is in men, generally, a deep-seated enmity against the claims of the Gospel, and a protracted struggle ensues before they can be brought to acknowledge their guilt, and yield their hearts to Christ.

But when the truth once gains an entrance, and the conscience and the heart are reached, the work of subjugating the soul to God is soon effected. Then its deep rebellion is discovered; many of its hidden evils are brought to view; and an end is at once put to some of its most cherished sins. Moreover, Satan having been cast out, Christ now enters, and taking possession, asserts his rightful sovereignty. Though willing to receive him, however, and to acknowledge its allegiance, so deep is the soul's distress, and so intense its anguish under the discovery of its guilt and rebellion, that it can scarcely endure its torments. As old BURTON says—"It consumes them to nought, God's heavy wrath is kindled in their souls, and, notwithstanding their continual prayers and supplications to Christ Jesus, they have no release or ease at all, but a most intolerable torment, and insufferable anguish of conscience." Nor can they know anything like comfort until, by an assurance of pardon, they are brought to enjoy a sweet sense of peace with God.

Then the heart is filled with gladness, and, as with Mansoul, every day is "a feast day." The great effort of the believer now is to bring into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ. In his daily life he is found manfully "striving against sin," and, in the confident hope of vanquishing every foe, and reigning for ever with Christ, he presses on till, at last, he achieves a complete victory, and "receives a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

Most happily has Bunyan styled this a HOLY WAR; for it is a conflict, as we have seen, involving interests which no finite powers can comprehend, and fraught with issues which not only tell now upon the soul's purity and happiness, but which must affect for ever its character and destiny. In this magnificent strife every child of Adam is a party, and the great question is, with which of these opposing forces are you ranked. In the great controversy that agitates Earth and divides the Universe, are you on the side of Heaven, or Hell? Are you fighting against the Almighty, or are you with him in resisting the reign of sin? Are your interests with the people of God, or with the Adverse Powers of Darkness? Have you chosen the sinning and losing side in this contest, or are you on the side of holiness, and through Almighty Power, assured of ultimate victory? Remember your happiness, your all, for time and eternity, depend on your relation to this warfare; and if any continue to resist the claims of Christ, in the great day of his triumph he shall say, "Those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me." But those who have followed him as the Captain of their Salvation, and nobly acquitted themselves in this life-battle, shall not only come off victorious, but in the end be crowned with everlasting honour; for he has said, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne."

"There shall the conqueror rest,  
And in that bright abode  
For ever reign amid the blest,  
Triumphphant with his God."

THE END.

## THE LATE REV. JONATHAN WHITEMORE.

It is our painful duty to record the sudden and unexpected death of the esteemed originator and editor of this Magazine. He was seized with paralysis on Friday, Oct. 26th, and lingered until Wednesday evening, the 31st. He had, only the day before, finished his MESSENGER for November, which always occupied a large share of his attention, and was a real work of love with him. For a short time reason and speech remained, and he conversed, with singular promptitude, with his wife and a few select friends, upon the interests and conduct of his various publications; and, what is still more gratifying, about that Saviour whom he loved, and in his own peculiar way sought so incessantly to honour. Soon, however, the faculty of speech failed, though there seemed for a couple of days longer to be a partial consciousness; and as the end approached our friend was permitted to testify, by an emphatic "Yes," to his firm reliance upon that Saviour whom for many years it had been his business and delight to set forth as the only way of everlasting life. And so he departed in peace. For him there is no cause to grieve. Death was gain to him. He simply rests from his labours. In cases like these, "it is the living who die," as the widow who remains can sorrowfully testify. Many have lost a friend, and keenly will they also feel their bereavement. Possessing a warm and generous nature, he endeared himself to all who became associated with him in his varied works, which were neither few nor small. For, in addition to his ministerial engagements at Eynsford, Kent, he kept the printing press in constant occupation by the pens of those whose activity was called forth to carry out his schemes of public usefulness.

He was born at Sandy, in Bedfordshire, where, as a mere boy, he attracted the attention of the vicar of the village, from whom he received a Bible as a token of good conduct, which he prized until his death, and which still remains in his sorrowing widow's care as a memento of childhood, which is justly held sacred. He was born in the year 1802, and was, consequently, only fifty-eight years old when he died; but his nervous system had been for several years unstrung, as the penalty of an overtaxed brain and excessive physical labour. Few men, indeed, have we ever known, who, in the midst of such constant and frequently-excruciating pain, could pursue their engagements without intermission and with evident enthusiasm as he did. At a very early age he had a strong predilection for the ministry, and often amused himself, by preparing sketches of sermons. He was also passionately fond of the publishing business, into the very heart of which he was brought by his early connection with the publishing house of his relative, the late Mr. Evans, in Feternoter-row; there he acquired a large amount of practical information, which it was a positive passion with him all his life long to turn to the best account for the edification of the Church and the improvement of the world. Among the first of his literary engagements was the bringing out of a whole library of Livings in the collected works of Dr. J. Owen, which were followed by other standard works of universal utility.

When about eighteen years of age he joined the Baptist church in Spencer-place, Goswell-road, then under the pastoral care of the Rev.

J. Peacock, by whom he was baptized, and who still survives him, though incapacitated for labour.

Being some time after removed, in the providence of God, to Brighton, he established a publishing business of his own, and soon became interested in that then neglected class, the fishermen, which so abound on our coasts. He was instrumental in the erection of the first Bethel Chapel at Brighton, and in opening Sunday-schools for the fishermen's children. The blessing of God largely rested upon these labours; many souls were born to glory, and the social and moral condition of many families was greatly improved. These efforts, too, were an important schooling to him in relation to the work of the ministry, to which he was at no distant day to be called. Looking over a magazine this day, which he issued at that time, to advocate the cause of these poor people, we find that eminent philanthropists and Christians cheerfully laid their talents and wealth under contribution to assist him and his co-workers in the good cause. The feelings with which he went forth to his labours, at a time when labourers were comparatively few, and real philanthropy was only forging its implements, for the moral cultivation of the masses of our home population, may best be described by some fugitive lines found amongst his papers, since his decease:—

### RECOLLECTION OF SABBATHS AT BETHEL.

'Tis the Sabbath—a day of quiet and ease,  
A day of delights, of enjoyment, and peace;  
The saints thus have proved it in every age,  
And comfort have found from God's sacred page,  
Which on this holy day (when the turmoils  
and strife  
Of the business and cares of this wilderness life  
Have been banished awhile) they have conned.  
o'er and o'er,  
Growing wiser and wiser in heavenly lore.

May we, my dear friend, like our fathers, be  
pressing  
To the prize set before us, and be rich in pos-  
sessing  
The knowledge of Jesus, which bringeth sal-  
vation;  
Then happy are we, whate'er be our stations.  
May every Sabbath more vigilant find us,  
May its pleasures and joy never fail to remind us  
That soon we shall enter in glory above  
On a Sabbath eternal—a Sabbath of love.

He soon became popular as an occasional preacher, and in the year 1831 he received a unanimous call to the Christian ministry from the Baptist church at Rushden, in Northamptonshire, which he accepted, and entered upon his new field of service as the realization of his deepest aspirations after usefulness. He laboured there exactly twenty years, his ministry being largely blessed to many immortal souls; and a very affectionate remembrance of him, and his dear sorrowing widow, is cherished by the people there to this day. We may justly say that those who knew him most fully loved him the best.

During this period of his life, the engagements of a village parsonate not being sufficient to fill his thoughts, and his keen eye detecting many defects in the modes of worship amongst Protestant Dissenters, he projected several very important publications for the advancement of



congregational psalmody, including the Comprehensive Tune-book—and who shall say to what an extent his zealous and costly endeavours in this direction helped to bring about the change for the better in our church music that is so gratifying a feature of these days? Many, also, were the books he caused to issue, having for their object the instruction of the ignorant in the things of God, and the fostering of personal piety; and the periodical press becoming a new power in our midst, he was one of the first to endeavour to wield it with effect on the side of truth and goodness. Pecuniary profit was always with him a very secondary consideration; and whenever it was realized, was sure to be expended again upon new schemes, with which his busy mind and benevolent heart were always full to overflowing.

His one aim in these onerous undertakings, which were like piloting an untried vessel through dangerous straits, was the welfare of the Church of God, and the opening up of new sources of labour and income to the peasant population around him. His great enthusiasm to do these things, prevented him from foreseeing the unparalleled difficulties in his way, and the inevitable disappointment and trial attendant on his non-success. From a child we have known him, and since a manhood-judgment has enabled us to form an estimate of his character, we have looked upon him as a good man, grappling with magnificent, but difficult projects, which, having to be borne single-handed, often oppressed his spirit, and exposed his motives to misconstruction. Never had laborious and impoverished ministers, in country places, a more sincere friend and helper, as far as his means would allow—yea, often beyond them.

In the year 1852, he removed to Eynsford, in Kent, where he laboured consistently and usefully until his death terminated his mortal career. His recognition services, when he settled as pastor there, were conducted by the following ministers:—Revs. C. Box, Woolwich; C. Hosken, then of Crayford; J. Peacock, his early pastor; W. A. Blake, Shouldham-street; R. Hammond, Town Maiden, Kent; J. Wallis, Bexley-heath; and G. Hall, now of Edinburgh. Few pastors, when called home to their rest, will leave behind them a more affectionate, loving people, than are now left to mourn his loss at Eynsford. His memory will long be fragrant there, and his labours not be soon forgotten.

The *Leeds Mercury*, Nov. 10, 1860, commenting on his decease, says, "while preaching there (Rushden) and supporting his principles with that consistency which in rural districts involves, even now, much obloquy and annoyance, he took part in twelve church-rate contests. While warmly attached to his own denomination, he was of liberal spirit, and delighted to survey and co-operate in a wider field of evangelical effort. Of an intensely active mind, and full of zeal and enterprise, he engaged in numerous projects in connection with the spread of religious truth. At the beginning of the present year he commenced the *Sunday School Times*, a bold project, being a weekly periodical at a halfpenny; and in six months, as we were informed, it had already the extraordinary sale of 25,000 copies. During the last summer he communicated to the writer of this paragraph a scheme for another periodical, which would doubtless have been productive of much good; but from which the writer endeavoured to dissuade him, from concern respect-

ing the pecuniary risk. Yesterday's *Christian World*, however, states that, not two hours before the attack of paralysis which terminated his valuable life, he was talking hopefully of some new and important undertakings on which his heart was set. Mr. Whittemore was a man of high integrity, and of a warm and generous spirit; and his loss will be felt not only in his public capacity, but by an extensive circle of friends, among whom may be mentioned Mr. Spurgeon, who had a high opinion of him. His great industry and desire for usefulness led him to labour both in the pulpit and with the pen, at times when he ought to have had rest, and fears lest he should break down had been frequently excited. After the attack of paralysis he lingered for six days, and testified to the supporting power of the principles he had so long loved and advocated; and on the evening of the 31st of October, peacefully breathed his last, leaving a devoted wife who had greatly assisted him in his arduous pursuits. Those who knew most of him will long bear him in mind as a remarkable instance of the vast amount of good which one man may do, by labours to a great extent unseen."

THE BAPTIST MESSENGER, the *Christian World*, and the *Sunday-school Times* owed their existence to his fertile mind, and have been productive of incalculable good. The latter publication, though commenced only this year, has attained a circulation of 26,000 copies weekly, and no doubt stands at the head of Sunday-school literature; while the *Christian World* is acknowledged to be superior to any other paper of the kind. It will be interesting to the readers of the MESSENGER, as well as of the other papers, to know that each one will be conducted by the same contributors as before. The esteemed ministers who have contributed to the MESSENGER will continue to do so, and a few others who only occasionally aided will more often supply their valued contributions. Thus it is hoped that while his valuable supervision is inevitably withdrawn, by an all-wise providence, the churches will yet have as pure, interesting, and useful a medium of doctrinal teaching; and denominational information as before. It may truly, and in a special sense, be said that "being dead he yet speaketh." His influence for good cannot cease while these instruments remain; and the degree of power they must necessarily exert upon society is beyond language to express. There cannot be a question that multitudes will have abundant reason to bless God that his servant ever lived, and that he laboured as he did, during the greater part of half a century.

The circumstances connected with his last labours as a pastor were of so solemn a nature that they will long be remembered. There was an unusual earnestness about him, and his prayer was spoken of, even at the time, as singularly impressive and awfully sublime. His remarks to the writer, months before his death, leave little room to doubt that he had a settled conviction that this would be the last year of his earthly career. He remarked frequently, "I shall die in six months." The premonitory symptoms of his disorder were at times very severe. He would stop suddenly, even in the street, and say, "There it is—creeping over me like so many pointed instruments." His last text was, "There will be weeping," Matt. xxii. 13. From the notes of the sermon, which now lie before me, which are indeed impressive, and from the description given by one who heard

the sermon, the effect seems to have been peculiarly solemn, and no doubt must do lasting good. It abounded with contrasts, and bold pictures of heaven and hell, as if he felt how near he himself was to eternity, and strove to communicate the same feeling to others. Under a singular impression that his work was done there, he intimated on the Monday night that he should probably resign his charge, and that soon another voice would speak to them. When seized with the fatal stroke, he said, "It has come now—I shall not leave this house again alive."

All that was mortal of the dear departed was interred on Monday, Nov. 5th, in Abney-park Cemetery, in the presence of a numerous company of mourners, including several ministerial brethren, of different denominations. The Rev. W. A. Blake, of Shouldham-street Chapel, conducted the solemn service, and preached the

funeral sermon at Eynsford on Sunday evening, November 11th, from Psalm xiv. 10, to a crowded audience, deeply affected and solemnized by the loss of a true friend, a faithful pastor, and one of the most trustworthy helpers in a day of trial that ever sought to alleviate human sorrow. His dear widow, who deeply mourns his loss, was a kind, loving helpmeet—a valuable aid in his onerous duties—and yet remains in this vale of tears to wait the pleasure of her heavenly Father until he shall call her, as a fellow-heir of the grace of life, to unite in the songs of heaven with him and many more to whom they have been mutually useful on earth. May the numerous readers of his many works, his hearers, and all influenced by his labours, follow him so far as he followed Christ, and after their labours enter into eternal rest.

## P O E T R Y.

### MEMORIAL LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. J. WHITEMORE.

"That they may rest from their labours," Rev. xv. 13.

"His servants shall serve him," Rev. xxii. 3.

In the midst of loved engagements, working for thy Lord below,  
Full of quick, impulsive action, flushed with hope's exciting glow,  
Thou wert called, as in a moment, to the mansions of the blest,  
Where the Saviour's faithful servants from their earthly conflicts rest.

Not for thee a slow departure, not for thee a long decline;  
Better far a rapid transit, for a spirit such as thine;  
Ill could'st thou have borne to linger, when the time for toil was past;  
Therefore did thy Master give thee strength to labour to the last!

Now thou retest! Strange, yet cheering, is the thought of rest for thee;  
Here so busy, so impetuous, in thy quenchless energy;  
Never in thy progress staying, prompt and vigorous till life's close—  
Oh, how great appears the contrast of thy present deep repose!

Rest for thee! It soothes our sorrow, as thine absence we deplore,  
To remember that earth's turmoil can disturb thy peace no more;  
Not one weary, harassed feeling steals across thy tranquil breast;  
Heaven's eternal calm is round thee, and all cares are hushed to rest.

But thou hast not ceased from service, glorious work before thee lies,  
For repose is not inaction, in the language of the skies;  
With a strength that never falters, with seraphic joy and love,  
God's desigus thou art fulfilling, in the realms of light above.

There thy work is never hindered, none thy lofty aims oppose;  
Past is every disappointment, and unchecked thine ardour flows;  
Pure and perfect is the service thou dost render to the Lord;  
And his smile of sweet approval is thy constant, rich reward.

Weep for thee? oh, no, we cannot! thou art entered into rest;  
Earth has many bright attractions, but to be with Christ is best:  
May we work while daylight lasteth—work in faith, in hope, and prayer,  
Till, with those who have departed, everlasting bliss we share.

ANNA.

### LINES ON A DROWNED CHILD.

A weeping group is gathered round  
The fair young child so lately drowned;  
The loved one death, with hasty hand,  
Hath taken from the household band.  
Sadly the parents think how oft  
They watched his slumbers, deep and soft,  
His health-flushed cheeks and lips apart,  
Bright crimson as a rose's heart.

How different now! Not e'en a streak  
Of colour on the ice-cold cheek;  
Those silken curls of chestnut hair  
Will need no more a mother's care;  
The limbs that lately moved at will,  
And prattling tongue, in death are still;  
While on the face a violet shade  
Proclaims the conquest death has made.

We look upon the casket fair,  
The jewel has been taken—where?  
The cheering voice of faith replies—  
"Lift up to heaven your weeping eyes,  
And there behold the precious gem,  
Set in the Saviour's diadem;  
He bought it with his blood, and now  
It shines upon his glorious brow."

Yes, 'tis a truth, we rest assured,  
That Christ, the ever-blessed Lord,  
Made full atonement on the tree  
For all who die in infancy.  
So we believe this little child,  
Although, by nature, sin defiled,  
Hath found, through Christ, a lasting home  
Where sin and suffering never come.

Mourners, your grief no tongue can tell,  
But God, the Lord, doth all things well;  
And in his hands, whose name is love,  
This trial may a blessing prove.  
E'en now, though dark the cloud appear,  
His mercy shineth bright and clear;  
One child is not—but two are left;  
Ye might have been of *all* bereft.

Happy the parents who can say,  
Beside their darlings' lifeless clay—  
"Father, we bow to thy decree,  
Our little one is safe with thee.  
He shall return to us no more;  
But we, when this brief life is o'er,  
Shall go to him in heaven above,  
And sing for aye our Saviour's love."  
Wellingborough. THEODORA.

"OCCUPY TILL I COME."

"Then thou wilt come again, my dearest Lord,  
When all thy purposes of mercy are fulfilled?"

"Yes, I will come, my child; thine eyes shall see  
My regal splendour, and thou too shalt join,  
In gladsome strains, the grand triumphal lay,  
Harbinger of my universal sway.

Yes, I will come again; my long-loved Bride  
Shall sorrow no more then, nor be like one  
Mourning in saddest grief her absent Lord.  
AGAIN, but not as once I came, 'mid tears and woe,  
To climb dark hills of shame, to drink the bitter cup,  
To bear the curse, to bleed and die. That work is done!  
When next I come, 'twill be 'mid seraph bands,  
To judge the world, and bear my loved ones home."

"When wilt thou come, my Lord? when shall the daybeam shine,  
Proclaiming one for ever Thee and Thine?  
When shall I see that brow, once marr'd for me,  
Girt with the star-lit crown of Deity?"

Patience, my child, 'tis not for thee to know  
The time—the season of thy Lord's return;  
'Tis thine to watch, to wait with tireless hope.  
Trim thou thy Lamp, then; let the holy light  
Burn from above, o'er all thy pathway shine.  
Soon will the Bridegroom call thee hence away,  
To walk through countless years the shining way.

Riddings, Derbyshire.

THOS. W. HANDFORD.

OLD MARTHA; OR, TRUSTING FAITH.

IN one of those provincial towns that stud the more westerly shores of our Southern Channel, still stands a neat little row of almshouses, built many years ago, by some benevolent individual, as a refuge to aged widows from the cares and storms of life. It is true the whole extent of the charity was the room and neat little garden before the door; but to the poor and aged this room, free of all expense, was an incalculable blessing—would they were multiplied a hundred-fold in our land! But it is not of the "Widows' Retreat," for so was this little spot named, that I am going to speak, but of one of the widows who formerly dwelt there. Long since has she entered into her rest, and her happy spirit is even now rejoicing before the throne of God and the Lamb.

Martha Ebbott, when first I knew her, was a widow full of years and honour: I do not know her age, but she must have been verging on the three-score years and ten allotted to man, if she had not already passed its limit. I love to recall her memory, and I seem to see her now, as plainly as when, in years long past, I have opened her cottage door and seen her seated at her little

table, with her large old Bible open before her. She might have served well as a study to painter or poet; her room was ever the abode of order and cleanliness; and in her pleasant window always stood a large oak-leaf geranium and a bright crimson rose that looked, like their owner, the very picture of contentment and beauty. Her face was still round and florid, and a happy intelligent smile was ever beaming there; her silver hair was smoothly brushed back under her plain net cap of snowy whiteness; a dark stuff dress, with neat white neckerchief, a white apron, and heavy old-fashioned spectacles, completed her costume.

Martha had been for many years a member of the Baptist Church in the town in which she resided. It is now some twenty years ago, and not long after I myself had the honour of putting on the Lord by baptism, that a young friend asked me if I knew Martha Ebbott. I replied that I did not. "Then," said she, "you must go and see her, I go very often; I do so love to hear her talk, it is wonderful—and sometimes she looks like an angel!"

Alas! she too has passed away from earth—I

say alas! but the sigh is for myself, not for them—the one in old age, the other in the prime of womanhood; but of both alike I may say, they fought the good fight, they have finished their course, and together they rejoice, as the spirits of the just made perfect, with the innumerable company of angels.

It was not long after this I too knew and loved poor Martha; and many a time have I sat and listened with delight and joy to her "wonderful talk." Was I distressed, discouraged, or cast down by reason of the difficulties of the way, old Martha had always a holy promise to suit my case, and a kindly word of comfort to cheer me on the road. "Don't be afraid," she would say; "my dear Lord will never let you go. He has promised it, and he must do it—he cannot deny himself. But even if he had not said so, we might be sure of it, for he would never come down from heaven to suffer and die for us, and then grow tired of us in the end. No, no, he will never fail you—never. Look at me, I have always said I was Mr. Fearing"—(she knew the "Pilgrim's Progress" almost by heart)—"no one knows how I have dishonoured my dear Lord by doubts and fears; but Mr. Fearing got home at last, and so shall I, and so will you, through the much merits of my precious Lord."

Martha had the peculiarity of always appropriating the word *my* whenever she spoke of the Saviour, or even of God. I do not know that I ever heard her say *our*. She looked on Christ as her ever-present *personal* Friend; that he was the Friend of others she knew, but that in no way interfered with the intimate loving intercourse between her Saviour and herself.

But Martha had decidedly misnamed herself, in thinking she was Mr. Fearing. Certainly, if that character had ever suited her, it did not when I knew her. Faithful, or Mr. Greatheart himself, would have been much more appropriate.

But though rich in faith, Martha was poor indeed, as regarded this world. With the exception of a small allowance from the church of which she was member, and an occasional gift from her friends, which together probably never exceeded fifty shillings in the year, her sole subsistence was derived from the making of a sweetmeat known as peppermint-drops, which she sold twice a-week in the market. I know she was oftentimes reduced very low, yet I never heard her complain, or speak first of her need. I well remember once her telling me how much more she could sell in the winter than in the summer, adducing this as a proof of her Heavenly Father's love; "for you know," she added, "it costs me more to live in the winter."

At another time, speaking of the Lord's care in ever providing for her daily-recurring necessities, she exclaimed, "I shall never want; never—I know it. I have not a shilling in the world; yet I am as sure I shall never want any good thing, as though I had that table heaped in gold. What! my heavenly Father the Lord of heaven and earth, and leave me his child to lack what is necessary for me—impossible! I could not believe such a thing. No, I have no anxiety or care for the morrow—none whatever."

On one occasion, a neighbour being present made some slighting remark on some one who had risen in life from the lower classes, adding, "I remember when they were no better than we." Martha gravely replied, "My dear friend, if people rise in the world it is because God prospers them, and we should rejoice in their prosperity; if you had lived in David's time, I suppose you would have refused to submit to him because he had been a poor shepherd boy—forgetting that it was God who first placed him in the sheepfold, and afterwards exalted him to the throne."

There was an old lady, and she too is gone home, a friend of our family, whose sole employment was knitting white worsted stockings, which she gave to her poor relations and friends, of whom she had a rather large number; she has often said to me, "This is the only work I can do now, and I find so many glad to have them, that I cannot supply all my poor friends."

One day, about three years after I first knew old Martha, in the commencement of the winter, this old lady told me she had that day finished a pair of stockings, and as she had no one then who urgently needed them, I should have them, if I wished, to give to any one I knew. This was the first, and indeed the last time she ever offered me a pair. I immediately thought of poor Martha, and gladly accepted them for her.

The next day I took the stockings to her, and entering her cottage, I exclaimed, "Look, Martha, see what a nice present I have had given me for you." I wish I could describe her look at that moment—but that is impossible, so solemn, so happy, so grateful—so *angelic*, as my dear friend would have said, that I stood awed before her, scarcely knowing what I felt. I saw she was struggling with feelings too great for her; and such as the simple gift of a pair of stockings, however needed, could never give. She did not speak for awhile; at last, looking up with her eyes full of tears, she said, in a solemn voice—"My dear, my Lord sent you here with these stockings for me."

"What makes you think so, Martha?"

"Ah, yes, I knew he would; I did not know how it would come to pass—but I knew I should

have them by some means; and I thought they would come *to-day*."

"But, Martha, what do you mean? it is all a mystery to me."

"Well, I will tell you all about it; but my heart is so full just now of my dear Lord's goodness to me, that I feel quite overpowered. Yesterday morning, before I went to market, I washed my best stockings—indeed, I may say, the only ones I have, for these now on cannot last long; I only wear them whilst the others are washing; I put them to dry across the poker, which was in the fire: whilst I was out they fell under the grate; a hot coal fell on them, and burned one to ashes, and spoiled the other.

"When I came home and saw the accident, I am ashamed to tell you I was so frightened that I cried, for I said, 'What shall I do? it is now the beginning of winter, what can I do without stockings? and I can never afford to buy a pair.' But in a minute or two I thought, 'How foolish I am to repine! my dear Lord knows even better than I do how much I need the stockings. Can he, who is the King of kings, leave me, his child, to lack a pair of stockings? no, that can never be.' So I comforted myself with the assurance that he would either send me a pair or supply me with the means of purchasing them. So I went to bed, happy in the thought that I should only see a fresh proof of his love and care in this accident. And to-day, as I have been busy making my peppermint-drops, I have kept expecting I should by some means get my stockings; and when you came in with them—and such beautiful good ones, too—I cannot tell you how I felt. Oh, it is so blessed to have such a loving, watchful Friend as my dear Lord!"

And, dear reader, I cannot tell you how I felt; perhaps you can imagine it better than I describe it—something akin, I think, to what the poor widow of Zarepta must have felt when she saw her barrel of meal as full as before she had made her "little cake."

Poor Martha lived on in the same quiet, unobtrusive, trustful way to the end; but at length the post came for her to go over the river. It was at the close of one of our week-evening services that I heard that poor Martha, whose health had for some weeks been failing, was very ill. It was a fine summer evening, and I immediately walked to the Retreat. On opening the cottage-door I saw at once that Martha would not be long with us. She was propped up in her bed, labouring hard for every breath she drew. She recognized me with a faint smile, and tried to gasp a welcome.

"Ah, Martha," I said, "I am grieved to see you so suffering; but while heart and flesh are failing"—I was going to add, "God will be your portion"—but she stopped me, saying, half-reprovingly, "My *flesh* is failing, but my *heart* is rejoicing; my dear Lord is with me even now!"

Yes, even then, in the fiery furnace of suffering, every word was of love and resignation to his will. The doctor had proposed an opiate to lull the spasms in her chest. She caught the words and immediately said firmly, "No, I will not take it; I know I am going home shortly, and do you think I will go stupefied into my Father's presence?"

I left her at ten o'clock happy and rejoicing; about midnight her breathing became less laboured, and at two o'clock the next morning, quietly and gently the earthly tabernacle was finally dissolved, and her emancipated spirit was welcomed into the joy of her Lord.

So fades a summer cloud away,  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,  
So gently shuts the eye of day,  
So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around,  
A calm which life nor death destroys;  
Nothing disturbs that peace profound  
Which her unfettered soul enjoys.

Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,  
Light from its load the spirit flies,  
While heaven and earth combine to say,  
How blest the righteous when he dies!

Falmouth,

E. B. K.

## TRAITS OF TROUBLOUS TIMES.

(To the Editor of the BAPTIST MESSENGER.)

DEAR SIR,—The articles under the above title which for several successive months have appeared in the MESSENGER, I have no doubt have greatly interested your readers. It is wise, thus to recall the fiery trials which, with such patience and fortitude, our forefathers endured, together with the many remarkable interpositions of Divine providence on their behalf. It has struck me, however, that not a few, while reading the thrilling autobiography of John Hickee, would feel anxious to know something more of his life. Whilst the history of a large

number of the Nonconformist divines is well known, thousands suffered, respecting whom the general public are in total ignorance. Few, probably, were aware of the existence of the pamphlet of which you have given us a transcript. The following additions, therefore, may not prove unacceptable;—

John Hickee was born at Moorhouse, in the county of York, in the year 1633. He studied at Trinity College, Dublin, and was ordained minister at Stoke Damerel, Devon. When Charles II. ascended the throne, he was obliged to leave this sphere of labour, where he was greatly es-

teemed and beloved. He afterwards settled at Saltash, but was ejected in 1662. These were dark times. The noblest spirits of the age, men of whom the world was not worthy, were treated as the offscouring of all things—they were silenced, robbed, persecuted, pilloried, hunted like wild beasts from hamlet to hamlet, and from town to town, and incarcerated in gloomy and filthy dungeons. From Saltash, Hickes removed to Kingsbridge, and here he embraced every opportunity, though in constant danger of his life, to make known the tidings of salvation. It was during this period that most of the events so graphically described in the "Traits of Troublous Times" transpired. As I have reason to know that some of your readers, while carried away by the marvellousness of the narrative, have scarcely been able to regard it as authentic, I may just state that it is literally true. Truth is often stranger than fiction. After his interview with Charles the Second, described last month, Ricketts settled at Portsmouth. Vacillating and unreliable though Charles was, in this instance he kept his promise. Hickes was not further molested. His enemies were for the time silenced. There can be no question he had friends of high influence at court. Some time after, Charles and James, then Duke of York, were at Portsdown, and Hickes, being present, was graciously noticed by both the monarch and his brother. In the year 1685 Charles was summoned from the midst of his drunkenness and debauchery to his great account. The same

year the army of the Duke of Monmouth was defeated by the royalists at Sedgemoor, Somersetshire. In an evil hour, Hickes, in conjunction with thousands more, disgusted with the sensualism and tyranny of the Stuarts, had joined the standard of Monmouth, and this led to the most tragical consequences. The inhuman and dastardly judge, Jefferys, was deputed to try all implicated in the revolt, and from him no mercy could be expected. Scenes of atrocious cruelty followed, and amongst many others, John Hickes suffered an untimely death. His end was peace. That he was wrong in giving his adhesion to Monmouth, we have no doubt; but being naturally of an ardent temperament, and hoping, if not entirely to remove, at least to mitigate the fearful evils under which the whole nation was groaning, we need not wonder he thus acted. Hampden, Cromwell, Ireton, and all the leaders of the revolution of 1688 did the same thing, but under better and more favourable circumstances. John Hickes was a ripe scholar, a distinguished preacher, and a devout man. Though dead, he "yet speaketh." History has proved that there is a resurrection of names and reputations as well as of persons, and proofs will accumulate, as the purposes of God, in the renovation of the world, become more and more amply developed. Hammersmith. J. J. OWEN.

[This letter of our esteemed friend, the Rev. J. J. Owen, presents a complete answer to "Jonathan the Cottager."—ED.]

## DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

### METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.

In order to accomplish the noble design of opening the above place of worship free of debt, it is proposed to hold a bazaar in the Lecture-hall of the new building, about the month of March next. The contributions of friends towards the above object, either in money or fancy articles of all kinds, are earnestly requested, and will be gratefully received by Mrs. Spurgeon, New Park-street Chapel, Southwark, or Nightingale-lane, Clapham.

### MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

**SHEFFIELD.**—The Rev. J. P. Campbell, minister at the Baptist chapel, Shipley, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church and congregation at Sheffield lately under the pastorate of the Rev. J. E. Giles.

**OLNEY, EUCKS.**—The Rev. F. Timmis, late of Regent's-park College, London, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the members of the Baptist church to become their pastor, and commenced his pastoral labours on the third Sabbath in November.

**LANTYRT MAJOR.**—The Rev. S. Jones, of Poutypool College, has accepted a unanimous invitation from the Baptist Church in the above place to become their pastor, and he intends commencing his ministerial labours on the second Sunday in December.

**UPTON-ON-SEVERN.**—The Rev. E. Pledge, eleven years minister of the Baptist church at Eythorn, near Dover, has for a few weeks been officiating here on probation, and so acceptable have his ministrations been, that at the unanimous request of the church and congregation he has consented to become their pastor, and at once continued his labours amongst them.

### RECOGNITION SERVICES.

**MASEBROOK, SALOP.**—On October 25th, ordination services were held in the Baptist chapel at the above place, when the Rev. Thomas Rees, late of Haverfordwest College, was publicly recognized as pastor. The morning service was introduced by the Rev. Thomas Emery, of Llan-drinio. The Revs. E. Wilks, of Oswestry; M. Morgan, of Newtown; G. Phillips, of Evenjobb and Gladestry, conducted the services.

**LOCKERLEY, HANTS.**—On Wednesday, October 24, the Rev. J. R. Parker was publicly recognized as pastor of the Baptist chapel, Lockerley and Mottisfont. The Rev. H. H. Cullis, of Landport, commenced by reading the Scriptures and prayer; the Rev. Joseph Davis, of Portsea, Mr. Parker's former pastor, delivered the charge to the minister. The Rev. J. O. Vick, of Waterloo, offered the recognition prayer, and the Rev. J. H. Cooke, of Southsea, preached. The Rev. J. R. Parker concluded with prayer. The Revs. H. Drew, T. Tollerfield, and other ministers took part in the services. A tea-meeting was

held in connection with the above service, when a goodly number of friends met around the social board.

**ALDBOROUGH, SUFFOLK.**—The church and congregation assembling in the Union chapel, met on Friday, 16th inst., for the purpose of welcoming the Rev. T. M. Roberts, of Regent's-park College, who has accepted an invitation to become their pastor. At half-past five, upwards of a hundred persons took tea in the chapel. A public meeting was held at seven o'clock, and after a hymn had been sung, Rev. Pierce Jones, of Saxmundham (Independent), offered prayer. Addresses were then delivered by Revs. T. M. Roberts, P. Jones, W. Brown, of Friston (Baptist); and—Butcher, of Leiston (Independent); and, on behalf of the church and congregation, by Messrs. B. C. Lincoln and Charles Smyth. The meeting was concluded with prayer by Rev. W. Brown.

**LONGTOWN, HEREFORDSHIRE.**—Ordination services were held at the Baptist chapel here, on Sunday and Monday, Oct. 14 and 15, when Mr. T. Williams, of Pontypool College, was set apart to the oversight of the church. On Sunday morning and evening sermons were preached by Rev. G. Thomas, of Pontypool. On Monday morning, he delivered an address on the principles of Dissent, and put the usual questions to the young minister, which were readily and concisely answered. The Rev. T. Thomas, D.D., of Pontypool, delivered the charge; and the Rev. M. Lewis, of Chapel-y-fyn, addressed the church. In the afternoon, the Revs. G. Thomas, M.A., and J. Thomas, D.D., preached. A meeting was held in the evening, when the Rev. E. Edwards, Llanfihangel, preached. All the services were well attended.

**SHARNBROOK, BEDS.**—On Thursday, Sept. 27, the Rev. S. J. Wheeler was publicly recognized as pastor of the Baptist church at the Old Meeting. In the afternoon, the Rev. T. Corby, of Bethlehem Chapel, commenced the service by giving out a hymn; the Rev. Mr. Bradfield, of Rushden, read the Scriptures and offered the ordination prayer; the Rev. G. Rogers, of Camberwell, asked the usual questions, to which Mr. Wheeler gave very satisfactory replies. Mr. Mr. Rogers then delivered a deeply-impressive and faithful charge to the newly-elected pastor. In the evening, after prayer had been offered by Mr. Corby, the Rev. W. Howison, of Walworth, preached an eloquent sermon to the church, and the Rev. C. J. Silvertown, of Carlton, concluded with prayer. Between the services, an excellent tea was provided, the trays being furnished gratuitously by the ladies of the congregation. These interesting services were well attended. The Lord has graciously blessed Mr. Wheeler's ministry here, and a marked revival of religion is observable in the church.

#### PRESENTATION SERVICES.

**COLEHAM, SHREWSBURY.**—On Monday, Oct. 29th, about 300 of the friends of the Baptist cause in this place partook of tea, after which addresses were delivered by the Rev. Wm. Hawkins, St. John's Hill, and Rev. John Morgan, of Wem, the chair being occupied by the Rev. Joseph Smith, of Pontesbury. In the course of the evening the Rev. A. J. Parry, in the name of the female friends, presented to the Rev. John Williams, pastor, an explanatory Bible with a suitable inscription. The esteemed pastor responded in very feeling terms, and concluded by giving a brief sketch of the history of the Baptist interest in Coleham. In October,

1859, the church numbered three members only, and the congregation at the opening was only seven; but owing to the prayerful efforts of the pastor and people a speedy increase followed, and the church now, on its first anniversary, numbers forty-three members, while the congregation attending averages from 250 to 300.

#### FORMATION OF NEW CHURCHES.

**PORTADOWN, IRELAND.**—A few friends have formed a Baptist church here. On Tuesday evening, November 6th, the Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Coleraine, preached in the noble Portadown Town-hall.

#### LAYING FOUNDATION STONE OF NEW CHAPEL.

**HAMPSTEAD.**—The ceremony of laying the memorial-stone of the new Hampstead Chapel, for Evangelical and Nonconformist worship, was performed by Sir S. Morton Peto, M.P., on Wednesday, November 7, in the presence of a large number of ladies and gentlemen. The chapel will be built of brick and Bath-stone facings, in the decorated style, with two spires, ninety feet high—the body of the edifice being about sixty feet. It will afford accommodation for 800 people, and there will be a large school-room under the chapel, in which it is intended to carry on a school, on the British and Foreign system, for 250 children. The cost of erection will be about £5,000. Sir S. Morton Peto made some very suitable remarks. The Rev. William Brock and the Rev. Newman Hall took part in the proceedings. The company then adjourned to the Assembly-room on Holly Bush-hill, where above 100 ladies and gentlemen sat down to a cold collation, under the presidency of Sir S. Morton Peto, and subsequently of Mr. C. E. Mudie. The Rev. Messrs. Hall, Landels, Burns, Graham, Birrell, and others, having addressed the meeting, Mr. Harvey, the treasurer, said that up to the present time about £1,400 had been subscribed or promised.

#### OPENING SERVICES.

**EASTCOMBE, STROUD.**—The chapel here having been closed since June for rebuilding, was lately opened by the Rev. O. Winslow, D.D., of Bath, and the Rev. W. G. Lewis, of Cheltenham.

**STAFFORD.**—A new Baptist chapel in this town was opened on Lord's-day, October 21st, the dedicatory sermons being preached by the Rev. C. T. Keen, pastor of the church.

**CROXTON, NEAR ECCLESHALL, STAFFORDSHIRE.**—The newly-erected Baptist chapel in this village was opened on Sunday, October 23, when two sermons were preached by Mr. L. J. Abington, of Hanley. In the evening three persons were baptized, in the presence of a crowded assembly, few of whom had ever witnessed such a scene before. On the following Wednesday evening seven persons were formed into a church, and the Lord's supper administered to them. The deep impression made upon many during these services augurs well for the speedy increase of the infant cause.

#### SPECIAL SERVICES.

**CREWE.**—NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL.—On Thursday, Nov. 8, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preached two able sermons in the spacious Cheese hall. At the first service 2,500 persons were present; and at the second about 3,500. Admission was by ticket—2s. 6d., 1s., and 6d. each. Good impressions were made, and many long to hear Mr. Spurgeon again. Half of the proceeds are to go to Mr. Spurgeon's Theological Institute, and the other half to the Baptist chapel, Crewe.

**BILSTON.**—On Tuesday, Nov. 6, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preached two very effective sermons in the Wesleyan chapel. Upwards of 1,900 tickets were issued for each service, and some thousands of applicants could not be accommodated. For half an hour before each service, the spacious building was densely filled, some parties having gained admission after the ticket-holders had taken their places. The object of Mr. Spurgeon's visit was to aid in raising funds on behalf of Salem Baptist Chapel, which will be re-opened by the Right Hon. Lord Teynham, on the second Lord's-day in December. At the two services more than £219 was collected.

**CAMDEN-ROAD CHAPEL.**—The 6th anniversary of the opening of this place of worship was held on Tuesday, Oct. 23rd, when the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preached, morning and evening, to crowded audiences. A public meeting was held in the large school-room after dinner, at which the Rev. Francis Tucker, B.A., presided. The Rev. Messrs. Spurgeon, Morris, Stock, Fishbourne, Pearce, and Thomas, and T. Pawtress, Esq., severally addressed the friends present, after which 250 assembled for tea. The services were resumed on the following Sunday, when the Rev. F. Tucker and the Rev. Newman Hall preached to large congregations. The contributions at these services were very liberal, amounting altogether to over £170, which will be applied towards paying off the chapel debt. It appears that the Divine blessing has eminently rested upon the labours of the pastor, the Rev. Francis Tucker, the church formed there under his ministry, rather more than three years ago, having increased from fifty-five to nearly 300 members, and the congregation in the same proportion.

#### BAPTISMS.

**BIRMINGHAM.** Bond-street, September 2—Five; 9, Four; 16, Three; 23, Six; 30, Four; Oct. 14, Four; 21, Four; 28, Six, by Mr. S. J. Chew.

**BRISTOL.** Broadmead, Oct. 5—Thirteen by Mr. Haycroft.

—Counterslip, Sept. 2—Eighteen by Mr. Winter.

—Pithay, Oct. 7—Eleven by Mr. Probert.

**BUCKINGHAM.** Oct. 7—Six by Mr. H. Boura.

**BURGH,** Lincolnshire, Oct. 28—Seven by Mr. Thomsett; amongst whom were two men and their wives.

**COLERAINE,** Ireland, Oct. 25—One (a Crimean soldier) by Mr. T. W. Medhurst. The Baptist brethren have up-hill labour in the North of Ireland, in consequence of the fearful prejudice existing in the minds of all other Christians against Scriptural baptism. Beloved Christian readers of the BAPTIST MESSENGER, pray for us.

**COMBEMARTIN,** near Ilfracombe, July 1—Two; August 5, Two; Sept. 2, Two; Oct. 7, Five; Oct. 28, six; by Mr. Davy.

**CULLOMPTON,** Devon, June—Seven; July, Seven; Oct. Nine, by Mr. Foot. Two of the candidates were a grandmother, aged 70, and her grandson, aged 18; one of the number, the minister's only son.

**EXETER,** South-street Chapel, Oct. 28—Eight by Mr. Williamson.

**HANLEY,** Nov. 1—Five by Mr. Johnson.

**LANGHAM,** Essex, Oct. 31—Two by Mr. Bayne.

**LANTIER MAJOR,** Nov. 11—Three by Mr. S. Jones, student of Pontypool College.

**LANDREW,** Nov. 11—Two by Mr. J. George, student of Pontypool College.

**LEICESTER,** Charles-street, Oct. 4—Thirteen by Mr. Lomas.

—Carley-street, Oct. 3—Four; Oct. 31, Six; by Mr. James. Four from the Sabbath-school, and two aged disciples.

**LEEDS,** South-parade, August 26—Eight; Sept. 30, Ten; Oct. 28, Nine; by Mr. Edwards.

—Great George-street, Oct. 4—Three by Dr. Brewer.

**LLANSAMLET,** Glamorganshire, Sept. 12—One; Oct. 21, Five; Nov. 18, Nine, at Adullam, by Mr. Philip Morgan.

**LONDON,** Soho Chapel, Oxford-street, Oct. 28—Ten by Mr. Pells (pastor). Two of the baptized are scholars in the Sabbath-school. Mr. Pells has just completed his second year's pastorate, during which period 116 persons have been added to the church, 73 by baptism. In consequence of deaths and removals by Providence, the above gross increase is reduced to a net increase of 88.

—Trinity Chapel, Newington, Nov. 18—Four, by Mr. W. H. Bonner.

**LYDNEY,** Gloucestershire, Oct. 7—Three by Mr. R. H. Roberts.

**MANCHESTER,** July 29—Four; Sept. 30, Four; Oct. 28, Two, by Mr. S. B. Brown. With the exception of one these are all from the Sabbath-school; there are many more anxious inquirers.

**MARKYAT-STREET,** Beds, Nov. 4—Two by Mr. H. Biggs.

**MELBOURN,** Cambs, Oct. 18—Three by Mr. E. Bailey.

**NECTON,** Norfolk, Oct. 7—Two by Mr. Kingdon.

**NEWTON ABBOTT,** Oct. 7—Two by Mr. Lee, of Ipplepen.

**NEW TOWN,** Ebbw Vale, Oct. 21—Four by Mr. J. Watts. This baptism is the first-fruits in New Town. Prospects are pleasing.

**NEW WELLS,** Oct. 28—After an address by Mr. T. N. Roberts, B.A., of Regent's-park College, Four by Mr. M. Morgan, of Newtown. Among the candidates there were two who have been members for many years in connection with other denominations—one a leader with the Primitive Methodists, and the other with the Wesleyans.

**NORTHAMPTON,** Princess-street, Oct. 7—Seven by Mr. Simmons.

**RYDE,** John-street Chapel, Oct. 14—Seven by Mr. J. B. Little.

**SALFORD,** Great George-street, July 29—Four; Sept. 30, Four; Oct. 28, Two, by S. B. Browne, B.A. All the above, excepting two, are young persons connected with the Sunday-school.

**SANDY,** Beds, Oct. 28—Three by Mr. Voysey.

**SHARNBROOK,** Beds, Nov. 4—Two by Mr. J. Corby.

—Nov. 4—Eleven by Mr. S. J. Wheeler. Many others are asking the way to Zion.

**SHEEPSHEAD,** Leicestershire, Nov. 4—Seven by Mr. J. Dorney. The address was given by the pastor, Mr. J. Bromwich.

**STANWICK,** Northamptonshire, April 1—Two females, one from the Methodists, the other from the Sunday-school; Nov. 11, Five by Mr. Kitchen, of Kinstead.

**STOCKTON-ON-TESSES,** Nov. 4—One, the pastor's fourth daughter.

**WANDSWORTH,** New Park-street Chapel, Nov. 1—Eight by Mr. Genders.

**WEX,** Nov. 1—Two by Mr. E. Morgan.

**WISBECH,** Cambs, Ely-place, Sept. 5—Eight by Mr. Watts.



"Take heart, poor wench," quoth I, "for there's One as yet ye wot but little of, who's strong and powerful enough, and, what's more, *scilling* to save and shelter thee." Then, in the plainest, clearest speech that I could frame my lips to utter, I expounded to her the nature of the pardon God offers to *all* men through his Son, and pressed it heartily upon her acceptance. "None, even the vilest, need despair obtaining it," said I; "and as thou canst not read the blessed Word for thyself, I must tell thee that he bids a poor and stricken sinner attempt the doing of no hard matter, no slave's task, in coming to the foot of the cross—nought save the simplest, easiest, naturest thing imaginable. Hearken to what he himself says, 'LOOK unto me and be ye saved.' Thou seest yonder streak of sunshine slanting bright against the wall of this our dreary prison?"

"Ay, master, I do."

"Even as ye regard that sunbeam with the eyes of your body would I have thee, through grace, look upward to thy Saviour. For he is God, 'and there is none else.' And as the stung and dying Israelites gazed at the brazen serpent lifted high in the wilderness, and were saved, so, I trust, was this poor guilty creature brought regard him of whom it was the type. Moreover," continued I, "Jesus, who so freely shed his most precious blood for our salvation, after he hath once taken poor sinners into his love, will suffer none to pluck them out of his hand. Ye may feel sure that, having forgiven, he will continue to care for; and if all others cast thee off, *he* never will. Learn this little prayer I shall now teach thee—one which, when said from the heart (though evil folk tempt, and Satan may try) is sure to be heard, and answered. 'Tis short enow for thee to very well remember; yet so much to the purpose that Christ himself commended it."

"Kind sir, I'll learn, and gladly."

"Then hearken. All the words of it are these: '*God be merciful to me, a sinner.*' Yet are they strong enow to make the gates of heaven open joyfully, for a penitent soul to enter."

And as the wench, all humbly and brokenheartedly, said them after me, I could not help thinking her prospect in this life, if she do get released from gaol, much like his who, despised by the haughty Pharisee, stood afar off, and "would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven."

"Alack!" mused I, "there be they too proud of their good name and fame to bestow word of pity, or deed of compassion, on fallen outcast such as this. Yet *how* did the spotless Redeemer of mankind act by her prototype of old!" And at conclusion of our talk, I remember observing, "Now bear in mind the command of my Divine Master Jesus, 'Go and sin no more.'"

"I'll pray the Lord, sir," answered she, weeping, "that when I leave this place it may be with me even as ye say, to '*sin no more,*'" repeated she, very slowly, and thoughtfully.

I had writ my wife, and despatched my letters, according as I found opportunity, amid the rule, or rather *mis*-rule, of this gaol; and though I gat no answer, I did not allow it unduly to weigh upon my heart, reasonably enow concluding that the risk of her getting my letter safe was to the full equal to hers reaching me. Moreover, I felt comforted upon reflecting she was under the roof of a loving kinswoman; and kind Mistress Aylmer's parting word was, my wife should be tended as if she were her own daughter. Yet just about this time, strive as I might, I felt a gloomy sinking of the heart, a trembling prescience of coming woe, impossible to describe. Ah! what had become of the buoyant spirit, that wont so stoutly maintain there was a bright light hidden in the darkest cloud; but now the cloud of affliction hooded and wrapt my soul as in a mantle, and the light I could in nowise discern the gleaming of. Quoth I to myself, when *alone* with myself, "The only way by which I can combat these despairing thoughts is to 'pray without ceasing;' and while I prayed, calling to remembrance the weakness and the necessities of they who were so wound around my heart, as to have become the very life of its life, likewise my own forlorn estate, I shed tears, till this Scripture 'gan greatly relieve and comfort me, "God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory, by Jesus Christ."

A day or two afterward, on being locked up for the night, a letter was slipped into my hand, I could not see by whom. I was forced wait till day-break for light to read it; and during the dark watches lay sleepless, grasping tightly the letter which I trusted would give me tidings of my poor family. Well might it then seem to me as if the "wings of the morning" were shorn of their swiftness, ere my straining eyes beheld the first unfolding of their brightness. At last the golden gates of day were opened, and I was able to decipher the superscription: "These for the worthy hands of the Rev. John Hicks." Alack! with a deep sigh of disappointment, I perceived 'twas not in the slender, delicate writing I so longed to see, but the fair round characters of good Master Hope instead.

I've ofttimes spoken of Master Hope's face, as reminding me of the truthful index to a right pleasant, genial book. Moreover, this our brother, in addition to a most happy natural disposition, hath, by the purity and consistency of his outward carriage, greatly set forth and recommended the beauty of a holy life and conversation in the eyes of they who are not believers. For these watch sharply the walk of such as have "professed a good confession be-

fore many witnesses." And if a Christian professor stumble and fall into any heinous sin, like David, he may repent heartily, and be forgiven his "great transgression;" yet I do not think that erring brother, or erring sister, will be made largely useful (save by way of example), or ought expect to hold the same place in the Church of Christ on earth as they do who have maintained a profession "without spot," and "unrebutable." The friends at Kyngsbridge loved apply to him of whom I'm writing (in part perhaps, because it bore reference to his fair earthly name) this Scripture—"Christ in you the *hope of glory*;" and while a-talking with Master Hope, I've more than once called to mind a story of an old-world king, who, after he had gotten a famous victory, divided the fruits of it among his followers: to one he gave whole countries, to another store of gold and jewels; at last they asked him what he meant reserve for himself. 'The bravest treasure of all,' said he. "And what, O Prince, may that be?" "Why, I will keep *HOPE*," quoth he. And verily this monarch thought to hope for that which would make him do whatever he was able to do, or any could think, was enow to fill even a soul as great as his.

Master Hope's letters are, in general, as faithful a reflex of his mind, as a true mirror is of a man's face. Aforetime I've read some of 'em, which, if set among the leaves of my present jottings, would show there just as bright marigolds might in a bunch of sad and dismal rue. This, however, that he now sent me, was an exception, being fuller of lamentation, Master Hope said, than any he ever writ in his life before. And here is a page of it:—

"His worship, Master Beare, proveth so sore a scourge to the Lord's people in Kyngsbridge, that a good many of 'em will, ere long, be clean driven out o' the town. Some of the younger folk (Robin Cheke is one) are bethinking them of embarking, very shortly, for America, having had news of that brave land, which they liken to the receiving 'glad tidings of the kingdom of God' from a far country. Worthy Master Burdwood our enemies have plagued in such sort, that he hath been obligated leave his farm, and is now entertained (with his wife and some of his children), by a very godly person in the town o' Dartmouth. The crew of informers at beek of Master Justice Beare unhung his gates, rifled his house, seized and drove away his cattle, ripped the locks off his barn-doors; and poor Mistress Burdwood, and her young daughters, were forced seek shelter among the better-disposed of their neighbours. Master Beare's black horse (who, divers o' the ancient gospels affirm, hath in him somewhat of the evil spirit which possesseth his master), taking freely the road leading to Master Burdwood's, at all hours might his hoofs be heard galloping

in that direction; and upon one of these occasions, the fierce stamping brute having cast a shoe, Master Beare ordered a certain smith to set it right, which he, in not a little bodily fear, having done, the wicked horseman getteth into further converse with him, and, finding this smith owed Master Burdwood a small sum of money, aviset him never pay it; and, worse still, become a party—which the person hath since done—in helping to ruin his benefactor. But 'the Lord God of recompences shall surely requite these folk' according to their deserts hereafter. I need scarce tell ye, Master Burdwood bore the coarse insults heaped upon him by his persecutors, with so admirable a patience, cheerfulness, and composure, that Master Beare's rude nature was greatly irked and mortified thereby. Our excellent brother took 'joyfully the spoiling of his goods,' praying God to forgive them who did it. Nought the new justice could do had power to make him forget that he was the servant and faithful minister of One who, when his enemies 'reviled him, reviled not again;' neither, Master Hicks, did he fail comport himself with a dignity becoming the well-born gentleman he is, which chafed Master Beare hugely.

*Postscriptum.*—A little dog belonging to young Mistress Burdwood happened, when the spies were lurking near her father's house—the family being at evening prayers—to thrust out his head, and bark at 'em, whereby a great mischief was wrought for they within. And the cruel strangers catching the poor little noisy rogue, treated him to a bit of hemp—the pretty maid herself finding him stark, and hanging from a tree-bough, in Master Burdwood's orchard."

After I had ended the reading Master Hope's epistle, I could not help musing with much surprise over this circumstance, namely, how it came to pass his letter should find its way to me with the string and seal both unmeddled with; and, that which made the matter all the more remarkable, was its safe containment of a gold Carolus, which Master Hope, and certain kind souls beside, enclosed therein for my use; and I, knowing how oft they are without a crown themselves, exclaimed, "Truly the Lord hath his 'jewels' in that little town of Kyngsbridge, none the less precious though they be hid; yea, high-headed folk might count them buried there. As touching myself, I can testify 'they oft refreshed me;' and now I am unrighteously cast into prison, and some of them are implicated in the issue of my coming trial. They yet remember, and minister, to my cruel want, and are 'not ashamed of my chain.'" Afterward I made discovery, these kind friends, being sorely puzzled how to get their help conveyed me, at length lighted upon an honest court-tryman going direct to Exon, who'd a sister