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THE  
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AND  
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FOR  
1855.

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# The Earthen Vessel.

## A PSALM FOR THE YEAR 1855.

A FEW WORDS TO OUR READERS AND FRIENDS.

"WE WILL REJOICE IN THY SALVATION; AND IN THE NAME OF OUR GOD WILL WE SET UP OUR BANNERS."—Psalm xx. 5.

IN commencing the eleventh volume of THE EARTHEN VESSEL, the above precious words have followed us, go where we might. Very briefly, dear friends, do we, therefore, call your attention to them, praying the Lord to give you the full realization of the Twentieth Psalm, in any, or every part thereof, as your circumstances may require.

This twentieth Psalm appears well suited to us as a nation, at this very critical period. It anticipates a "day of trouble." Such, indeed, is the character of the present day. Our nation is in trouble: many of our churches are in afflicting circumstances: and individual believers in the LORD JESUS CHRIST most deeply learn the truth of these words, "*it is through much tribulation ye must enter the kingdom.*"

The blessed Spirit, in this Psalm, comes forth to meet the poor afflicted church of Christ, as she comes up out of the wilderness, and with all the tender sympathies of a Merciful FRIEND, says, "*the Lord hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee. Send thee help from the Sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion.*" Thus would we desire to meet thee, dear reader, on the morning of January 1, 1855, hoping thou art one of that despised band who pour out tears and cries to the God of our salvation; who worship HIM, and wait for HIM, in His Sanctuary; loving the gates of Zion; and choosing rather to suffer afflic-

tion with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. If such be thy character, dear reader, we trust you will unite with us in the language of our heart at this time, saying, "We will rejoice in that perfect, that free salvation, which we have in Christ; and IN THE NAME OF OUR GOD WILL WE SET UP OUR BANNERS."

The setting up of banners is expressive of two things, which well bespeak the position we are determined—if spared and strengthened—to occupy, during the remaining portion of our pilgrimage on earth.

To set up our banners, is expressive of a preparation for war, in the first place; and of having obtained victory, in the second place. Against sin, satan, and every false and fatal form of professed worship, we must courageously fight. *The enemy is coming in like a flood*; coming into the very midst of our churches; but the night is somewhat dark; and the enemy approaches with such silent steps, that many do not see the progress he is making. They are crying "*Peace! peace!*" but it is a delusive peace; and they are boasting of prosperity, when it is much to be feared that that prosperity standeth not in the power of God. O, men, brethren, and fathers, know ye then—and take heed to this:—where God the Holy Ghost is not found in fastening conviction on the consciences of sinners; in quickening and alarming, and lifting up the once dead soul: where God the Son is not found in pardoning guilty sinners, in redeeming captive souls, and in presenting true believers before the mercy-seat;—where the sove-

reignty, the purity, the glory of God the Father is not recognised and realised: where these vital, overcoming operations and manifestations of a THREE-ONE-JEHOVAH are not found, there is no prosperity. Beware—beware of that carnal, that cold, that world-conforming system of things, whereby now-a-days many a cause is held up, and many a living, seeking saint is all but starved.

To set up our banners, is expressive of a *victory obtained*.

We enter upon the labours of this year in weakness; and with a growing sense of our many infirmities: we know not what is before us in this dying world; but if the Lord sustain us in this department of our labour, we hope to be instrumental in exhibiting the triumphs of the cross, the glorious finished work of Christ; and the happy security which Zion has in Him of being crowned, and made more than conquerors over every antagonising power.

Pray for us; and if you can, help us, that we may quit ourselves like men; and be more than ever useful to the churches of Jesus Christ in these latter days. So shall we finish our course with joy, and enter into rest.

## EPISTOLARY

## EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

## LETTER VII.

WE closed our last by entering upon the reasons I am now to give, that no man, *except born again*, can enter the kingdom of heaven. First, because of that *heart work* which is essential to a right knowledge of God.

First, *conviction of our state by nature*—that we are utterly lost, helpless and corrupted—“full of wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores.” Do you not, my good Theophilus, find it so? Do you not, in things eternal, feel yourself as weak, and helpless, and worthless, as “an autumnal leaf, which the wind driveth away?” Isaiah lxiv. 6. No more able to meet God, your Maker and Judge, than is the dry stubble to meet the devouring fire? (Job xlii. 25). Do you not find that you can be saved no more by the works of the gospel, (if those works are left to you), than you can by the works of the law? That you are just as unable to bring your heart to believe unto righteousness, to repent, pray, or set your affections *truly* on things above, as unable to do this as you are to be holy—“even as the law of God is holy?”

O, it is a hard lesson to learn—that we cannot be saved by the *works* of the gospel!

But it must be by the *grace* of the gospel: that is, you feel that all the things that accompany salvation must be as much of grace as salvation itself. You sincerely wish to work out, with fear and trembling, your own salvation; but *where are* the fear and trembling? Do you not feel your heart too hard, either to fear or tremble? and can you not truly say with the poet,

“All things of feeling shew some sign,  
But this unfeeling heart of mine?”

Are you not under such feelings—or rather, want of feeling—ready to join the church of old, and say, “Why hast thou (*permissively*) made us to err from thy ways, and hardened our hearts from thy fear?” Isaiah lxiii. 17. Do you not feel that you cannot keep alive your own soul? (Psalm xxii. 29). Yes: your tongue must fail in prayer; your eye of knowledge must become dim; you must feel as if you knew nothing. If any man will be wise, let him become a fool. The hand of faith must become weak; the knee of prayer must become feeble; the heart sink under almost nothing; the mouth stopped—nothing to say: and as the legs of the lame are not equal, so your religion will seem to you like a parable in the mouth of a fool; and from a sense of what you are as a sinner, you will with deep sighings of heart say, “O Lord, I am as a beast before thee:” and thus your hand will be sealed up, that you may *know his work*. (Job xxxvii. 7).

You feel that you cannot go on in the things of God just as you please, nor can all the exhorting, or inviting, or threatening, or promising, in the least move you; no, not even the inviting of the Word, by the most favored of the servants of the Lord, in the least affect you, no more than mere *human* breath could breathe life into the dry bones in Ezekiel's valley. You are still shut up, and cannot come forth into the house (the Christ) of God.

Now where is your free-will power? Now where are your dead formality-prayers? Now where are even the *divinely* appointed means? You are wandering in the wilderness in a *solitary* way, and finding no city to dwell in—not the city of God—for you feel as though you had no right to be there: not in the city of Babylon; for there your harp is hung upon the willows: not in the city of this world—for it is under the curse. And thus, too, it must be, that your strength must be completely dried up; nor will the Lord repent concerning you, until *he* sees there is none shut up or left. Then the Lord will repent—that is, change for a time his dealings with you. I say, for a time; for upon this subject of your helplessness, you will have line upon line; and some very dark lines, and crooked lines, and *hard* lines, and long lines, and interwoven and twisted lines; and you will have precept upon precept, which you *must* practise, whether you like it or not; whether it be to go into Jonah's hell, David's horrible pit, or Jeremiah's low dungeon: he will cure you of all your kickings

against the truth. These are bands which the unregenerate have neither in life nor death; their strength is firm; they are not plucked as are those who are born of God; and you will meet with plenty who know not what this path is; that will tell you that you need not be in this state; you should come to Christ, and he would give you rest. But then, you have with you the *stubborn fact* of real experience, joining with the word of truth, to prove that you can come to the Saviour only as it is given you from above so to do. You can easily come in word and outward form, but this is a very different thing from coming in the power of God, and finding and *realising* rest from all that oppresses.

The reason that professors are so contented is, because they have never been made thoroughly discontented. They are soon pleased, and easily satisfied; and think the God of righteousness to be as easily pleased, and as easily satisfied, as they are; and thus the Lord says to such, "Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself." But, my good Theophilus, the Lord hath said unto you, "Be not thou like unto them." Nor—since the living God has spoken life into your soul, can you be like unto them, either in life or death, or judgment, or eternity—"And who maketh thee to differ?" "And what hast thou that thou didst not receive?"

Now, to what does this experience of your helplessness lead? Does it set the truths of the gospel at a distance from you? Does it make you sorry that salvation is all of grace? Does it make the dear Mediator, in the completeness of his atoning death, a stumbling-block to you, and rock of offence? Does it lead you to despise electing grace, or to look at eternal election as a non-essential, or of secondary importance? Does it lead you to think lightly of the Holy Spirit of God? Does it make you feel at home, either in an ungodly or empty professing world? O, with what real sincerity, with what truth can you truly say, that but for the experience you have had, and increasingly have, of your own helplessness, the gospel of the blessed God never had been to you what it now is! You can see that the gospel is that gift which is as a precious stone in the eyes of him that hath it: withersoever it turneth, it prospereth. (Prov. xvii. 8). It will clear your way in all directions—in life and death—in judgment and for ever. By it you can agree with your adversary—that adversary being the law of God. This is righteously your adversary, as a *sinner*; but the gospel shews the way in which Jesus, the Surety of the new covenant, met this law; and which law delivered him up to God, as the Judge; and how Justice, the officer, cast him into prison—not literally, but spiritually—and that prison, that low dungeon, was the prison, the hell of God's wrath. What awful waves and billows rolled over him! Nor did he come out thence, until he had "paid the *utmost farthing*." Matt. v. 26. "And now, by faith in him you become *free*; and if the Son make you free, then are ye free indeed."

The gospel of God, then, I say, withersoever it turneth, and withersoever you are

called to turn with it, or by it, will prosper, and you will prosper with it. All things work for your good; even "working for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

But we must not go on too fast: we must come back again to a little more heart-searching work; for thus saith the Holy One, "All the churches shall know that I am He that searcheth the hearts, and trieth the reins, to give unto every one according as his work shall be." That is, whether his work be the work of a *living* faith, or of a dead faith; or whether his work be a work of love to the truth, or of hatred thereto; for all his enemies must perish; but them that love him shall be as the sun, when he goeth forth in his might.

Now, if you have not yet come into the deeps of inward temptation, then you have this part yet to come; there is the *all manner* of concupiscence to be brought to light; and there will be the messenger of satan to buffet you. Yes, you will know what it is, perhaps, to curse God in your heart, and even worse than that; and have the worst possible thoughts of him, together with the most abominable infidel besetments; calling everything in question; *despising* the Most High, as though he were your bitterest enemy, and be ready to ask why he suffered you to come into existence, seeing it is only to make you miserable. Why—you will ask—is light given to a man whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in? (Job iii. 23). While, perhaps, all kinds of temptations concerning the dear Saviour will beset you, trying to persuade you that Christ is not God, or that his sufferings were not real; or that it is all delusion together; and that better go away at once into the world, for that there is no hereafter; and if there be, there is nothing but hell for you; and that one religion after all is, perhaps, as good as another. You will, like Jeremiah, try to cry and shout, and the Lord will shut out your prayer; and just the very things you strive most against, shall gain the most mastery over you. Your heart will fret against the Lord, and think he deals so hardly with no one else as he does with you; he will indeed

"Blast your gourds, and lay you low."

You will be ready to say, Well, I would not mind all this, if I were *sure* that it was the *hand of the Lord with me*. Ah, my good Theophilus, here lies the *difficulty*; you will see sin and satan distinctly enough; the transgression of the wicked within your heart will say, and that in a way that you cannot deny it, that *after the flesh* there is no fear of God before your eyes. Sin in you will revive again and again; and when you go to the Word of God, to see if you can get a little help, and get somewhat away from self; here, just where you hoped for a little holiness of feeling and thought, you will be beset more than any where, and you will seem as though you can read almost anything easier than you can read the Word of God; and in even the house of God, it will seem as though the enemy reserved all his worst suggestions and vilest dregs to hurl at you and upon you



there; and thus you will, as saith the wise man, "behold and see, that in the place of righteousness that wickedness is there;" and thus, like the leper of old, you will be shut out from holy things, and all you can say is, "unclean, unclean!" with, "O wretched man that I am!" your life will draw nigh unto the grave, and your soul to the destroyers; and you cannot be a pharisee, a free-willer, or a low, or an high, *dead letter* calvinist, nor a *gandy* intellectual professor; you cannot be any of these without being the vilest of hypocrites, and you see and feel quite sin enough in you without adding sin to sin, by joining with the multitude to cry down the testimony of God.

You will (for this will be another part of your experience) be brought to tremble at the Word of God, and yet have some moments of sweet softenings of heart before God; your spirit will make diligent search; you will feel a *hope* spring up in your heart; you will begin somewhat to reason with God; you will begin to remember that Jesus came to save the lost; that while you are brought down as a little child, yet that he does not despise the little ones; and that, although you are a great sinner, he is an infinitely greater Saviour; and *who can tell*, but he may yet shew mercy to you?

The Saviour, when on earth, turned not one *poor* creature away who came to him; and is he not "the same yesterday, to day, and for ever?" Here you will say, "yes, but he was on earth then, and he was *man*, and therefore sympathized with men." True: but that which he did in the exercise of those sympathies shews also that he was *God* as well as man; for he forgave sins, and even his enemies had light enough, as many of the enemies of his truth now have, to see that none but God can forgive sins, but Jesus did forgive sins, and is God, our enemies themselves being Judges.

And while he came in the name of the Father, he himself as one with the Father, was also the I AM; and by this power wrought the wonders recorded of him; therefore he did not hear the cry of the poor and needy *merely* as man, but also *as God*; nor could the deepest agonies, nor can the highest exaltation, remove his heavenly and listening ear from the feeblest cry of the soul that seeketh him: this the thief on the cross, and Paul, and Silas, can witness; who, when worn out with labour and evil treatment, cried in the Philippian prison, and he heard them. He is then, the same now as when on earth; and although his bodily presence is removed from us, he is still as *nigh* as ever unto his own, and that unto the end of the world.

Now, he is the way to God; but before we can rightly walk in this way, all other ways must be closed up; and, like Israel by the Red Sea, have but one way of escape; and every one before he can possess the kingdom of God must become

A LITTLE ONE.

London, Dec. 13, 1854.

## WEEPING MARY.

LINES WRITTEN BY MR. THOMAS ROCK,  
OF IPSWICH.

YONDER, see poor Mary weeping,  
Running, though she's in the dark;  
Love intense prevents her creeping,  
Though of light there's not one spark.

Something surely has inspired her,  
Or she never could thus run,  
She's in search of her rich treasure,  
Which was laid beneath a stone.

Ointment costly she intended,  
To anoint her Saviour with;  
But alas! her love is blended,  
With the most exquisite grief.

"The stone is moved, my Lord is gone,  
But where? O! where is He?  
Who all my sin and guilt hath borne  
For me, for wretched me!

"O! tell me where, I must away,  
To find my absent Lord:—  
Up! Peter, John, do not delay,  
Come ransack every horde."

They came, they looked, but all in vain,  
Their buried Lord to see;  
Proposed to go home again,  
To this they did agree.

But Mary could not leave the ground,  
To love and weep inelud'd;  
She stoops, and looks, more close around,  
If she her Lord may find:

The shining ones are seen to sit,  
Where once the Saviour lay,  
The grave is now a place most fit,  
When we are called that way:

"Woman," they say, "Why weepst thou?"  
She instantly replied,  
"Because I cannot find Him now,  
Who for my sins hath died.

"They took away my Lord, they have,  
Where have they laid Him? say!  
Though but a woman near the grave  
I'll bear him hence away."

She spake, and turned herself about,  
Her unknown Lord to hear,—  
"Woman, why flow thy tears so out,  
Whom seekest thou in fear?"

"O! Sir, my Lord is stolen away;  
Say have you borne Him hence?  
However far you did Him lay,  
I'll go and fetch Him thence."

Her risen Lord His love displays,  
She little thought 'twas He;  
He speaks, she hears, her spirits raise,  
"TIS ME, MARY, 'TIS ME!"

She quick calls out "Rabboni, Lord!  
My Master, Jesus, All,  
My soul is melted at thy word,  
Here I adoring fall.

"O let me cling close to thy heart,  
Let me embrace my Lord:"

"No Mary, from this sight depart,  
Come take me at my word.

"You to my brethren now I send,  
Go fill them with surprise,  
Up to our Father I ascend  
To meet you in the skies."

She told them that she had seen the Lord,  
And what He did as well;  
May Mary soon the same record  
Through our Immanuel.

THE NARROW AND  
THE HIDDEN PATH,  
WHERE LIVING CHRISTIANS HAVE TO WALK.

THE Psalmist David prays, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe." He wished to be safe in time and eternity; but he knew he was safe, only as he was kept by the power of God. From many expressions he uses in the Psalms, we conclude, he dreaded above all things being left to himself. He deeply felt his own weakness, his own poverty, and his own liability to err, at all times, and under all circumstances; and yet, along with this great truth, he deeply felt his solemn obligations to obey God's commands. He knew he was responsible as a creature; and much more as a Christian, inhabited by the Holy Ghost, and destined to inherit a crown of life, that faded not away.

He was the subject of many slips and failings—nay, of some awful departures from God, whom, in his very soul, he dearly loved, and delighted in; yet he could not lay the blame of these either upon God's providence or decrees, though they—his sins—were inseparably connected with both; nor could he pack them upon the devil's back, though he had a hand in every temptation with which David was assailed. The truth is, he desired to abstain from every appearance of evil, to honor and delight in the Lord as his God; and yet he knew he was not competent to this great task; he felt he had no such self-sustaining, and self-resisting powers, which ignorant people boast of; therefore he flies to the Almighty with a "Hold thou me up, and I shall be saved."

The dangers to which Christians are exposed are manifold. One deeply feels them from without—"The lust of the eye and the pride of life." This fair, smooth-speaking world, bewitches and enchants them.

Others feel danger more from within: the lust of the flesh—that dreadful magazine of combustible matter—which, like a volcano, is ever ready to burst forth, and drown one in destruction and perdition; while others are narrowly watched, and beset by the devil—that old adversary of God and man. Great God! what a wonder any poor sinner should come off more than a conqueror! Ah! but the wonder is removed, when we understand, that we "come off more than conquerors THROUGH HIM that loved us." I am persuaded there is a middle path for the Christian to walk in, and a middle truth for the Christian to believe in. That path, and that truth, lie between two extremes: the one, of packing our sins upon the devil's back, and (the old Adam) nature's back, and the decrees and the providences of God; and the other, of maintaining creature power, and Christian responsibility, in such a legal sense as to overwhelm a poor fallen sinner, or drive a wandering saint into doubting castle, or the iron cage of despair. This is the path, and the truth, which lies hid from thousands of real Christians, both of high and low sentiment; and though I should be denominated a go-between

by some, who, it is possible, have more grace in their hearts, than light in their heads, I would glory in such reflections! knowing that I was only steering between extremes.

The devil is a very subtle, and powerful enemy: he knows all our weak points; he has been studying human nature more than 6000 years; and must needs be very skillful. He will raise a battery just at our weak points; he knows all our besetting sins; and having succeeded so many times, he is never intimidated, but ever watchful, ever vigilant; with the eye of the lightning flash, he is here, and there, and everywhere, where poor fallen humanity is to be found. But he can only hurt us with our own consent; if we are unwilling to comply, he is unable to operate. I see this truth written as with a sunbeam in God's book; and upon this fact is founded the Scripture, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." He is not irresistible, any more than he is omnipotent, or omnipresent—for these attributes are Jehovah's. If he can be resisted, the blame devolves upon us, when he draws us away from the God of all our mercies. How this resistance is to be made is another point. Certainly, if ever it is successful, it is in the strength of Christ, which shall be perfected in our weakness!

All other resistance—such, for instance, as *promises, hopes, vows solemnly ratified*, the devil laughs at. This is only like shaking a reed at him, or throwing dust in his eyes. "He esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood: darts are counted as stubble." Job xli. 27—29. Ah! he has laughed and befooled many an honest but unwary pilgrim; hence the injunction—"O that God would render it effectual!"—"Be sober! be vigilant! because your adversary the devil goeth about as a roaring lion;" "whom resist steadfastly in the faith." We all know it is easier to keep out a thief, when he is out, than it is to expel him when he is in; and how often we have opened the door, and bid a welcome to satan, instead of making a resistance! I think, if the devil's evidence might be taken in this particular, (though he was a liar from the beginning), he might say, How often have you tempted me to tempt you! How often have you held up your tinder box to my match, instead of waiting for my match to touch your tinder! Come, my friends, let us not load the devil with what belongs to us; we are verily guilty, in not standing against this adversary; in not making an outcry to get under the protection of our Prince. I have heard some preach—see-saw—a merry tune upon decrees and providences, which evidently has been designed to please men with the notion that they could not help their sins; that it was the devil that tempted them; that it was only the old man of sin, not the new man of grace; and such preaching has fostered graceless characters, and pampered backsliders; but I always conclude, such a minister first spares himself, and then, to be consistent, he spares his people, and dishonors God; when, if he dealt faithfully with his own soul, he would be bold to deal faithfully with others, in similar

circumstances. O how often (God knows) the dagger of his word has thrust me through and through, and let out the purulent matter that was hidden from view, but not a whit the less offensive in Jehorah's pure eyes, before I could use the two-edged sword to deal faithfully with others!

Men may raise the hue and cry, legal! un-sound! a go-between! and who knows what? But the thief is not here; the old fox is nestling in the bushes of our calumniators. After all, what mercy in the heart of our covenant God, not to deal with us in strictness! His erring children are still his dear Ephraims, his pleasant ones; though he might justly say, You have chosen your own delusions: go on, and stumble till you fall over the precipice into hell. HE DOES NOT! His mercy, his love, his covenant, his honourable names, all forbid it. "You have destroyed yourself; but in me is your help: you have sinned with a high hand; but I will save with a stretched out arm." "O that thou hadst hearkened unto my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." What a figure! How expressive and impressive! Here is no saying, You could not help it; it is not your fault—it was my ordering. O no! here is blame; here is reproof; severe, yet loving—pungent, yet merciful. It is the reproof of a Father, yet a slighted and injured one. And after all, here we must come, if we are God's children. I know of only one way of escape: that is, for bastards; upon whom the rod of God never (or, I might say, scarcely ever) rests, in this life. THOMAS SMITH.

Wootton, Beds., Dec. 13, 1854.

## CRYING TO GOD

OUT OF DEEP WATERS.

PART II.

"Let not the waterflood overflow me; neither let the deep swallow me up," &c.—Psa. lxxix. 15.

How many are the deep waters of tribulation through which the dear children of God are called to pass in their passage homeward, to that glorious inheritance where there will be no more sorrow, nor crying, all the former things, which now distress, having for ever passed away.

We have already noticed the child of God crying to his heavenly Father in deep distress, while the billows of a broken law lay heavy upon his soul, and the certainty of the day of deliverance promised. Also, we have traced his footsteps to the next waterflood, under which even the Apostle was constrained to cry out in anguish of soul (see Rom. vii. 24.); but how cheering to see how he lays a firm hold by faith of the glorious remedy for all, in the next verse, "thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Another waterflood, out of which the believer often cries to heaven for divine help and deliverance, is sharp temptation, by which he is often assailed while in this vale of tears. When satan comes in like a flood to overwhelm, or stir up some instrument to do his dirty work, as in poor Job's case (ii. 9,) or

allures by a sinful charm, as in David's case, (2 Sam. xi. 20,) or with a threatening instrument, as in Elijah's, (1 King xix. 1, 2). And the weakness of the flesh prevails instead of the mighty power of grace: for, let but the Divine presence be withdrawn, thion human resolutions and efforts are sure to give way.

"Jesus, if thou withdraw thy aid  
That moment sees me fall."

But, dear tried believer, are you in this trying position? May the Lord lift thine eyes upward—lean not upon an arm of flesh—plead the promise, (1 Cor. x. 13,) and as Watts declares,

"Amidst temptations sharp and long,  
My soul to this dear refuge flies!"

Victory, sooner or later, shall be yours; and the Lord shall deliver from this waterflood also. Rom. xvi. 20.

Another waterflood I would notice is, affliction of body, through which many of the family are frequently called to pass. Sometimes in their own persons; and with others, in the persons of those near and dear to them; and under these painful and trying dispensations, how earnestly and pathetically will the dear suffering saints be found supplicating the throne of grace with a "shew me wherefore thou contendest with me." Job x. 2. Let us endeavour to remember, that even in these sharp and trying seasons, our heavenly Father has a gracious end in view, hidden from us it may be, (John xi. 1-4; Heb. xii. 10, 11,) but the promise of delivering mercy shall, in his good time, be fulfilled; and from this waterflood he shall be freed also, (Psalm xxxiv. 19,) and then in triumph he will sing,

"The Lord beheld me sore distressed,  
He bid my pains remove;  
Return, my soul, to God thy rest,  
For thou hast known his love."

But there are other waterfloods which cause sorrow of heart to many of the heirs of the kingdom while in this wilderness below; sometimes in the family. Many have their Absaloms to weep over, as David did, (2 Sam. xix. 4.); some a disobedient and profligate daughter, (Luke viii. 2,) and this causes grief indeed. Also it may arise from outward circumstances. Some of the Lord's dear people being, at times, so driven to their wits end, they know not where the next meal is to come from; (1 Kings xvii. 12; Luke xvi. 21,) and unless this trial is sweetly sanctified by grace, and the felt presence of the Lord, it will appear a waterflood of trouble indeed.

Again, there are waterfloods connected with the cause of our God upon earth: when the flock of Zion, instead of dwelling together in unity, become divided, (1 Cor. i. 2); and when we consider much of the preaching and teaching of this present day of profession—some endeavouring to undermine the Saviour in his Godhead; some trying to eclipse the glories of his righteousness, (2 Peter ii. 2.) Who, that has a sanctified heart, can look upon these afflictions in Zion, without feeling something of what the ancient Prophet expressed? Jeremiah ix. 1.

The last waterflood I would notice, is one

which both believers and unbelievers must pass through, but with this difference—one has the heavenly Pilot for his guide, the other has no such mercy; (Isa. xliii. 2; iii. 11.) Jeremiah calls it the “*swellings of Jordan*,” (xii. 5); Bunyan describes it as a deep river which there is no avoiding; and Watts says its “like a narrow sea,” and it divides the heavenly land from ours; and I speak of the flood of death: happy! thrice happy that soul, who, when he comes there, will be able to say,

“His *oath*, his *covenant*, and his *blood*,  
Support me in the *whelming flood*,  
When all around my soul give way,  
He then is all my help and stay:  
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,  
All other ground is sinking sand.”

May, both he that writes, and he that reads, these few lines, if it be the will of our heavenly Father, be among that happy number who shall triumph and overcome at last; experiencing with David, Psalm xxiii. 4; rejoicing with Paul, 1 Cor. xv. 55—57; and confessing, with the church of old, to the honour of our God, Psalm lvi. 12. So prays, your's in Jesus,  
BRADLEY.

## CHRISTIAN CONTROVERSY.

DEAR BROTHER—From an observant, though not always sympathizing, perusal of the *VESSEL* of late; from a mournful retrospect, and sometimes sighing prospect, of the internal condition of the professing church of Christ; from a painful, though not despairing, attention to the bitter strife of tongues, dishonouring alike to the truth nominally contested, and the self-appointed champions thereof; it is a balm fraught with divine consolation, to turn to the gracious, unselfish words of a Friend ever the same, ever mighty, ever true; and sweet is the dew distilling through the soul in conversing with those departed saints, who being dead yet speak the language they learnt from those loving lips.

Being lately in communion with one of these, I may, I think, (without incurring the contempt of those who scorn the resurrection of dead men's brains,) give your readers, and especially your writers, the benefit of the perusal of his truly golden thoughts upon a subject apparently very dear to them at the present time.

JOHN NEWTON, amongst many valuable words, in his letter to a friend, about to oppose (in print) a certain writer, says—

“You are of the strongest side: for truth is great, and *must* prevail. I am not, therefore, anxious for the event of the battle; but I would have you more than a conqueror, and to triumph not only over your adversary, but over yourself. As to your opponent, I wish that before you set pen to paper against him, and during the whole time you are preparing your answer, you may commend him by earnest teaching and prayer to the Lord's blessing. If you account him a believer, though greatly mistaken in the subject of debate, the words of David are very applicable, ‘deal gently with him for my sake.’ The *Lord* loves him, and

bears with him; and he bears with you also: shew tenderness to others from a sense of the much forgiveness you need yourself. In a little while you will both meet in heaven.

“But, if you look on him as an unconverted person, (a supposition which without good evidence, you should be very unwilling to admit,) he is a more proper object of your compassion than of your anger. Alas! ‘he knows not what he does;’ but you know who has made you to differ. Of all persons who engage in controversy, we who are called Calvinists, are most expressly bound by our own principles, to the exercise of gentleness and moderation: our part is not to strive, but with meekness to instruct those who oppose, if peradventure God will give them repentance to the acknowledgement of the truth. Be cautious of laying stumbling-blocks in the way of the blind, or of using any expressions that may exasperate their passions, and confirm them in their prejudices. If our zeal is embittered by expressions of anger, invective, or scorn, we may think we are doing service to the God of truth, when, in reality, we shall only bring it into discredit. There is a principle of self which disposes us to despise those who differ from us, and we are often under its influence when we think we are only shewing a becoming zeal in the cause of God.

“I readily believe that the leading points of Arminianism spring from, and are nourished by, the pride of the heart; but I should be glad if the reverse were always true—and that to embrace what are called Calvinistic doctrines was an infallible token of an humble mind. I have known some ‘Arminians’ (so called) who for want of clearer light, have been afraid of receiving the doctrines of free-grace, who yet have given evidence that their hearts were in a degree humbled before the Lord. And I am afraid there are ‘Calvinists,’ who, while they account it a proof of their humility, that they are willing in words to debase the creature, and to give all the glory of salvation to the Lord, yet know not what manner of spirit they are of. Self-righteousness can feed upon doctrines as well as upon works.

“The wisdom from above is not only pure, but peaceable and gentle; and the want thereof, like the dead fly in the ointment, will spoil the savour and efficacy of our labours. If we act in a wrong spirit, we shall bring little glory to God, do little good to our fellow-creatures, and procure neither honour nor comfort to ourselves.”

I wish, my dear brother, that my time and your space allowed the whole of this valuable letter to appear, but, a word to the wise is sufficient. May we all, by the rich indwelling, teaching, humbling, exalting grace of the Holy Ghost, be made and kept wise as serpents, harmless as doves. Truly, the time is short—the work is great—the labourers are few; our weapons are *not* carnal—let us quit ourselves like *men* (truth and soul-loving men,)—the Lord is at hand!

With gratitude and prayer, I subscribe myself a lover of all the lovers of the Lord Jesus,  
S. K. BLAND.

Cheshunt, Dec. 13, 1854.

THE PERSECUTED  
CHRISTIANS IN GERMANY.

WHEN we look at real Christians in persecution, apart from Divine revelation,—three things appear amazingly strange. First, that the Lord should thus permit his dear children to be afflicted. Secondly, that men should be so barbarous, as to persevere in tormenting the devoted and spiritual worshippers of a triune Jehovah. Thirdly, that men should be content to endure persecution rather than deny the Lord, whose truth, whose cause, and whose kingdom is dearer to them than ten thousand lives, and of more value to them than all the liberty, ease, or honour, this world can bestow.

Oh, English Christians—ye—who quietly enjoy the privileges of a sound, a saving gospel ministry, count not your mercies small. Come, and read the following, from "*John Penry, the Pilgrim Martyr*," a book which we have noticed before. In the Appendix, the Author says:

"The recent report, of the deputation appointed to make enquiry into the condition of the persecuted Christians in Germany, affords a striking and painful illustration of the incompatibility of state authority in religion with real freedom. The gentlemen, delegated to this delicate and important mission, bear honorable and unequivocal testimony to the intelligence, courtesy, and piety of the German authorities, with some exceptions; yet their position renders them apparently unconscious of the wrongs inflicted by them on their fellow-countrymen, whose integrity, benevolence, and even Christian excellence, they are ready to admit. In a decree, founded on a church ordinance of 1616, signed in the name of the prince by his ministers, and published June 29th, 1852, we read:—

"1. Local authorities are prohibited from granting a permission of residence to any missionaries of the Baptists.

"2. Should such foreign missionaries secretly, or without permission, remain in the country, they are to be arrested and imprisoned: for the first offence, one month; for every subsequent offence, three months.

"2. If Baptists, who are natives of the country, hold conventicles, or meetings for religious worship, they shall be imprisoned one month, or two, according as the meeting has been held, privately, or in public. Foreigners, holding such meetings, are liable to the punishment in clause 2.

"4. Whoever allows such meetings to be held at his house, but does not himself conduct it, shall suffer imprisonment for fourteen days.

"5. Any person, whether a native or a foreigner, who sells or distributes Baptist tracts, shall be liable to an imprisonment of fourteen days for each offence. A foreigner incurs, in addition to clause 2. All tracts of this kind are to be sent to the Government."

"Similar decrees are in force in other states. Hence, scenes, the exact parallel of those related in the life of Penry, are witnessed to this day in Germany. In Saxo Meinengen, a pastor describes the difficulties of his flock in reaching the place of meeting, because of the vigilance of the police. It was ten o'clock, he tells us, on a dark and rainy night, where they all met on the side of a hill, in the depths of a pine forest, to show forth the death of Christ. 'Our table,' to quote his own words, 'was the mossy turf. I spread that table with a white cloth. How beautiful did the cup of the Lord appear upon it, while a few stars looked down upon a clouded sky! It was so dark in the gloom of the forest, that we could scarcely see the bread; but our hearts were the more full of joy, as we had so long missed this sacred privilege. In commemorating our Lord's death, he had strengthened our faith and love, and we joined in a song in the loneliness of a night in the forest.'

"Another pastor relates the circumstances of their imprisonment. 'On the 26th February, 1853, six of the brethren were apprehended and committed to prison. Each of us took his Bible under his arm, and we went cheerfully to our punishment, in the confidence that the Lord was with us. In the evening, when we were locked up, we sang a hymn in the dark, for lights were not allowed, and commended ourselves to the grace of God, and then laid down to rest.

"On the 11th of May, some of the sisters were cast into prison. My wife was one of them, with an infant in her arms only four months old; and the wife of another brother, with an infant only six weeks old. Like their brethren, they spent much of their time in reading, and at first, in singing also; but this was afterwards forbidden, and the jailor was commanded to take away all their books from them except the Bible. They suffered much, and especially the infants, from cold.'

"Such, in the nineteenth century, is 'the miserable estate of Germany;' not from sects, but from the connection of religion with the State. The principle of an establishment is essentially that of spiritual despotism; the State, as such, can neither feel nor reason—it is hard inflexible power."

Such scenes are afflicting to flesh and sense—but they fully prove the *vitality* of a living union to Christ—and the undying faithfulness of a promise-performing God.

Joshua, the high-priest, stood before the angel, clothed, not with righteousness, but with filthy rags. Sin upon him, and satan by him: and this before the angel! What must he do? Can he speak for himself? No. Go away? No! Has he not a word? No! guilt has made him dumb. But, his lot was to stand before Jesus Emmanuel, the angel of the covenant, who makes intercession for transgressors, and he said unto Satan, "The Lord rebuke thee, O satan; is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" (*Zech. iii. 2.*)—*Fragments and Crumbs, by Major Rowlandson.* Nisbet & Co.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE "EARTHEN VESSEL" ON HIS REVIEW OF MR. SPURGEON'S MINISTRY.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—I cannot but express my sincere regret at the course which the EARTHEN VESSEL has of late taken. It appears to me, and to many more beside me, to bear strong marks of *apostacy* from the *spirit* of truth.

Personalities, where they must of necessity be causes of disputation, ought to be avoided. Why is Dr. Cumming paraded before us?—a man of whom, perhaps, we cannot, as a gentleman, a scholar, a philanthropist, and an advocate of Protestantism, speak too highly! But who, taught of God, ever once thought his ministry to be that of life and freedom, in the gospel and new covenant sense of the word?

But this I should have passed by—hoping the matter would drop; but, to my unbounded astonishment, we have thrust upon us by your own hand in your December number, another very *questionable* personage—namely, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. To hold my peace any longer would be criminal and traitorous to that cause dearer to me than mortal life.

You *begin* your review of his ministry with great caution and seeming honesty; you then rise into raptures; you tell us you are made to "*jump for joy.*" But anon, you sink down again into disappointment, and loudly call for something, with which Mr. Spurgeon does not furnish you; and your call for fire, or rain, or whatever you are calling for, sounds very like, "O Baal, hear us!" But Baal could bring neither fire, nor rain; nor can a false gospel—or, which is the same thing, the true gospel, perverted—bring either true judgment into the conscience, or true mercy into the soul.

But then, after this lamentable cry, you fall into a very kind, caressing sort of mood; and then it is—"Ah, dear brother, the *Christian has another side to his experience.*" Yes, that he has; in this thou saigest truly.

I would not wish my hand to be more heavy upon you than is needful; nor will I impute to you the motives which, I can assure you, many do impute to you in this matter. I judge that you have erred (for I most solemnly believe you have erred) in this matter, by oversight; you have not sufficiently weighed the matter; and also by that great amount of benevolent and good feeling so natural to you; a feeling much to your credit; but, like other feelings, it needs *control*.

I believe, also, that *canting* professors have had some weight with you. Hence, the real object of your correspondent John, in writing to you, is not to exalt Mr. Spurgeon, but to level an arrow at those men of God who, because they insist upon fruits that spring from, and accord with the true root, are spoken of as though they did not insist upon fruits at all.

If the EARTHEN VESSEL intend to change Masters, let it do so at once, and the living in Jerusalem will have done with it. If the

candle of a true experience, that searches all the inward parts, be taken away, I, for one, should care but little for the candlestick; as the mere candlestick would be but a poor means to light me along in that path which the vulture's eye, keen as it may be, hath not seen.

If the VESSEL hold fast, to a certain extent, the *letter* of truth—yet, if there be not the *life* of truth, the VESSEL must be blotted out of the book of life; and if it grow lukewarm, and is neither hot nor cold, we must cast it out of our mouths, nor must we take up its name into our lips.

Now, dear Editor, I write not this to shame you, but from the Christian love I have to you as a man of God, the good wishes I have for the true prosperity of the VESSEL; and above all, the concern I feel for the truth as it is in Jesus.

I have no personal antipathy to Mr. Spurgeon; nor should I have written concerning him, but for your review of his ministry: his ministry is a public matter, and therefore open to public opinion. And as you assure us that the sermon on 1 Cor. i. 6.—The Testimony of Christ Confirmed in You—by Mr. Spurgeon—is *by far* the best, I will, by your permission, lay before you my opinion of the same. But I will first make a few remarks concerning Mr. Spurgeon, to which remarks I think he is entitled.

It is, then, in the first place, clear that he has been, from his childhood, a very industrious and ardent reader of books—especially those of a theological kind; and that he has united with his theological researches books of classic, and of scientific caste; and has thus possessed himself of every kind of information which, by the law of association, he can deal out at pleasure; and these acquirements, by reading, are united, in Mr. Spurgeon, with good speaking gifts. The laws of oratory have been well studied, and he suits the action to his words. This mode of public speaking was, in the theatres of ancient Greece, carried to such an extent, that one person had to speak the words, and another had to perform the gestures, and suit, with every variety of face and form, the movement to the subject in hand. Mr. Spurgeon has caught the idea, only with this difference, that he (Mr. S.) performs both parts himself.

Mr. Spurgeon is too well acquainted with Elisha Coles, not to see in the Bible the sovereignty of God; and too well acquainted with the writings of Toplady and Tucker, not to see in the Bible the doctrine of predestination, and an overruling providence; and too well versed in the subtleties of the late Dr. Chalmers, not to philosophize upon rolling planets, and methodically moving particles of earth and water, each particle having its ordained sphere.

But in addition to these, he appears to be a well disposed person—kind, benevolent, courteous, full of good will to his fellow creatures, endearing in his manners, social; a kind of person whom it would seem almost a cruelty to dislike. The same may be with equal truth said, both of Dr. Pusey and of Cardinal Wiseman.

But then, it becomes us to be aware, not only of the rough garment of a mock and "arrogant humility," but also of Amalakite-measured, and delicate steps; and also of the soft raiment of refined and studied courtesy, (Matt. xi. 8), and fascinating smile, with, surely, "*the bitterness of death is past.*" 1 Sam. xv. 32. But Samuel had too much honesty about him to be thus deceived. We must, then, beware of words that are softer than butter, and smoother than oil. (Psa. lv. 21). Not one of the reformers appears to have been of this *amiabile* caste; but these creature-refinements pass with thousands for religion; and tens of thousands are deluded thereby. It was by great, very great *politeness*, that the serpent beguiled Eve; and, unhappily, her posterity love to have it so: so true it is, that satan is not only a Prince of darkness, but transformed also as an "*angel of light,*" and shall deceive, if it were possible, even the very elect.

And yet further than all this, he (Mr. S.) was, so says the VESSEL, brought to know the Lord when he was only fifteen years old. Heaven grant it may prove to be so! for the young man's sake, and for that of others also! but I have—*most solemnly have—my doubts* as to the Divine reality of his conversion. I do not say—it is not for me to say—that he is not a regenerated man; but this I do know, that there are conversions which are not of God; and whatever convictions a man may have—whatever may be the agonies of his mind as to the possibility of his salvation—whatever terror any one may experience, and however sincere they may be, and whatever deliverance they may have by dreams or visions, or by natural conscience, or the letter, or even apparent power of the Word, yet, if they cannot stand, in their spirit and ministry, the test of the law of truth, and the testimony of God, there is no *true* light in them; for a person may be intellectually enlightened—he may taste of the heavenly gift, and be made partaker of the Holy Ghost, *professionally*, and taste of the good Word of God, (Heb. vi.), and yet not be regenerated, and therefore not beyond the danger of falling away, even from that portion of truth which such do hold. Such are never thoroughly convinced of what they are by nature; Psalm xxxviii.; Rom. vii.; shew a path to which they make some approaches, and of which they may eloquently talk, but at the same time give certain proofs that they are not truly walking therein.

Mr. Spurgeon tells us, in his sermon on the Ministry of Angels, that he has more angelology about him than most people. Well, perhaps he has; but then, if a *real* angel from heaven were to preach another gospel, he is not to be received.

But now, dear Mr. Editor, as we humble readers of the VESSEL look somewhat to you, and in most cases have the pleasure of being instructed, and refreshed, and profited, and as you inform us that Mr. Spurgeon's sermon on 1 Cor. i. 6—*The Testimony of Christ Confirmed in You*—is the best that you have read, I will take that as a sample, and give

—not hastily, but deliberately, and in the fear of God—my opinion upon it. And to me the said sermon appears, both in the negative and in the positive, to be materially faulty; that is, that there is the absence of something that should be present, and the presence of something that should be absent.

The faulty points are these:—

1st. We are told, page 1, *that the Corinthians had much of the learning of the Greeks, and were men of classic taste, and that they should have used these gifts to confirm the testimony of Christ.*

Mr. Spurgeon, and the Word of God, very widely differ, upon this Greek wisdom and classic taste. The Word of God *rejects* the wisdom of the flesh, and declares it to be *foolishness* with God, and that it is at best but "earthly, sensual and devilish," and essentially different from the wisdom that is from above. Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians; but the wisdom by which he led Israel out of Egypt, came altogether from another quarter. The apostle Paul was a man of much Greek learning, and classic taste; but it was by a very different kind of wisdom that he preached among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ; he came not as our moderns do, of Greek learning, and classic taste; these come in the jingle, and play, and wisdom of words, but not in the demonstration of the Spirit, or of the right kind of power.

2ndly. In page 2 we are told, that he (the Lord) "determined upon sending a Mediator into the world, whereby he might *restore* it to its pristine glory, and save to himself a people who are *to be* called the elect of God."

Now, here Mr. Editor, we get two rather singular doctrines: first, that the world is to be restored to its pristine glory; and secondly, that the people of God are *to be* called the elect of God.

Here, again, Mr. Spurgeon and the Bible are at variance. The one says, the heavens are to vanish away like smoke, and the earth wax old, like a garment, and they that dwell therein shall die in like manner; that the earth is to be burned up; but Mr. Spurgeon says No, to this, and restores it to its pristine glory. "But the people of God" says the sermon "are *to be* called the elect of God." I thought this nomination was already settled, and that from before the foundation of the world.

3rdly. The very paragraph, Mr. Editor, which you quote from the sermon, appears to me to be very faulty; nor can I feel at all one with the sermon, in the way it speaks of the testimony of Christ. The sermon says, that the testimony of Christ was direct from himself, and that the testimony of prophets was second hand; that the testimony of Christ was uniform, but that the prophets contradicted themselves; that the testimony of Christ was perfect, but the testimony of the prophets was not perfect; that the testimony of Christ was final.

Now, Mr. Editor, this appears to me to be nothing but vain jangling, and a jargon of

truth and error, ingeniously interwoven. Just try the several parts.

1. "The testimony of Christ was direct from himself." But the Word of God contradicts this, and says, "The words that I speak are not mine, but his that sent me." "But the testimony of the prophets was *second hand*." But the Word of God contradicts this also, and says, that prophecy came not in the olden time by the will of man, but "holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." The truth is, that both the prophets and Jesus himself spake direct from heaven by the same Spirit.

Again: The sermon says that the testimony of Christ was uniform. This is most readily granted. "But" says the sermon "we cannot say that of other men." What, then! were the holy prophets one thing in the truth of God to-day, and another thing to-morrow? What is this, but invalidating their testimony, and setting them aside? "The testimony of Christ," says the sermon "was perfect." Well, of course it was; and so was the testimony of the prophets—unless the sermon means to charge the Holy Ghost with imperfection. The sermon brow-beats the prophets, twitting them of their personal infirmities, and making their testimony to be nothing but a few scattered threads. Does the New Testament do this? Would a man with the *true* fear of God in his heart do this?

But then, the sermon brings in some of the old, bye-gone fathers of the early ages, and some few moderns; among which, a prophet does not dare to shew his head. Now, these fathers are the great luminaries of the world, and blest with the title of *galaxy of stars*. So much for Greek learning, and classic taste.

But the sermon says, also, that the testimony of Christ was *final*; and this is true; and so also was the testimony of the prophets final. From their testimony there is no appeal. They testified of Christ, and that by inspiration of God.

Mr. Spurgeon's mode of confirming the testimony of Christ, is *not* the apostles' mode of doing the same. Mr. Spurgeon makes it consist chiefly in something to be done by mortal man; but the Holy Ghost decides it thus—"Who (that is, God) shall confirm you, unto the end that ye may be blameless (generally, especially from apostasy, for so I take it) in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ." (Verse viii.) Mr. Spurgeon's mode of confirming the testimony of Christ is merely heathen and natural. The conscience of the heathen accused and excused, and by the things around them, told them of a Supreme Being; so Mr. Spurgeon's mode of confirming the testimony of Christ, is to prove to others that the Bible is not a fiction. He pretends to set aside Butler's Analogy, and Paley's Evidences, as unnecessary; and yet advances in substance the same thing himself.

And how does the sermon close? Why, it closes with the veriest cant, hypocrisy, falsehood and delusion of the present day. It closes with just the deception that suits the taste of the empty and flimsy profession of thousands. For I make no hesitation in

saying, that neither himself nor one of his hearers, either does or can practise what he preaches. Does he—or can he come to the throne of grace when he pleases? Yet, his hearers are to go home and make a fresh vow to God, and to register this new resolution. And moreover, his hearers are not to do this in their own strength. But how are they to do it in God's strength, unless he give that strength? and why should they seek his strength, when they are content with their own? Why did not Job get God's strength, and come at once to the mercy-seat, and so have done as Mr. Spurgeon would have commanded him? Pity, that Job, and the poor tried prophets and holy apostles, had not lived in this *enlightened* age!

Now, Mr. Editor, you, perhaps, will say, these samples are only a few straws. Well, be it so; but they shew which way the current is directing its course. But mind, I have given but few, out of the many proofs this sermon gives of its unscriptural character.

And now, to sum up the whole, I do most solemnly, and as in the sight of God, believe that while this sermon makes some approaches to the truth, yet, that it is not in the path marked and described in Psalm xxxviii., and Romans vii., and numbers of other such Scriptures, which is the path the holy prophets went. I believe Mr. S. well capable of talking about those paths, but I cannot see that he is walking therein. This sermon is not in a path that can by possibility confirm the testimony of Christ. It is not a path in which it can be known.

Concerning Mr. Spurgeon's ministry, I believe the following things:—

1st, That it is most awfully deceptive; that it passes by the essentials of the work of the Holy Ghost, and sets people by shoals down for Christians, that are not Christians by the quickening and indwelling power of the Holy Ghost. Here free-willers, *intellectual* Calvinists, high and low, are delighted with him, together with the philosophic and classic taste Christian! This is simply deceiving others, with the deception wherewith he himself is deceived.

2ndly, That as he speaks some truth, convictions will in some cases take place under his ministry; such will go into real concern for their salvation; and will, after a time, leave his ministry, for a ministry that can accompany them in their rugged paths of wilderness experience.

3rdly.—Though I do not attach the moral worth to such a ministry as I should to the true ministry of the Spirit, yet it may be morally and socially beneficial to some people, who perhaps would care to hear only such an intellectually, or rather rhetorically gifted, man as is Mr. Spurgeon; but then they have this advantage at the cost of being *fatally deluded*.

4thly.—My opinion is, and my argument is, and my conclusion is, that no man who knows his own heart, who knows what the daily cross means, and who knows the difference between the form and the power, the name and the life itself, the semblance and the substance,



the difference between the sounding brass or the tinkling cymbal and the voice of the turtle, pouring the plaintive, but healing notes of Calvary into the solitary and weary soul; he who walks in this path, could not hear with profit the ministry of Mr. Spurgeon.

5thly.—I believe that Mr. Spurgeon could not have fallen into a line of things more adapted to popularity: his ministry pays its address courteously to all; hence, in this sermon he graciously receives us all; (such a reception as it is;) he who preaches all doctrine, and he who preaches no doctrine; he who preaches all experience, and he who preaches no experience; and hence, *intellectually* high Calvinists of *easy virtue* receive such a ministry into their pulpits, at once shewing that the man of sin, the spirit of apostacy, is lurking in their midst. Low Calvinists also receive him, shewing that there is enough of their spirit about him to make him their *dear brother*; only his hyperism does sometimes get a little in their way, but they hope *experience* will soon take away this Calvinistic taint, and so make things more agreeable. But in this I believe they will be disappointed; he has chosen his sphere, his orbit may seem to be eccentric, but he will go *intellectually* shining on, throwing out his cometary attractions, crossing the orbits of all the others—seeming friendly with all, yet belonging to none.

His originality lies not in the materials he uses, but in rousing them into an order that suits his own turn of mind, at this he industriously labours: (in this he is a reproof to some ministers of our own denomination who are not industrious, nor studious, nor diligent, but sluggish, slothful, negligent, empty-headed, and in the pulpit as well as in the parlour, empty handed—preaching then is like sowing the wind, and reaping the whirlwind; and many on this account leave our ministers, and prefer a half-way gospel ingenuously and enthusiastically preached to a whole gospel not half preached, or preached without variety, life or power. May the Lord stir up his own servants, that they may work while it is day.)

But, in conclusion, I say—I would make every allowance for his youth, but while I make this allowance, I am nevertheless thoroughly disposed to believe, that we have a fair sample of what he will be even unto the end: a man cannot preach with any success what he does not know; but be this as it may, we cannot, Mr. Editor, when we ask you once a month for bread be content with a stone; no not even when that stone is carved and colored into the outward likeness of a loaf, the touch and the taste soon convince us that we have hold of something too cold and hard to be eaten. And we ask an *egg* and you send us a scorpion, and that instead of feeding us, sting us and torment us, as the torment of a scorpion when he striketh a man; we ask of you as a faithful steward, a hundred measures of wheat, and you reduce us to a starvation fifty; we are entitled to a hundred measures of oil, and you put us off with four score. It must have been an oversight, I cannot believe it wilful on your part. Are these times in

which to trifle with either the souls of men, or the vital truths of God? Whatever construction be put upon what I have here written, I can fall back conscientiously upon my *motives*, and can truly say, I have judged of others as I myself wish to be judged, making the word of God, and the realities of experience, my guide herein.

I am sincerely averse to disputation; I hold the truth for higher and better purposes; but, nevertheless, I am not content to sit still, and see it stolen from me without at least saying a word or two for that which is so well worth contending for.

I have a strong feeling towards both you and the VESSEL; your present course does appear to me to be wrong, though unperceived by you.

I have no wish to part with either you or the VESSEL, as companions on the way to the Kingdom; and hope I may have in future no cause so to do. Why should I be bereaved of you both in one day? JOB.

[When we first read this reproof from our friend and brother "Job," we resolved to put in our defence, at some length: but we must not occupy much room on the subject this month. In writing our review of Mr. Spurgeon's ministry, we only desired faithfully and charitably to answer the many inquiries which arose in different quarters, as to the true position he occupied in Zion. We seek for no favours from Mr. Spurgeon, nor from any of his friends. We ask for no patronage beyond that which our work may be considered to deserve. We acknowledge no man on earth, nor no set of men, as our master. The EARTHEN VESSEL was commenced ten years since without one single minister, or influential person, as its friend. Its circulation, for some time, was exceedingly limited; not two-hundred copies per month were sold. During the last eight years it has continually and gradually increased, until seven thousand copies per month, on the average, have been issued, its readers, beyond doubt, are from twenty to thirty thousand during the four weeks of every month in the year. We believe—we know—the blessing of God has attended it. Immense as the labour has been, we also know that the hand of the Lord has helped us: and if it please the Lord to spare us—and still to employ us—we are joyfully willing to give up ourselves and all we possess to his dear cause and service; although—God knoweth—we have no prospect of ever receiving temporal remuneration for our labour.

If, on the other hand, the churches of Jesus Christ are quite satisfied that we have "apostatized from the *spirit of truth*," then let them discard the EARTHEN VESSEL at once, and for ever. But our conscience witnesseth to no such apostacy. Our ability for either speaking, or writing, is small; but such as it is, it has been—under God—employed for many years in earnestly contending for a *living faith*; a *living hope*; a *living ministry*; a *living gospel*—yea, the PERSON, and WORK of GOD the HOLY GHOST, as the only Quickener of elect and ransomed sinners; as the only Revealer of, and Leader unto,

Christ; as HE who only can guide into truth, and, by the truth, make poor, sensible, Christ-seeking sinners free. This has been our theme, our work, the great end of our labor, whether in the pulpit or from the press; and in our contention for this all-important work, we give place to no man on earth; no, not even to brother "Job" himself. We know his talent is great; his influence is immense; his success as a minister is, in these days, almost without parallel, and our love to, and esteem for him, is *sincere, permanent, and practical*; but "Job" never more boldly contended for *vital godliness*—(for the life of God in the soul, as the only pledge of entering glory)—in all his days, than we have done. Nay, brother Job, we are not to be frightened by either your charge of apostacy, or your threat of discarding the VESSEL. We may have meddled with men that we had better left alone; we *may* have introduced many things into the VESSEL which had better been omitted; and, in reviewing Mr. Spurgeon's ministry, we may possibly have "erred," as "Job" says we have: but apostatise from the *spirit* of truth, we believe, by God's grace, we never shall. And we hereby call upon all the friends to real vital godliness in the three kingdoms, in the colonies, and in the cities across the Atlantic—we earnestly beseech all the living in Jerusalem, who have received us as sent of God, to step forward boldly and practically in endeavoring to spread our humble testimony to, and contention for, *LIVING REALITIES*, to the very ends of the earth.

We must say one word, in conclusion, respecting Mr. Spurgeon. We heard a great deal *for*, and very much *against* him. With prayer to God, we went to hear for ourselves. In his expounding Scripture, and in his supplications at the throne of grace, we realized a melting of soul, and a union of spirit to some blessed truths as advanced by him. We did regret—and we still confess the same)—to find an (almost total omission of the Person and Work of the Holy Spirit; but Godly persons have assured us that in this department of his ministry they have been abundantly satisfied. We have, therefore hoped, that God, even our God, had set him on the Walls of Zion for usefulness and for real good to thousands of poor sinners. If we have erred, the good Lord pardon us. It has not been from a WILFUL INTENT, but from a WEAKNESS IN JUDGEMENT; if we have not erred, the day will declare it.—ED.]

"The ambitious man gives himself up to his honours—but I, blessed Jesus! give myself to thee. The voluptuous man to his pleasures—the covetous man to his bags—the drunkard to his cups—the papist to his idols—the Turk to his false prophet—but I, blessed Jesus, give myself unto thee! for thou hast loved me, and hast washed me in thy blood, and hast died for me—so, dearest Lord, I am thine, and I give myself up to thee, to be thine for evermore."  
—Major Howlandson.

## Memorials of Departed Saints.

[ENCOURAGING and faithful testimonies like the following are exceedingly useful. When the work and triumph of grace, in connection with the Christian's daily warfare, are clearly traced out, many, who are yet seeking the Lord, will be helped by their perusal. We rejoice in being instrumental in giving the churches such truly experimental testimonies. We know the smiles of a covenant God will rest upon our little efforts to comfort those who mourn in Zion; and to strengthen the weak hands. THE LIFE of the church as hid with Christ in God; and the life of God as hid in the souls of the quickened elect of heaven's ordained family, are darling themes with us.

"Let us his holy power proclaim,  
And sound abroad his matchless fame."  
ED.]

### THE CALL BY GRACE INTO GOSPEL LIBERTY, AND THE SAFE DEPARTURE OF THE LATE MRS. BETTS.

MR. EDITOR.—The Lord having been pleased to take to himself my companion in this vale of tears, I wish to record his mercies in calling her by grace; making her a manifest vessel of mercy, and preparing her for glory.

It pleased the Lord, at seventeen years of age, to remove her mother by death; by which providence, the shortness of time, the solemnity of death, and the realities of an eternal world, were laid upon her mind, causing her to think of her ways, to ponder the path of her feet, and to flee from the wrath to come. She fell among the Arminians; but the Lord was with her, teaching her, and leading her with a high hand. One Wesleyan preached from, "*To open their blind eyes.*" She came from chapel, crying, "*Lord, open my blind eyes.*" She then went to hear Isaac Saunders, of St. Ann's, Blackfriars; he preached from, "*They opened her their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures.*" She came away, crying, "*Lord, open my understanding, that I might understand the Scriptures.*" For some time she sat under the ministry of Isaac Saunders. Whenever the doors were open, she was either at St. Ann's, or in the Wesleyan chapel, thirsting for the water of life, crying for mercy, and seeking the Lord: now and then encouraged, and again, cast down.

At length it pleased the Lord to give her a friend who had heard the late Joseph Irons preach. "O Susan," said the good woman, "come and hear Mr. Irons preach in the City." After some persuasion, she took her, and another Wesleyan, to hear "Joseph." The other one went to sleep, and heeded not the words of the preacher; but the Lord would not let my poor thing sleep: she was a child of light, in search of the "true light," and the Lord was determined to bring her into it. Joseph read for his text,—"*THINE IS THE POWER.*" She was led, under that sermon, to see that power be-longeth unto God; and that in the gospel, as preached by "Joseph," there was food for the hungry, cleansing for the filthy, a robe for the naked, a house for the homeless, and a parentage for the fatherless.

From thence she bid the Wesleys farewell; and attended the ministry of "Joseph" as closely as she had before the Wesleys—but with a different result. She found in his ministry the truth, and the food she had been in search of; her mind expanded; her affections glowed with love to Jesus; she longed to call him her Lord, and to say,—*"This is my Beloved."* She sat for two years under "Joseph's" ministry, often much exercised about her state, tossed up and down with hope and fear as to whether she had an interest in the great things she heard; whether her name was in the book of life; was Christ her Christ? did she belong to him?

At length, "Joseph" read for a text,—*"I will even betroth thee unto me, in faithfulness, and lovingkindness, and thou shalt know the Lord."* Under that sermon, she was set at sweet liberty; the Lord came into her soul in the glory of covenant relationship; and she felt that the Lord had betrothed her; and that she knew the Lord. A new scene was opened unto her; she ran sweetly in the ways of God's commandments. Whenever "Joseph" preached, she was there at Camberwell, in the City, or elsewhere, sitting under the shadow with sweet delight, and singing his high praises from morning till night. Not only was "Joseph's" ministry dear to her, but the seat she sat on, when the Lord set her soul at liberty, was to her a consecrated spot. She took the seat, and years afterwards, when we were married, she took me to the Crescent, and shewed me the spot where the Lord had met with and blessed her.

Thus far the Lord had done great things for her, blessed, and made her happy in himself. But with the blessing she had a crook in the lot—a drunken father—and bitter reproach for going to hear the truth. Often, after returning from Camberwell, she would sit up till one and two o'clock, listening for his drunken shouts.

Although the Lord had done so much for her, she had yet a crowning mercy to come. There was a higher step for her to take; in the Lord's good time she took it. The Lord was pleased to give her another friend, who advised her to go to Prince's Place, to hear: she said, "You will not get me to go to Prince's Place. I have been there; the man speaks against the truth; and I will not go." Again the friend said, "*Do go.*" She consented, and went. Mr. James Wells was in the pulpit: they were early days in his ministry, but the Lord was with him. He read for his text, "*So the Lord bringeth them to their desired heaven.*" It was like heaven upon earth to her; the ministry of the Spirit, in his invincible and sovereign operations, in a manner she had never seen before, was opened to her.

After this, I was led to hear Mr. Wells: he was reading, "*to everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven.*" My ears were nailed; my affections turned heavenwards; fear began to work; desires went up to the Lord; hope sprang up in my soul; the warfare between flesh and

Spirit commenced, and exercised me greatly; but I clave to the ministry; and the Lord settled me in his truth. I was but a boy then: nearly a quarter of a century has rolled away since; but from that day to this, on waves of temptation, waves of tribulation, and fiery furnaces, I have been kept in **THE TRUTH**, and I believe I shall die in the same.

About this time, we were introduced to each other—and when we were married, we both knew **THE TRUTH**; one did not *drag* the other into it: we could both hear Mr. Wells; we seemed only to live for **THE TRUTH**. The old hearers at the Tabernacle can testify that our feet ran in the way of God's commandments. Week night services, and Sundays, were high and holy days to us. **HAPPY DAYS!** my soul still hath them in remembrance.

We were in the habit of singing, and that with feeling,

*"If Christ be mine, and I am his,  
I nothing want beside."*

Thus far, the scene was bright; I now must speak of the shadow. God has set the day of adversity and the day of prosperity one over against the other.

In the year 1837, it pleased the Lord to permit us to leave London, and go into the county of Kent, the garden of England, but not the garden of the Lord. We had been told **THE TRUTH** was preached there; we went to hear what others called the truth, but it was not **THE TRUTH** to us. We could not receive it: the ministry of the Spirit was not contended for, in his freeness and sovereignty. We were such poor things, having been brought up delicately in palaces—nurtured, washed, clothed, educated, and that at the King's expense; and for many years having had nothing to do spiritually, we felt ourselves strangers in a strange land. Whether we did right in staying there, I know not; but this I know, that from that time we began to come down from our high standing. We stayed at home—went nowhere to hear, except when we came now and then to London, to hear Mr. Wells.

After two years of famine—not of bread, or of water, but of the hearing the Word of the Lord—we settled once more in London. But, alas! alas! all was changed; a spirit of barrenness came upon us; bodily afflictions set in upon her; (she had never been strong;) her intellect began to lower; she began to be taken up with little things; and would sit at home instead of going to hear the Word. I became absorbed with business, and thought more about time, than eternal things. "What shall we eat? and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" seemed to be almost the only things I lived for. My home became no home; and disorder and distraction reigned, where all before was grace, peace and truth.

But this I pass over, and come to the closing scene. The Lord's people cost him a life of suffering, and a death of agony and blood; and he will put them into the furnace that the fine gold may appear. So it was with us. We had two years' furnace work; first, a doctor; then deep church troubles; then a lawyer; then my wife lost her eyesight; at length, trade fell off, and we thought

the scene would end by my going to jail, and she ending her days in a workhouse. Unbelief got so high, that it seemed almost impossible even for the Lord to interpose. How strange, after so many years of mercies and rich favour, to rebel against the Lord, and doubt his goodness! A few months before she died, we heard Mr. Wells preach at Somerston: it was the same thing again—the dear old truth; and it found a response in her soul. That Sabbath was the last time she trod the earthly courts of the Lord.

About three months before she died, I went to Eden Street; when I came home, she was standing at the door of the house. She said, "I want a walk; lead me round the Square. I have something to tell: I thought I would say nothing about it, but I must tell you. Since you have been gone, I have been so happy! I have had such a season! Yes! I have not had one like it for years! It came into my mind, 'Ah, I shall soon be landed on Canaan's happy shore!' I could not wish to be happier on earth." Our walk was sacred, and we rejoiced together. In a few days she took to her bed. She said, "I shall not get up again—it is all over." I thought so too: we believed that that Sabbath evening's visit was a foretaste of that glory she was soon to enter upon. She suffered much in her last illness; but, strange to say, though naturally of an impatient turn, she was like a lamb; and although she took but little nourishment for the last three weeks, she did not murmur, but was grateful, thanking us for everything we did for her.

I come to the last Sabbath but one, she spent upon earth; the day was filled up with reading the VESSEL, hymns, the Word of God, and prayer. It was an interesting Sabbath, and for the encouragement of the "Watchman" I say, she did not find fault with "blacky beetle," nor the "crawling worm;" nor his "battle for the worm." It did her good. She knew that she was a crawling worm, and that her Lord did go to battle, and that for "crawling worms."

A minister called to see her next day, and she spoke to him of "the beetle and the worm." Messrs. Ellis, Smith, and Ashby, may say what they please about friend Pegg and the "Watchman," I was pleased to see their pieces; for I was dismayed when I read the extracts from Dr. Cumming's writings in the VESSEL—"Whether you feel your need of Christ or not, go to him—go to him on principle." Go on, friends Pegg and the "Watchman;" may God make you still more valiant for the truth. Truth is truth, and is of the Lord; the opposite is of the devil.

Her last Sabbath she slept the greater part of the day: in the evening she said,— "How I have wasted this day! I thought to have had such a nice day!—that you would have read to me." On the Monday and Tuesday, she was very dark in her mind: she sat up in the bed, and begged the dear Lord to appear for her; with clasped hands she cried, "O Lord, have mercy upon me!" Early on Tuesday, I read the 40th chapter of Isaiah to her; dwelt a little upon the word of the Lord abiding for ever; reminded her of

what the Lord told her when he set her soul at liberty—"Thou shalt know the Lord;"—that the Lord could not lie. When I had finished, she said, "That is a nice chapter." I then, for the last time in her hearing, besought the Lord for her, and then said,— "You say you are dark: tell me, is it beyond the grave that you are in the dark about?" She answered, "No: he has done so much for me—could I doubt that I should dishonour him!" I then said, "He does not speak to you as in days of old." She answered, "That's just it: I want a bright shining." We conversed about her departure: I told her I would come sometimes and stand upon her grave. She said, "What a mercy we shall not be parted! we shall meet again: it will not be long before we shall meet again. When I am gone, you will get on; you will not have me to fret about. I knelt down by the bedside several times through the day. I said, 'Have you anything to say to me?'" She said, "Could I speak, I could say many things. I have just woke up with, 'Ah, I shall soon be landed.' Many texts and hymns come to my mind."

In the evening she expressed her confidence concerning things beyond the grave, to blind William; but that she wanted the Lord to shine upon her soul. He then addressed the Lord on her behalf, and took his leave. At parting, she took his hand, and said, "Good bye: the Lord be with you, William." This was ten o'clock; she said but little after, but continued to pray to the Lord. About half-past one I helped her into bed; laid her head on my arm; saw the change take place. She drew one long breath, and all was over. She died, where she often expressed a wish she might die, in my arms. When she was dying, I held up my hand, and said, "Be still, she is dying in the Lord."

On the following Tuesday, November 21st, we laid her mortal remains in Victoria Park Cemetery—brother Chivers speaking at the grave's mouth; declaring death was no calamity to those who died in the Lord, seeing the work of Christ was perfect; there was no flaw in it. He came home, and stayed the evening. I was favored with brother Cox's company, and six others from the Tabernacle. We sang hymns; brother Chivers read God's Word, made some suitable remarks, and finally addressed the Lord; he was with us. A solemn stillness rested on my spirit at the grave, and through the evening.

"It's to the praise of God we sing,  
Thought of a dying saint we tell."

Wishing you every mercy, I remain your well-wisher,  
JAMES BETTS.

As the woary sentinel, wet with the dews, or oppressed with the still heats of an Indian night, longs for the dawn of day and the morning gun; so pants the believer's soul for that day, when having thrown off the burdensome clothing of the flesh, and cast down the heavy arms and accoutrements of this mortal warfare, he shall come and appear (this corruptible, having then put on incorruption) before the living God.

## A PREACHER OF THE GOSPEL : HIS WARFARE AND HIS WORK.

*Copy of a Letter addressed to the Baptist Church at Widecombe, on the occasion of their social tea meeting.*

DEAR BRETHREN—It has afforded me much pleasure to find that the solemn and scriptural truths I have preached among you, “not with the words that man’s wisdom teacheth,” but which the Holy Ghost teacheth, has produced such kind and generous feelings towards me as were expressed on Monday evening, by many of the brethren. You know therefore, brethren, that I did not handle the word deceitfully, nor sought to please men; for “I certify you, brethren, that the gospel preached among you by me was not after man;” but on the contrary, “is every where spoken against,” and slanderously reported; that we say, let us do evil that good may come; but the Apostle says, “their damnation is just.” There are some who would have persuaded me not to have any connection with you; but it is my delight to follow the noble example of Paul, that trumpet of thunder, at whose voice hell trembled and pharisees blasphemed, when he went to Philippi; it was not to the synagogue but to the river side that he directed his steps—it was not to the respectable assembly that he spake so as to open his heart, but to the despised and calumniated few of the female sex that resorted thither: like him, I care not whether it be by the river side at Philippi, Mars Hill at Athens, the Synagogue at Antioch, or the School of Tyrannus; wherever I am called, I trust I shall never shun to declare all the council of God; though I know what it is to go bound in spirit, with a mountain in my way, and a mist before my eyes, in weakness and fear and much trembling, dragging heavily, like the chariots of the Egyptians, when the Lord knocked off their wheels; burning sometimes like a seraph, and then cold as morsels of ice—having all things, yet suffering need—very sorrowful, yet always rejoicing—the poorest of creatures, yet making some rich—hated and beloved—despised and carressed—condemned and justified—at war, yet preaching peace—a wandering prodigal from my heavenly Father, yet his acknowledged child. My way is sometimes straight as a line and smooth as a plain, and then it abounds with crooks and is obstructed by mountains. It is, however, the King’s highway, where he has been employing me in gathering out the stones, and lifting up a standard for the people. In this way I have been humbled and exalted—emptied and filled—highly honoured, yet frequently in the dust—a wretched man of sorrows, yet always triumphing in Christ—my deserts, I know, are the bottomless pit and endless wailings, and yet I hope to dwell for ever in a mansion of light. I have for many years been blowing the trumpet in Sion, and publishing glad tidings, and yet they are neither stale nor old; and so very blessedly has the dear Lord sweetened this employment, that I am determined never to deal in light weight or short measure, which are an abomination to him. You therefore perceive, that I could not

veil and conceal the smiling face of our dear Lord, and make him look like Moses. No! Why do men do this? Why are they ashamed of the testimony of the Lord, and Paul, his servant? Why blink the question of God’s elect? Why? Because this lays the axe to the root of the tree of free-will and human pride; and these are the idols of thousands in the present day, who have never been brought to see their poverty, nakedness, and blindness. Hence, the blind guides would conceal from the Lord’s family a knowledge of their Father’s will, by guarding, and shading, and veiling the glorious gospel of the blessed God. Woe unto them, says the Prophet, for they are cruel, like the ostriches in the wilderness, the sea monsters draw out the breasts they give suck to their young; but through the defective ministrations of some who have never gone farther than the letter, the tongue of the sucking child cleaveth to the roof of his mouth for thirst, and the young children ask bread, and no man breaketh it unto them. Thus it is that many of the Lord’s children are kept in bondage, and led into a maze, by their yea and nay sophistry; so did not the Apostle; his preaching had a clear and distinct shekeloth. As God is true, said he, our word to you was not yea and nay, but in him (Christ) it was yea; for what is the gospel but an authenticated copy of the will and probate of our heavenly Father? and is proved in the spiritual court of conscience, by the testimony and depositions of the Holy Ghost, for the Spirit beareth witness; and what is the language of this will?—All things are your’s, for ye are Christ’s; chosen in him, united to him, ever beheld and loved by the Father just as he loved him; hence our Elder Brother is not ashamed to declare it himself, “that they may know that thou hast loved them, as thou lovest me; and thou lovest me before the foundation of the world.” Why are men ashamed to preach what Jesus was not ashamed of? Is it because they fear that this strong drink will produce inebriation? What—will the water engine set the house on fire? Will the love of God produce the love of sin? Is God willing, and shall we be unwilling? Does he hate the bag of false weights and short measure, and shall we dare to use them? No! dear brethren, we have not so learned Christ; we shun not to declare all the council, we shun not to give full measure, heaped up and running over; not to Hagarenes, but to the children of the free woman; and, therefore, set before you at your social tea meeting, the whole pascal lamb, roasted with fire and bitter herbs, with honey from the rock, and a little milk of the red heifer, to sweeten them. A cruise of water from the well of Bethlehem: a piece of broiled fish from the sea of Tiberius, with some unleavened bread; a little savory meat, with the pot of manna, and the cake baked under the juniper tree; the mandrakes that give a goodly smell; an olive berry from the topmost bough—a cluster of Eschol’s grapes; the balm of Gilead, nuts, and almonds, the first ripe figs, with the spiced wine of the pomogranate. Then may the Master of the feast say, “Eat, O friends, drink abundantly, O beloved.”

Hallelujah. Amen. C. M. WRIGHTMAN.

## Our British Baptist Churches.

In the *origin* of some of our old Baptist Churches, there were undeniable evidences of the sovereign and invincible power of our covenant God, in breaking up the fallow-ground, and planting the Standard of the Cross, in the conversion of sinners—in the call of some to the ministry—and in the establishment of Gospel ordinances and new covenant principles. The bump of antiquity is not very diminutive with us—we love things that are *ancient*, when found in connection with the salvation and manifestation of the people of God. We are, therefore, pleased with simple testimonies like the following.

### THE BAPTIST CAUSE AT NEEDINGWORTH,

#### IN HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

ABOUT the year 1710, Mr. Rogers, of Rothwell, Northamptonshire, with several of his elders, went abroad in the highways, preaching the gospel. I have had the pleasure of seeing the articles of his church, and likewise the hymns they sung. In doctrinal points, the articles were the same as Dr. Gill's, and the hymns very sound. In the account of his journeys, he preached at Willingham, Cambridgeshire, March, and Chatteris, in the Isle of Ely; and at Needingworth, in the county of Hunts. At the latter place, there is the corner wall of an old chapel now, in the corner of a house, lately occupied by Cave, called Chapel Close. When digging gravel, many human bones were found.

It appears to me that God kindled the fire of truth by this man, and satan could never put it out. This man of God was much persecuted by the Cambridge University—for he came out from thence. The truth has winged its way, until there is scarcely a village without a gospel ministry, in the county of Hunts. This good man was an Independent; but they have happily been led into the Baptist denomination. These ministers to whom I allude, stand steadfast in the truth, in doctrine and practice; and though the writer has been evil spoken of, he has not learnt the art of speaking evil of others.

The first Baptist minister, Mr. Ladson, was a native of Gamlingay, called to preach before the church of which his father was a member. He labored awhile, at Over, Cambridgeshire; but being a Baptist, this Independent church soon made the place uncomfortable, and he came to reside at Needingworth. In his life, written by himself, in page 66, he says, "I trust the Lord directed my way, and so prospered me, that in the year 1767, we were embodied into a Christian church, at which time we numbered thirteen; but have been greatly increased by the Lord. After many deceased, and many dismissed to other churches, and some few withdrawn from us, we now number 146." This was in the 71st year of his age. He had at this time been pastor of the church about 35 years. He continued there 62 years;

and preached to them within three weeks of his death. He had not much for preaching; only £16 a year: he had to work hard for a living, and spent £120, which was left him by a relation. He of course suffered much privation, as he had a large family; and also much persecution from the Church clergy. He died in peace. The following tablet was erected by the church and congregation, in grateful remembrance of their beloved pastor: "Thomas Ladson, who, with fidelity, discharged his ministerial labours in this place fifty-two years; and departed this life March 6, 1819, in the 87th year of his age, having been a strenuous advocate for the distinguishing doctrines of grace."

After being some little time without a pastor, they engaged a Mr. Sherwood, who labored among them for about sixteen years. Of this man's ministry I can say but little. I believe he went through much tribulation, and entered the kingdom. If he was not blessed as a preacher in his life, his death was blessed, and brought life to another; for when the news of his death reached the ears of a female, with whom I was acquainted, the Lord said to her, "*Prepare to meet thy God*;" and God prepared her; and now she is among the ransomed of the Lord, singing, Hallelujah!

The next part is the most unpleasant—for a man to write about himself; but as I mean to write nothing untrue, I need not be ashamed. As one of the deacons was riding with a Cambridge minister, he said, "I am afraid God will not send us a minister yet." The minister replied, "I know of one will just suit you, if he is gettable." That deacon came up to London immediately. Just at this time I was thinking of leaving my place. I did so, and engaged to be at N— on the first Sunday in December, 1836. In September, 1837, I was ordained: Mr. George, of Sholdham Street, London; Mr. Poock, of Cambridge, and Mr. D. Denham, late of Unicorn Yard, preached on the occasion.

At this time the number of members was 40; we soon numbered 60; and ultimately 83. The last year of my ministry there, I baptised in the river somewhere about 22. Some have fallen asleep, and some remain to the present day, which I hope to meet where parting is no more.

The time came when the Lord seemed to say, "You have been long enough in this mount." I was unwilling to leave them, because I loved them; so the Lord permitted a dry wind to come, not to fan, nor to change, but to drive me away. The four deacons gave me a good character, which I have by me; and I left with showers of tears, from myself, my wife and my friends: this was in 1842. Soon after this, they engaged with the present minister, Mr. Whiting, who, I understand, has been very useful to the young;—is a man of truth. I do not know how many members they have on their church book; but in looking over my list of names the other day, I find there are about 24 dead, and a number left the place. May the Lord increase their number ten-fold, "with such as shall be saved." So prays the unworthy writer,

*Bewley Heath, Kent.*

J. WALLIS.

THE BAPTIST CAUSE AT  
OLD BRENTFORD.

HONOURABLE and useful ministers of Christ's Gospel are not so plentiful, as to make the departure of any from our midst a light matter. No, by no means. Whether such ministers as we refer to, are removed by death, or by any other means, their removal must be a source of grief; for while we have a large number of brethren who are willing to carry Christ's gospel to the churches, we, evidently, have but few who can profitably and permanently occupy the place of those who have departed. In London, and its suburbs, we have now several churches whose pastors have been taken from them; and a very difficult task do the managers find it in obtaining suitable, savoury, and soul-satisfying supplies for their pulpits. We shall, at present, only notice Old Brentford.

Mr. C. H. COLES, their late pastor, was a consistent and faithful minister of the gospel, as far as his measured gift for that work would enable him to go. Recently he has considered his position as a *stated pastor*, unscriptural. In some other points, his views have been changed; he has resigned his pastorate; he has left the sphere of his labours; and another place has been opened for him in the same locality. We should much rather have heard that he had not divided the people, who, for near seven years, had been his faithful friends and firm supporters. To say the least of it, we seriously question whether his dividing the people is not as great a sin, as it could be for him to continue the pastorate, where he believed the Lord led him, and where the Lord made much use of him.

When we reflect upon the promise, "*I will give them pastors after mine own heart;*" when we consider well the indisputable fact, that in every age the Lord has owned, honored, made use of, and greatly blest, a *stated and a standing ministry*, we can hardly be reconciled to the steps taken by Mr. Coles; and if he does not repent of it before many years have rolled over his head, we are much mistaken.

But Mr. Coles has written a book; he has published his views; to that testimony, therefore, we refer our readers. It is entitled, "*A Treatise on some Important Subjects, &c., &c.*" By C. H. COLES, late Pastor of the Baptist Church, Old Brentford." London: James Paul, Chapter-house Court.

In the Preface to this pamphlet, Mr. Coles has clearly stated the course he pursued in coming to his present conclusion. An extract or two, may be interesting to such of our readers as cannot read the whole work. He says:

"Ever since God, in his wonderful mercy to my poor soul, distinguished me by his sovereign grace, I have had a great thirst to know his mind and will upon all things recorded in the

Scriptures of eternal truth; and when he has discovered to me any part of his will, it has been my anxious desire to follow, by the assistance of his grace, in the way he has shewn, and to do the thing he would have me to do. When it pleased the Lord thus to call me by his grace and set my soul at a happy liberty, giving me the Holy Spirit as the seal and earnest after I heard the word of truth and believed the gospel of salvation (Eph. i. 13, 14); and things were settled between God and my soul; when I knew that he had loved and chosen me, and that I now loved him, and chose him in return, I began to search the word, and found that those who believed and received his word were baptised. Having been brought up in the Church of England, I knew nothing of Baptism; I never recollect hearing any one preach about the subject; but, in carefully reading those parts which refer to it, I saw that the only mode found in the Scriptures was immersion, and 'if thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.' As soon as ever I saw this, I followed in obedience to my dear Lord, and thus became his willing disciple, set at his blessed feet; and from his word, and by his promised Spirit, I was led to receive into my heart those great truths so generally called the doctrines of sovereign and distinguishing grace; and from that time to the present, I have never seen any good reason to part with one jot or tittle of them. \* \* \*

No one who has given any degree of attention to the present dark and sickly state of the churches, can have failed to see that something is wrong somewhere—that some change in the order and government of the churches is loudly demanded and greatly to be desired by all who have seen and are now experiencing the evils existing among those who profess to follow only the Word of God. Now, whatever judgment may have been formed by others with respect to the cause of this state of things, I feel, for one, that we have most grievously departed from many parts of the New Testament; and, just in proportion as we have done this, we are found in conformity to the world—disunited from each other; and the only remedy for this state of things is at once to confess our sin, and return to the order and example of the churches in the New Testament.

"Just at the time my mind was exercised about these things, a beloved friend lent me *Sibbs on the Soul's Conflict*, and the following extract from that work made a deep impression on my mind. He says:—'When things are clear, and God's will is manifest, further deliberation is dangerous, and for the most part argues a false heart—as we see in Balaam, who, though he knew God's mind, yet would be still consulting, till God, in judgment, gave him up to what his covetous heart led him to. A man is not fit to deliberate till his heart be purged of false aims; for else God will give him up to the darkness of his own spirit, and he will be always warping, unfit for *bias*. Where the aims are good, there God delighteth to reveal his good pleasure. Such a soul is fit and suitable to any good counsel that shall be given, and prepared to entertain it. In what measure any lust is favoured, in that measure the soul is darkened. Even wise Solomon, whilst he gave way to his lust, had like to have lost his wisdom.'

"After deeply pondering over the matter, and feeling that the things were clear—that God's will was manifest—that I was not only called to preach them to others, but that it was my imperative duty to be found practically carrying out the same, ceasing to do evil and learning to do well—and although I should, like Abraham, go out not knowing whither he went, I must not confer with flesh and blood, but hearken only to my dear Lord and Master, Jesus, who hath said, 'He that loveth father or mother, son or daughter, more than me, is not worthy of me.' Having now counted the cost, and in some measure prepared for the consequence, I invited our Deacons to meet me at my house to take tea on Monday, June the 26th, when I pointed out the particulars in which I believed we were not conforming to the Word of God in the order and discipline of the Church, adding that, as I saw differently now in these things to what I did when I became their Pastor, I was quite prepared to resign, if the Church should decide that no alteration should take place; that I should not for the future preside at the Prayer Meeting, nor could I break bread with them as heretofore. I clearly saw both to be unscriptural, and therefore I must at once cease to do evil: for whatsoever is not of faith is sin: that when we meet for prayer, each brother should pray, read a portion of the word, and give out an hymn, just as he was led to do as if in the presence of Christ, who had promised to be in the midst, and in dependence upon the Holy Spirit, who alone can qualify us for every spiritual act in the worship of God; and that when we meet to break bread, each disciple was as much qualified to do this as the Apostle Paul. It was the Disciple's own act, that the appointing of any man to the administering this ordinance was a Popish tradition, and that it had no authority or sanction in the New Testament whatever."

In the discourse itself—for this pamphlet embodies the substance of Mr. Coles's farewell sermon—there are some excellent things; and although we differ from the author in some of his main points, we nevertheless, wish him every new covenant blessing. We part with him very reluctantly; he has taken steps which have wounded many of his friends, and limited his usefulness; whether he is more happy, more holy, or more successful in his labours, we shall not at present attempt to determine.

We shall, if spared, review his work more fully in a future number. The nature of the gospel ministry; and the positive position of pastors of churches, we hope, then to discuss.

#### GRAVESEND.

ON Wednesday evening, December 13th, 1854, Mr. Stringer baptized five believers in the Lord Jesus, at Zoar Chapel. The Lord has thus added to us twenty two members by baptism in ten months, (one has left us) the rest continue; and five have united with us from other baptist churches. The good hand of our gracious God is with us, and he is evidently at work among us. Mr. Stringer spoke on the present occasion (at the head of the pool) from Rev. xiv. 4, "Those are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he

goeth;" thus, I. The persons. II. Their privilege. Considering the persons from the context. 1, Their union to Christ; 2, Their redemption by his blood; 3, The song they sing; 4, Their freedom from pollution; 5, Their spiritual perfection. Their privilege: 1, They were called to follow the Lamb; 2, They are constrained to follow him; 3, They are come to follow him. Brother Nichols commenced the service by reading and very solemn prayer; the order was good, and the attention great. "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

HYMN, composed and sung at the baptizing of my daughter, who, under the ministry of my well-beloved brother in Christ, and fellow labourer in the glorious gospel of the ever blessed God, THOMAS STRINGER, Gravesend, was called to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. My prayer to God on his behalf and for the flock of his charge, is, that they may increase with all the increase of God, and live in the unity of the Spirit. JOHN NICHOLS, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Cook's Ground, Chelsea.

ETERNAL Spirit now descend,  
Make known to us the sinner's Friend,  
For us baptiz'd in blood.  
Now shed abroad the Saviour's love,  
Bestow the peace, thou heav'nly Dove,  
Of our redeeming God.

[Baptismal waters represent  
The suffrings Jesus underwent,  
To save his fallen Bride;  
For her he bore the curse of God,  
For her he shed his precious blood,  
For her was crucifi'd,

The type she loves, for 'tis his own,  
Wherein, to faith, Christ's love is shewn,  
Who died, his Bride to save;  
For her the law he magnifi'd,  
For her stern justice satisfi'd,  
For her despoil'd the grave.

Then rising from the deathless tomb,  
Wherein he lay in midnight gloom,  
The conq'r'or over hell.  
Come saints and view the wat'ry grave,  
The emblem of his pow'r to save,  
And join his praise to swell.]

In thine own way, great Prince, we're come,  
By which thou went to heav'n, thy home,  
Through water and through blood!  
The wide world's scorn we count as dust,  
Our glory is Immanuel's cross—  
Our hope—Incarnate God.

Let others of their merit boast,  
No works have we on which to trust,  
Our Jesus is our all.  
'Tis he alone that made our peace,  
From sin and death gave full release,  
And sav'd us from the fall.

To be baptiz'd by thy command,  
See thy redeem'd all willing stand,  
To follow Thee, their Lord;  
They have acknowledg'd Christ to be  
Their only hope, their only plea,  
Before the Church of God.

They love that Christ, who first lov'd them,  
And now they wish to honour him,  
Who shed for them his blood;  
Through mercy's richest stream they came  
Hosanna shout to Christ the Lamb,  
And praise the triune God.

#### ORFORD HILL, NORWICH.

DEAR BROTHER—On the 3rd Dec. we were favored to witness four believers in the Lord Jesus, publicly put on Christ by baptism. In haste, with christian love, A. B. BROWN.



## Zion's Telegraph.

*A Series of Letters addressed to those Pastors and Churches (in the British Colonies, and other distant parts of the globe,) who hold fast by the Truth as it is in Jesus: and who have left their native land to settle in those distant Climes, where the Spiritual Tabernacle of David is yet to be reared up.*

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS in the faith and fellowship of the Gospel; as it is impossible for me to answer your several letters and enquiries separately; and as there is a spiritual sympathy between you and those Christian friends you have left behind, I am disposed to forward you some tidings of the state of things in our Churches, through the medium of the EARTHEN VESSEL AND CHRISTIAN RECORD; which publication being now stamped, may be forwarded to you without that delay and inconvenience which has hitherto been experienced. All that you have to do, is to instruct some friend in England to send you the stamped copies regularly by post; or you can forward your subscription and address directly to Mr. ROBERT BANKS, Publisher, Bermondsey New Road, from whom you will duly receive the publication.

I have not pledged myself to a mere detail of circumstances. I shall endeavour in these letters, to embody at least, *three* distinct features. First, to furnish you with all the information which the events daily occurring in our churches may render practically useful, and interesting to you, and to all who love our Lord, and who pray for the prosperity of the true Jerusalem. Secondly, if spared and permitted, I shall also aim to give you the benefit of my reflections while running on my Master's errands, and while reviewing such works as contain anything calculated to be useful to you in edifying, comforting, feeding, and encouraging your heaven-born spirits. And, lastly, I will, as far as possible, notice and answer your several communications to me, and others in England; whereby I hope this new department may prove valuable to Zion's inhabitants, whether they tarry at home, or whether they have gone to distant parts of this lower world. Of course, I shall be glad to receive copies of spiritual letters which may be sent to England by any of you who live over the seas; from whence I should gladly extract any precious matter which the Spirit of God might have enabled you to pour forth in an epistolary form.

Without any further introduction, I commence by giving you a brief account of some short journeys I have recently made among a few of our rural and suburban Churches.

The first journey I took after my illness, was down to Reading, to preach in London Street Chapel. I left home full of fear; but I had not long set out, before these words fell in my mind—"I will surely have mercy on him, saith the Lord." I proved the truth of that sacred promise. The Lord helped me; so that I preached three times in Reading; and in some parts much enjoyed my Master's presence. The church here is without a

pastor, and the cause is somewhat weak; but if the Lord would send them a noble-minded, faithful, experimental minister—one that had weight enough in his ministry to maintain a firm and independent standing amongst them—then, under heaven's smile—the cause would prosper. It hath been said, that the Lord hath a controversy with the people for past offences. We have no doubt, where dishonor is cast upon the holy name of Jesus, but what he visits for these things. Still, our God will pardon the sins of his own people, and go on to love his Zion, even to the end.

**Knowl Hill.**—I spoke to some of the friends here on the following day. Brother Benjamin Mason is infirm, and has had some sharp brushes with the enemy; and for a short time he actually laid down his arms, and said he could preach no more. Some kind-hearted Timothy from Reading went over to his help; and he has returned to his post again. Brother James Webb, the co-pastor of Knowl Hill, is a very worthy brother, and a safe servant of Jesus Christ. He lives in "Spring Cottage;" and I hope the wells of salvation have been opened up in his heart; flowing through his ministry to the refreshing of fainting souls. He is hidden in a corner. Were some of our destitute churches to fetch him out occasionally, I think he would be a blessing to them.

**Orpington.**—In humble "Bethesda" we had a pleasant evening. I spoke to them as well as I could. The pastor, Master Willoughby, is a hard-working agriculturist; but he can give a poor travelling preacher like myself a bit of bread, and a bed to lie down upon. The cause here is in debt. They want about fourteen pounds to pay their rent. It is to be hoped the Lord will appear for them; or they must give up their chapel. Mr. Welch is at Foot's Cray, and young brother Webb goes to Farnborough. The churches are supplied; but I fear there is not much adding unto them by the Lord.

**Staines.**—There are no less than three Baptist churches in this place; could they all be put into one, under the ministry of a fruitful and faithful servant—they would stand in strength. I recently preached to the friends in the new chapel; and I think they are growing a little. They are happy, united, and decided for truth; and many brethren from London go to preach to them the Word of life.

Charles F. Webb's letter from Wellington, New Zealand, is to-hand. He says, "I am living in a colony where every sect, except the Baptists, has its representatives and followers. There are many, also, who call themselves Baptists; but, alas! alas! they will pretend to shew love to everyone, but such as love the truth as it is in Jesus." A minister from the neighbourhood of Birmingham, has made his way out there; but there is reason to fear he is no good. Friend Webb says, "If ever a minister of the Baptist persuasion comes to settle in Wellington, I hope he will be one sent of God—one that will

exalt Jesus, and faithfully shew the work and power of the blessed Spirit in applying the atonement of Christ to the consciences of poor sinners." Amen, says the Editor of EARTHEN VESSEL.

I can only give these few words here. Notes of a long journey into Wiltshire, &c., must be held back for the present.

THE CLIMAX  
OF  
ANCIENT ISRAEL'S SIN.

"But there were false prophets among the people, even as there shall be false teachers among you, who privily shall bring in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them, and bring upon themselves swift destruction."

I AM more than ever impressed with the importance, and solemn responsibility of the ministerial office. It is a work of no small moment to stand up a professed servant of God, to feed the church with knowledge, and with understanding. I am often led to say—"Who is sufficient for these things?" And often I shrink back from my work; and were it not that I can recall to mind many Ebezers of timely help, I must give up, and desert my post.

When I hear ministers speak, and read the productions of their pens, I am often led to ask, Is this the Word of God? Is this the mind of the Spirit? Is this the drift or design of the sacred writers?

Listening, a few weeks ago, to a so-called Baptist minister, (a late student at Stepney College), who was advocating general redemption, or the universality of the atonement, he took the above text as a proof of his theory. The exposition he gave of it, led me to think. I was led, also, to ask several who believed in particular redemption, their thoughts on the text; and not one could give me anything, as I thought, to the point. I believe it is of vital importance, "rightly to divide the word of truth." These words were written by Simon Peter, an apostle of Jesus Christ to the scattered or dispersed ones; or, "to the elect sojourners of the dispersion." The apostle James dedicates his Epistle to the same persons—"James, a servant of God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, to the twelve tribes in the dispersion." These letters were written, therefore, to Jews who were strangers in these places—Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, and Bithynia; not persons settled down, dwelling in a flourishing colony, prosperous and happy in the world—but persons who had been scattered to and fro; first, by the Assyrian captivity, and after that by the Babylonish, and by the invasion of the Romans. They were foreigners; sojourning in another country, as the Jews are to this day. Now the apostle writes to the believing among them, and styles them "elect, according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ;" and as "kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation." Saying also, "There were false prophets also among the people,"—evidently

alluding to a time past: and as we have no account of prophets among Gentiles, either true or false: we know there were false prophets—"lying prophets" among the Israelites; and these words imply that the persons addressed had some knowledge of the fact, that there "false prophets among the people."

The apostle is then carried onward in the spirit of prophecy, to declare what shall be in the latter days—"There shall be false teachers among you, who privily shall bring in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them, and bring upon themselves swift destruction."

I cannot think that this passage refers to the redemption of the church by the blood of Christ at all, although so often quoted by men in support of general redemption. There is a redemption spoken of in the Bible, besides the redemption by the blood of Christ; "Is not he thy Father that hath bought thee?" "I gave Egypt for thy ransom." The children of Israel were redeemed from the bondage of Egypt by the sovereign interposition of a God of Providence, and they sang the song, "Thou in thy mercy hast led forth the people, which thou hast redeemed." Many more passages of God's word might be quoted. We pass by their deliverance from the Babylonish captivity, and we behold the same people scattered all over the face of the earth, a bye word among the nations, a distinct people, and yet "they are, as touching the election, beloved for the Father's sake;" they are still called "branches broken off;" and the privileges into which we (Gentiles) are grafted is still called "their own olive tree;" and God is able to graft them in again.

This people favoured, and punished again, and again, are still in existence, and the promise of God to them is, "I will gather them out of all nations whither I have driven them, and they shall be a people in the land which I gave unto their fathers." From Ezekiel the xxxviith, I understand they will be a people, a body, a nation, in their own land, still in unbelief, without spiritual life, as it is after the body is formed that life from God enters into them; God says in his word, "I will gather them out of all countries whither I have driven them." They are again to be bought or redeemed out from all those that have served themselves of them.

Now, we are aided by the same spirit of "prophecy, unto which we do well to take heed," to a knowledge of the state of the world, and of the church, at the end of this age. See Matt. xxiv.; 2 Thess. ii. And as the close will be apostacy in the professing church, infidelity will be the state of the world. The Jews, therefore, will be infidels: they will set up an infidel system under a headship—THE man of sin, anti-christ, who will deny both the Father and the Son. Thus, the Jews in their own land, will be deniers of God, and of his Son, Jesus Christ: who is the only Lord God, who brought them not only out of the land of Egypt, and out of Babylon, but out of all countries whither they are now driven.

This will be the climax of Israel's, and the world's, sin: setting up a man as God in the temple of God, and paying homage to him as

God, This is the man whom he (Christ) will destroy with the blast of his mouth and the brightness of his coming. Thus they will bring upon themselves swift destruction. The last great battle will take place, spoken of by the prophet Joel, also by Zechariah, by our Lord himself, (see Matt. xxiv.) and by John in vision, see Rev. xix.

The redemption by Jesus Christ is a redemption eternal, complete, and the redeemed are in the hands of a Divine Redeemer, "kept by the power of God;" "all thy saints are in thy hands;" "they shall never perish, neither shall any (power) pluck them out of my hands;" "of all that thou hast given me I have lost none." I understand, therefore, that those who are given to Christ by the Father, are redeemed by the Son—and those who are redeemed are preserved—so, that being once plucked as brands from the burning, they are safe—

"More happy but not more secure,  
The glorified spirits in heaven."

If any person should read this, who has pleaded this text in favour of general redemption, let me ask what would that redemption be worth to poor sinners, who, after being redeemed, they should be able by any act to bring swift destruction on themselves, or where would be the glory of a divine Redeemer, to lose those, given into his charge? "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

J. CHRISLETT.

### Brief Notices of New Works.

#### "THE BAPTISTS' HYMN BOOK."

Two copies of the second edition of the "*Baptists' Hymn Book*," just issued, are now before us—one in plain, the other in handsome binding. The title-page is voluminous and expressive—"A Collection of upwards of Eleven Hundred Hymns; including nearly Two Hundred Originals; harmonising with the Scriptures of Truth, in Doctrines, Ordinances and Precepts. &c., &c. By JOHN STENSON." Sold at the vestry of Carmel Chapel; by the Author, 15, Anderson Street, King's Road, and by Houlston and Stoneman. This new edition is got up in a substantial manner; it is printed on a strong Bible paper, in good, clear, bold type; and forms altogether a handsome and valuable volume. The arrangement of the hymns is convenient; and the selection comprises nearly all the best hymns which are at present received and sung in our churches. Such Baptist ministers and churches as are anxious to obtain a cheap and comprehensive book for worship, will do well to peruse this new edition of Mr. Stenson's. As a rather large impression has been struck off, there is not much fear of their finding any difficulty in, at all times, procuring a supply.

"THE POOR MAN'S MORNING AND EVENING PORTION. By Dr. ROBERT HAWKER."

A new and very cheap edition of this work

is now published by W. H. Collingridge, of the City Press, Long Lane. The following paragraph is from the Preface to this edition—"It will be gratifying to the believing reader to reflect, that in a very retired village upon the sea-coast of Ireland—where the darkness, superstition and bigotry of Popery prevail in an almost inconceivable degree—an edition of Five Thousand Copies of this invaluable work has passed through the press. Thus has employment been given to a number of both juvenile and adult Romanists; the truth disseminated, and the church of the living Jehovah is once more put in possession of one of the most soul-refreshing and God-glorifying works that ever issued from the press." In style, and price, this certainly looks like a "*Poor Man's Portion*," it is now within the reach of all who love such spiritual reflections.

"BIBLICAL CRITICISMS; AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF EXPERIMENTAL GODLINESS." London: Houlston and Stoneman.

We are reading for the press a new edition of the late William Wales Horne's *Biblical Criticisms*; which new and corrected issue is publishing by Houlston and Stoneman, in penny weekly numbers; so that the poorest of the living family may secure for themselves a copy of this hitherto scarce, but in some sense, valuable work. We read these "*Criticisms*" some fifteen or twenty years ago; and we then considered them *sound*, but not sufficiently *savoury*; as we then much loved to have divinity matters highly seasoned with the salt of the covenant, and with the mixed juices of a soul well exercised by fiery trials on the one hand, and deeply led into the love, blood and precious promises of Zion's gloriously exalted Head and Husband, on the other hand. The good providence of God, (as we hope,) has recently thrown this work into our hands to reprint, and to furnish the present and future generations, with a neat, cheap, and well-executed edition of this expository production of a good man. As we have been compelled to read the work more deliberately than we ever did before, we have discovered more of its value; and we certainly can most conscientiously recommend it to all who can feed upon pure doctrines, and genuine experimental matter. We give the following short extracts from No. 4, where the writer is describing THE HEAVEN-BORN CHILD.

"A new born babe. Born of a high and dignified birth; born from above; conceived in the womb of the everlasting covenant and purposes of God, ere time itself was born; and in the appointed hour, begotten of God, unto a lively hope through the resurrection of the dead; and except a man be thus born, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God—his spiritual kingdom: he cannot enter into the mysterious love and grace of God in Christ, as published in the everlasting gospel; nor into his eternal kingdom of ineffable glory.

"As a babe at its mother's breast, as a little child, he feels himself weak, helpless, ignorant—and one who needs the milk of the word, that he may grow thereby. He has been at Sinai, and

heard the awful thunders of Divine justice, vociferating wrath almighty against him!—the law has entered his conscience with its condemning authority, when sin revived, (instead of the law killing sin, it caused its revival), and he died to all hope and expectation of being saved by its deeds. But the sweet invitations of Christ have given him some hope of salvation; and having thus *asted* that he is gracious, he desires the sincere milk of the word! He is now assured, that if saved at all, he must be saved by grace. Notwithstanding, the natural legality of his nature, teaches him to expect that he must do something to obtain this grace: and he works hard now to perform, (in order to please God, and win his heart), what he denominates gospel duties. He has turned his back on Sinai, (or rather, the Lord has turned him), and his face is set Sion-ward, with desires after Christ; but doubts and fears keep him back, under a sense of his sin and unworthiness: and hence his soul is in prison; but how accurately and strikingly is his state and deliverance described in Zech. ix. 11. 'As for thee, also, (says the Father to his beloved Son, in covenant), by the blood of thy covenant, I have sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit, wherein is no water.' The Deliverer is the Lord, and the deliverance is by blood: but till it comes, he is God's own prisoner of hope, though in an horrible pit; which hope shall never be cut off! Blessed be God for that! He has begun the good work, and will carry it on to the praise of the glory of his grace. But he is in the *pit* wherein there is no water: and is the poor and needy sinner; yet soon Isaiah's prophecy shall be accomplished. (Chap. xli. 17.) 'When the poor and the needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst: I, the Lord will bear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them.' Then, 'In the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water.' The poor sinner's *thirst* shall be satiated with Christ who is a 'fountain of gardens and a well of living waters;' and he shall drink large draughts of the pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding from the throne of God and the Lamb. The river of Jehovah's pleasures, that river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God. The river of God, which is full of water.

'Now, he must have the sincere *milk* of the word—not the milk and water of *Arminianism*: no mixture—no patchwork—'no putting a new piece into an old garment—nor old wine into new bottles.' The soul must be nourished with the infinitely free and pure invitations and exhortations of grace, which are entirely confined to the hungry and thirsty, to the weary and heavy laden; to the sensibly stout-hearted, and those wretched sinners, who feel that they are far from righteousness! Free, sovereign, electing, redeeming, and effectually calling grace, experimentally preached, suits alone, the spiritual desires of this new born babe!

'This is the *sucking* child in distinction from the *weaned* child, according to *Isaiah's* description, (chap. xi. 8.) 'And the *sucking* child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the *weaned* child shall put his hand on the cockatrice den.' The *sucking* child, just brought forth into Gospel liberty shall be so delivered from THE HOLE OF

that *asp*, *Arminianism*, that he shall play, that is, triumph, and rejoice over it, exulting that it has no power 'to hurt in God's holy mountain,' to the top of which he is brought, to shout salvation in the name of Christ!

'And the *weaned* child, the old established, and tried Christian, shall put the hand of his triumphant faith, on the den of legality, fleshly sanctity, formal worship, and false hopes; as on that *den* of thieves, legal ministers, who rob Christ of his glory; for though *weaned* from the *milk*, he walks with God, and lives a life of faith on his dear Son: blessed with an appetite to feast on the strong meat of God's unalterable love, absolute promises, and those immutable things by which it is impossible that God should lie! How beautiful is this prophetic distinction between the *SUCKING* and the *WEANED* child! And how graciously are both verified in the established believer's experience!'

'THE GODHEAD AND HUMANITY OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST. A Sermon by Mr. W. TIDDY, at Mansion House Chapel, Camberwell. London: J. Paul.

This sermon is intended as a refutation of arguments contained in a Unitarian tract. Those arguments Mr. Tiddy has met, and most triumphantly demolished. He evidently felt the importance of the subject he had in hand; and he does not appear to have sought to enter into this controversy: it was, we judge, forced upon him: and, considering the limited space of one sermon for so vast a subject, he has most effectually given his opponents the worst of it.

He has exposed their dishonesty in their half-way quotation of Scripture; he has shewn and given an historical instance of the acknowledged Oneness by the Socinians, with the Alcoran, in their rejection of the doctrine of the Personal Divinity of the Saviour. Mr. Tiddy does not proclaim a marriage between Unitarianism and Mahomedanism, deeming them, we suppose, of *too near akin*.

Mr. Tiddy's opponents try to hide themselves under a few quibbles about the rendering of the original; but Mr. Tiddy, knowing his way in the walks of Greek literature, drives them out into the open fields of plain and native language—and without passion, unfairness, or evasion, but with dignity, sobriety and clearness, establishes his position—and that beyond all just controversy. We much admire the reasoning contained in the following short quotation:—

'You bring forward texts which declare that Christ is a man; we bring forward texts which declare that he is the true God. How, we ask, unless you admit the doctrine which we assert, can you make the same person be 'a child born,' and yet the 'Mighty God and Everlasting Father?' We demand how the same person can 'think it no robbery to be equal with God,' and at the same time say, 'My Father is greater than I.' We ask again, how the same person speaking truth can say, 'I know all things, I search the hearts, I try the reins of the children of men,' and yet with equal truth say, 'the Son of Man knoweth not that day or that hour?' Unitarian, you cannot harmonise those Scriptures; but if you acknowledge the doctrine for which we contend, and which the word of God presents to us for our acceptance and belief;

no violence is done to reason any more than to revelation."

Still, there are one or two points where, perhaps for want of space, Mr. Tiddy is not so explicit as he is in the several other parts and main drift of the sermon.

As on page the fifth, where Mr. Tiddy says, "*Christ as God was not sent.*" But why not? The Holy Spirit is God, and *he is sent.* And when he bringeth in his first begotten into the world, he saith, "Let all the angels of God worship him." Here it does appear to us that he was worshipped as God-man, and that he was in his whole Person *sent* to purchase the church of God with his own blood.

Again, on the same page, "Christ (says Mr. Tiddy) has received a fulness of *natural* life for his people." But how does this *natural* life accord with John i. 4; here the life is *divine*, not merely *natural*, and from this life arises everlasting light, and this *supernatural* life beautifully accords with the supernatural image to which they are to be conformed, and with that supernatural price by which they are redeemed, and with that supernatural righteousness in which they are to appear, and that supernatural position which they are for ever to occupy.

Now, the efficacy of the work of Christ, laid not merely in his being God and man in one person, not merely in his possession of infinite ability, if he had not possessed it he could not have used it; and though he did possess *infinite* ability: yet, if it be not used to meet the law's demands, then where would have been the divinity, either of his righteousness or of his atonement; truly he is God, and purchased the church with his own blood; he is Jehovah our righteousness, and thus in giving *HIMSELF* in life and in death to the law, he did hereby give infinitely more to the law than man ever took from it: hence, the superiority of the second Adam's standing to that of the first.

We do then rejoice in the blessed truth so powerfully and so well set forth in the sermon before us. The blemish or two we have noticed are we believe more in mere word than in meaning; and we ought, perhaps, to wonder how, in so small a space, so much could be said with such clearness and force.

#### "CHEERING WORDS."

The first number for 1855, of "*CHEERING WORDS FOR SEEKING SOULS*"—contains, we think some excellent articles. The first is a striking testimony of a real conversion, and the "*Three Day's Joy*" which followed the soul's deliverance:—The second is headed "*Jesus Christ's Comforting Words for Comfortless Hearts:*"—the third, "*Beautiful Letters Written to, and by Christopher Love, while in prison, and just previous to his execution:*" the fourth, "*NO SEPARATION FROM CHRIST!*" All these pieces, are savoury, and, in the hands of God, cannot fail of being useful to breaking-hearts, and souls longing for salvation. Sixteen pages of purely Gospel and experimental matter for one half-penny, is decidedly a boon to the Churches. The third and fourth Volumes are well adapted for presents to Christian friends. We hope, in the coming year, to find "*Cheering Words*" more extensively USEFUL.

Among the many works which we have received, but cannot, this month, fully notice, are the following—"Scenes from the *Life, Travels, and Labours of Paul, the Apostle.*"—"Lectures on Prophecy."—"Martyrs and Heroes of the Scottish Covenant."—"The Mirror of Truth."—"Visit to the Valleys of Piedmont."—"The Russian Antichrist." Newman's Hall's first sermon, "*The Second and Third Seals,*" &c., &c. We hope to read these works carefully: but we fear they are, like the generality of theological literature in our day, exceedingly dry, and short of weight.

#### WEEP NOT FOR HIM !

Lines, occasioned by the Death of Lawrence R. Smith, by his brother, F. D. Smith.

(ADDRESSED TO HIS MOTHER.)

WEEP not for him! his spirit now hath fled  
Away from earth, to realms of endless light;  
Mourn not the exit of the "righteous dead!"  
For faith with them is perfected in sight.  
Weep not for him! no more his youthful voice  
On earth shall tell the sweets of love Divine.  
Those lips are cold—but still thou must rejoice,  
And bow submissive to his God and thine.  
Weep not for him! the hand which dealt the  
blow

Knows what is best, and tempers grief with love;  
He tries his children in the courts below,  
To fit them for the higher courts above.  
Weep not for him! A mother's love, I know,  
Must feel a pang in parting from her son;  
The heart will cling—the tears unbidden flow,  
Till faith shall whisper, "Let thy will be done."  
Weep not for him! Called hence in early youth,  
Ere earth's enchantments held him in their sway—  
He died rejoicing in the "God of truth,"  
And now is basking in eternal day.

Weep not for him! rejoice! that sovereign love  
Made him a monument of saving grace—  
A chosen vessel—early called above,  
To swell the anthem of the Saviour's praise.  
Weep not for him! Prayer (mighty gift of God)  
Relieves the heart of every secret sigh;  
Soothes the torn spirit, mitigates the rod,  
And leads the soul to trust alone on high.  
Weep not for him! A pious mother's prayer  
Always availeth in the courts on high;  
Christ ever standeth interceding there,  
And will support thee, too, when called to die.  
Weep not for him! thou hast no cause to weep;  
Thy loss, to him has proved eternal gain.  
Why should we mourn for souls who fall asleep  
In Jesus' arms, and wake with him to reign?  
Weep not for him! The child was merely lent,  
And we must bow to the supreme behest;  
All tribulation is in mercy sent,  
To warn our hearts that this is not our rest.  
Weep not for him! If there's an earthly joy  
Can blunt Death's arrow in the parent's breast,  
'Tis when they know that their beloved boy  
Was meet for glory, and the "promised rest."  
Weep not for him! In snowy vesture clad,  
He joins in chorus with the angel throng;  
Has quaffed, ere now, "the river which makes  
glad,"

And listened to the mighty Gabriel's song.

1, Cornwall Cottages,  
Henry Street, Vauxhall, F. D. SMITH.

SOME ACCOUNT OF AN ANCIENT ROCK :

AND

THE RESTING-PLACE OF AN OLD WARRIOR.

“ Rock of ages I cleft for me !  
Let me hide myself in thee ;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy wounded side which flow'd,  
Be of sin the double cure ;  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

“ While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eye-strings break in death ;  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne ;  
Rock of AGES, shelter me !  
Let me hide myself in Thee.”—TOPSLADY.

“ WHILE my glory passeth by, I will put thee in a cleft of the Rock ; and I will cover thee with my hand.”—Exodus xxxii.

“ Who is God, save the Lord ? And who is a Rock, save our God ?”—2 Sam. xxii. 32.

“ THE ROCK OF ISRAEL SPAKE TO ME.”

“ They drank of that Spiritual Rock that followed them ; and THAT ROCK WAS CHRIST.”—(Paul to Corinthians.)

I HAD passed through a sorrowful night : my head was greatly afflicted ; and darkness covered my mind. I scarcely knew if I could arise from my bed : it was the Lord's-day. I sighed, and wished it was any other day, so unfit did I feel for the service of his house ; but I arose, and laid down at His feet : looking, and longed, and loved him too : then taking up that precious old book called “THE BIBLE ;” I secretly asked Him to speak to my heart through the medium of his own word. And how sweet to a hungry, fainting soul, are those words which Jesus speaks ! How inexpressibly precious are those portions which the Holy Ghost lays home on the conscience in the time of need ! How exalting and comforting are the lines which faith reads to the soul when the pure light of heaven shines on the sacred page ! Oh, when thus I am favoured to be closeted with my Lord—when thus I am indulged to lean upon his breast—when thus I prove the truth of Watts's words—

“ The opening heavens around me shine,  
With beams of sacred bliss ;  
While Jesus shews his heart is mine,  
And whispers, I am his !”

—when thus I ascend a few steps up Jacob's ladder, then I find in my spirit a mixture of holy *independence* of creatures, and an enlarged sympathy toward all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth. Two Scriptures then stand up in my mind ; and fearless of earth with all its troubles—fearless of hell with all its horrors—fearless of men with all their threatenings—I can then with the Psalmist (Psa. lvi. 11) exclaim, “ *In God have I put my trust : I will not be afraid what man can do unto me :*” and mingling therewith is a happy feeling consenting most fully to the sentiment of the beloved disciple, when he says—“ *Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer ; and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him. Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us : and, we ought—[this is the point :—this is the word lost sight of—this is*

the spirit that is wanting in our day—where—where is it to be found ? We ought]—TO LAY DOWN OUR LIVES FOR THE BRETHREN.” In such a frame of mind as this, I found myself at the very door of the twenty-eighth Psalm. How I came there I can hardly tell ; but there I was, and reading the words—“ *Unto thee will I cry, O Lord my Rock : be not silent to me : lest, if thou be silent to me, I become like them that go down into the pit. Hear the voice of my supplication when I cry unto thee, when I lift up my hands toward thy holy oracle.*” My heart was fixed in meditation upon four things. I. The two-fold character of our Lord : he is the *Church's Rock ; the Oracle of Jehovah's sanctuary*. II. The nature of genuine prayer : it is expressed by *crying ; and lifting up of hands*. III. The cause of such fervent prayer—it is *deep distress, and an awakened sense of danger and distance from God*. IIII. The fears which attend such earnest cries to God—“ *lest, if thou be silent to me, I become like them that go down into the pit.*”

I shall confine myself principally to the character of Christ—he is “THE ANCIENT ROCK ;” and he THE RESTING PLACE of all who—through grace—believe in his name.

The twenty-eighth Psalm is a correct discovery of the pathway of grace—of the exercises of a true believer's heart : here is earnest prayer—and here is grateful praise. On earth, deep-seated cause for crying to God we shall daily feel ; but in heaven, our sighs will be turned into songs, and greatly will our hearts then rejoice in him.

The “*ancient warrior*” of whom I speak is David, of whom Dr. Taylor said—“He was so special a type of the Lord Jesus, as that scarce anything is noted in Christ, but some shadow of it might be observed in David.”

In that beautiful volume which Mr. Colingridge has just published, (and which has been printed at the “Bonmahon Industrial Printing School,” by a regiment of young Irish typographers), entitled “*TROPOLOGIA :*

a *Key to Open Scripture Metaphors*," &c., Benjamin Keach runs a parallel between king David, the type, and our LORD JESUS CHRIST, the Anti-type. In the course of that parallel Master Keach says—"David was a king of Israel; and had his kingdom raised out of humility; so Christ is a King: King of saints, and King of nations; and yet at first his kingdom was small, and rose by degrees, much after the same manner as David's did."

How well it is to observe this:—whether we consider Christ's kingdom as set up in a gospel church, or in a poor quickened sinner's heart—its beginning is small; it rises by degrees; and it is much opposed. O, ye faithful, humble preachers of Jesus Christ—be not discouraged, because *weakness within, and much opposition from without*, doth attend the cause in which you are engaged. If it be the true and living gospel of Christ you preach, many may fly from you—strong armies may oppose you—satan may throw his fiery darts at you—and your own poor heart may often deceive you—but, brethren, keep a mark in that part of your Bible—(that is, Isaiah l. 10—13), where the blessed Lord comes forth so boldly, and speaks so positively respecting the absolute success of his own word. Yes, dear brethren in Christ; ye who often fear that ye labor in vain, as I have done scores of times, —I say to you—when your poor hearts do ache—when tears of grief do flow—when friends forsake, when foes arise—then, first, *ask thyself*, "Did not the Lord send me with his Word? Has he not kept me close to his Word? Has he not enabled me to preach his Word?" If thy conscience answers, "Yes!" then, secondly, look at those immutable and immovable "SHALLS" in Isaiah lv.—"So SHALL my word be, that goeth forth out of my mouth: it SHALL NOT return unto me void, but it SHALL accomplish that which I please; and it SHALL prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." Christ's Kingdom—either in the heart secretly, or in the church visibly, may be small in the beginning—but it must and will increase and grow.

But to return to our old warrior:—Keach, in his comparisons, says, "David, in his wars, had many poor men that followed him, such as were in debt, and such as were in bitterness of soul: even so, Jesus Christ, the true David, had many poor men, who followed him, and became his disciples, who were heavy laden under a burden of sin." And, I may say, none others ever did or ever will adopt the language of the warrior: "Unto thee will I cry, O Lord, my Rock."

There are volumes of amazingly interesting records illustrative of the many wars of this good old warrior, David, but I purpose to take them one by one, in successive papers, and look now only at the ancient

Rock, and the Resting Place of all the blood-bought throng.

Our Covenant-Head, our exalted Redeemer—the glorious God-Man, who now filleth the heavens with the sweet perfumes of his holy incense, is THE ROCK of whom I write. And, as I stood gazing at this mysterious fortress and high tower, last Lord's-day morning, something seemed to say to me—"Consider the deepness of that Rock:—survey its largeness: look, if you can, at its highness; and then think of its fruitfulness." Oh, how much of the preciousness, the value, the beauty, and the blessedness of the person and work of Christ, did I here behold! I tried my hardest to tell it out, but I failed: every view I was enabled to take of this "Ancient Rock" filled my mind with thoughts, and my soul with holy wonder; but words failed me; I had almost been bold enough to say it was a little with me as with one whose letters I often read, when he—out of the fullness of his heart, exclaimed—"Oh, the depths of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgements, and his ways past finding out!"

If my tongue could not tell it, neither can my pen describe it: but, two things, brethren, I will declare—first, "In the multitude of my thoughts within me, his comforts (sometimes) delight my soul:"—secondly, if there be such a fulness in Christ—if a faith's view of HIM doth so fill the mind of a puny like myself with an overflowing of holy and heavenly matter, then, how foolish of me it is to turn my eyes from the MASTER, and to be looking at the servants. Oh, base, ungrateful, silly, foolish worm of the earth am I, that when a fountain is close at hand, I turn away from that, and run after the little winding streams, which lead I know not where! Any new book—any new man—any new thing—away goes my wandering heart.

But I to the Rock desire to return; and here I can but very briefly refer to the four-fold view I was favoured to take of this most blessed Hiding Place for all who fly for refuge to THE HOPE set before them in the Gospel.

1. The deepness of this Rock. Where?—ah, where is its base, its beginning, its bottom, to be found? One of the names whereby our adorable LORD is named, is "THE EVERLASTING FATHER;" or, as the Hebrew says, *the Father of Eternity*. The seventy—carrying their thoughts onward, and looking prospectively into the glory kingdom, render this, "the Father of the Age to come." Oh, my reader, take these two renderings as fully applicable to Christ:—how amazingly deep the consolation is! As "*the Father of Eternity*" this Rock is the beginning, the source, the author, of every new covenant mercy and blessing. He stood, he stands, in all the ancient counsels, in all the everlasting thoughts, in all the predestinating purposes,

in all the new covenant transactions of the eternal and immutable THREE-ONE-*ΤΡΙΘΕΟΣ*. As the "*Father of the Age to come*," our blessed Lord is he who will welcome, glorify, and everlastingly bless all who have, through grace, believed in his name. In his incarnation, he stood in the deepness of the fall, in the deepness of wrath, and in all the unsearchable agonies of death. And now in a Mediatorial sense, he stands in all the deepness of the trials and sorrows of his saints, as they wade through the floods of tribulation which fall to them in this world of sin. How soft have those words spoken in my soul of late, "*Lo, I am with you ALWAYS*"—Yes!—*ALWAYS, even unto the end of the world. Amen.*" In what way is he with his people? As he was with Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joshua, David, and all the ancient saints: not to exempt them from trials, but to support them under trial, and to give them a happy deliverance out of them. Just take one proof, (Mark vi. 45—53,)—while Jesus went "into a mountain to pray," he constrained his disciples to get into the ship, and to go to the other side unto Bethsaida. Now, consider this narrative under two heads—first, *the circumstances of the disciples*; secondly, *the compassions of the Saviour*. First, the circumstances of the disciples—they were in the *darkness* of the night; they were at a *distance* from the Master; they were in *deep distress*, because the waves and the winds threatened them with immediate destruction. In this perilous position mark the compassion of the Saviour. It is beautifully said, "*he saw them toiling in rowing*." His eye was never off them. Dear christian brother, the Saviour's eyes are never off thy soul, thy circumstances, thy temporal, thy eternal welfare. After the dear Redeemer had been into the mountain pleading, he cometh unto them, *walking on the sea*; and he talked with them, saying, "*Be of good cheer: it is I; be not afraid. He went up unto them in the ship.*" Ah, with what earnestness, decision, and affection does the Saviour march toward his people, when troubles assail and dangers affright! He not only walks on the sea; he not only speaks kindly to them; but as the Evangelist so emphatically says, "*HE WENT UP UNTO THEM INTO THE SHIP.*" Yes! Yes! His feet will stand with thee, O believer, in all thy trials, even thy bed in thy sickness will thy Jesus make. Well might the Northern Poet sing—

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

I must not further look into the *deepness* of the Rock. Lift up your eyes a little, and consider the *largeness* of its extent. How wide it spreads.

There is one thing that has long exercised

my mind. It is the difference that exists between the *preaching* and the *practice* of many who profess to be Christ's ministers—they preach redemption for every one, but their frequent practice is, to discard all who come not up to the standard they set up. Our Lord Jesus—in the largeness of his power, in the immensely precious efficacy of his atonement, in the prevalence of his intercession, in the conquering power of his gospel, in the unlimited completeness of his salvation—takes up the lowest:—even Manasseh and Magdalene; ah, and such as myself, I strongly hope, although rejected by many; he stretches out his arms to those most distant: even David in his fall; Jonah in the belly of hell; Saul of Tarsus, in his awful persecution of the saints; and thousands of poor wretched outcasts have been, by Him, fetched home from the ends of the earth; and brought to embrace the Rock, gladly finding there a shelter from every storm; a hiding-place in every day of trial. Oh, how *large*, how extensive, the redemption, the salvation, the consolations, the exaltations of our infinitely glorious Lord! Ah, Paul, was a rich-minded, an eloquent tongue, a warm-hearted expounder of the Greatness of the Redeemer's Mediatorial work. Paul never wrote an epistle—depend upon it, he never preached a sermon, but he proclaimed, with all his might, the largeness of the Saviour's power in the salvation of sin-spoiled, and law-condemned souls; but nothing surely can beat that in the Hebrews, when, treating upon the excellency and superiority of the Priesthood of CHRIST, he draws out of it this heart-cheering conclusion—"Wherefore HE is able also to save them to the uttermost, that come unto God by him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." Who—and what, art thou, my dear reader? Are you a poor, heavy-laden, guilty, trembling sinner? Has thy past life been one of rebellion? Is thy present position a scene of ruin? In the future, is there nothing but a fearful foreboding of blackness, darkness, and eternal woe? Art thou really looking unto Jesus, with a longing desire to be found in him, but fearing he will never have mercy on thee? Oh, what shall I say of the immensely extensive compassions of my most glorious Saviour? I cannot speak of him as I would; but to you, like Mr. Hart, would I say—

"This wondrous man of whom we tell,  
Is true Almighty God;  
He brought our souls from death and hell,  
The price, his own heart's blood.

"That human heart he still retains,  
Though thron'd in highest bliss;  
And feels each tempted member's pains,  
For our afflictions his.

"Come, then, repenting sinner, come;  
Approach with humble faith;  
OWE WHAT THOU WILT, THE TOTAL SUM  
Is cancelled by his death.



" His blood can cleanse the blackest soul,  
And wash our guilt away ;  
He will present us sound and whole  
In that tremendous day."

Very recently I have had *proofs* of the largeness of the grace of Christ, and of the fulness of power in this Rock of SAFETY, both in a spiritual and in a providential point of view.

I go this day, please God, to speak a few words over the grave of a young man whom the Lord hath taken from the bosom of a beloved family, and from an important commercial post of usefulness. When I first saw this young man, he appeared very unprepared for so solemn a departure. He was clinging to life, and exceedingly anxious to be restored to that office of intelligent labour for which he appeared so well adapted. But death went on slowly to do its work ; and I went on, from time to time, to speak to him of eternal things. On one occasion, I felt my heart truly melted with love to him. I saw—or thought I saw—the grace of a living faith in his precious soul struggling to lay hold upon Jesus—and to hide in the cleft of this once smitten Rock. I knelt down, and prayed the Lord to speak to his heart ; from that time, I began to feel a going forth of soul after his deliverance. Again and again, I asked the Lord to speak to his heart. One morning, he sent for me. I went. His face shone. He told me that in the course of that night, he awoke up with these words upon his heart—"at evening-time it shall be light." He asked me to find that Scripture ; and to speak to him on it. I did so. My heart rejoiced ; my tongue was loosed ; and the Lord did bless my teaching to the confirming of his hope in the promise, that "at evening-time it should be light." From that time, he had no serious doubts of his safety. In fact, although he lingered long, and suffered much, yet it was evident that his feet were set upon the Rock, and his end was perfect peace. Here was a proof of the great grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

I will mention an instance of another kind. I stood the other day in the chamber where a minister was prostrate on his bed ; and was fast going to his long home. His wife—a woman of firm reliance on the faithfulness of her best friend—was telling me of one son that had gone into the army ; of another son that had broken his arm ; of a daughter that was then ill in bed ; and after relating some of the heavy trials through which she had passed, and having testified of the many blessed deliverances which the Lord had wrought for her, said—"but I fear there is a dark day coming." Immediately, this word came to me—"He shall deliver thee in six troubles ; and in seven, there shall no evil touch thee." After a few words, I left, and

after a journey through the snow, I reached the chapel, where we met that evening for prayer. The words came again to me—"he shall deliver thee in six troubles, and in seven there SHALL NO EVIL touch thee." I was led silently to think of Jacob, and his six troubles ; and how the Lord delivered him in them all. First, Jacob came into the trouble, and then the Lord's deliverance came. But I have already run on too far :—these fragments are but preliminary to some further notice of "THE ANCIENT ROCK, AND THE RESTING PLACE OF AN OLD WARRIOR," if the Lord spare C. W. B.

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ENCOURAGEMENT FOR MINISTERS, WHO  
PRAY AS WELL AS PREACH.

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DEAR BROTHER B.—Being fully persuaded that you take a lively interest in the peace and prosperity of Zion, and are willing to make it known through the medium of your VESSEL, for the encouragement of others, I write these few lines. I have often been refreshed in reading of Zion's prosperity. I take the liberty of giving you an outline of what I have lately witnessed. Being, in the providence of God, this Christmas, on a visit in the county of Suffolk, I went to a Baptist Chapel in Stoke Ash, where the truth is preached in its purity, by Charles Hill. He preached from the 8th of Romans, and latter part of the 8th verse—"Them he also glorified." Such a sermon I have not enjoyed for many days. In the following evening, being Christmas Day, I had the pleasure of meeting with a house full of friends, at what is called their "Special prayer-meetings." These meetings they have every Monday night, in seven different villages ; and each, in its turn, is conducted by the minister. Two or three are called upon to pray in the course of the evening ; and three or four more are called upon to address the people between ten minutes and a quarter of an hour. These addresses are delivered with a good degree of life and power, the Holy Spirit making it powerful ; so that their houses are filled to overflowing. I can say, it was one of the best prayer-meetings I was ever at. I could truly say, "This is none other than the house of God ;" and it was like the gate of heaven to my soul.

About twelve months back, in one village where these meetings are held, there were two young men that were very much accustomed to drink. One of them was the son of a praying parent, who had often looked upon him as one that would bring much sorrow upon him, on account of his ungodly practices. Only the Saturday night before the prayer-meeting took place in the village, they were driven from the ale-house at a late hour of the night, not allowed any more drink. But the time had arrived when the Lord the Holy Spirit was about to favor Zion. They heard that there was to be a special prayer-meeting in the village on Monday evening. They pro-

posed to go and see, and hear what it meant. They did so; and the services of that evening were blessed of the Lord to the awakening them to a sense of their state as sinners; and since that time they have borne excellent marks that they were brands plucked from the burning; and have borne testimony to the church and the world that they are not ashamed to follow the Lord in the ordinance of baptism. These things are encouraging for us that have children, to bear them at a throne of grace, with a "Who can tell?"

Dear Sir, much imperfection you will find in my note, but I have done it to the honour of this dear Lord. I remain your unworthy friend,  
R. R.

SAVING KNOWLEDGE.

FROM Joseph Hart's account of his own experience, we gather the following:—after a detail of soul trouble and subsequent Gospel mercy, he says—

"I soon begun to be visited by God's Spirit in a different manner from what I had ever felt before. I had constant communion with him in prayer. His sufferings, his wounds, his agonies of soul, were impressed upon me in an amazing manner. I now believed my name was sculptured deep in the Lord Jesu's breast, with characters never to be erased. I saw him, with the eye of faith, stooping under the load of my sins; groaning and grovelling in Gethsemane for me. The incarnate God was more and more revealed to me; and I had far other notions of his sufferings than I had before entertained. Now I saw that the grief of Christ was the grief of my Maker; that his wounds were the wounds of the Almighty God; and the least drop of his blood now appeared to me more valuable than ten thousands of worlds. As I had before thought his sufferings too little, they now appeared to me to be too great; and I often cried out, in transports of blissful astonishment, 'Lord, 'tis too much, 'tis too much; surely, my soul was not worth so great a price.' I had also such a spirit of sympathetic love to the Lord Jesus given me, that, after I had left off to sorrow for myself, for some months I grieved and mourned bitterly for him. I looked on him whom I had pierced, and felt such sharp compunction, mixed at the same time with so much compassion, that the pain and the pleasure I experienced are much better felt than expressed.

"Jesus Christ, and him crucified, is now the only thing I desire to know. In that incarnate mystery are contained all the rich treasures of Divine wisdom. This is the mark towards which I am still pressing forward. This is the cup of salvation, of which I wish to drink deeper and deeper. This is the knowledge in which I long to grow; and desire, at the same time, a daily increase in all true grace and godliness. All duties, means, ordinances, etc., are to me then only rich when they are enriched with the blood of the Lamb; in comparison of which all things else are but chaff and husks."

EPISTOLARY

EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

LETTER VIII.

IN this my eighth letter to you, I wish to set before you a little more of that heart-work which is essential to a right knowledge of the truth. Many, very many, trials and deep convictions are essential to a firm establishment in the truth as it is in Jesus. Proof upon proof will daily appear that all our righteousness is like the leprous garment, (Lev. xiii.) after seven days trial the plague proves to be in it; it is the *fretting* leprosy.

Here it is, my good Theophilus, you have had already some very fretting sort of trials, and have shewn some very mortifying weaknesses, by which even others as well as yourself, can see that you have a garment of which it cannot be said, either that it is without seam or without sure signs of being worn out. Alas! it has the plague of sin in it, and that in spite of all we can do will make its appearance, for there is not a just man upon the earth, that doeth good and sinneth not; indeed, if we say we have no sin we *deceive* ourselves, and the truth is not in us. (1 John i. 8.) We are compassed with mortal infirmity, and with the flesh we inwardly, and, alas! sometimes outwardly, serve the law of sin. This is the *fretting* leprosy; and fret we may over our supposed righteousness, but it must be given up, for the Lord is to be known *not* by our righteousness, but by *his* righteousness—even by him who is Jehovah-our righteousness; and for the soul to be without the knowledge of his righteousness is *not* good, and if our zeal be not according to knowledge then it is not acceptable unto God. The zeal of Saul of Tarsus was great, but it was not acceptable to God, though it was *very* acceptable to men, as all zeal against the truth is; but such zeal, so highly esteemed among men is an abomination in the sight of God.

No doubt, my good Theophilus, you know what it is to be in a great hurry to make yourself good enough to be accepted of God, but you have found out that he that thus hasteth with his feet to walk the whole length and breadth of the law *for himself*, sinneth in coming very far short of that law—but not only did you in so doing sin in coming short of that law, but you trod on *hallowed* ground with *unhallowed* feet, and therefore committed ignorantly trespass, in attempting to approach your Maker by the works of the law instead of by the all-sufficiency of the blood of the Lamb.

Our shoes of mortality must be put off, and we must be shod with the preparation of the *gospel* of reconciliation; therefore, it is by faith that it might be by grace, to the end the promise might be *sure* to all the seed. But when you were running the wrong road your foolishness in these things perverted your way, and your heart fretted against the Lord. (Prov. xix. 2, 3.) But this I am very glad of, for when once a soul begins to fret against the

law of the Lord, because it cannot keep pace with it, it shews that the *festering* leprosy is began, that self gratulations and fleshly confidences are giving way; and give way they must too, let the cost be what it may, "that no flesh should glory in his presence." Nor will the Lord spare for your crying until he bring you into your right mind; he will thus chasten you while there is hope. (Prov. xix. 18.) There is no hope, as we say, beyond the grave; therefore, he will well discipline you before you come to the grave, that you may have hope in your death as well as in your life, and for the day of judgment as well as for eternity.

Do you ask, what is to become of your own righteousness altogether? The answer is that it must be *burnt* in the fire of tribulation, and in the furnace of affliction; (Lev. xiv. 62.) for "the Lord hath a fire in Zion and a furnace in Jerusalem;" and as you cleave so closely to the old remnants of your own free-will importance, not only must the garment itself be burnt, but *you yourself* must be brought into the fire, or you will never part altogether with *self*; never renounce *all* confidence in the flesh. Your own righteousness must be burnt to ashes, and you may set down and mourn over your loss, and feel yourself to be not a brand plucked out of the fire, but a brand just brought into the fire, with this question for your solution, "is it meet for *any work*?" (Ezek. xv. 4.) and I well know what your solution will be, you will say, *work* indeed, I am meet only to prove to myself, and to others, and to God my righteous judge, what a poor, sin-burnt, worthless, lost mortal I am. But then a ray of light comes, a whisper, a still small voice is heard, and I commune with mine own heart, and think within myself, well such poor consumed brands have been plucked from the fire, (Zech. iii. 2.); and therefore if I am not meet for any *work*, yet grace *can* save me, and that which suited Joshua when he stood before the angel of the Lord, clothed in filthy garments, will suit me; and, therefore, if I escape, it must be in the same way that he did: it is the Lord alone who in the strength of *electing* grace, must put satan under my feet, and clothe me with change of raiment, and give me a standing *better* than that which he gave to Joshua as a *Levitical* priest, for his standing in the *official* sense, was with an *if* thou wilt walk in my ways; but I want the security given to Abraham and all his believing seed, wherein, as the Lord could swear by no greater, he sware by *himself*—and this oath is in Christ—"the Lord hath sworn, and will not repent, thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek." Psalm cx. 4. And "he that began the good work will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." Here we have the oath of the Father, the priesthood of the Saviour, and the perfection of the work of the Holy Ghost; here is a three-fold cord which cannot be broken; here are those bands of a man, the man Christ Jesus; here are cords of love which will keep us walking in the ways of the Lord, even "from strength to strength, until every one shall in Zion appear before God." Here the yoke of bondage is taken from us, and meat is

laid unto us, even that meat which endureth to everlasting life.

Such are the truths, and such is the standing, and such is the freedom, and such is the fellowship, with God into which you will come.

But if our own righteousness be as the leprous garment, so are our poor bodies like the leprous house; "the body is dead because of sin;" and as the leprous house was to be broken down, and carried away into an *unclean* place, so our poor bodies must come down and be carried away into the land of corruption; this is the humbling and unclean place to which we must come; it is true there are men called bishops, who think they can consecrate certain spots of that earth which the Lord hath cursed; but, alas! "who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? not one." No—we must still say to corruption "thou art my father, and to the worm thou art my mother and my sister." Job xvii. 14. My father because I have *sin*, and consequently corruption in my parentage; the worm is my mother because my mother was but a poor earthly mortal like myself; my sister because mere mortal relationship is compared with the heavenly relationship, but worm with worm.

Be not, my good Theophilus, *offended* because I write thus; for I know these truths are humbling, and hard to flesh and blood; but, nevertheless, not only are such truths laid home to the heart, but it is, I trust your desire, that it should be so; and so you feel upon this matter, as did the Psalmist when he said, "Lord, make me to *know* mine end, and the measure of my days; what it is, that I may know how *frail* I am." Psalm xxxix. 4.

But as the house was to be taken down under the direction and care, and management of the high priest, so it is that we are in the hands, and under the care, of the great High Priest of our profession; and just so sure as sin has brought us down, salvation shall raise us up; just so sure as sin hath brought death, wrath, tribulation, anguish, and corruption, just so sure shall we have life, and love, and consolation, and rest, by him who is the resurrection and the life. Whenever the dear Saviour spoke of his sufferings and death he *always* at the *same time* spoke also of his resurrection; I do not think the Gospels—(Matthew, Mark, Luke, or John)—make any exception to this rule; and sure I am, that if the holy and blessed Spirit of God is pleased to enable us in this, as well as in other respects, to be followers of him who endured the cross, we shall find it truly good so to do: the enemy would have us look only at the clouds, at mortality, and death, without looking at those rays of heavenly glory, which throw a glorious light upon the whole scene, and reveal to us a state of things infinitely better than that which sin destroyed. Why, then, should we fear either to live or to die—our earthly house will be earthly or leprous no more, for "mortality shall be swallowed up of life."

But not only must the leprous garment be burnt, and the leprous house broken down, but the leprous person who, wore the garment, and who dwelt in the leprous house, must also be tried, and tested, and cleansed.

It required on the part of the high priest, *great* care to distinguish the real disease from the semblance of the same: there were *two* things especially by which to judge: the one was that it must be *deeper* than the skin; you will meet with plenty of skin deep professors, whose convictions of sin are too shallow to make real heart work of it, they do not truly know their own hearts: the disease, or rather conviction of it, is not deep enough to shew them their real condition before God; the word of God has not been to them sharper than any two-edged sword: the hidden sores of the heart are not laid open; their sore does not run in the night, and cease not, which as you go on you will find with yourself to be more and more the case.

When the Lord hides his face from you, it is *night*—then it is you will learn still something more of the plague of the heart, that it is as rottenness, and that there is no soundness in your flesh: and as with persons with disease literally, they have almost a kind of sympathy with the disease itself, so you will *not* feel all the self-loathing that you could wish—this will stagger you, but it will at the same time humble you before God.

You will wonder at yourself, that while men are telling you, that the love of sin in the believer is entirely slain, your *experience* will tell you to your face, that after the flesh you have the same, if not more, love to the things of the flesh than ever you had—and herein will be the difficulty of the conflict, for it is very easy to renounce that to which we have no liking: what conflict is there in such a case? The Apostle, therefore, sets forth the conflict as being as lively in the part that is against us as in the part that is for us; so that if faith, and hope, and the love of God in the heart, be for us, the evils, on the other hand, which are in our members, war against us, and so contrary are these one to the other, that not only can we not do the things that we would, but go on to do the things that we would not: thus it is, there is the will of the spirit and the will of the flesh, one against the other.

But this distinction between flesh and spirit does not destroy individual responsibility; for whatever is done, whether good or bad, is an *individual act*, and this every quickened conscience feels. I mention this because I wish you to keep clear of that spirit of presumption into which some, in this matter, have fallen, and have thereby become triflers, unhallowed, and anything but earnest, with either God or their own souls. Therefore I wish, my good Theophilus, ever to remember that "God is not mocked, for what a man soweth, that shall he also reap." "It is he that goeth forth *weeping*, shall come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

May such be our path; then I am sure, the lines will fall to us in pleasant places, yea, we shall have a goodly heritage."

I hope of this heart-work you will hear a little more next month, from

A LITTLE ONE.

December 6th, 1854.

## BAPTISING ON CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MILL-HEAD RIVER. *With a Brief Comment on the 2nd of Acts.*

THE following is a letter from brother Martin, of Walkern, to his sister in London.

My dear Sister.—I doubt not but you have been expecting a line from me before this. I hope you have spent a happy Christmas. I am sure you did if you felt anything of the preciousness of Christ. Watta says,

"Not earth, with all its joys,  
Can one delight afford;  
No, not one drop of real joy,  
Without thy presence, Lord."

I never spent such a Christmas Day in my life; and perhaps may never spend such another. It was a day which I hope will be long remembered with thankfulness by many. This day I spent at Radwell Mill, on the borders of Hertfordshire. Here I baptised fifteen persons—seven females and eight males. Seven came from Ashwell, and eight went from Walkern. There is a large and most beautiful piece of water there; and they were baptised in the Mill Head. Mr. Sears, of Clifton, Beds., gave a most excellent and Scriptural address at the water side. After the baptising was over, I think about thirty—or more—partook of the Lord's Supper, which Mr. Sears administered in the most solemn and affectionate manner. He spoke very blessedly at the table. As I was the last that had to dress, they commenced before I came down stairs; and as I was going up the passage into the parlor where they all were, the solemnity of the time, and the harmony of their voices, seemed like a little heaven on earth. How beautiful Watts describes it in that sweet hymn of his—

"Lord, how delightful 'tis to see," &c.

After this was over, my kind-hearted friend and brother Flitton (the master of the mill) gave us all, at his own expense, a good dinner of plumb pudding and boiled round of beef, and leg of mutton. I should think forty—or more—stopped to dinner. May the Lord reward him for his kindness.

I got home safe about a quarter to six o'clock in the evening; then went to chapel, and preached from these words—"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." I first noticed, the *world* there spoken of. Secondly, the filthy condition of this world, by and through sin. Thirdly, the absolute necessity of the sin of this world being taken away. Fourthly, the Person who took it away, and how he took it away. Lastly, the solemn injunction of John—"Behold the Lamb of God," &c.

I found it a most blessed opportunity; and I felt if my strength would have held out, I could have preached till midnight. The Lord grant that the seed may not be lost. I hope you will not keep back from attending to the ordinances of God's house. There is not one command of the blessed Jesus unworthy our notice or our practice. Hart says—

"Go on to seek to know the Lord,  
And practice what you know."

May the Lord enable you to take up your cross and follow the dear Redeemer through the ordinance of baptism.

The first New Testament church that ever was formed was a Baptist church. You read the 2nd chapter of Acts carefully and prayerfully, and set man on one side, both good and bad, and read the Word of the living God. First, look at the characters—the very murderers of the dear Redeemer. Read on, and you will find them next pricked in the HEART, and crying, "What must we do?" Read on a little farther, and you will find Peter fired with zeal and love to their immortal souls, preaching to them, and pouring into their bleeding hearts the rich consolations of the gospel: nor did he preach in vain, nor they hear in vain; for they gladly received the word, and were as gladly baptised. Read on, and you will find them continuing stedfastly in the apostle's doctrine, and in fellowship, in breaking bread, and in prayers; and fear came upon every soul. O, my dear sister, if you love the Lord—if you revere his word, stand no longer without; go and tell what the Lord has done for your soul, and cast in your lot with the despised Baptists.

What a world is this!—Wars, and rumours of wars! Surely, the end of all things is not far distant. I sometimes think I shall live—never to die. O, what a day! A day of gloominess, of clouds and thick darkness. The sun shall cease to shine, and the moon be turned into blood. Then the world—both professing and profane—will awake from their slumber; then will they call for the rocks and the mountains to hide them from the face of Him that sitteth upon the throne, and from the WRATH OF THE LAMB—no longer the Saviour of sinners. But their cries will be of no use; "The elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the heavens roll together as a scroll;" the solid rocks will blaze like melted wax, and the rivers will be like rivers of oil; and then this weary old earth, polluted and defiled with sin, shall heave up its last and final groan; then there will be "a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." Then "sorrow and sighing will be for ever done away; and the inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick; but the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity."

May the Lord bless and comfort your soul, is the prayer of your affectionate brother,  
*Walkern, Dec. 27, 1854. J. MARTIN.*

## THE RANSOMED IN GLORY.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MRS. BETTS.

(See the EARTHEN VESSEL, Jan., 1855.)

ANOTHER happy spirit's fled  
From these dark regions of the dead:  
In love's soft chariot up she rode  
To see her Father and her God.—  
"Farewell, bright sun and silvery moon,  
Your lurid rays are dark at noon,  
Compared with uncreated light  
Your brightest day is darksome night."

She left her darksome, tiresome clay,  
For Love's pure realms of lightsome day.  
Benignant angels smiling bend,  
"Come in, sweet spirit, sister, friend;  
Come in, you are no stranger here;  
You've been our charge, you've been our care,  
From the first moment of your birth  
Till called to leave your house of earth.

"Come in, fair sister spirit, come,  
Infinite love can find you room;  
You've left your earthly husband's arms,  
To view your heavenly Bridegroom's charms;  
He has prepar'd a place for you,  
The mansion's neither old nor new;  
They are, and were, and are to come,  
Eternal is your house and home.

"Come, sister spirit, let us rove  
O'er flowery plains of light and love,  
Where bubbling fountains ceaseless play  
In sun beam of eternal day;  
The light and glory of this place  
Are beams of love from Jesu's face;  
His count'nance never wears a frown;  
Your 'sun shall never more go down.'

"See! from that fount beneath the throne,  
Rivers of love flow gently down;  
Infinite pleasures ever rise  
To feed your soul, and feast your eyes.  
'Spirits of just men' perfect here,  
Quaff the pure stream of life so clear,  
Fill'd with that bliss which never cloy,  
Fulness of love—fulness of joys.

"We need no sun, nor waning moon,  
God is our light, he ne'er goes down.  
Fulness of light and love divine  
Through Christ your life for ever shine.  
Soft lambent flame illumines the soul,  
Full tides of love for ever roll;  
Boundless flowery plains of ease,  
Boundless love, like boundless seas.

"The frigid poles, and burning zones,  
Summer and winter know their bounds;  
Mazzaroth has his seasons too,  
Arcturus with his sons also,  
Orion with his icy hands,  
And Pleiades that melts his bands;  
All have their bounds, which time shall move,  
But where's the bounds of Jesu's love?

"The king of day shall lose his road,  
The queen of night her dodging node,  
Worn out with age, grown old and blind,  
Buried in death, and left behind;  
Their bright attendants lose their way,  
Planets and stars shall all decay;  
But Christ, thy Sun, shall ne'er remove,  
Thy dateless, deathless, endless love!

"Those rolling orbs, that shine afar,  
The most remote and twinkling star,  
Dim Nebula shall melt away,  
Like hoar frost at high noon-day;  
And time, and nature droop and die,  
And space in dark oblivion lie;  
But spaceless love none can explore,  
God is her life she dies no more."

"Beetles and worms!" she needs no more,  
Symbols of self and satan's power;  
Night-shades and shadows there are none;  
She forms a ray in that bright sun,  
Whose light and centre is divine,  
And through this light pure spirits shine,  
God's love in Christ can ne'er remove,  
She dwells in God, and dwells in love.

WILLIAM GARRARD.

Leicester, Jan 17, 1855.

## A FIVE-FOLD DESCRIPTION OF THE CHILDREN OF GOD :

OR,

WHO ARE THE REAL CHARACTERS SPOKEN OF IN HEB. VI. 4-9?

"For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance; seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame. For the earth which drinketh in the rain that cometh oft upon it, and bringeth forth herbs meet for them by whom it is dressed, receiveth blessing from God. But that which beareth thorns and briars is rejected, and is nigh unto cursing; whose end is to be burned. But, beloved, we are persuaded better things of you, and things that accompany salvation, though we thus speak."—Heb. vi. 4-9.

[DEAR BROTHER.—My object in sending you the following is not to provoke criticism; but simply that I may make known to the Lord's people that which I believe God the Holy Spirit has taught me in reference to that portion of his holy Word above named. I may, in all probability, have read this portion many times; but never took particular notice of it until a short time since, when I thought it seemed to infer that a real child of God might fall away, and that to such a degree, as never again to be brought back. As such a conclusion is directly opposed to the general tenor of the word, and as the doctrine of the saints final perseverance in grace is so plainly proved, the view I was tempted to take of the passage caused me much perplexity of mind. In this dilemma, I searched every book in my possession; and asked the opinion of every friend near at hand; but could find nothing to satisfy me, as the general opinion seemed to be that the apostle there referred to a mere professor; but the description he gives I could apply to none but a real heaven-born soul. As a last resource, I went to HIM who wrote the book; and asked, according to the apostle's advice, (James i. 5), for wisdom and understanding. That which I firmly believe the Lord taught me, I now send to you. Some may ask, "How do you know it was the Lord taught you?" I answer, 1st, from the remarkable way in which the subject was opened up to me; 2dly, because I have a firm conviction upon my own mind that it was from him; 3rdly, because, a few days after, a friend lent me a volume of "Horne's Biblical Criticisms;" and there I found, to my surprise and delight, that he (who was a man not only deeply taught of God, but also well acquainted with the original), had been led to take a very similar view of the subject. If the Lord will make use of anything I write, to the comforting or establishing of any of his dear saints, to his name shall be all the glory. South Chard. B. D.]

In giving a few thoughts upon this important portion of God's Word, I purpose, 1st, noticing *The characters who are here spoken of.* 2nd, *The declaration made concerning them.* 3rd, *The arguments used by the apostle in support of the assertion.*

First, then, we notice the characters who are here spoken of; which (in my opinion) are *the children of God.* The apostle gives a five-fold description of them, which we do well particularly to notice.

First, They were once enlightened. This signifies that light has been given, or knowledge imparted; and I do not know of one instance in which a mere professor is thus spoken of. True, we are told of Balaam; that the Spirit of God came upon him; that

his eyes, which had been shut, were opened; and that he knew the knowledge of the Most High. So that he uttered many most glorious things respecting the coming Messiah. Yet we do not read that he was enlightened so as to arrive at a knowledge of his own state as a sinner before God; which I think is what the apostle means by the words under consideration. And in this same Epistle—(chap. x. 32)—we find him speaking to *the church of Christ*, and speaking of *them* as having been illuminated; which word certainly signifies something very similar, if not the same, as the word "enlightened;" and if I am not mistaken, the same word is used in the original, but translated differently.

Now, if my reader will take the trouble of referring to the following portions, he will there find that the natural man—whether professor or profane—is spoken of, *not* as being enlightened, but in *darkness.*—Isaiah lx. 2; Psalm lxxxii. 5; John xii. 40; Isaiah ix. 2, and xxix. 18. Many more texts might be quoted, but the above are sufficient. Before we go any further, let me ask thee, reader, hast thou ever been enlightened—or, art thou still in nature's darkness? I do not ask how, when, or where you were enlightened; for perhaps, like myself, you might not be able to answer those questions; but can you, with the blind man and myself, join and say, "*One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see?*" If so, we shall, I think, be of one opinion—viz., that we were born blind, and in darkness; that we continued in this wretched state until the dear Saviour passed by, according to his eternal purpose, and opened our eyes; and now, as a proof of our eyes being really opened, and also of our being in reality enlightened, we see things we never saw before, some of which cause us much sorrow, and others much joy.

As regards ourselves, we see that we are very great sinners, having broken the law in ten thousand times ten thousand different ways and times—that we cannot save ourselves in any way; and that the garment of which we were once so proud, and which we thought was so pure and so perfect, is not only torn, and ragged in every part, but it is so filthy and abominable, that rather than appear in it any longer, we would prefer to be found naked. But—blessed be our God!—this is not necessary; for our precious Christ has, we find, wrought out for us such a glorious and perfect robe, that one of old, seeing us clothed in it, gave expression to his admiration and wonder, by saying, "*The King's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold.*"

Again. Our eyes being opened and enlightened, we see *beauty* where we never saw it before. We once looked upon the dear Redeemer as being without form or comeliness; but now we see such beauty and

loveliness in him, that we cannot find words to express our admiration. He is the "*Altogether lovely.*" What I have seen since being enlightened by the Holy Spirit's influence, is a subject upon which I should like to say more; but I must not longer dwell here, except to say to those who never have been enlightened, that if they remain in that state, they must for ever dwell in the land of darkness, where the children of darkness have their eternal residence, and where the prince of darkness does for ever reign.

The 2nd description given of the character spoken of is, *They have tasted of the heavenly gift.* In great mercy, the Lord does bestow upon his people many good and perfect gifts; but the greatest of all his gifts is his only begotten SON, who is here referred to in language most expressive. First, he is spoken of as a Gift, to signify that the blessings which are in him are not to be purchased, but *freely* given. Second, by way of distinction. As we receive many gifts from God, he is "**THE HEAVENLY GIFT;**" denoting that he came from heaven; and that his doctrines, and his finished work, lead to heaven. But, further still, as there are many heavenly gifts, he is, Thirdly, called "**THE heavenly Gift;**" to signify that he is the greatest; yea, the sum and substance of *all* heavenly gifts. I think nearly all of my readers will agree with me that this heavenly Gift means Christ. Therefore, I shall proceed to make a few observations upon what is meant by *TASTING of the heavenly Gift.*

As none can either taste or eat unless they have life, our Lord makes eating his flesh and drinking his blood, a proof of life. (John vi. 53, 54). And as it is by eating, that we taste, so by eating the flesh of Christ, we taste of the heavenly Gift.

We must not suppose that the child of God is an eater of wafer gods, as the Papists say; but it is by faith we eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of God. To taste is to *know a thing by experience*; thus we are said to taste of death, when we have passed through it; and, to taste that the Lord is gracious, when we have experimentally known his grace. Some may say that the apostle speaks of those who *only taste*; but that the real Christian eats until he is filled. If, my friend, it has been your happy lot to eat until you were satisfied of the Paschal Lamb, bless God for it; but take care what you do with, and what you say about, the poor tasters; for, depend upon it, there are many of the Lord's family, who would be glad if they could, with assurance, say, that they had *tasted* of this heavenly Gift: but few, comparatively, can go further than say, that they *have tasted* of him: therefore don't cut off these poor tasters; perhaps, some day, when the sun does not shine quite so bright upon you, your memory will get had, and the path in which you have come, rather dark, then you will not so easily remember the banquetting-house, and the feast of fat things, and will begin to question whether or not even you have ever tasted that the Lord was gracious.

We come now to notice the 3rd part of the

apostle's description of the character referred to—They were made *partakers of the Holy Ghost.* Some tell us that this simply means that they were made partakers of the Holy Ghost in his extraordinary influences, and in no other, as in the cases of Balaam and Saul; but as we are *not* told by God that such is the case, I do not see any reason why the boundary should be set here; for as the saints are made partakers of the heavenly calling, and that calling is by the influences and operations of the Holy Spirit, so they are made partakers of the Holy Ghost. And I do not know of one single instance in which mere professors or hypocrites are spoken of in this way; nor do I believe that the Holy Ghost has any immediate convincing influence upon any, excepting those who are the Lord's elect.

4thly, *They have tasted of the good word of God.* By the good word of God, we are to understand, that which he has revealed to us in precepts, promises, and doctrines, as his will; it may be divided as follows: First, the good word of his law. Second, the good word of his gospel. And both of these the child of God either has, or will taste of.

First, he tastes of the good word of God's law: *i.e.*, he comes into an experimental acquaintance with it; and finds, to his surprise, that it is exceeding broad; that it is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart, and that by it he stands condemned before God. Then in the Lord's own good time he tastes of the good word of the gospel of his grace; which, after the bitterness of the law, is indeed sweet unto him. And as the Christian passes on his journey, he oftentimes tastes of the good word of God, both in promises applied, and promises fulfilled; by which he is strengthened, encouraged, and made to go on his way rejoicing.

Now, in tasting an article of food, we find these three things connected with it:—1st, By tasting, we come to a knowledge of the particular flavor and properties of that of which we partake; so, spiritually, by application of a promise, we, for the first time, come to a knowledge of the sweetness, preciousness, and suitability of that particular portion: we never saw so much beauty in it before, and seem quite surprised that it has so long escaped our notice.

Second, by tasting or eating, our hunger is appeased. I do not say that by tasting the good word of God, our hunger is entirely taken away—although some may have been so satisfied as to say, "It is enough;" yet I think generally the people of God have very strong appetites; and although they may sink into very dark, and careless frames, yet they do not entirely cease to hunger. If they come into darkness, it makes their spiritual appetites keen—if into distress, or affliction, it has the same effect; and even when feasting upon the heavenly manna, they do not become satiated, but the more they eat, the more they want. Yet their hunger is appeased, although not satisfied; neither will they be satisfied until they awake up in his likeness.

Thirdly, by tasting and eating we obtain

strength. So the children of God have oft-times, by the application of a precious promise, obtained strength; so that in the strength of that meat they have gone many days, still hoping, trusting, and looking unto their God.

The last part of the apostle's description is, They have tasted of the powers of the world to come. Now, the world to come is either heaven or hell; and the powers of these two worlds is God and satan; and none will dispute but the Christian experiences both the power of God and the power of satan. By God he is convinced, converted, pardoned, and strengthened: by satan he is tempted, tried, perplexed and cast down:—thus he tastes of the powers of the world to come.

But again: the child of God may be said to taste of the powers of the world to come in another way. He is brought at times into the place where David was, when he said, "The pains of hell gat hold upon me:" and also in the after parts of his experience, he is brought where Stephen was, by faith, to see the heavens opened, and to catch a glimpse of the glories of the heavenly Jerusalem. This is what I understand by tasting of the powers of the world to come.

By these observations you will see, that my opinion, respecting the character of whom the apostle speaks, is, that it is the real children of God referred to; nor can I think that any would ever have tried to have made the apostle's meaning different, if they had not supposed that the precious doctrine of the saints' final perseverance in grace was at stake. This brings me to notice,

*Secondly*, The declaration. It is impossible, if they fall away, to renew them again unto repentance.

We notice, first, what does the apostle mean by falling away? Not falling away from the love and free favour of God—for that is impossible; but falling away from the privileges of grace, and a falling into a state of temptation and sin. But some will say that this also is impossible; for the child of God cannot backslide. Would to God he could not! for I am fully persuaded that there is nothing grieves a child of God more, than his frequent backsliding. But, that the saint may *thus* fall away, is evident both by experience, and the testimony of the word; and the words of the poet upon this point I like amazingly:

"Fall! yes, we may, ten times a day;  
But ah! these falls will make us pray;  
But fall from grace we never can;  
It would frustrate Jehovah's plan."

But I must not dwell here, as I intend now to be as brief as possible; therefore, I come to notice,

2ndly.—What is meant by its being impossible to renew them again unto repentance. Repentance is of two kinds, *legal* and *evangelical*. The former of which is here referred to, as we shall see by attentively reading the 1st verse; there it is called "repentance from dead works;" and also spoken of as the foundation, or first principle; because it is the first act of the soul after conviction,

and always precedes gospel repentance. Now, a word or two about this *legal* repentance. In the natural man it is often produced by natural convictions; in the child of God, it is always produced by the Holy Spirit's influence. What this legal repentance is, may be known by its fruits,—it fills men with terror; and as the soul in this state, has never come to a knowledge of Christ as a Saviour, it sets him at work to obtain salvation by the works of the law; hence it is called legal, and the repentance from dead works; for in it we are sorry for all the dead works we have done, because we see what they have brought upon us, and we strive to work the works of life; but all our works are mixed with the seeds of death, therefore the utmost we can do, only brings death and condemnation with it. And we continue in this state until, by the revelation of Jesus Christ, our repentance is mixed with faith, then it becomes *evangelical*, and repentance unto life. And surely it is impossible for any one who have once been enlightened, tasted of the heavenly gift, &c., if he falls away into a state of backsliding, to be brought back to, or renewed again, unto this legal repentance; for having once had a revelation of Jesus Christ, the knowledge of him he retains; therefore, he remembers "if any man sin, he has an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous;" which keeps him still looking to Jesus instead of Moses, and to Christ's righteousness instead of the works of the law. I do not say that the returning backslider does not repent, for *he does*, and that *sincerely* too; but his repentance is *not legal*, but *evangelical*; having been previously brought to a knowledge of Christ, as his law-fulfiller. Some may ask, if this be true, why need the apostle make such a declaration to the Hebrew church? I answer, in reading the latter part of the 5th chapter, we are led to suppose that there were some among the Hebrew converts, who, owing to the teaching of the Judaizing teachers, had fallen from the privileges of grace; and now, feeling a desire again to join the band of the poor despised Nazarene, they were afraid to do so for fear they had not been brought back the right way; they thought that they must again pass through all the terrors of legal repentance, and because they had not re-experienced this, were afraid they had not been brought back aright. But the apostle tells them, it would be impossible for them to be brought back in the way they supposed, *i. e.* legal repentance; and, moreover, exhorts them, to leave these first principles of the oracles of God, and to go on unto perfection.

Perhaps some may read this who have been similarly exercised; you have been a backslider, but now your desire is again to follow after Christ; but you are afraid your standing is not right, because you have not again experienced this terrible law-work; depend upon it you never can again pass through this part of your former experience, because you are now the subject of faith, hope, and love, but then you were the subject of unbelief, terror, and ignorance. This brings us to notice,



Thirdly.—The arguments the apostle uses in proof of his declaration. The 1st part of his argument is,—seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put *him* to an open shame. Some have foolishly imagined from this, that when a professor, or real child of God, falls away, that by that occurrence the Son of God in heaven is pained; or as a certain poet expresses it,

“He is crucified afresh,  
And put to open shame.”

But this is impossible, for the dear Redeemer cannot now be the subject of crucifixion pains, or shame; but is, and ever will be, in the midst of his glory, where no pain, or sorrow, of any kind can possibly come. But if we pay attention to the plain words of the text we shall soon see what the Apostle means.—“We crucify unto ourselves the Son of God afresh.” We are told (Gal. v. 24.) that they that are Christ’s, when brought to a knowledge of him, do crucify the flesh with the passions and lusts; and surely if such is the case, when they wander away from him, they must and do crucify the new nature, with its affections and graces. I appeal to those who have wandered from him—have you not felt inward pangs, greater than you could describe? and have, as our text says, been “put to an open shame;” so ashamed that you have been afraid almost to speak with one of the Lord’s people, or to go before the Lord himself? Our translators have put the word *him* into the text of themselves; it was not in the original, as appears by its being in italics; therefore it stands thus, “and put to an open shame;” not the Son of God, but themselves,—they are put to an open shame.

The 2nd argument contained in the 7th and 8th verses, goes to show, by a figure, that they who have been enlightened, &c., like the earth which drinketh in the rain that cometh oft upon it, they bring forth herbs, or fruit, as the result of being blessed, and receive blessings from God; which is brought forth as an argument to strengthen their weak faith; and also as a test of the reality of their being brought back; for if they bear the fruits of the Spirit, it is (whether they think so or not) a proof that they have received blessing from God; but if, on the other hand, they bear thorns, and briars, it is an evidence that they are the rejected, the reprobate; they are nigh unto cursing, and their end is to be burned. “But, (adds the Apostle,) beloved, we are persuaded better things of you;” and things that accompany salvation, though we thus speak, we have evidence that you do not bear thorns, and briars, but rather the fruits of the Spirit, which is manifested by the work and labour of love, which ye show towards his name, and to the saints.

Thus the Apostle’s argument is, that as the child of God, when being brought back, after falling away, endures these pangs of crucifixion and shame; therefore, he cannot also be brought to feel law terrors, and legal repentance, for with the poet he sings:

“The terrors of law and of God,  
With me can have nothing to do;  
My Saviour’s obedience and blood,  
Hides all my transgression from view.”

Then the argument is followed up by the Apostle shewing to whom legal repentance belongs, not to those who receive blessing from God, but all its terrors belong to those who bear thorns and briars, being nigh unto cursing.

Now, my dear readers, I wish to leave these few remarks with you. Do not suppose that I have written by way of dictation, but judge and examine this important portion for yourselves. And may the God of wisdom grant us wisdom, and guide us into all truth, so that we may rightly understand his holy word. Yours, in Jesus,

BENJAMIN DAVIES.

South Chard,  
Somersetshire.

ON THE  
USE OF ORGANS  
IN OUR PLACES OF WORSHIP;  
WITH AN  
ADDRESS DELIVERED IN BETHEL CHAPEL,  
TROWBRIDGE,  
BY MR. T. CORBET, OF FROME.

A TEA MEETING was held at Bethel Chapel, Trowbridge, Dec. 26th, 1854, when a large company sat down to tea. Unanimity was gratefully felt by all to be pleasant.

After tea, select pieces were skillfully played upon the organ, accompanied with other instruments, and a number of voices. Brother Florey, now supplying at Bethel, presided, and addressed the meeting very ably; his address was truthful, solemn, and soul-searching, so much so that it must be long remembered. He then called upon brother Corbet, of Frome, and subsequently brother Florey proposed that the meeting request Mr. C. to send his address to the EARTHEN VESSEL. A unanimous shew of hands being given, Mr. C. promised to gratify their request, and here sends the substance of the address.

While listening this evening to the ear-pleasing harmony of the instruments and voices, these words fell upon my thought, “*All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord, and thy saints shall bless thee.*” If we compress these words here are two points: *works*, the Lord’s works; and then *saints*, the Lord’s saints: the one shall *praise*, and the other *bless* the Lord. The saints then stand upon the highest ground. How do they come there so as, not only to praise him themselves, being a part of his works, but to bless him, being his saints? Sovereign, free, and omnipotent grace only can make a saint; and it is this which exalts them to their eminency of station and employ to bless the Lord. O, sweet truth; it is the same invincible grace that exalts, which maintains, and will not suffer finally their feet to be moved. I have no stones to throw at any who are below me. I was once the lowest of the low. If I have a standing upon this sacred ground, I must bless the Lord. It was, and

is, his doing, and not mine, either in whole or in part. The perverse bias of my native will could do nothing but resist offers, strivings, and overtures; but the Lord poured into my soul a mighty broadside of effectual terrors, and then a flood of salvation light, in the day of his power: this made the no-willer willing, and joyfully acknowledge that I was overcome. It was a merciful overcoming for me; for had I been left to my own will and way, I should have cursed him; but being overcome to inherit a blessing, I bless him.

I sat at my desk one day in my school-room: the scholars engaged in their studies, silence reigned, and in soul I was brought close up to the Lord, who whispered to me—*“Thomas, I will put one of your feet on the other side of the kingdom of glory; and you bring the other after it.”* I saw I must be lost if it was to be in that way; and I cried,—*“O, no, Lord, no: I cannot bring in the other: it must be both feet, not one, or I am ruined for ever.”* The boys, thinking their master was either gone, or going mad, made a bustle: this brought me to recollect where I was. Come, friends, let us bless the Lord! for as sure as he has made us to feel our dependence upon himself, and we confess and plead it before him, so sure will he set, not only one, but both our feet within the gates of his own Jerusalem.

In a half-jeering tone some have said that they wondered that I should be at this meeting upon this occasion. That it is a sad innovation to introduce and encourage the use of that organ in this chapel: that the music of the New Testament should be vocal, not instrumental: that there is no warrant for the use of instruments in the New Testament. To these formidable objections I answer, from the purest of motives, and I hope in a spirit of love, if there is a precedent recorded, although not peremptorily commanded, then we have a warrant for using instruments as well as voices, in praising the Lord; and if you read the New Testament you will find mention made of instruments as well as voices, and in union with them, thus employed. But some, by an ingenious knack at what is called, “spiritualization,” cut off the meaning and intention of this Scripture, “All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord.”

In the days of David, Solomon, and others, instruments, as well as vocal music, was used in praising the Lord. But some say, That was only typical. This I deny. Praising the Lord in songs, even in that dispensation, was no more a shadow, than reading and expounding the law. The Holy Ghost, in the Epistle to the Hebrews, gives an inventory, and allusion, to what was exclusively typical; but neither is vocal nor instrumental music, for praising the Lord, mentioned in that inventory. I proceed.

In the portion I have quoted, it is the Lord's works that shall praise him. I do not wish to be tedious, therefore shall only mention a few of his works. Yet I must state facts, as I see, and hope have felt, and shall feel them again in life, death, and dying. O, friends, to be spiritual, I do not only want to

hear, and speak about it, but to feel it, with spiritual eyes to see, and ears to hear the Lord's works praising him; there it is in his works, and I want to see it; and being there, I want to hear it, to have the enjoyment of himself in all his works which praise him; that I may go higher, and from the fullness of that enjoyment bless him, with all my heart, mind, soul and strength.

To modulate and arrange the tones of the human voice, is the Lord's work; and it is so wonderfully constructed, that in a natural ascent or descent to an unison, we sound four full tones, the fifth a half or semitone, the sixth and seventh full, and the eighth or unison a semitone. I will not give you a more minute description of the divisions of the five greater and four lesser semitones: let this suffice. Now, if the human voice had not been so constructed, there would not have been melody: much less could there have been harmony, unison, or concord. Remember, the voice is not only formed to produce a noise, but to strike the ear with melodious and harmonious sweetness of sounds. Again: It is the Lord's work to form, temper, and adjust the ear; and to furnish it with such delicately fine and accurate perceptions, by which it can distinguish the minutest deviation from, and correctness of tone or tones in the composition or production of harmony in sounds: the ear is not only formed to taste words, but also to taste sounds. Again: It is the Lord's work to give the understanding comprehension, and the hand skill, to form instruments of various sounds to resemble the human voice in singing; also, the materials out of which all these instruments are constructed, is the work of the Lord. Now, notwithstanding the multiplicity of instruments formed and used, the organ alone is the nearest resemblance of the human voice. Then notice the materials of which the organ is composed, and you will find it to be wood, iron, lead, copper, brass, zinc, leather, &c.

Yonder, then, stands the organ: by it, is the mind and the hands which the Lord taught, that made it; the ear which the Lord tempered, that balanced its tones; and the hands the Lord skilled, which brought out those melodious chords: our voices have been joining in harmony with wood, iron, lead, copper, brass, zinc, &c., in the songs of the sanctuary, praising or shewing forth, as David hath said, “How excellent the Lord is in all the earth:” and in the formation of all things in and on the earth, all things shew and proclaim how wonderfully great and glorious the Lord is in himself; and his own saints seeing and hearing his overflowing goodness shining and speaking in all creation, called praising him, they bless him, and sing—

“He shines in the sun, refreshes in the breeze;  
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees:  
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,  
Operates unseen, communicates unspent.”

Carnal men, will pervert these powers and gifts, to feed and fill themselves with pride, and gratify their flesh: yet, when the heart

of a called and born again sinner, is moved by grace as he wishes to feel day by day, he sees and hears (even in these low works) the Lord is praised, and this fills him with adoration and blessing.

No, no, we will not let satan run away with and monopolize all for the pleasure and gratification of his poor dupes: neither will we directly or indirectly justify or wink at the theft or the thief by saying, let him and his have it all for their own use. I say no; we will detain this organ for our use; we have hearts to feel, ears to relish, and tongues to speak; therefore the organ shall sound the tones in true concert, and we will in unison join, and pronounce the words—*Hallelujah!* "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name." Here we have nature in concert praising the Lord, and if we have grace in us for heart melody, we shall be constrained to bless him.

Friends; do you know what it is in truth to be made merry by and in the Lord? Sure I am, when the Lord drops sweetness into the heart that a song is produced, although it might be to the outward ear as grating as the old woman's was in the ears of Mr. Whitfield, when he said, "I wish that old woman would not make that noise, do pray be silent, you do not sing in the tune." The reply was, "O sir, my heart sings." "Well," said Whitfield, "If that is the case, then sing on."

In some localities, there are but few of the Lord's called ones, that have a voice suitable for leading in singing, therefore to supply this deficiency, helps are called in, and in most congregations the help resorted unto for leading the singing, has been a choir of men and women. And to my grief, I speak, that the greater portion of them who compose those choirs, almost every word they speak in the hymn which they might be singing, is to them a lie. That organ, in leading, will tell no lies. It will not either wantonly, nor thoughtlessly give you any pain by appropriations, as carnal singers do, who never had the testimony of Christ confirmed in them, "Ye must be born again," when they bawl out

"My God, my life, my love, to thee, to thee,  
I call."

O what mockery! I would rather join with my voice in the melody of God's inanimate creation, wrought up by skill to harmonize with the human voice, than I would concert with men, knowing well that almost every member of each sentence which they uttered, was little short of blasphemy. I have heard, when grace has tuned my heart, the richest tones and sweetest harmony of soul-humbling and exalting music, in the blowing of the wind and ripple of the stream: these have combined with the feelings of my heart in un-chorousing the new song of redemption by blood, and the ears of my soul have drunk in with transport the words of eternal truth wafted in these sounds.

But singers are sometimes touchy, and when nothing is done, knowingly or wilfully to offend them, yet they take offence, quit their post, and leave the poor parson to pitch the tunes and lead the singing if he can, thus

throwing upon him a double burden. Now yonder organ will not by any act of its own give offence, nor count itself slighted, and take offence, so that your dear minister will not be left bowed down under an extra load as I have been more than once.

Unto the pure, all things are pure, sin excepted. That organ being without sin, the use of it for leading our singing in all its parts cannot be impure. Let men say what they please, brother Purnel, do not you pay any attention to their sayings; but rather bless the Lord for melody in the ear; also, for melody in the heart, which at all times, when felt, makes melody in the ear a thousand fold more sweet, and both are the Lord's works and gifts, for which, if you and I are saints, we shall with spiritual good will, bless him. Amen.

[We give the above address, first, that our brother Thomas Corbet may speak for himself; and, secondly, that we may avail ourselves of the opportunity of giving our sentiments upon the using of instrumental music in the New Testament Church of God.

We will first state our own objections, and then meet the arguments contained in the above address.

1st. That the assembling of the congregation is for a *purpose too important* to admit of instrumental music. Does not sober reason itself tell us that it is a waste of precious time? Can instrumental music raise the dead, heal the sick, cleanse the leper, bring a sense of pardoning mercy, or carry an arrow of conviction into the hardened sinner's heart? Can it make known the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven? Can it pluck poor dying mortals as brands from the burning? Would you take either flute or harp to a dying man? Would so doing, reveal either the terrors of Sinai, or the attractions of Zion? Could it deliver him from going down into the pit? Could it open the prison house? Could it bind up the broken hearted? Could it set at liberty them that are bound? Could it bring a soul into the holy of holies? Could it strengthen a soul, either to bear the burdens of life, or to meet the swelling Jordan of death? A convinced, self-condemned sinner goes to the house of God trembling from the very centre of his soul; yet with some little hope that peradventure there may be mercy for him. What would instrumental music be to such an one? If "he that singeth songs to a *heavy heart* be as he that taketh away a garment in cold weather, and as vinegar upon nitre, (Prov. xxv. 20,) what must he be who comes to such an one with things without life, giving sound? If the heaviness of heart felt by a burdened soul, were merely mortified pride before man, as was the case with king Saul, then the evil spirit may—by a little skilfully-managed instrumental music—be charmed out of him. But an awakened soul is wounded from on high, and thence must come the remedy, as saith the Lord, "I wound and I heal." This then, is our first objection, namely—that instrumental music is not in accordance with what *ought* to be the purpose of assembling in the Saviour's name.

2ndly. That the New Testament no where authorises it, either by example or precept; and *ought we*, is it right, is it reverential, is it having due respect to him whom we profess to serve, to bring something in as a part of worship which he has not brought in? Is it not making ourselves wiser than God? Is it not sinning against him, by telling him in his very presence, that his order of things is not perfect, and that it cannot go on prosperously without our *carnal* device? Is it not telling him, that his worship is not acceptable unto us unless the flesh be charmed therein? Is it not requesting the Holy One of Israel to cease from before us, and that we can order our own stops better than he can order them for us? O, then let us not pervert the right ways of the Lord, nor act as though we were under the law of a carnal commandment, instead of being under the law of endless life. If saints are to bless him, let them do it; and let their instrumental music be a well strung heart, and so "make melody in their heart unto the Lord."

3dly. The *evils* that arise from the use of instrumental music in the house of God. Upon this volumes may be written, and the order of the preamble would run thus—first comes one instrument, then comes another, and another, until we have a pretty good theatrical display; for the bass vial and the violin will plead their own cause as well as they can, and contend that they have as much right to be there as that windy old organ; then comes the gown and the cassock, then comes clerical superiority, and then human devices by wholesale; then out of all this rises a two-horned beast, and tramples to death all who will not worship its well-constructed order of things, and that all must bow down to this beautiful golden image. We have not space to enlarge upon this part; but here it is, once *begin* to mend God's order of things, and where shall we stop? Once adopt the *principle*, and be unjust in that which is least, and we shall find it very easy to follow out this *wrong* principle, and be unjust in that which is much: take one step in the wrong road and the other will insensibly follow. Is it then right that we should forget the *purpose* of assembling in the house of God? Is it a light thing to cast a reflection upon that holy and pure word which the Lord hath magnified above all his name; as though that word needed the help of man's device, and that while the people are saying

"Grace!" 'tis a charming sound,"

that it is *not* grace, but the harp, and the organ all the time giving the charming sound. "O, thou that art named the house of Jacob, is the *spirit of the Lord* straitened? are these his doings? do not (saith the Lord) *my words* do good to him that walketh *uprightly*?" (Micah ii. 7.)

Why then should we presumptuously break in upon the order of the kingdom of the King of Zion, and so adopt a principle leading to evils innumerable? These then are our objections to instrumental music in the churches of the saints.

But we will now look at the arguments contained in brother Corbet's address.

Argument the first: "*In the New Testament instruments as well as voices are mentioned.*" Mr. Corbet does not tell us where in the New Testament they are mentioned; he refers, we suppose, to the 5th and 14th chapters of Revelation—having "every one of them harps and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of the saints." Now here we have *spiritual* things spoken of under Old Testament and typical imagery: for if we here take one thing in the *literal* sense, so we must another—then we shall get not Christ, but a literal lamb; not a fulness of power, but literally seven horns; not a fulness of knowledge, but literally *seven* eyes; we shall get not the new, the living creature in Christ Jesus, but literally four beasts; and we shall also get not the well-formed and well-strung gospel of God, but literal golden harps; we should get not the golden vial of a *pure* heart, but literally golden vials; not the real spiritual odours of true prayer, but literal incense. But to take these things otherwise than literal is what our brother Corbet calls an ingenious knack of spiritualization. Well we will risk this: Mr. Corbet may have the literal harp, but we, for ourselves, prefer the gospel itself as our golden harp; and though we are but very unskilful players thereon, still we manage to get a few notes which are exceedingly melodious both to the ear and the heart.

"*The instrumental music used by David and Solomon was not typical.*" We do venture to think that the temple of old was a worldly sanctuary, and that it was a shadow of a better building, and that its harps and psalteries were a shadow; and we do earnestly hope that brother Corbet will forgive us when we say that much as he may contend for the literal harp and the organ, that we have never yet been able to discover any *spiritual substance* in them; and therefore, as they are, as it pertains to godliness, only a shadow, pardon our plainness and pity our inability to discover anything divine in literal harps or organs.

Argument the third—"That where there is a deficiency of singers a choir is engaged, perhaps of carnal men." We perfectly agree with Mr. Corbet in his objection to ungodly men taking the lead in the house of God in the singing: indeed, we for ourselves, object to choirs of singers altogether—the singing ought always to be *congregational*—Mr. Corbet it seems thinks so too, and seems aware, and we are aware too, of the difficulties felt in some localities in relation to the singing; but still we would rather hear the songs of Zion sung in ever so humble a manner where the heart is engaged, than adopt anything as a remedy which the New Testament does not either authorize or sanction. The intention of this part of the worship is not any more than the others parts of the worship to *please men*, but to honour God, and the Lord *looketh on the heart*. Mr. Corbet is one of the last that ought to contend for shadows and human devices in the worship of God, seeing he believes the law of truth to be perfect, and that it is the power and presence of God, and this only, that can give real melody to the heart.

or enable us to worship our God acceptably, with reverence and godly fear. We, of course, are in relation to Mr. Corbet's decision for instrumental music *outvoted*, there being, as our readers will see an unanimous *shew of hands* for him; it is true they were but human hands, so that we must reckon one hand of the Lord on our side to be a good majority against them; so that while with men we are in the minority, yet with God we believe we are in the majority; and hope that our good friends at Trowbridge will in *one part* of their vote consider themselves a very *diminutive minority*—we mean not that part of the vote which relates to the address being printed, but that part which implies a sanction of carnal music in the spiritual worship of God.]

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO THE MEMORY OF

MR. T. S. M. JENNER,

*Late of Clapham.*

HE was born on the 27th of March, 1787, at Croydon, in Surrey. His Father was a gentleman of considerable property, who left money to bring him up; the person who had the money took it, and put him into a work-house: there he was for some time, until a relation of his mother's found him, took him out, and brought him up. While with her, he attended the Established Church; was apprenticed in Blackman Street, in the Boro' of Southwark, and there he became acquainted with a Dissenter who sat under the ministry of Mr. Upton; he was baptized by Mr. Chin, of Walworth: was received into that church, and remained there some years. After this, he became a member of good Mr. Francis's church, of Snow's Fields; who was related to my dear mother. My father was, for many years, an Itinerant preacher of the gospel; and many, in different parts of the country, could testify of the comfort they received under his ministry. More lately, he joined the church at East Street, Walworth; and remained until the Lord removed him to Clapham, where he preached a free-grace gospel till the day of his death. He did not shun to declare the *WHOLE* council of God; he could truly say with the Psalmist David, "I have stuck unto thy testimonies." He preached his last sermon the day previous to his death in the country; and I know from one who heard him that day, that he preached the truth with zeal and fervour. The nature of his disease prevented him from saying much in his last hours, but he did say while in great pain, "*this is to take me home, I shall soon be home.*" Thus he died, on the 12th of Sept. 1854, in the 67th year of his age. He died in the faith, in the truth, and in the Lord; and "Blessed are the dead which die in him." He was interred at Norwood; my esteemed pastor, Mr. James Wells, spoke over him; and while I have to mourn the loss of a very dear parent, I have to rejoice that death was to him,

"An open cage to let him fly  
On wings of love to worlds on high."

His memory will be ever dear to me: in him, I have lost a kind and loving father and Christian friend; he it was that first took me within the walls of the Surrey Tabernacle, of which place I can indeed say,

"I love her gates, I love the road  
The church adorn'd with grace,  
Stands like a palace built for God,  
To show his milder face, &c."

There I learned, (I humbly hope) by the blessed Spirit's teaching, and from the lips of my dear pastor, what I was as a *sinner*, and what our adorable Emanuel is, as a *Saviour*, in all the amplitude of his grace and mercy; there in that gospel field, our spiritual Boaz has commanded his reaper, to let fall some handfuls of purpose for the poor gleaners; yes, so poor as only to have a little hope; but the King of Israel said, "*The Lord taketh pleasure in, and his eye is upon, them that hope in his mercy;*" and we know, where the word of a king is there is power.

When I first went to the Tabernacle, I was an enemy to the truth; and had been nearly brought within the pale of the Church of Rome, when only about the age of thirteen; may I not say, salvation is not of works, but of grace? Bless the dear Lord, I have been enabled, through grace, to hold fast the truth ever since, which is about fourteen years; and I can sincerely say, it is more precious to me than ever. I could write more, but must conclude. That we may be found in him, whom to know is life eternal, is the desire of

*Walworth.*

RUTH.

THE CHRISTIAN

WARRIOR'S UNIFORM.

DRESS uniform the soldier wears

When duty calls abroad,  
Not purchased at his cost or care,  
But by the King bestow'd,

Christ's soldiers too, (if Christ-like bred),  
Have regimental dress;  
'Tis linen white, and faced with red;  
'Tis Christ's own righteousness.

A rich and sightly robe it is,  
And to the soldier dear;  
No rose can learn to blush like this,  
Nor lily look so fair,

'Tis wrought by Jesu's skilful hand,  
And tinged with his own blood;  
It makes the cherubs gazing stand,  
To view this robe of God.

No art of man can weave this robe,  
'Tis of such texture fine;  
Nor could the wealth of all the Globe,  
By purchase, make it mine.

'Tis of one piece, and wove throughout,  
So curious wove, that none  
Can dress up in this seamless coat,  
Till Jesus puts it on.

This vesture never waxeth old,  
Nor spot thereon can fall;  
It makes a soldier, brisk and bold,  
And dutiful withal.

This robe, Lord, put on me, each day,  
And it shall hide my shame;  
Shall make me fight, and sing, and pray,  
And bless my Captain's name.

"JOB'S" REVIEW OF MR. SPURGEON'S MINISTRY EXAMINED  
AND CONSIDERED.

WE are unexpectedly thrown into a somewhat serious position. Very innocently,—(we think,) in our December number,—impartially, and in a charitable spirit,—we wrote a brief review of Mr. Spurgeon's ministry; noticing, and quoting from, some sermons which had recently been preached by him, and published in *The Penny Pulpit*. Mr. Spurgeon is a public man: his ministry is the property of the professing church in Christendom. Multitudes were crowding to hear him:—On every hand, we were met with queries like the following—"Who is this Mr. Spurgeon?"—"Where does he come from?"—"To what section of the Church does he belong?"—"Is he sound in the faith of the Gospel?" &c., &c. Under these circumstances, we furnished an Article bearing on his ministry; and, as far as possible, meeting the enquiries; not for a moment thinking that we should incur the displeasure of any of the brethren, who stand on the walls of Zion in these days. Our brief, and unfinished review had scarcely made its appearance, ere some severe strictures upon the same came to hand; the first sight of which led us to fear that we had been too precipitate; and that, instead, of rendering good service to the citizens of our much-loved city, we had done mischief; but, on carefully perusing what we had written, on examining our motive and our aim, we feel no condemnation whatever. We consider it imperative upon a Christian man to confess his fault, so soon as he is convicted of having done wrong. Could we have been persuaded that we had done any injury to the cause of truth in thus noticing Mr. Spurgeon's ministry, we would freely and fully have confessed the same. We were not, however, sufficiently convinced of this. Still, we felt it solemnly laid on our conscience to publish the letter signed "Job;" believing that it was calculated to lead to much close examination in the breasts both of ministers and laymen; and that a wholesome benefit to many would be the result. "Job's" letter was published in the January number; and from the first of its issue until now, paper pellets have been poured in upon us, enough, indeed, to shatter the few poor nerves to pieces, which near thirty years' labour has left in a sadly dilapidated state. We are determined, by the grace of God, to maintain an independent course:—our aim shall be to DEFEND THE TRUTH—let the truth be found where it may. There is not a minister, nor a Christian man on earth, that shall bias, or frighten us, into a wrong course, if we can, by watchfulness and prayer, avoid it. We will tell our Correspondents, once for

all, that no threats, no cruel insinuations, no thunderbolts, no bitter reflections upon the past, will intimidate us. If the seven thousand persons, who now purchase the *EARTHEN VESSEL* cease to do so, we retire from our heavy task at once: but so long as God gives us life, strength, means, and a sufficiency of merciful readers, we will onward steer our course, gladly publishing the tidings of mercy; and rendering all the service to the Churches we possibly can. Now, for a moment, let us review our Correspondence on this momentous matter.

The first communication which our brother "Job's" letter has produced—or, rather, the one which we notice first, is the following, which we give entire as it came to hand. The writer says:—

MR. EDITOR.—It was with mingled emotions of pain and pity, I read in the *EARTHEN VESSEL* for January, the letter from your Correspondent "Job." His censures are excessively harsh, both as respects yourself and Mr. Spurgeon; and the arguments used to establish his propositions altogether inconclusive.

His letter does not bear those marks of Christian love and humility which should characterize the intercourse of the professor with his fellows. I do not presume to penetrate into his heart, and bring to light the mainspring of all the bitter language he uses in his epistle; to an attentive and intelligent reader, that is quite apparent on the face of it; but content myself with pointing out the errors he has made in judgment. I do not call these errors wilful; although it is very difficult for me to conceive how any mind could be so blinded, unless by anger, or some of the darker passions of humanity, as to fall into such gross and palpable mistakes. The passages of Mr. Spurgeon's sermon are plain and Scriptural; but "Job," by some mental contortion, presents them in an adverse and erroneous light.

With your permission, Mr. Editor, I will briefly confirm the preceding remarks. It is but right that justice be rendered to Mr. Spurgeon; who, I am persuaded, is too much the gentleman to return an answer to such charges brought against himself; and too much the Christian to be angry because of them. It will be at the same time exonerating you from the blame so unjustly bestowed, and promotive of the cause so dear to your heart.

Some weak ones may be stumbling because of the remarks of "Job;" and this may reassure them. It is always injurious to the cause of the Redeemer, when Christians fail to observe that law of love he hath ordained. I therefore proceed to obviate, as much as possible, the erroneous impressions that have been made in the letter by "Job."

In the first place, he begins wrong, by throw-

ing out insinuations which, however unfounded tend to prejudice the mind of the reader. He (Mr. S.) is called "a very *questionable* personage;" compared to a mountebank of the Grecian stage; paralleled with Dr. Pusey and Cardinal Wiseman; likened to the "Prince of Darkness," who beguiled Eve with very great politeness; and, finally, the "Divine reality of his conversion" is doubted of—upon what flimsy grounds we shall presently see. Now all this is surely ungenerous, and it will shortly be perceived to be altogether unjust.

Job says, "We are told, page 1, that the Corinthians had much of the teaching of the Greeks, and were men of classic taste, and that they should have used these gifts to confirm the testimony of Christ;" and then adds, "Mr. Spurgeon, and the Word of God, very widely differ upon this Greek wisdom and classic taste;" but he ("Job") very wisely, for his own purpose, refrains from attempting to show wherein this difference lies; because in reality it does not exist. The Word of God calls this "wisdom foolishness;" and what does Mr. Spurgeon say? Why, simply the very same thing, "that gifts are nothing unless they are laid on the altar of God."

He, ("Job") objects to Mr. Spurgeon's remark, "that he (the Lord) determined upon sending a Mediator into the world whereby he might *restore* it to its pristine glory, and save to himself a people who are to be called the elect of God;" because he finds it said, the heavens are to vanish away like smoke, and the earth wax old like a garment; that the earth is to be burned up; forgetting the passages that refer to its restoration. The earth is to be purified with fire; but the Apostle John was privileged to obtain a glimpse in prophetic vision of the "new heavens and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness;" this is the *restoration* Mr. Spurgeon points to; and it is undeniably a restoration to the pristine glory when the Creator pronounced it "very good." "Job" must have surely read the Bible to little use to have overlooked such predictions.

Again, he then quibbles about the words "to be" in the passage already quoted; and says, that he "thought this nomination was already settled, and that from before the foundation of the world." It is very true that this nomination was settled from before the foundation of the world, but Mr. Spurgeon was referring to the Council of Eternity, when the Godhead was deliberating of these things which were not yet; and uses the only tense proper in the circumstances.

Again, "Job" calls Mr. Spurgeon's remarks upon the testimony of Christ and the Prophets, "vain jangling, and a jargon of truth and error, ingeniously interwoven." This is false, as you see when I take up and refute his seeming arguments:

1st. He says, "The testimony of Christ was direct from himself, but the Word of God contradicts this and says, 'The words that I speak are not mine, but him that sent me.'" Now, the Word of God does not contradict it, for another passage, wherein Christ declares that he and the Father are one, reconciles the

seeming contradiction pointed out by "Job." But "the testimony of the prophets was *second hand*;" the truth of that remark is manifested by the very passage brought up to refute it, "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost;" that is, they uttered not their own thoughts, but were simply the instruments of the Spirit, and consequently their testimony was *second hand*, the Spirit being the prime mover.

2nd. The sermon says that the testimony of all but Christ was not uniform, and quite correctly, the sermon states wherein this uniformity failed; and if "Job" had but attended to it, he would not have fallen into the absurd mistake he has. It was in their conduct, not in their predictions that they failed; this did not always correspond with the testimony they gave by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, which was uniform and perfect in kind, though not perfect in degree, inasmuch as it was continually being added to by those who followed after them, and was finished by Christ.

In the paragraph following the one just answered, "Job" attributes to the word *final*, a sense altogether different from that in which it is used by Mr. Spurgeon; Mr. Spurgeon says, "Christ's testimony was *final*," and in the next sentence explains what he means by *final*, namely, "This was the last testimony, the last revelation, that ever will be given to man." Now, this is very different from saying what "Job" would make him appear to say, namely—that from their (the prophets) testimony there is any appeal; he does not say there is appeal, but he simply says, that the testimony of the prophets was not last, but Christ's was.

Again, "Job" says, "Mr. Spurgeon's mode of confirming the testimony of Christ is not the Apostle's mode of doing the same." It is just the same mode; the testimony of Christ is confirmed in the Christian by the Holy Ghost; and Mr. Spurgeon just says that in effect, by saying it is confirmed by conversion, which is the work of the Spirit; by answer to prayer, which is through the Spirit; by support in times of *affliction and tribulation*, which is by the Spirit. And in confirming it with respect to others, his remarks are also just and right, for it is written, "Let your light so shine before men that they seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven."

In his remarks upon the conclusion of Mr. S.'s sermon, he ("Job") is equally unkind and unjust as in all the rest of what he writes. Mr. Spurgeon does desire his hearers to go to the throne of grace, and vow afresh, and register this new resolution, so to live as to confirm more and more the testimony of Christ; but he does not say they are to do this in their own strength, they are to seek strength from the Holy Ghost; he does not just then point out the way in which to seek that strength, but having often before pointed it out, contents himself at that time with merely indicating the source of the strength.

Now, Mr. Editor, having shown that every single stricture that "Job" has made on the sermon is unjust and unfounded, I have no hesitation in saying, that I can prove every

other objection he chooses to raise equally untenable. He has in most instances perverted the plain meaning of the sermon, to be enabled to start an objection at all; I do not call that perversion wilful, that I leave to his own conscience and his God; but I do say, that unless it was plainly stated in his letter that he intended to criticise Mr. Spurgeon's sermon, I would never have been able to imagine that the strictures made had any reference to the sermon on "Confirming the witness of Christ."

We can now see the utter futility of Job's concluding remarks, his premises being false, his conclusions must also be untrue; he does not offer one valid argument for the excessively harsh opinions he gives forth. In one place ("4thly," page 15,) he tells us that his "opinion is, and his argument is, and his conclusion is," so and so; I defy the *humblest*, as well as the most profound logician, to shew the smallest vestige of an argument, or conclusion, in that paragraph.

Finally, to convince you of my impartiality, I must tell you I am a stranger in London, unacquainted personally with Mr. Spurgeon, not a hearer of his, and do not know "Job;" I have sometimes read parts of your **EARTHEN VESSEL**, and been much pleased with it; I have also read most of Mr. Spurgeon's published sermons, and have heard him preach three times; and can testify that had "Job" been there on those occasions he would not have fallen into the error of supposing that Mr. Spurgeon neglects the work and agency of the Holy Spirit.

Only a very small moiety of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons has been published, and to suppose that because he does not there set forth at length a view of the operations of the Spirit, he denies its efficiency altogether, is unlogical, unphilosophical, and unjust.

But the fact is he does sometimes speak of the work of the Spirit in his published sermons, although not so fully as in some unpublished; for example, at the close of the sermon entitled, "the house of mourning and the house of feasting," we have these words, "it is the power of the Holy Ghost alone that can give the life."

I am sorry, Mr. Editor, to have trespassed so much upon your room; but it was due to Mr. Spurgeon, as well as to yourself, and coming from a stranger to all parties, it is hoped these remarks may not prove unacceptable or unprofitable.

I wish well to you, and the great cause of our common Lord. HENRY J. McLARDY.

We make no comment upon this letter. The sermons referred to, are in print. Our readers can judge for themselves. We proceed to notice one other Correspondent; and with that we leave the subject for the present. The Correspondent referred to is "Sarah."

"Sarah" says she calls Mr. Spurgeon "THE APOLLOS OF THE BOROUGH;" and after much consideration, she has wished that "Job" had done as Aquilla and Priscilla did with Apollos, of whom it is said, that "when they had heard, they took him unto them, and expounded unto him THE WAY OF GOD more perfectly." Upon this hint of "Sarah's" we

wish to write a word or two—first, upon what "Job" has done; and secondly, upon the comparison which "Sarah" makes between Apollos and the present Pastor of New Park Street Chapel. First, as to what "Job" has done. He has certainly written very decidedly, but we believe he has written *sincerely*. The fact is, during the last quarter of a century "Job" has seen many start up with a flaming zeal, with shining talents, with an attracting style, and with a ministry combining almost all the principal features of each section of the professing church. And "Job" has seen many such men not only go down as fast as they came up; but he has been called to sympathise with many who have been deceived, deluded, and brought into deep distress. We say therefore, to many of our correspondents who have written so censoriously of "Job"—do not condemn so rashly. We are determined, if the Lord will help and guide us in this matter,—to "*do justly; to love mercy;*" and to walk humbly and honestly as in the sight of a heart-searching God. Men, brethren, and fathers—hear ye our words—we have nothing to fear from "Job;" neither have we anything to seek from him. We have nothing to fear from Mr. Spurgeon, neither have we any favors to ask at his hands. "Job" and C. H. Spurgeon are two men—two ministers—two pastors of influential churches in the great Metropolis. Between these two great ministers stands the attacked Editor of **THE EARTHEN VESSEL**; and if either "Job" or C. H. Spurgeon, or any of their friends, were to attempt to bias the said Editor—(which he knows they will not)—he would tell them plainly, that sooner than he would be the mere tool of a party for unholy purposes, he would let the **VESSEL** be dashed to atoms, and himself be driven whosoever an adverse power might carry him. While we thus speak, we highly esteem, and feel deeply grateful to "Job," for the use God has made of him on the walls of Zion these many years. We say it fearlessly, "Job" has his peculiar work, and his singularly original way; but that God has rendered his ministry an essential blessing, thousands can testify. We are bound, therefore, to believe that what he has done, he has done for the good of Zion; and if in the doing, he has not exactly done it as some could wish; let us forbear; let us forgive; let us continue to love him, and to pray that his life and his labours may be lastingly and increasingly useful in gathering ransomed sinners to Christ, and in feeding the living family of our ever gracious God. We have no sympathy with those butterflies, who—will make a servant of Christ an offender for a word, and for such supposed offence turn from and speak unkindly of him. From all such proceedings, and from all such professors, the good Lord deliver us.

A farther notice of communications on 'Job's' strictures will be found on the covers.



Now, secondly, for "Sarah's" comparison. The character and portrait of Apollos is drawn in Acts xviii., of whom the Holy Ghost says,—he was "an eloquent man;" he was "instructed in the way of the Lord;" "he spake and taught diligently the things of the Lord;" and "he spake boldly in the synagogue." We are free to confess that in some points "Sarah's" comparison will hold good. Since the thoughts and conclusions of brother "Job" have been published, we have been exceedingly concerned to know, if possible, the real position of this our modern Apollos; consequently, seeing him announced to preach the Association sermon on the afternoon of Wednesday, Jan. 10th we went to hear for ourselves. He took for his text 2 Cor. x. 4, "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strong holds." The strongholds of "antiquity," "infidelity," "arminianism," "antinomianism," "sinful self," and "righteous self," were surveyed, attacked, and denounced in an energetic and forcible manner. The character of "our weapons" were then described, "not carnal," but "mighty through God." We left the sanctuary with a solemn impression of this kind: to ourselves we said—"the ministers of Jesus Christ are said to stand on the walls of Zion; those walls, of course, separate "the garden of the Lord" from "the wide-spreading wilderness," and "from the valley of dry bones:" some of Christ's faithful ministers who stand on these walls have their back to the wilderness and the valley, and their faces and their front toward the church looking right into her midst, and speaking to her heart. In such a position, more particularly, stood William Huntington, the rich and mellow-minded Brooks, William Gadsby and a host beside. But others of Christ's ministers stand with their face and front more generally towards the wilderness, instrumentally attacking the enemy's strongholds; instrumentally sounding forth the terrors of Sinai, and the glorious attractions of Calvary's Cross; instrumentally calling for the four winds of heaven to come down into the valley, and to breath upon the slain; instrumentally plucking sinners as brands from the burning, and leading them up to the gates of Zion. And, IN SUCH A POSITION did we conceive Mr. Spurgeon to stand that afternoon. In such a position stood Martin Luther, Toplady, Whitfield, and a multitude beside; and we do prayerfully anticipate the day, when *side by side*, on Zion's walls, there shall be seen our rapid and deep-taught brother "Job," with his heart beating over Zion's afflicted children, his back bent in stooping down to sympathise with them, and his tongue pouring out the mighty, the mysterious, the merciful, dealings of a covenant God with covenant saints; while in juxta-position there shall be found the eloquent Apollos of the present day.

And, like "Sarah," we say to brother "Job," do as Aquilla did; and until such a New Testament example has been followed—until personal intercourse has proved the contrary—*hope* that of Mr. Spurgeon it may be true, as of Apollos it has been said, (after Aquilla and Priscilla had done with him,) "HE HELPED THEM MUCH WHO HAD BELIEVED THROUGH GRACE." We must for the present forbear.

#### A FEW MORE WORDS FROM "JOB."

DEAR MR. EDITOR—In one part of my review of Mr. Spurgeon's sermon, I have said of him as a *minister*, (page 16) "I am thoroughly (it should have been strongly,) disposed to believe that we have a fair sample of what he will be to the end." It is to be regretted that some persons have tried to make the above mean—that as Mr. Spurgeon is in a state of nature now, he will so continue even unto the end; whereas, I neither did, nor do mean, any such thing: all I mean is, that his *ministry*, as it now is, is I am strongly disposed to believe a fair sample of what it will be even unto the end. I do not here refer to his personal destiny at all—though no doubt many would have been glad to have seen me commit myself, by rushing in

"Where angels fear to tread."

What I have written, I have written conscientiously and sincerely, and without partiality, and without hypocrisy; and sought on my bended knees by solemn prayer to God, direction in this matter; nor am I conscious of one vestige of anger, or unhallowed, or wrong feeling in the matter; and the Lord himself is my witness, that I have no feeling towards Mr. Spurgeon, but that of the best wishes (subject to the law of gospel truth) for his welfare; and if in the face of the tens of thousands of perishing fellow mortals in this Metropolis, I could have written from *envy*, I think the sooner I throw off the Christian name the better. Never, under heaven, were accusers further from the truth than those who impute such a feeling to me. A concern for *truth*, and *vital* godliness, has been my motive. I have exercised merely the right of judging for myself, and others of course have a right to do the same.

I am, Mr. Editor, credibly informed, that Mr. Spurgeon *himself* intends taking no notice of what I have written, and if I am to be counted an enemy because I have spoken what I believe to be the truth (Gal. iv. 16,) I am perfectly willing to bear the reproach thereof; and most happy should I be to have just cause to think differently of his ministry; but I am at present (instead of being shaken,) more than ever confirmed in what I have written. I beg therefore to say that anything said upon the subject by Mr. Spurgeon's friends will be to me as straws thrown against a stone wall, (Jeremiah i. 18,) and of which I shall take no notice. Only let them beware lest a voice from him by whom *actions* are weighed, say unto them, "Ye have not spoken of me the thing that is right as my servant Job hath." Job. xlii. 7. Job.

## OUR BRITISH BAPTIST CHURCHES.

MR. JOHN KERSHAW AT THE  
RE-OPENING OF GOWER ST. CHAPEL.

GOWER STREET is not far from Euston Square: the chapel has, for many years, been favored to have THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST within its walls. It is a modern, spacious and convenient place of worship. Henry Fowler laboured there with considerable success for many years. After his decease, the pulpit was supplied by the best gospel preachers that could be obtained. When the late Edward Blackstock was settled as the pastor of Gower Street, a considerable number of baptised believers separated and opened Eden Street Chapel; in which place of worship they have continued to meet for more than ten years. It is well known that Mr. Arthur Triggs possessed and preached in Gower Street ever since his removal from Waterloo Road. He has gone back to Plymouth. We had almost said, we wish he had never left his much-loved "TRINITY" in that large town: but we are not at liberty to wish:—there can be no doubt but Mr. Triggs had a work to do in London: he has done it: and during his absence from Plymouth, important changes have been effected there, which (humanly speaking) could not have been effected, had Mr. Triggs not removed to London. In casting your eye only over the last ten or fifteen years, what solemn changes! what deaths! what mysterious circumstances have come over many parts of our much-loved Zion!

"His purposes do ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour."

Well, Mr. Triggs's return homeward opened the way for the old Gower Street friends to return to *their home*:—they have purchased the chapel at a cost of £2,200; and on Lord's-day, January 7th, it was re-opened by Mr. John Kershaw, of Rochdale, and Mr. Cowper of the Dicker, Sussex.

John Kershaw is well known in nearly all parts of this kingdom as a solid and savoury preacher of Christ's holy gospel: and seeing that he is now recognised as a leading man among what is generally termed "*the Standard party*," (all such distinctions we dislike), but while Christian men continue to be *unlike* their Master—while the old Corinthian spirit continues, (and continue, we suppose it will, until the millenium comes), while the church is divided into sections, and arranged under the puny and perishing little banners—"I of Paul," "I of Apollos," "I of Cephas," &c., &c.—while this state of things remain, the different parties will have their different leaders, and by their leaders' names, they will be called—and, as father Gadsby is gone home, the good pastor of Hope Chapel, Rochdale, is now, as we have said, the recognised leader of that class of people who love what is called deep, experimental preaching; it was, therefore, quite in character that the much-beloved John Kershaw should preach the opening sermons, now that Gower Street

Chapel is fallen into the hands of its old friends again.

The two sermons have been published by Mr. James Paul; the title-page reads as follows: "*Re-opening of Gower Street Chapel, London. The Lord's Care of His People: and The Omnipotent Jehovah. Being Two Sermons by Mr. John Kershaw, of Rochdale.*" The tone of these discourses would lead us to think that the preacher was very happy in his work; and the following extract will shew how deeply he had sympathised with his London friends in the re-taking of this long-standing place for sterling gospel truth. In the introductory part of the morning's sermon Mr. Kershaw made the following reference to things past and things present. He said,

"I know for a certainty, that there are many glad hearts now within these hallowed walls. What occasions your present joy and gladness? The kind interposition of our divine Lord and Master, in his providential leadings with us, in bringing us back again to wait upon him, and to worship him in this place. Give to the Lord, the honour and the glory that is due unto his name: 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us;' but unto the name of our covenant God, be all the praise for every token of his manifold goodness toward us.

"When I heard in my own place, that the people at Eden-street were uniting together to raise funds, with the design to buy ground, and to build a new chapel, a gloom was ever on my mind, when thinking on the subject, except when I looked to this place.

"When I was with you in September last, it was said that a very eligible spot had presented itself; and you remember I said this to you, 'And what is the hand of the Lord?' Well, in the morning I could not rest; and pondering these things I got up early, and took my walks; and many times I went into Gower Street, paced in front of the chapel, and then went across the road and looked up at it—while my heart and soul went up to the Lord, that he would, if consistent with his sovereign pleasure, put that place into the hands of the people that had originally worshipped in it. And from the nearness that I felt to the Lord in my prayer, I knew that I had some reason to believe that such would be the result. But I did not expect the thing to come so suddenly. It has come, and we are glad in our hearts for it.—'The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.'

"I well remember, and I hope I ever shall, the circumstances under which I opened the cause in Gadsby's Yard, Tottenham Court Road. I came to London that time with my heart and eyes open to the Lord. My esteemed neighbour, Mr. Gadsby and myself were of one heart, and one soul in the business: and some of you may remember the first text, 'Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' Now, my friends, let us pause here a moment. In all our ways, it is our duty and privilege to acknowledge the Lord, to ponder the path of our feet, and be concerned that our steps should be ordered of the Lord, and

by his word; that we may be guided by the unerring Spirit of the Lord. And if this be the case, our ends will be, the honour and glory of the Lord, in the salvation of his church, the peace and prosperity of Zion.

"There is one portion of God's word which has been much stamped on my own mind; and I pray that my blessed Master may keep it more and more to my mind, and your's also, so that we may never lose sight of it. You have to do with a faithful God. The portion is this: 'Them that honour me I will honour, but they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed.' Have we not seen the fulfilment of that portion of God's word, in reference to both declarations? Where God has been honoured and glorified, honor has been put upon instrumentality; and where there has been a forsaking of the simplicity of the Gospel, there has been a dishonouring of God; and have such as dishonoured the Lord, either in principle or practice, been highly esteemed? I trow not. He cannot esteem other instrumentality, than that which is employed in seeking the honour, and peace, and prosperity of Zion.

"But, my friends, we will now go to the text. The Lord has brought you back—and the Lord keep you humble, watchful, prayerful, and striving together in the faith of the gospel, in the unity of the Spirit, and in the bond of peace; and grant that you may be increased in your own souls with the increase of God; that you may be increased with men and women as a flock; and that the Lord may ride forth among you in the chariot of the gospel; that the arrows may be swift to pierce the hearts of the king's enemies; and that the Lord may appear in his power from time to time, and seal up the souls of his chosen ones in this place."

The evening's discourse on the text, "*Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.*"—is full of consolation for the church of Christ in these days of warfare, confusion, division and distress. We feel it to be a mercy indeed, that in Britain, and in our sinful metropolis, there are consecrated spots where God's dear children meet; and there are faithful servants whom the dear Master qualifies to feed his people; and who give good proof in these truth-despising times, that they are not ashamed of the gospel of Christ. The Lord's name be praised. We sincerely trust the cause at Gower Street may now prosper, and enjoy much of the peaceful presence of a covenant God.

**MOUNT ZION CHAPEL, CHADWELL STREET,  
CLERKENWELL.**

The first anniversary of the opening of the above place of worship was held on Lord's-day, December 10th. Three sermons were preached: that in the morning by Mr. C. W. Banks, from Exodus xv. 27—"And they came to Elin, where were twelve wells of water, and three-score and ten palm trees: and they encamped there by the waters." That in the afternoon by Mr. Bloomfield, from Psalm lxiii. 3—"Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee." And that in the evening by our pastor, from

Isaiah xxxiii. 21—"For thero the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivors and streams, wherein shall go no gully with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby."

We had a good day, both in providence and grace; but space will not permit, to give an account of the precious truths delivered. May we be favored still to encamp by the everlasting waters of salvation, experience the loving-kindness of our covenant God, and prove the glorious Three-One Jehovah to be to us all that he has promised to be to his dear people, and all that we continually need.

On the following Tuesday evening we held our annual tea meeting: between two and three hundred friends sat down to tea. At half-past six the public meeting commenced by our pastor giving out the hymn,

"Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake  
A hearty welcome here receive."

Mr. Alldis, of Somers Town, implored the blessing and presence of the Lord. Our pastor, having stated in a few remarks the object of our meeting together, the following brief outline of the Lord's gracious and providential dealings with us during the past year, was read:—

"Dear Christian Friends: We have met together this evening as a church and congregation, to attempt to raise an Ebenezer to the covenant Father of all our mercies, for his great goodness manifested to us in providence and grace, during the year that has just expired. We certainly have abundant cause so to do; for the dear Lord has 'crowned the year with goodness, and his paths have dropped fatness;' he 'has done great things for us, whereof we are glad;' and we hereby call upon our friends in the Lord Jesus to join with us in magnifying together his most holy name. The Lord has evidently given his own broad seal of approbation to this our important undertaking—presumptuous as the step might have appeared to some, and attended with much anxiety and prayerful solicitation as it was to us.

"This evening we are thankful to testify Jehovah Jireh has been better than all our fears, and indeed far exceeded our most sanguine expectations; very encouraging testimonies we have had, and still continue to have, that there was a needs be for our coming to this locality.

"Within these walls a numerous throng of attentive hearers have been gathered together from time to time, to hear the words of eternal life. The seed of the kingdom has been faithfully sown, the great mysteries of a free-grace salvation have been clearly, constantly, and experimentally opened up; Zion's rich provision in its great variety and fulness has crowned the board. Her mourners have oft been fed and comforted; and the Lord has graciously given testimony to his own word, proclaimed with signs following:—Twenty-five persons have been added to our number as a church during the year, seven of whom we have reason to believe the gracious Lord has given our beloved pastor as seals to his ministry in this place; so that he has not labored in vain, nor spent his

strength for nought. The arm of the Lord has been revealed; the dead have been raised, the distant have been brought nigh, and our hearts from month to month have been encouraged by hearing and seeing Zion's converts coming forward, declaring, 'We will go with you; for we have perceived and felt that God is with you.'

"We esteem it no small mercy in the present solemn day of darkness, divisions and strife, that we have been hitherto preserved in unity and peace—of one mind in the great verities of eternal truth—in doctrine, experience and practise. To our God be all the praise! for he it is that hath maintained peace in our borders, as well as filled us with the finest of the wheat. 'Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman watcheth but in vain.'

"A Sabbath-school has been commenced, now numbering upwards of one hundred scholars. A Benevolent Society has also been instituted during the year, both of which institutions we trust our God will own and bless for much good in days to come.

"In temporal things truly the angel of the covenant has done wondrously; while we have been constrained to look on with wonder and gratitude. Mountains have been levelled, and difficulties surmounted which appeared very formidable this time last year. With the rent of the house adjoining, upwards of £280 has been raised during the year in this place, out of which amount £84 16s. has been paid to the Building Society; £20 interest money; £31 10s. a sum of money we borrowed for a year, and £40 to the lawyer. These demands, in addition to minister's salary, and all other incidental expenses, have been met; so that we have reason thankfully to say, 'What hath God wrought?'

"To our kind friends who have thus liberally assisted in supporting the cause of Christ here, the officers of the church here return their sincere thanks; for thereby their hearts have been encouraged, and their hands strengthened.

"We have still much up-hill before us—£49 more to pay the lawyer; a baptistry, too, is much needed; some are waiting for the pool; besides the great debt of £1200. But having obtained help of the Lord thus far, we desire gratefully to review the past, and hopefully and prayerfully go forward, with the comforting assurance that the Lord of hosts is with us, and the God of Jacob is our Refuge."

After the above Report was read, the following ministering brethren spoke from Psalm cxvii.—Messrs. Alldis, Chislett, Foreman, Meeres, Mote, Newborn, Stenson, Smith and Wyard; each of them taking a verse of the Psalm, as the ground for their remarks. A truly interesting, happy and harmonious meeting we had; the place was well filled; our hearts were warmed; and we trust the name of the Lord glorified. We closed by singing,

"Saviour, if of Zion's city  
I through grace a member am."

May the Lord still go before us, making

crooked things straight, and rough places plain; keeping us in a watchful, prayerful, dependent position, bearing all our weight on our best Beloved. In him are all our springs; from him is all our fruit; on him hang all our hopes; and to him—who is able still to do "exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think"—to the only wise God, our Saviour, be all the praise and glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

#### EBENEZER CHAPEL, BERMONDSEY NEW ROAD.

THE second annual meeting, to commemorate the ordination of Mr. Thomas Chivers, as pastor of the above place, was held on Tuesday, Dec. 28, 1854. In the afternoon Mr. J. Bloomfield preached a good gospel sermon from Isaiah liii., and part of 10th verse—"He shall see his seed." A goodly number then took tea. At half-past 6 the meeting commenced by singing a hymn, written for the occasion. A brief Report of the goodness of the Lord to us as a church through the past year, was then read; after which the following ministers addressed the meeting on important subjects—brethren Foreman, Wells, Ward and Banks. Several other ministers were present, and manifested a good feeling to our pastor, and to us as a church; to all of whom we return our sincere thanks.

The Report shewed that we have much cause to be thankful—seeing that the Lord hath kept our minister firm and unflinching in his precious truth: and that he hath honored his servant in the proclamation of the same; by calling sinners out of darkness into his marvellous light, feeding and establishing those that have already believed, and adding unto the church continually many precious souls; also, that peace and unity hath been continued among us; for which we desire to express our heart-felt gratitude to the God of our salvation.

The church (through Mr. Wells) presented their pastor with a copy of the Quarto Edition of Dr. Kitto's *Pictorial Bible* handsomely bound, in four volumes. Mr. C., in receiving the same, said that he had had abundant proof of the affection of his flock ever since he had been among them; and that he now felt quite overcome at this expression of their kindness and attachment to him, as he had not the least idea of receiving such a handsome and valuable present from them. After a few suitable remarks, he concluded, by expressing his desire that we may still be kept in unity, increasing with all the increase of God. The congregation, which was very numerous, then separated, many of them testifying that the Lord's presence had been manifested in our midst.

On Thursday evening, January 4, 1855, our pastor baptised five believers in a precious Christ, who had witnessed a good confession before the church of a work of grace in their souls—making twenty-four added to the church within twelve months. May he still go on to bless us with peace and prosperity, and he shall have all the praise.

W. STRINGER.

## PLYMOUTH.

WE are getting on very blessedly at Howe Street, Rehoboth Baptist Chapel: the Lord has taken up every stumbling-block out of our way: he not only comes to record his name in the chapel, but also in our hearts. That great man of God, brother Fenlon, draws a great congregation, and the word drops savorily and powerfully in the hearts of tried, living souls, who are doing business in deep waters. His ministry has been made a great blessing to numbers of souls in different chapels; he is gone down deep in our hearts' affections. Our cause is flourishing every way. It looks more like an old cause than a new one; we cannot find a down-cast look, but all in good spirits, and with hearts full of praise and prayer going up, to be kept prosperous and humble at the Lord's feet. We are formed into church fellowship; we have elected three deacons, gracious, humble men of God, who have stood well and long in Trinity Chapel—men of good report; and our souls love them; and hope ever to honor them for their labour of love, and works of faith. We have taken in, as an addition to the church, since formed, six; and last night brother Fenlon baptised one of our old members, who came out from Trinity with us; and two young people—a man and his wife; we had a very blessed time in and through the ordinance. The people kept good order, and brother Fenlon addressed the congregation to the breaking of our hearts, and the Holy Spirit sanctified it. We have others who have made application to go through the ordinance. We are in want of no good thing: the Lord is manifestly going before us, and God the Holy Ghost is anointing our eyes to see all our path marked out with atoning blood. We attended brother Westlake's tea meeting on Wednesday evening: it was a full house. Brother Fenlon spoke, brother Rowland, and brother Easterbrook, Baptist ministers. It was held at the Baptist Chapel, Pinderbrook Street. We are in union and love with the two Baptist causes—brethren Rowland and Westlake's; and hope to continue so. We have plenty of work on the watch tower of Zion, with the trowel in one hand, and the sword of the Spirit in the other, crying to him to keep our eyes anointed to look out for Satan's devices, to have wisdom to slun them, and strength given to bruise him under our feet, according to promise.

Your's in love,  
Pembroke.

J. G.

## IPSWICH.

SEVEN persons were baptised at Bethesda Chapel, Ipswich, on Lord's-day, January 7th; and praised be the holy name of our adorable Lord, for his presence so signally vouchsafed on the occasion. The sermon, preached at a full house, was founded on Matt. iii. 13. Much, very much have we in Bethesda to be thankful for. May the good Lord revive us, and all his churches, granting more divine influence to his ministers and people: that his work, word and will may be in all things duly observed.

THOMAS POOCK.

## SAXMUNDHAM, SUFFOLK.

A NEW Baptist Chapel has recently been erected in this quiet little town, near the coast of Suffolk. It was opened a short time since, when three excellent sermons were preached by Mr. James Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle, Borough. A correspondent says—

"We have no church formed at present, but hope to have one if spared until Good Friday. We are as well attended on Lord's-days as we can expect; and I believe the Lord is working in the hearts of some; I think we shall baptise even before the church is formed: such an event has not been known: no person has been baptised in this town for the last hundred years—even if there ever was any before that period."

## POPLAR.

BROTHER BOWLES baptised, in Mr. Chamberlain's chapel, (November 2nd), Arbour Street, Stepney, (kindly lent for the occasion), two male believers in our Lord Jesus Christ; one of whom had been nearly forty years among the Wesleyans. Mr. B. preached from Ephesians iv. 5; and after a short address at the water's edge, led them down into the liquid grave, "before many witnesses."

## LIVERPOOL.

IMPORTANT and interesting services were holden on Christmas-day, in Shaw-street Chapel, Liverpool, when Mr. Vaughan was recognised as pastor of the church. A solemn discourse was delivered in the morning by Mr. Taylor, of Manchester; and in the subsequent parts of the day, Mr. John Kershaw, and other ministers, conducted the services. Mr. Vaughan enters upon the pastorate here with favorable prospects. In more senses than one, he (we hope) is related to the powers that be: and we should *sincerely* rejoice to see Mr. Vaughan's heart open, and his pulpit open to *all* the truly faithful ministers of Christ's gospel who *live* devoted to, and *labor for*, the extension of pure gospel principles. Liverpool has long been a close-borough, in a gospel sense; and from what we hear, it will so continue. A correspondent promises some interesting records.

CROSBY ROW CHAPEL,  
KING STREET, BOROUGH.

ON Monday, January 22nd, 1855, a church was formed in this place by Mr. J. A. Jones, and Mr. James Wells, under the pastoral care of Mr. Samuel Ward, late of Hadlow, Kent. In the evening an interesting meeting was holden, when much wholesome advice was given to the new pastor by some of the ministers present. Crosby Row Chapel is a place of worship, which during the last half century has seen a variety of changes; the history of which would form an interesting record. We trust the revival just commenced will prove permanent and extensive.

THE MARTYRS' CHURCH, AND THE MISSIONARIES' HALL;  
 OR,  
 SMITHFIELD—A TYPE OF THE MILLENIUM.

THERE is a something in the death of a *real* martyr, so noble, so Christ-like, so glorifying to God, so expressive of the mighty, the invincible, the never-daunted, and undying power of Divine Grace, that really it is a feast to our souls to read the blessed testimonies scattered up and down in the published records which a careful and kind Providence hath caused to be preserved; and we trust our readers will indulge us a little by allowing us a few moments to lay before them a remnant of what has run through the contracted channels of our ever-toiling mind, these few days past. We cannot think they will be angry with us if we endeavour to shew them that our God has had in *every* age, a few men who have been "*faithful even unto death.*" and who have given the most decided evidence that "*neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, (of human authority,) nor depth (of satanic cruelty,) nor any other creature, shall ever be able to separate (the living elect) from the love of God which is in CHRIST JESUS our Lord.*" Nay, "*in all these things they are more than conquerors through him that loved them.*"

Among the noble attributes of a living faith, the Holy Ghost most beautifully describes two in the following terms—"*It waseth valiant in fight;—turning to fight the armies of the aliens.*" And how valiant in the fight, were the three Hebrew children, when they cried out, "*Our God whom we serve is ABLE to DELIVER us from the burning fiery furnace, and HE WILL DELIVER us out of thine hand, O king. But, if not, [what a glorious flinging themselves upon the faithfulness of a covenant God! what a holy determination to leave all in his hands—and never to give place to satan, no, not for one moment! If not,] WE WILL NOT SERVE THY GODS, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.*" How valiant in fight, waxed the great apostle, when to the elders at Ephesus, he said, "*Ye know from the first day I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons—with many tears and temptations—and how I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you—testifying both to the Jews, and also to the Greeks, repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ; and now, behold I go bound in the spirit to Jerusalem. (Persuaded, by a deep inward conviction, that into Jerusalem he must go, let the consequences be what they*

might: the Holy Ghost witnessing to his soul that bonds and afflictions would await him.) But (here comes the majesty of a heaven-wrought faith!) *none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the LORD JESUS, to TESTIFY THE GOSPEL OF THE GRACE OF GOD.*"

What a striking and solemn contrast between men and minds of this description, and many of the men called ministers in our day! If in our day we cannot have beds of roses, and paths of ease—at least, there are not a few, if they cannot have everything their own way, *they say* they are persecuted men. The good Lord give us a few more earnest, living, devoted souls like Luther, of whom the pastor Punshot said:

With Pilate's question on his lip and in his heart,—("WHAT IS TRUTH?") he foregoes his brilliant prospect; parts without a sigh with academical distinction; takes monastic vows in an Augustine convent; goes, a mendicant friar, with the convent's begging-bag, to the houses where he had been welcomed as a friend, wastes himself with voluntary penances well-nigh to the grave; studies the fathers intensely, but can get no light; pores over the book itself with scales upon his eyes; catches a dim streak of auroral brightness, but leaves Erfurt before the glorious dawn; until at last, in his cell at Wittemberg, there comes the thrice-repeated gospel whisper—"*The just shall live by faith;*" and he rises into moral freedom, a new man unto the Lord! He has a purpose, that Augustine monk! That purpose is the Reformation! Waiting with the modesty of the hero, until he is forced into the strife—with the courage of the hero, he steps into the breach to do battle for the living truth. Tardy in forming his resolve, he is brave in his adhesion to it. Not like Erasmus, "holding the truth in unrighteousness," with a clear head and a craven heart; not like Carlstadt, hanging upon a grand principle the tatters of a petty vanity; not like Seckingen, a wielder of carnal weapons, clad in glowing mail, instead of the armour of righteousness and the weapon of all prayer; but bold, disinterested, spiritual, he stands before us, God-prepared and God-upheld—that valiant Luther, who, in his opening pride, amazed the Cardinal de Vio by his fearless avowal, "Had I five heads, I would lose them all rather than retract the testimony which I have borne for Christ,"—that incorruptible Luther, whom the Pope's nuncio tried in vain to bribe, and of whom he wrote in his spleen, "This German beast has no regard for gold,"—that inflexible Luther,

who, when told that the fate of John Huss would probably await him at Worms, said calmly, "Were they to make a fire that would extend from Worms to Wittemberg, and reach even to the sky, I would walk across it in the name of the Lord,"—that triumphant Luther, who, in his honored age, sat in the cool shadow and amid the purple vintage of the tree himself had planted, and after a stormful sojourn escaped the toils of the hunters, and died peacefully in his bed,—that undying Luther, "who, being dead, yet speaketh," the mention of whose name rouses the ardour of the manly, and quickens the pulses of the free; whose spirit yet stirs the great heart of Christendom, and whose very bones, like the bones of Elisha, if on them were stretched the corpse of an effete Protestantism, they would surely wake it into life, to the honor and glory of God!

One other word on *Martyrdom*, and then we must come to the matter which led us to adopt the heading with which we, this month, commenced our labours.

The men who were burnt in Smithfield, or who otherwise laid down their lives for the Gospel's sake, are not the only martyrs. No: in truth, every sincerely devoted follower of Christ is, more or less, a martyr; the following paragraph fully expresses our mind,—

What is it that weighs so heavily on the spirits of believing men in this age? Not so much the fierce onslaught of open persecution, as the "hardness" of every-day labour and of every-day trouble. A shrewd observer, the late Mr. Cecil, once remarked, that "perhaps it is a greater energy of Divine power which keeps the Christian, from day to day, from year to year, praying—hoping—running—believing—against all hindrances,—which maintains him as a *LIVING martyr*, than that which bears him up for an hour in sacrificing himself at the stake." The man who was ready with his sword in the Garden, was not ready with his confession among the servants of the high priest's palace.

The question has, doubtless, been asked in the mind of the reader before this, "*What does the writer mean by 'The Martyrs' Church and Missionaries Hall; or, Smithfield, a Type of the Millennium?'*" This query we will answer. An English and Scottish Protestant Journal, entitled "*THE ROCK*;" the second number of which is before us, makes the following remarks:

*The Smithfield Martyrs.*—Sabbath last, (Feb. 4th.) was the three hundredth anniversary of the burning of the first martyr at Smithfield. On the 4th of February, 1555, the noble and holy John Roger was led to the stake. The event was commemorated in London by a sermon preached, at the instance of the Protestant Alliance, in St. Paul's, by Canon Dale. As the Smithfield Market is about to be removed, it is proposed to erect a monument to mark the spot where the martyrs died. We are confident that many of our readers will desire to have a stone in the building, and

we trust that some design will be adopted in which all Protestants can freely unite. Almost every day at present, is the anniversary of a martyr's death. Thursday, Feb. 8th, was that of the learned Lawrence Saunders, and to-day reminds us that precisely 300 years ago, viz.—on the 9th of February, 1655, Bishop Hooper suffered at Gloucester. England ought most gratefully to cherish the memories of such devoted men, remembering that to them, under God, she owes her liberty and the continuance of her spiritual privileges, and that her great adversary Rome, is in spirit as persecuting as ever.

The same authority says:

John Roger, Prebendary of St. Paul's and Vicar of St. Sepulchre's, led the van of that "noble army," who by their blood nurtured the rising Reformation, and who by their deeds and deaths "lit a candle in England, which never can be extinguished." Of these "by-gones," which would to-day be repeated if Rome had but the power, we were reminded on last Sunday, 4th Feb. the tercentenary of the burning of Roger at the stake in Smithfield; and from the remembrance of whose martyrdom we must now proceed through all the names that grace that noble band, whose "acts and monuments" are treasured in many a breast more lasting than the moulded brass or stone memorials that still speak to the human eye the deeds of our ancestors by land and by sea. The martyrs' memorial is best of all lodged in God's "book of remembrance"—their lives and deaths are held in "everlasting remembrance."

Of John Rogers' Trial, Firmness, and Death, *The Pictorial Pages* furnish us with the following heart-stirring report, which we insert as preliminary to the project now working in our brains.

This year (1855) is the Tricentenary of the Marian persecution. A bloodier page is not to be found in English history. We select one of the victims, as a specimen of the whole.

In the city of Antwerp, there used frequently to consort together of an evening, in one of its humbler dwellings, three English exiles. They "spoke often one to another;" they were much on their knees together at the throne; and, though their country had "no room" for them, they found that their heavenly Master had—"their hearts burned within them whilst He talked with them by the way." The three friends were William Tyndal, Miles Coverdale, and John Rogers. A great work was the fruit of these communings—a new translation of our English Bible.

On the accession of Edward VI. to the English throne, ROGERS "having a conscience (as quaint old Foxe expresses it,) and a ready will to help forward the work of the Lord in his native country," returned to England to preach the Gospel. Encouraged by good bishop Ridley, who appointed him a prebendary of St. Paul's, he "laboured abundantly" in preaching and teaching during that brief but bright reign. At length, the bloody Mary obtained the crown; and a dark cloud came

with her. Rogers had never preached to please men, and he could not do so now. One day, soon after the queen's accession, he was summoned to preach at St. Paul's Cross. Undaunted by the lowering aspect of affairs, he exhorted the people to maintain their steadfastness, and to "beware of all pestilent popery, idolatry, and superstition." The council summoned him before them, to answer for his misdemeanour. He "made a stout, witty, and godly answer, and in such sort demeaned himself, that at that time he was clearly dismissed." The queen issued a proclamation, prohibiting the preaching of the true gospel. Rogers had been ordained by a higher authority to "preach it to every creature." Not hesitating whom to obey, he continued to "preach the Word, instant in season and out of season."

Again he was called before the Council, "for the bishops (writes Fox,) thirsted after his blood." Not daring enough as yet in iniquity, however, they simply commanded him to "keep his own house as a prisoner."

At this crisis he might have eluded the hands of his persecutors by flight. The way was open to escape to Germany, where many would have joyfully welcomed him, and where his wife and eleven children would have been safe. But feeling that he was "set for the defence of the Gospel," on this high place of the field, he did not accept deliverance. He was there to witness for Christ, if need be, even "unto death;" and his inward resolve was the resolve of the great German at Worms, "Here I stand, I can do no other. May God help me. Amen."

The plot meanwhile thickened. The infamous Bonner was preparing to strike a blow. Rogers was removed to Newgate. Shortly afterwards he was summoned before the Council. It was on the 27th of January, 1555.

"Are you content (asked the Chancellor) to unite and knit yourself to the faith of the Catholic church with us, in the state in which it is now in England? Will you do that?"

"The Catholic church (replied Rogers) I never did, nor will, dissent from."

"Nay, (rejoined the Chancellor) but I speak of the Catholic church, in that way, in which we now stand in England, having received the Pope as supreme head."

"I know no other head but Christ, of his Catholic church," answered Rogers.

The Lord Chancellor said to Lord William Howard (writes the martyr in his narrative of the scene,) that there was no inconvenience in having Christ as supreme head and the bishop of Rome also: and when I was ready to answer that there could not be two heads of one church, and to declare more plainly the vanity of his reason, the Lord Chancellor said, "What sayest thou? make us a direct answer, whether thou wilt be one of this Catholic church or not, with us in that state in which we are now?"

"No, (was Rogers' reply,) I will first see it proved by the Scriptures." He then asked for pen, ink, and paper, offering to confer on that matter with any man they should appoint.

"Nay, (answered the Chancellor,) that shall not be permitted thee: here are two things, money and justice; if thou refuse the queen's

mercy now, then shalt thou have justice administered to thee."

"I never offended, (said Rogers,) nor was disobedient to her grace; and yet I will not refuse her mercy. But if it shall be denied me to argue by writing, and to search out the truth, then it is not well."

The good man was proceeding, amidst much noise and confusion, to insist on the Bible as the only standard of appeal, when the Chancellor exclaimed, "Away, away, we have more to talk with; if you will not be reformed, we have more to talk with: away! away!"

"Then I stood up, (says the confessor's narrative,) for I had kneeled all the while."

Sir Richard Southwell, who stood in the window, looked at him suspiciously as he rose, saying, "Thou wilt not burn in this cause, when it comes to the purpose, I know that well."

"Sir, (answered Rogers, meekly, but firmly,) I cannot tell; but I trust in my Lord God that I shall." And he was remanded to prison.

On the two following days he was brought into the presence of the Council, when the same scene was re-enacted.

"Rogers, (said the Chancellor, as he appeared for the last time at 9 o'clock in the morning of the 29th of January,) here thou wast yesterday, and we gave thee then a night to remember thyself, whether thou wouldst come to the holy Catholic church again or not. Tell us now what thou hast determined."

"My lord, (said Rogers,) I have considered right well what you said to me, and I desire you to give me leave to declare my mind." He was going on to shew that the Word of God alone was to be judge—that we must "obey God rather than men"—when the Chancellor bade him sit down, saying, that he had been sent for to be instructed by them, not to be their instructor.

"My lord, (said Rogers,) shall I not be suffered to speak for my life? It is God's cause; and you shall not make me afraid to speak. I will never deny what I said—that the Romish church is Antichrist, and that your doctrine of the sacrament is false."

The farce of a trial was now ended; and sentence was pronounced. "We pronounce and declare thee," were its closing words, "being a heretic, to be cast out from the church, and left unto the judgment of the secular power, and now presently so do leave thee, as an obstinate heretic, and a person wrapped in the sentence of the great curse, to be degraded worthy for thy demerits (requiring them, notwithstanding, in the bowels of our Lord Jesus Christ, that this execution and sentence, worthily to be done upon thee, may be so moderated that the rigour thereof be not too extreme, nor yet the gentleness too much mitigated, and that it be to the salvation of thy soul; to the extirpation, terror, and conversion of the heretics, to the unity of the catholic faith); by this our sentence definitive, which we here lay upon and against thee; and do with sorrow of heart promulgate in this form aforesaid."

"The tender mercies of the wicked," it is written, "are cruel." Rogers was removed to the Chink, and when night drew on, to New-



gate. He had asked permission to see his wife in prison; but this little consolation was refused. There was One there whom no persecutor could exclude, and whose comforting presence could change that gloomy cell into the "gate of heaven."

At length, on the morning of the 4th of February, Rogers was suddenly warned that he must "prepare for the fire." He had been sound asleep, and could scarcely be awakened; they bade him make haste, for there was not a moment to lose. "Then, if it be so, (said Rogers calmly,) I need not tie my points." And he was conducted before Bonner. After he had been degraded by the bishop, the martyr craved one parting favour—it was to talk a few words with his wife before his burning. "No, (replied Bonner, angrily,) it cannot be." He was now delivered to the Sheriffs, who led him out of Newgate to Smithfield, the place of execution.

"Will you revoke?" asked Master Woodroffe, one of the sheriffs, calling the confessor to his presence. "Will you revoke your abominable doctrine, and your evil opinion of the sacrament of the altar?"

"That which I have preached (said Rogers) I will seal with my blood."

"Then, (rejoined the Sheriff,) thou art a heretic."

"That shall be known (answered Rogers) at the day of judgment."

"Well, (said Master Woodroffe,) I will never pray for you."

"But I will pray for you," replied the martyr. And he moved forward to the stake, repeating the fifty-first Psalm; "all the people wonderfully rejoicing (says Foxe,) at his constancy." On his way, he was met by his beloved wife and ten [some say, eleven] children, nine of them able to walk, and one still at the breast. He affectionately parted with them, and went steadily on. When he arrived at the stake, he was again offered a free pardon if he would recant; but he chose rather to be faithful unto death,—for he had before him the "crown of life."

## THE BURNING OF JOHN ROGERS

### MORE FULLY DESCRIBED.

WE are not fond of the awful and the horrible scenes of Fox, and the days when *good men* were driven to Smithfield to be burnt alive: we are not at all pleased with cold and cruel controversies, wherein one faithful brother goes to war with another:—we have no taste for well-trimmed philosophical essays, and icy arguments, aiming to prove what none but the Holy Ghost can ever realise and write home in the hearts of fallen men. No: but we do love with all our hearts to read or hear of—to witness to, or write on, any of the *living elements* of that *living Christianity*,—that *living ministry*,—that *living experience* which Paul so emphatically embodies in those few words, "CHRIST IN YOU, THE HOPE OF GLORY."

Still,—although we thus write,—whenever and wherever we can discover the cloven foot

under the sanctimonious garb, we have never failed to raise a terrible hue and cry against the dangerous delusion thus manifest to the little speck of discernment which our heavenly Father has bestowed upon us. Some seem to think that we are so soft and sensitive, that we could not venture to wage war with the enemies of Christ,—the adversaries of our eternal peace. Such persons have not wintered and summered with us. We sung out the other night as lustily and as loudly as our lungs would allow us,—*"Bless your hearts, the devil lives and reigns in thousands of places, and in multitudes of persons, where you little think of; therefore, beware of men who come to you in sheep's clothing, but have neither sheep's hearts, nor sheep's natures: inwardly they are ravening wolves."* therefore, when a necessity and an opportunity occurs for fairly exposing the beast, and all his base and Babylonish tribe, we can never be backward. This feeling prevents us from being brief in the matter now before us. The following graphic description of the beginning of one of Satan's open and bloody attacks upon the ancient saints is from the *Christian Times*:

Let us glance, then, at that busy and memorable day, the 4th of February, 1555. Early in the morning, BONNER, Bishop of London, shook off dull sloth and early rose, that he might make him ready to offer up a very different sacrifice from that which pious Bishop Ken was thinking of, when he challenged his own soul to be wakeful. From his palace by St. Paul's, Bonner stepped over to Newgate, where a company of heretics had been kept in waiting all night to be degraded. Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester, had been brought with Rogers, from the Clink, in Southwark, after dark, quietly, with no candles in the streets, that the inhabitants might not be tempted to make a rescue. Lawrence Saunders, minister of All Hallows, Bread street, and Doctor Roland Taylor, Parson of Hadleigh, Suffolk, made up the party. The inquisitorial ceremony of degradation began the business of the day, his Lordship of London tearing off the robes, cutting off the hair, and rasping off the finger-nails of those four venerable men. Harpsfield, his chaplain, that cold-blooded gaoler who could hold the hands or feet of heretics in the flames, without wincing at their groans, was happily present, to restrain the choleric Bishop from beating Dr. Taylor with his crozier, and receiving, as he certainly would have received, a heavier castigation in his own dear person. From Newgate Rogers is taken to Smithfield, some time in the forenoon, as we suppose.

The Sheriffs of London walk briskly, dragging this Prebendary of St. Paul's between them. Members of the Queen's Council give authority royal to the perpetration of the murder. Men-at-Arms guard the company to keep off the citizens, if haply there should be courage enough left within the walls of London to do summary justice on their lordships. Shaven pates in great number are

seen around the spot—the *quemadero*, shall we say?—where a strong stake of oak with a heavy chain rises croot over a large heap of faggots. Men stand ready with flaming torches, and one woman, wife of the martyr, with an infant at her breast, and nine children grouped round her, dares to take her station close by, like as another woman, mother of Him who became the first great Sacrifice, dared to take hers outside the gate of Jerusalem. But Mrs. Rogers may not approach her husband. She can only stand there to pray and weep. The priest appointed offers him a written pardon, and his life, but not his wife and children, if he will give his conscience in exchange, deny Christ, repudiate her, and cast off them; but that he cannot. They strip him to the shirt therefore, hoist him on the pile, chain him to the stake, and light the faggots. As the first flame busts up, he spreads out his arms to catch it, as if he would embrace the fiery messenger that comes to release him from a weary world. God strengthens the widow and the fatherless to give their blessings, willing to die with him, and his undaunted spirit ascends to join the martyred host who still cry, "How long, O Lord, how long?" This triumph of pure faith and truth, made that one day memorable.

Some beautiful features, forming

#### THE SPIRITUAL AND MINISTERIAL LIFE

OF THE MARTYR, JOHN ROGERS,

will be found in the following quotation from the sermon above referred to. The preacher said—

Three centuries have this day fulfilled their course since the fires of persecution were kindled in this metropolis; and the first martyr of the Reformation, a presbyter of this very church, went forth, on this 4th day of February, 1555, to seal the testimony with his blood. Of that testimony, I will first speak; for it is not the death that makes the martyr, but the cause; and it was one of the most illustrious among confessors, as well as one of the greatest among apostles, who declared concerning himself, as the representative of all who should so preach, so suffer, and so die,—“Though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.” Now, the charity of which St. Paul thus speaks is the love of men founded upon, and emanating from, the love of God; and the noblest and sublimest development of love to man is the endeavour to win souls, whether by resisting, if need be, even unto blood, whatever would corrupt the simplicity of Christ’s gospel, and thus cast poison, so to speak, into the fountain of living waters, or by witnessing, if need be, even unto death, for all the great truths that are requisite and necessary to salvation. Such was the first of the Marian martyrs, whose ascension, like another Elijah in a chariot of flame, we feel constrained to commemorate this day. He had received the ministry of the Lord Jesus; he testified the gospel of the grace of God. The doctrine

which he preached and for which he suffered was *the sufficiency, the completeness, the exclusiveness of Christ*, the sole authority of Christ to govern, the sole ability of Christ to save. This it was that John Rogers, one of the prebendaries of St. Paul’s, held and taught. “I know,” he said in the hour of his trial, “I know no other than Christ, and his Catholic Church.” He maintained the exclusive, undivided, undelegated authority of Christ as Head over his church in all things spiritual, just as stedfastly as he believed and taught the unity of the Divine nature itself.

Now for the *practical part* of this matter. Toward the close of Mr. Dale’s discourse, he said—

Men are beginning to speak now, and they speak rightly, of erecting a church upon the very ground which has already been consecrated by the ashes of this blessed martyr, in commemoration of those who were there slain and sacrificed like him for the Word of God and for the testimony which they held. I will only say, in conclusion, that if this be done—if a temple be raised to Christ, the only head of the Church, in this stronghold of Satan, in Smithfield, where the day of the Lord has been profaned and His holy name blasphemed during the three centuries which have elapsed since the fires of persecution have become extinct—I will only say, the inscription on its walls should be that which I pray God that His Spirit may now impress and indent indelibly on your hearts:—“Whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

Now comes the question—as yet it is a question—what kind of memorial shall Smithfield have? and for whose use shall this memorial be erected? We ask this question because we believe that a way is now opened for the churches of truth—for all godly men—all faithful ministers—all upright and zealous Protestants, to unite in the one great and good cause, and by one grateful effort, to turn that wilderness of misery and torment—we mean Smithfield—into a gospel Paradise; into a spiritual vineyard; into a garden for the promulgation, growth and advancement of pure, precious, heart-searching, soul-quickening, mind-expanding, Christ-exalting TRUTH.

Two things we feel deeply desirous of impressing upon the minds of all whom we can reach, move, or influence.

The first is this—The General Committee of the Protestant Alliance have appealed to what is called *the Christian Public*, in order to ascertain what shall be done with Smithfield, and who shall do it? Four proposals have been laid before the Committee. Some wished for a church, to be placed in the hands of trustees, that sound doctrine might be secured in its pulpit. To this there were objections. Others were desirous of a Protestant lectureship in Cambridge. One gen-

tleman suggested the erection of a Protestant Hall, where meetings might be held, and lectures delivered. The need of such a Hall, is felt by all Protestant bodies; and the proposal is, a monument which would tell its own tale to all who passed by, would form an ornament to the City, as well as a sermon to future times. The whole subject has been referred to the Managing Committee, to consider and report.

The authorised announcement says,

"The Committee of the Protestant Alliance desire to lend to this object all the aid that may be in their power. They consider that the question of the precise character of the Monument to be raised, and whether it shall be combined with a living testimony of the truths for which the Martyrs suffered, is not one which can be hastily decided.

"They propose, therefore, to leave the final appropriation of the funds raised, to be considered at a General Meeting of the Subscribers. Meanwhile they beg to intimate their willingness to receive suggestions and donations in aid of the work, from all who sympathise with them in a conviction of the fitness and propriety of the undertaking."

Very well. This, then, is the present position of the matter. Now, for the second point, which we humbly yet sincerely call attention to. It is this.

Shall the free-willer, the Fullerite, the Arminian, the half-hearted, the truth-hating, and the gospel-despising hosts of professors in England—shall they run away with this boon, and we stand silent by? What! are the butchers and beasts to be turned out of Smithfield—is satan's seat to be removed from thence, and no effort be made by the blood-ransomed, and Spirit-taught family of God, to see that the glorious gospel of Christ be planted there with all the firmness and faithfulness which marked the lives of those dear men whose bodies were burned for righteousness' sake?

Awake! brethren—awake! God help you to awake, and rise up, ye servants of God, ye saints of the Most High! and like an army with banners—go forth in a work that may be useful to the remaining ages of the world, and which shall tell to future generations that even in the nineteenth century there were a few Zerubbabels, a few Nehemiahs, a few that were indeed valiant for the truth.

We take the liberty to suggest a movement: we are even bold enough to name some of the men that must lead on the movement. In the first place, let a SPECIAL AND PUBLIC MEETING be called in London. Let such noble laymen as John Harris, Esq., of East Smithfield, John Thwaites, Esq., of Southwark, and others of similar power and zeal; let such ministers as Mr. John Foreman, Mr. James Wells, Mr. J. A. Jones, Mr. Milner, Mr. Bloomfield, Mr. Newborn, Mr. Messer, and a host beside, band together, and instrumentally labor to erect in Smithfield a large public building to be vested in the hands of trustees, pledged

to hold the place sacred to these several uses—first, to have therein a spacious hall where the gospel may be preached, and meetings connected with the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, held. Secondly, to have therewith a reading-room, and gospel library, where godly men may have easy access to all works and publications devoted to the principles of truth—and, lastly, let there be, if possible, juvenile and adult schools—where the most wholesome instruction may be imparted.

This is a rough sketch—a brief suggestion. We must not occupy more room now—but as it is in contemplation to issue a "*Smithfield Journal*," specially devoted to the subject, we, for the present, retire.

May our God direct, and work in and by his own people and servants, for his own glory. So prays  
THE EDITOR.

THE

## CHRISTIAN LIVING & DYING :

AN OUTLINE OF TWO DISCOURSES

By ISRAEL ATKINSON,

*Preached at Ebenezer Chapel, Richmond Street, Brighton, on Sunday, January 28, 1855.*

MORNING.

"For me to live is Christ,"—Phil. i. 21.

If I were to speak the truth, I think I might safely say, that the language of the majority of mankind is—"For me to live is myself." We must either live to ourselves, or we must live to Christ. If we live to Christ, "To die will be gain." The example of the apostle is worthy the emulation of us all. We live in a day of stunted Christianity—we live among a race of stunted Christians. Christianity involves a sacrifice: it is true we give a little for a great deal, but still there is a sacrifice. Where Christianity brings its comforts, there it presents its claims. No Christian that knows the power of Christ, is ignorant of the comforts of Christianity. Its joys sanctify and satisfy the mind; its sweets the world knows nothing of; its delights and pleasures the spiritual man would not part with for all the world: no, with David, he "would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord, than dwell in the tents of wickedness." There is no position in life where there is no obligation involved: we are obliged to our superiors—we are obliged to our inferiors. Are we masters? we are obliged to our servants. Are we servants? we are obliged to our masters. When Christ came into the world, he might have said, (for his whole life speaks it), "For me to live is my people." How little, my friends, do we realise of this—"For me to live is Christ!" It is the great grief of our hearts we live so little for Jesus Christ. It is not so much a wonder that we love Jesus Christ at all, as it is that we love him so little. That day is a blank in the Christian man's history, wherein he does not live in the realization of something pertaining to Christ. For

the Christian man to live is not *politics*. For the Christian man to live is not *commerce*. For the Christian man to live is not *trade*. For the Christian man to live is not *labour*. But for the Christian man to live, is CHRIST! He *may* go to politics; he *may* go to commerce; he *may* go to trade; he *may* go to labour; but, he *MUST* come back again to Christ—there must be a daily waiting upon him—there must be a daily resting upon him—there must be daily fellowship with him. Eating and drinking, washing and walking, are all necessaries of life: no man can live without them. Food, cleanliness, and exercise, are all necessary to a man's well-being. But the Christian man must eat the flesh of the Son of Man; he must drink the blood of the Son of Man; for him to live is communion with Christ. Christ invites his people to eat and to drink—"Eat, O friends: yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." The food which the Christian man eats for the sustenance of his body, is not more necessary to his existence than his living upon Christ. For him to live, is to live under the manifestation of Christ's favor—under the bedewing influence of the Holy Spirit—to have his table spread by the mercy of the Lord. Without this, all is darkness and death; but with this, all is life, light, and liberty. A journey without Christ is a dead journey. A day's labour without Christ is a dead day's labor. Christ is the All-in-all of the Christian. Christ possessed, Christ realised, and Christ glorified—is the great end of Christianity. Nothing is lost in the service of Christ. Labor for Christ, or in his service, is not lost. The end of Christianity is the happiness of the Christian. He that realises most of the end of Christianity, realises most of the happiness of a Christian. "For me to live is Christ." My friends, what else is there to live for? What is life without Christ? What is it?—A bubble! vanity and vexation of spirit withal. "For me to live is Christ." This is the end of Christianity, and this is the happiness of the Christian. God Almighty bless you, and enable you to adopt the sentiment of our text, for Christ's sake. Amen.

## EVENING.

"And to die is gain."—Phil. i. 21.

THE whole verge of our text is entirely a Christian sentiment. Ah, worldling! say what you will, you cannot say of yourself, "To die is gain!" Ah! pleasure-seeker! say what you will, you cannot say of yourself, "To die is gain." It is only the Christian that can say, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." There was once a being, who used to say, in reference to Jesus Christ—"Crush the wretch! crush the wretch!" But this he could not do. It was not possible for his desire to be gratified; nor was it for him to say, "To die is gain." While I say the language of our text is a Christian sentiment, I would also say it is the sentiment of the Christian. There are men who pass under the name of Christians, but they cannot use the language of our text. Nominal Christianity cannot say, "For me to die is gain." It is only the man who possesses the

vital principles of Christianity in his heart—the man who knows Christ—the man who can count all things as dung and dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus the Lord, who can say, "To die is gain." My friends, there is more required than the name of Christ upon our lips; more required than attending a place of religious worship on the Lord's Day. It must be Christ "formed in your hearts the hope of glory." The Christian who understands his principles dares to trust them. Those who have taken up the principles of Christianity are able to trust them. They know the quality of those principles; they know their properties; they have tested them; they have tried them, and they know the value of them. They can trust their souls in the hands of the Lord, and can say—"For me to die is gain." John Hyatt used to say in the pulpit, that he could trust a hundred souls, if he possessed them, in the hands of Christ. When his co-pastor (Matthew Wilks) went to see him on his death-bed, and asked him if he could still repeat what he had so often said in the pulpit—whether he could still trust a hundred souls in the hands of Christ—"O yes," said he, "a million—a million!"

We must all become acquainted with death; we must all become familiar with it. We may be quickly removed—we may have a lingering death. But the matter must come to pass, and then we shall understand it: it is but a yielding up the ghost—it is but a falling asleep—it is but to cease breathing—it is but for the heart to cease beating, and for the pulse to cease vibrating. Can I think of the fact, that only last Sabbath evening we had a sister sitting on my right hand, in health, and listening to the sound of the gospel, and that *now* she lies mouldering in the dust?—can I think of this, and say it is not solemn? If life is not solemn, if death is not solemn, then this is not solemn. We must all die; our eyes must close to everything that is mortal, and open upon a new world; open upon either the happiness or the misery of our souls for ever and ever. The good man knows upon what his eyes will open—he knows that they will open upon Jesus, and

"Friends not lost, but gone before;"

he knows he shall open his eyes upon scenes in a new state of existence, in a better and in a brighter world!

Death may be the last subject which you may choose to think upon at present; but the time will come when it must be the first subject in your thoughts, and the all-important subject. You must some day enquire, how shall I pass through that valley? You must walk through this valley some day? How will you do it? There is only one way in which you can do it with confidence and with comfort; you may despise religion, and religious people, but

"Tis religion that can give  
Sweetest pleasures while we live;  
'Tis religion must supply  
Solid comforts when we die:

"After death its joys will be  
Lasting as eternity;  
Be the living God my friend,  
Then my bliss shall never end."

There is only one way in which you can contemplate death, and that is in the light of the cross of Christ Jesus. In every other light it is dreadful—in every other light it is unbearable; but the man that can look upon it in this light will be able to say, "for me to die is gain." Death is an enemy which every man must engage; it is a battle which every man must fight; and there is but one armour suitable for this warfare: the sword of the Spirit, the shield of faith, the breast-plate of righteousness, and the helmet of salvation. Clad in this armour, you can enter the field with confidence, but without it you cannot stand against the enemy you must meet; it is an enemy, "the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." This enemy must be met, even though "to die is gain." Sheltered under the merits of Christ's atoning blood, death's shafts cannot hurt you. Though you may not like approaching death, it is approaching you, and you must meet it; every pulse you beat makes one less; every time the pendulum vibrates it is one less; every time the clock strikes there is one hour less. Death is either dreadful, or it is desirable—it is the greatest loss, or the most consummate gain. No man out of Christ can anticipate gain in death; but the Christian can; God has given him a five-fold assurance that "to die is gain:" 1, By the conquest of Jesus Christ. 2, By the promises of God. 3, By the declared will of Christ. 4, By the power of Christ. 5, By the earnest of the Spirit in his heart. The people of God have nothing to fear in the prospect of dying, but everything to anticipate. Dying is but going home. It is sweet to go home, but Jesus fetches his own people home, and this makes it doubly sweet.

"To die is gain." It is a gain to which we are not altogether strangers, even now. The people of God are not strangers to heavenly joys, if they are strangers to the fullness of joy. Those things which fill heaven with blessedness have filled our hearts with delight. It will be joy, inasmuch as the traveller will get home; he has the earnest of home in his heart now, but then he will have reached home: now he is often way-worn and weary, but then he will have rest; he will put on the beautiful garments of perfection, and walk in white with Jesus Christ. It will be gain, for the servant will have reaped his reward. Verily there is a reward for the righteous. Now the servant is doing his Master's will laboriously, and faintly; but then he will have reaped his reward, and serve him with vigour and strength unremittingly. The Christian soldier is now fighting the battles of his Master, but he wants to lay aside his sword—he wants to lay down his shield, he wants to put off his helmet, and enter into the realization of peace in its perfection. "To die will be gain," for the child will enter upon his inheritance: "It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." When little children have promises made them, they are never satisfied till those promises are fulfilled. So it is with the children of God: their Father hath implanted in their hearts a desire that

nothing short of the kingdom which He hath promised can satisfy. Some people say they shall be satisfied if they get but within the gates. My friends, I want *all* that God has promised. "If children," Paul says, "then heirs; heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ." *Here* we have the mercy of God as a remediate agency—*here* we have the grace of God as a remediate agency—*here* we have the pardoning favour of God as a remediate agency; but *there* perfect bliss will be realized, and we shall be beyond the reach of remediate agency. "To die will be gain." My knowledge of Christ is limited; my experience of his love is limited; my ability to speak of his name is limited; but all these things will be engulfed in death, and "To die will be gain." It is one thing to enjoy redemption on the verge of hell, but it is another thing to enjoy redemption on the plains of heaven. "To die is gain." The same may be said of justification. We may understand what sin is, and the power of it in our hearts and souls; but we cannot, in this life, understand what it is to be perfectly freed from it; therefore "To die is gain." So we may say of sanctification; so we may say of adoption; so we may say of all the privileges of the believer; so we may say of all the faculties of the soul. "To die will be gain." This is a land of faith, and sometimes but of little faith; but "To die will be gain;" for heaven is the land of vision. This is the land of hope; "here a little and there a little;" hope and help—hope and help; but "To die will be gain." This is the land of love, but in a narrow degree; but "To die will be gain;" then we shall know what love is in its fullness and in its perfection. There is no such thing as purgatory, my friends, "To die will be gain." Divest Popery of purgatory, and you take away her treasures; her gold and silver will be lost; it is but to feed the priests that this doctrine is maintained. "To die will be gain:" no purgatory, but *immediate* gain—everlasting gain. Hope is laid aside; there is no prospective in heaven, as here, but something ever present—something everlasting. Happy is that man who through faith in Christ can say, "To die is gain." We have committed to the silent grave this day, the remains of two of our sisters: it was their happiness that they could say—"To die is gain." One of them stood a worthy member of this church for twenty-four years. She knew the Lord Jesus Christ—fed on Christ—lived on Christ; but now she is gone to live *with* Christ; to her to die was "gain;" everlasting gain. Of the second I knew but little; therefore I can say but little of her. She was a Christian; she was a woman of God, and to her to die was "gain." What you observed excellent in them both, my friends, try to imitate; what you saw deficient in them, try to avoid. In leaving the house of God to-night, ask yourselves the question, whether to your death would be "gain." May the Holy Ghost affirm that question by Jesus Christ in your hearts. God bless you, for Christ's sake. Amen.

129, Albany Road.

J. CLARK.

# THE PASTORS OF OUR CHURCHES—THE PREACHERS OF OUR DAY.

No. II.

[Our first article under this head gave rise to a large measure of controversy. We trust the following original testimony of the Lord's manner of making a minister of the true circumcision, will be acceptable and profitable. The writer is not extensively known; but we hope his usefulness in Zion may much more abound.—Ed.]

## EXPERIMENTAL AND MINISTERIAL TIDINGS FROM CORNWALL,

IN A LETTER TO MR. JOHN STENSON.

MY DEAR FRIEND, BROTHER, AND COMPANION IN TRIBULATION.—I promised thee a note, informing thee of the time when I should leave for London, but I have not yet been able to fix the day and for this reason: the Lord being determined to keep me low by affliction. Well, notwithstanding all, I can say, "It is good to be afflicted;" there is in the furnace much casting up accounts in the court of conscience. What human depravity is brought to light! What vileness is discovered in the skirts! How much that was thought to be gold, silver, and precious stones, is discovered to be but wood, hay, and stubble; and how all this lumber burns, what a crackling there is of the hateful things which nestle amongst all this. There is a crying out, "My wounds stink and are corrupt, because of my foolishness—I am troubled, I am bowed down greatly; I go mourning all the day long." These have been the painful exercises of my soul many a long day; here I have learned two lessons amongst others—viz: a little of what I am by nature, and also the unchangeableness of Jehovah; for this is a meeting place, where terrible things in righteousness are learned too; what I have learned here, have abode with me—they have been lessons burned into my very soul. Hezekiah here was taught, thus he cried, "*Behold for peace I had great bitterness; but thou hast, in love to my soul, delivered it from the pit of corruption; for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back.*" In this place I have received many a message from my dear Lord and Master, which he has owned to the deliverance and comforting of some poor sighing soul. Yes, I have seen the old vail removed, and the yoke of bondage destroyed, because of the anointing, while I have been telling out some of the things I have passed through while in the furnace. One poor woman especially,—who I fear is now on her death bed, came one ordinance evening, she had been sorely tempted to stay away, lest, she should eat and drink damnation to herself, not discerning the Lord's body. That afternoon I had been doing business in deep waters; could get no text, nor yet find any access at the Throne; at last, this cry burst forth, "*Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name.*" My cry was heard; my soul set fire; the devil was defeated; and God was glorified; and "of the spoils won in this battle, did I dedicate to maintain the house of the Lord;" for, "*Bring my soul out of prison.*" &c., was my text. I saw the poor

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creature seemingly in much trouble: I had not gone on far before her face lighted up with joy, the holy anointing oil sweetly flowed into her heart; Jesus was precious; this was not mere conjecture; for on the Monday evening, she came to my house to tell me what the Lord had done for her. What I learn in this manner, I am enabled to set forth with authority, no man forbidding. I have one, and a member too, who hates what he calls the "*cant word*" experience; I am too personal; I make the way too straight, &c. I do desire to thank my God that I am unmoved by all such cries, there used to be two or three over at Kensington, crying out just in the same way, so that I know where all such are; prophecy smooth things; a smooth path; let conscience alone, and many are pleased. But I have nothing to boast of; I have been very closely beset by satan, to try a smooth line of things; I have listened to him while setting forth things thus—"You know God has an elect people; all their sins were atoned for by Jesus Christ—they must all be saved—Christ will lose none of them—then, why be so particular? Frames and feelings are not saviours—Come, now, you would have Mr. so and so come, if you say nothing about his sins." Really, I have thought I would try. But, blessed be God! he has never left me to fall into the snare, but has enabled me to cut against all empty profession, and the contrary part has been made manifest, while satan has raised the hue and cry, "*O that is preaching too personal! he thinks there are but some few sighing and crying, mourning and afflicted people to be saved.*" Blessed be God, I trust I can tell friends and foes, how I came by my religion: how the Lord cut me down and raised me up; where he wounded, and where he healed me. When I went for so long time in bondage and distress, on the borders of despair, until I was a terror to myself, and when delivering mercy was communicated to my heart by the word of the Lord; where the Lord first said to me—"Preach the Word;" and how it was confirmed by a concatenation of circumstances and signs following, while I hold my peace; stood still, and looked on, while the angel of the Lord did wondrously. This solemn matter was never made known to a soul. I pondered it over in my own mind; many times did I beg of God to remove it from me, if it were his will. Many arguments did I use to shew him my unworthiness, my vileness, my corrupt nature, my deceitful heart, I also (like Moses) urged my slowness of

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speech, for I believed then, as now, that a man with a gift of speech may preach the truth in all its clearness, and yet *never be sent by God*; my never having that volubility of speech kept my mind calm on that point. But also the words to Amos, "*Go prophecy unto my people Israel*" followed me. I was thereby led to beg of the Lord, if it were his blessed will that such a poor worthless worm as I felt myself to be should be thus employed, that he would be pleased to make it very plain; I thought he would answer my prayer by illuminating my mind in an especial manner, open up the sacred scriptures of divine truth, and lead me forth, and make me manifest in the hearts of his *tried family*. Being at that time in business, I hoped to be able to continue so, and preach as opportunities should offer; but to my shame I confess it before the Lord, I was then in a cold, lifeless, backsliding state,—the *form* of religion was attended to, but the *power* was but seldom felt; thus, I was like Ephraim, "A cake unturned;" I was "joined to idols," and after them I was determined to go; the world engrossed my affections; closet prayer was neglected; I found I could not serve God and mammon; I tried it, and should have sunk to hell in the service of the latter, unless sovereign mercy had been extended towards me. I am speaking now of the time after the chapel was sold at Kensington, and while I lived over there; I little thought what a rod I was making for my back, not that I went out into outward evil: I know God can keep a man from that, and yet he may go very far as a backslider in heart. It generally *begins in absence from private prayer*; I know the dead Calvinist will sneer at this idea, but let him sneer on; if I can but have the blessed enjoyment of sweet converse and communion with the beloved of my soul, I am satisfied—but all beside is a dead blank. Prayer is the life and breath of Jehovah the Spirit in man; how sweet and blessed it is to feel the heart drawn out towards his blessed Majesty, to "enter into my closet," and feel the door shut upon me, and there to speak to Jesus face to face, as a man with his friend. This is the place which God spake to Moses of—"There is a place by me; and thou shalt stand upon a rock." O! to creep into the cliff of this rock, CHRIST! It is there the glorious majesty of Jehovah is admired, in causing grace, mercy, love, and salvation to flow into the soul by Christ Jesus. While I was in the miserable state just mentioned, the cholera broke out, and very many around us were cut off; this caused me some anxiety; but judgments nor mercies have any effect on the mind without divine power; besides I was, Jonah-like, down in the sides of the ship fast asleep, heedless of the "raging storm" without; satan had rocked me to sleep in the cradle of carnal security; he cried "*peace, peace*." But now the Lord arose; he began to enter into judgment with me: "He gave me to eat of the bread of adversity, and to drink the water of affliction;" "He laid judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet;" "his hail swept away my refuge of lies, and the waters of affliction began to overflow my hiding-place." I thought

He was about to "consume me by the blow of his hand." Well might David say, "*When thou, with rebukes, dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth.*" I felt it: "my evils compassed me about; mine iniquities took hold upon me, so that I was not able to look up;" "the weeds were wrapped about my head;" I felt as it were sinking into the very belly of hell; and about to be driven away in my wickedness; no heart to pray, and feelingly no God to pray to; I reckoned that, as a lion, so he would break all my bones, and make an end of me.

I was at this time taken very ill with English cholera,—what I suffered that night no tongue can tell; but from this I rallied, and went into Sussex; but I took the fire of hell in my conscience with me. I was a most miserable being. Yet, even in this low state, sometimes I could not but cry to the Lord, to have mercy upon me; and there would be a secret hope that he would hear me. Sometimes I felt compunction of spirit before him, but it soon passed away again; nothing abode with me but my bonds. I found it was in the power of men to get into trouble, to wander from the Lord, but none less than the Almighty power of a God can restore.

Now, without attempting to palliate my conduct in any way, I must say, that this path, though so painful and sinful, has been of great use to me since I have been "*preaching peace by Jesus Christ, for he is Lord of all.*" The Apostle says, "We are not ignorant of satan's devices," and it is not good for a man that he be without knowledge thereof. \* \* \* How mysterious are the teachings of God! I have seen great flaming professors wince and twist under the word, while I have been describing the path of soul conflict; while some poor-ready-to halt creature has fed, and rejoiced to find another tried and tempted even as he. What an unspeakable mercy to have any sign token, and evidence of being born again, and also to be able to stand up in the name of Jesus to speak forth all the words of this life!

About this time, I had a dream which very much exercised my mind, and caused me to go many times to the throne to entreat the Lord concerning it. This made me tremble, God is my witness, before whom I lie not, but in a little time every thing seemed to work together in opposition to my dream; then satan set in upon me most furiously, with this suggestion—where now is your dream? you are deceived in this matter, it was not from heaven—and how do you know but what your religion is all a delusion too? My vile heart gave place to the devil, and instead of using (the sword of the Spirit,) the word of the Lord, I parleyed with him, and reasoned the matter over, until I felt awful rebellion working in my mind against God. The deeps into which my soul sunk I cannot describe; the blessed Bible I feared to open, I could read nothing but damnation—the characters of Cain, Saul, Judas, and Simon Magus, wore like daggers piercing through me; I thought sudden destruction would come upon me—pray I could not; I feared lest I should

be given up to a reprobate mind; then to think that I should ever have given place to the thought of preaching sunk me still more deeply. The sore temptation that followed me I cannot describe. My soul trembles while I write about it. "I had not passed that way heretofore," neither do I believe I shall pass that way again. Here the spirituality of the holy law was opened up to me; here the terrible majesty of Jehovah appeared as a consuming fire; here sin was felt and feared in its damning power. "The arrows of the Almighty stuck fast within me, the poison whereof drunk up my spirit; the terrors of God set themselves in array against me." Job vi. 4. This state of mind continued more or less for upwards of eighteen months, or two years; but in August, 1850, I had a "little reviving in my bondage," and I did not sink so low again until the time of my deliverance, which was in January, 1851, and which was graciously brought about in the following manner: I was brought very low by continued affliction of body and mind, when I ruptured a blood-vessel, which so weakened me, that I and others despaired of my life. My medical attendant gave but little hopes of me. I was at this time at Penzance, whither I had come for the change of air. I was lying one morning, musing on my forlorn condition, when I took my little Bible up and it opened on the 14th chap. of John; I read down the chapter till I came to the 18th verse, "I WILL NOT LEAVE YOU COMFORTLESS; I WILL COME TO YOU." My heart seemed to hope in the mercy of the Lord, when the devil set in, "That was spoken to the disciples; you must prove yourself a disciple before you can take comfort from that." This sunk me fathoms in a moment; I thought, "True—it was;" I felt a cry pressed out to the Lord for help, when those words (recorded 7th chap. of Micah, 8th verse) came with the divine power of the blessed Spirit into my soul, broke my fetters, knocked off my chains, opened the prison house, and set me free, with a freedom from the power of sin, a broken law, the fear of death and a tempting devil, for he sneaked away like a coward, which he is, whenever Christ and his blood, and righteousness, are revealed in the heart by the Holy Ghost. O what a day of jubilee was that to me! the Bible was unsealed; the promises were applied; I felt that Jesus was mine and I was his! and from that moment my bodily health and strength began to increase, the promises were like "savory meat" on which my soul fed. As I grew better in health, an invitation was sent me from a person who knew nothing of the exercises of my mind concerning the ministry, wishing me to go and speak at a cottage about a mile out of the town (Newlyn); I felt in my conscience it was the work of the Lord; I laid the case before him, with many tears, fears, and much trembling, when he was pleased to give me the assurance that his peace and presence should go with me.

I have omitted much connected with this deliverance from worse than Babylonish captivity. My first deliverance was at Chelsea, I think, in about 1841, an account of which was published in the *Trumpet* somewhere

about 1847, under the signature of "a poor worm."

I went to this cottage meeting, spoke from 1 Gal. iii., last verse; I have been more or less engaged ever since. In March 1853, I received an invitation to preach at the Jordan chapel, Penzance, where I have continued ever since, amidst much conflict of spirit, confusion of mind, and also with much liberty at times. But I must conclude, wishing you the enjoyment of every new covenant blessing, believe me to remain, yours, very affectionately in the Lord,

J. BROWN TRIGE.

Penzance, December 13, 1854.

(Mr. Stenson's reply in our next.)

## THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

"Tossed with tempest, and not comforted."

As we walked to the house of God one wintry night—after reading a letter from a deeply afflicted child of God—the words, "tossed with tempest and not comforted," came to mind. We have had much of this kind of experience: we have met with many who travel much by night: hence we have thought the following extracts from "*The Life of William Cowper*" might be useful to some poor beclouded child of God, whose mental afflictions, and physical weakness often lead them to fear that "none of the ransomed" were ever thus tried. Cowper's biographer, after having laid him in the quiet grave, writes the following conclusion to his memoir.—

"Cowper, then, descended to his grave under the burden of the same mental disorder which had oppressed his spirits for almost thirty years. Of the character of that disorder we have already said something; but we cannot close the present narrative without attempting to give a fuller elucidation.

"We have remarked that, viewed chronologically, this mental disorder is found to exist in Cowper before any outward circumstances could have caused it, and before any religious convictions could have helped to excite it. While at Westminster school, in what Southey deems 'the happiest period of his life,' and while in the Temple, in the buoyancy of early manhood, he felt the power of this disease; and hence, those who would ascribe his malady to those views of religion which he embraced several years after, are merely exhibiting that unreasonableness which is seldom absent from religious prejudice.

"Another remark which should be made—especially to the young and inexperienced—is, that although it may appear, from the peculiar tenor of Cowper's life, as if his case was a very extraordinary one, the fact is otherwise. Few who have seen much of human life can be ignorant, that although cases resembling Cowper's are not very common, yet neither are they very rare. To exemplify this, we will allude to two cases of a similar kind which have fallen under our own notice during the last few years.

"In a principal town of the county in which Cowper spent more than half his life, lived a clergyman, whose circumstances would



le generally considered to be more than ordinarily felicitous. Possessing an abundant fortune, an amiable wife and family, good taste, and considerable leisure, most men would have regarded him as an individual of singularly fortunate lot. Yet, although left without control, and being not, in fact, insane, he was often, like Cowper, one of the most miserable of men. His disorder was hypochondriasis; and in his case 'Methodism' could not be blamed, for his views resembled much more those of Southey, than those of Newton or Cowper.

"Nearer London, and not far from the latest abode of Cowper's Cousin Theodora, lived another clergyman. He, too, was not only a scholar and of blameless life, but also, like the former individual, amply provided for, and free from all pecuniary cares. When in health, and free from mental disorder, he was one of the happiest of men. Reconciled to God, and rejoicing in the light of his Redeemer's countenance, his condition and state were, on the whole, such as an angel, if commanded to labour on earth, might have chosen. But he, too, was subject to hypochondriasis; and for several years towards the close of his life he 'walked in darkness, and saw no light.' The perpetual sadness which dwelt on his fine countenance could be forgotten by none who had once contemplated it.

"A third instance of this kind was brought under Cowper's own notice, by his friend Mr. Newton, in the hope that, in detecting the delusion in another mind, he might apply the remedy to his own.

"Simon Browne was born about the year 1680, at Shepton Mallet, in Somersetshire, and in 1716 had been chosen minister of the Meeting in the Old Jewry ('one of the most respectable among the dissenters:') he lost in the year 1723 his wife and only son, and fell into a deep melancholy, which ended in a settled persuasion that 'he had fallen under the sensible displeasure of God, who had caused his rational soul gradually to perish, and left him only an animal life, in common with brutes; so that, though he retained the faculty of speaking in a manner that appeared rational to others, he had all the while no more notion of what he said than a parrot,—being utterly divested of unconsciousness. It was, therefore,' he said, 'profane for him to pray, and incongruous to be present at the prayers of others.' Resigning his ministry under this delusion, he retired to his native place, and there amused himself with translating portions of the Greek and Latin poets into English verse, and writing little pieces for the use of children. Then he undertook to compile a dictionary, which, he observed, was doing nothing that required a reasonable soul: but towards the close of his life, he engaged earnestly in theological subjects, and published *A Sober and Charitable Disquisition concerning the Importance of the Trinity; a Fit Rebuke to a Ludicrous Infidel, in Reply to one of Woolston's Discourses; and A Defence of the Religion of Nature and of the Christian Revelation, in Answer to Tindal's Christianity as Old as the Creation.* All these are said to be

'well-reasoned and clearly-written pieces,' and the latter 'was allowed to be the best which that controversy produced.' He had prepared a Dedication for Queen Caroline, as of all extraordinary things which had been tendered to her royal hands, the chief; not in itself, 'but on account of the author, who, said he, is the first being of the kind, and yet without a name. He was once a man, and of some little name, but of no worth, as his present unparalleled case makes but too manifest; for by the immediate hand of an avenging God, his very thinking substance has for more than seven years been continually wasting away, till it is wholly perished out of him, if it be not utterly gone to nothing. None, no, not the least remembrance of its very ruins remains; not the shadow of an idea is left; nor any sense that so much as one single one, perfect or imperfect, whole or diminished, ever did appear to a mind within him, or was perceived by it.'

"Those who have been personally acquainted with such cases—and they are not rare ones—will easily perceive that there was nothing so singular or strange in Cowper's ailment, as to require any particular apology or labored investigation."

THE LATE WILLIAM WALES HORNE,

AND HIS

## BIBLICAL CRITICISMS,

AND SOLUTIONS OF DIFFICULT TEXTS.

MR. EDITOR.—I am very glad to see that the *Biblical Criticisms* of William Wales Horne is now being reprinted, and I have no doubt they will be, by the blessing of God, made very useful to the enquiring, seeking Christian, who desires to be fed by the milk of the gospel; and also to the strong Christian who desires strong meat; for he will there find it, and bless God for teaching Mr. Horne to preach and publish such glorious truths as will be found in the *Biblical Criticisms*.

As I was called under that good man's ministry, perhaps a brief account will be acceptable to your readers. It is now about thirty-three years ago. I was then an apprentice; and my master sent me out for £30. By some means, I lost one sovereign; and when I told my master, he said he should stop it out of my wages by weekly sums, which he did; and my mistress said I had stolen it—thinking my master would give it to me. This made me feel very uncomfortable: so I went one night to see a companion of mine, and to tell him of my loss; but his mother told me he was in the chapel next door. (This was Hephzibah Chapel, where Mr. Horne was minister.) As I wanted to see my young companion I went into the chapel, and when the service was over, I told my friend of my loss. I said I would come to the chapel again the next Sunday, which I did, and Mr. Horne said, "I see a young stranger or two here," and he prayed for them; God heard his prayer; for those words, "a young stranger," were like an arrow fixed in my heart, and I could not pull it out. Go where I would, those words, "young stranger," followed me.

I continued going to chapel; but O, the horror and the anguish of my soul I cannot describe! for I saw that my sins were against a holy God, and I thought hell would open and swallow me up. I now went about moaning and groaning, O, what shall I do? O, what will become of me? O, I am lost! I am lost for ever! My mother and my work-mates all thought I was going mad; and I thought so too; for I envied the dogs, the horses, the cows, and every living thing I saw; they were not sinners, and they had no soul to live for ever. My cry was daily,—“*God be merciful to me a sinner! O God, save, or I perish! O Lord, pardon my sins. or I shall fall into hell!*”

Thus I continued in this state, with scarce any hope, for about nine months, when one night the Biblical Criticism question put to Mr. Horne by one of the congregation was this: “*Dost thou believe on the Son of God?*” (John i. 35). This was now the time to favor Zion; for as he was explaining who did believe, and how they did believe, and the blessed effects of their believing on the Son of God, all to bring them to a knowledge of themselves, as sinners, and to Jesus as their Saviour, my heavy burden fell off my shoulders, and every fear out of my heart. I was now as happy as I could be; and was as full of heaven as I could hold. I could rejoice day and night; for my sins were all gone, being buried in the sea of God’s everlasting forgetfulness; washed in the precious blood of Jesus, and clothed in his righteousness, and saved with an everlasting salvation.

I now thought to convert all my acquaintances; for Christ was my meat and my drink, and I was continually extolling him. I told them what he had done for me; but, alas! I found I could not convert any body; for some laughed, and others mocked; and I soon found that I was casting pearls before swine; so that it made me a little more cautious, and to keep my religious joy a little more to myself.

Shortly after this, I told Mr. Horne all my experience, and he was well satisfied, and said he would propose me to the church; but an old Christian said I had better stay a little longer. This now so damped my feelings, that I never did belong to Mr. Horne’s church; but I continued a hearer till his death, which was a very great trial to me—for his ministry was much blessed to my soul. He died July 27, 1826, aged 52. He was a Latin and a Greek scholar.

I hope your readers will get the *Biblical Criticisms*; for I believe they will be a great blessing to the living family of God.

Your humble servant, THOS. HALL.

Salmon’s Lane, Limhouse,  
Feb. 8, 1855.

William Wales Horne’s *Biblical Criticisms* are publishing by Houlston and Stoneman, in penny weekly numbers, and monthly parts. Ask for “*A Lamp for the Study of the Truth-seeking Christian.*” The work is being re-printed under the direction of the only surviving child of the late William Wales Horne.

## EXPOSITORY

## EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

## LETTER IX.

IN my last I endeavored to shew that the leprous garment did well set forth that self-righteousness so natural to us, which must be burned up. What the kind of fault in the garment called leprous, was, I know not; but we do know that the wool of a sheep which dies of disease is called *dead wool*; and when made into a garment, is very soon leprous enough to be good for nothing; though many dishonest manufacturers do deal in this dead wool, thereby deceiving people. And so it is, that sin is the disease that Adam the first brought in, and all died in him; and all our righteousness is as the dead wool; it would deceive us, and leave us destitute, and witness against us, just where we should want it to beautify us, and to speak for us—namely, at the bar of God. It is steeped in sin, and is anything but as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed. It is not fit for a working garment—much less for a wedding garment. The sentence of the law of truth is direct against it; it must be burnt; and yet, worthless as it is, it nevertheless cleaves close to us, and we to that, until we are plucked again and again into the ditch of tribulation, and this our own clothes made to abhor us. This is hard work—but so it is, that it must be so, as it is written: “By the great force of my disease is my garment changed: it *bindeth* me about as the collar of my coat: he hath cast me into the *mirë*: I am become like dust and ashes.” Job xxx. 18, 19.

You will find but few companions here; and what will your trials do but shew up more and more of what you are? and the more you are smitten, the more you will revolt; and against these revoltings of human nature you will find it hard work to stand—especially when the whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint: while with you are no healing medicines, you must be brought unto the Priest! (Lev. xiv. 2).

But before we come unto our High Priest, we must look a little more to the leprosy, and see that it is *deeper* than the skin, and also that it is *spreading*; for you must, before you are brought unto the Priest, be nothing (in your own eyes) but a sinner; and this will become a good evidence that the good work of grace is begun in your heart; and thus it is written: “Then the priest shall consider: and behold, if the leprosy have covered *all* his flesh, he shall pronounce him clean that *hath* the plague: it is all turned white: he is clean.” Lev. xiii. 13.

You see here that all the flesh must be *spoiled* before the Lord, that no flesh should glory in his presence. Thus, my good Theophilus, you shall know what it is to have no soundness in your flesh; and this shall be the plague: it is a plague of the heart, and will be your plague, even unto death.

Now its turning *white*, means that there is death at the *root* of the disease. Yes, the Holy Spirit of God hath brought the incor-

ruptible seed of truth into the heart, and which liveth and abideth for ever. And this will take away the condemning and reigning power of this plague, because the living word in the heart is by Christ Jesus; and therefore no wonder that the old man of sin should turn pale, and be unable to keep such a florid complexion as to deceive the soul any longer; but he will not die until you die—and so it is, that “the righteous hath hope in his death.”

Such are to be brought unto the priest. Can anything be more encouraging than this? Here is a poor leper—nothing but a leper; and the worse the case is, the more it will shew the power and *compassion* of the High Priest in cleansing such, and saving his soul from death. “Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean. And Jesus, *moved* with compassion, put forth his hand and touched him, and saith unto him, I will: be thou clean. And as soon as he had spoken, immediately the leprosy departed from him, and he was cleansed.” Mark i. 41, 42. Thus shewing that he was the antitype of all the typical offerings of the law.

Now, although the Levitical law as a *dispensation* is abolished, yet, as a *testimony*, it is *not* abolished. It still bears testimony of Jesus. Let us, then, now come to that part of heart work that belongs to the cleansing.

Here we shall find several offerings, all truly beautiful in their meaning. The *first* offering seems of a very humble description; and you will readily account for this, for you already see how little we know at the *first* of the atonement of the dear Saviour. We see there is an atonement, but have by after experience to go on from one degree of knowledge to another, of the excellency, the power and value of this atonement; and you need not fear that your sin, your disease, or your necessities will be too great to be met by this atonement. No, for it will swell out and lengthen out the song of the redeemed to boundless extent and to eternal duration—brighter and better prospects cannot, even by everlasting love itself, be given, than is given by this atonement; for it is thereby that everlasting love is sealed and settled. It is deeper than hell—high as heaven—broader than the sea—and longer than the earth. Yet in what humble forms, to suit our needs, and gradually lead us along, is this atonement presented! Shall we think the less of it for this? Shall we think less of the King of glory because he was once the Babe of Bethlehem? Does it lessen him, because he was despised and rejected of men? Does it dishonor him, because he bore our sins in his own body on the tree? Do we love the less to sit at his feet because he once washed the disciples' feet? Are his royal bounties the less delightful, because he did eat bread and broiled fish with men on earth? And shall we cease to praise him, because, to shew that his love was the same to the last moment of his stay on earth, he did at the parting moment lift up his hands and bless his disciples.

Most excellent Theophilus, these are the very endearments that bring us into his very presence with exceeding joy.

Let us, then, come unto the High Priest of our profession.

Now, for the leper to be cleansed, there were to be two birds; and we will, as we go along, notice the names of the several offerings—at least, give a name where one is not mentioned, yet fairly implied.

First, *substitutional*. I am aware they may all come (at least, the sacrificial) under this name; but we will notice some by the names given to them.

One bird was to be slain. Here is the *substitutional*. The leper was shut out from the temple of the Lord, and from the holy things. And there he might have died, but for the law of life and health provided for him. But here is a way—a sacrificial way—for him to be healed, and live, and draw nigh to God, and keep the feasts of the Lord.

And here were to be with the sacrifice cedar wood and scarlet; that is, scarlet wool, and hyssop. Have not these a meaning? Are they not intended to set forth some of the *qualities* of the sacrifice? Does the cedar mean the *soundness* of the cure, this being a sound, fragrant kind of wood? And I am sure the testimony of Christ's atonement is a sound cure. And is there not a promise that though our sins be red, like crimson, they shall be as wool? Does not, therefore, the scarlet wool mean the softness and gentleness of the hand of our Priest when he lays his hand upon us to heal us? Did not the leper, we have before noticed, find it so when Jesus laid his holy and blessed hand upon him? And does not the Psalmist pray, “Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow?”

Now, whether this be the meaning or not, of the cedar wood, the scarlet and the hyssop, all these are certainly brought about in the experience of every one whose conscience is purged from dead works, to serve the living and true God. And in this you will be of sound mind, and in good spiritual health, and will feel that the word of truth hath healed you; you will taste that the Lord is gracious, and you will come out into a healthy and wealthy place. Now you will feel that you have a good hope, and know that God hath not given you the spirit of fear (*of man*), but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind; and that you will not now be ashamed of the testimony of our Lord, nor of any of his poor prisoners. Having been a prisoner yourself, you know the heart of a prisoner, and therefore you will weep with them that weep, as well as rejoice with them that do rejoice; and this will be your resting-place, and feeding-place, and banquetting-house, and place of drawing water—namely, “who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus, before the world began.” 2 Tim. i. 7.

In this field of truth I hope you will be visited again next month by

A LITTLE ONE.

THE Countess of Huntingdon in her last moments said: “I have no hope but that which inspired the dying malefactor at the side of my Lord; and I must be saved in the same way—as freely, as fully, or not at all.”

## THE SIXTH OF HEBREWS :

WHO ARE THE PERSONS THERE DESCRIBED ?

DEAR SIR.—In this month's VESSEL you have a piece headed, "A Five-fold Description of the Children of God;" which, by the bye, is a very doubtful title; as most of God's people believe it to be a five-fold description of many of satan's children.

As your correspondent, "B. D.," says, "I write not to provoke criticism," so say I; but with Elishu, to "shew my opinion," and for truth's sake. I would preface it with a few remarks about profession.

It is really unknown how far a man may go in a profession—and that of the very truth itself, and yet not have a spark of Divine grace in the heart. It is really solemn and awful to consider it! He may be a member of a church, a public praying character, a preacher of the real truth of God, a prophet declaring glorious truths, yea, more, a worker of miracles. (Matt. vii. 22, 23). See also the character of Judas. Well might the apostle say, "Examine yourselves, and see whether ye be in the faith." Self-examination never does a child of God any harm; but a hypocrite will shun it. A man may also be deceived himself about this matter: the apostle says, "deceiving and being deceived." The unclean spirit may go out of a man of his own accord; then a reformation is set up, which the deceived character mistakes for conversion—joins a church—perhaps of truth—becomes a public praying man, it may be as a preacher; but as sure as the unclean spirit took his walk out, so sure will he walk back again; and he finds his house (the man's heart) empty of all vital godliness, swept with the broom of reformation, and garnished with religious duties.

Such men, it will generally be found, jump all at once into the full assurance of faith, without knowing or feeling deeply their awful state as sinners before God. It is a solemn state to contemplate—that a man should profess to an assurance of all being right between God and his own soul, whilst at the same time he is going fast to perdition.

It is evident from Scripture, a man may be a sent man to preach the very truth of God, and yet not a good man; and that truth may be abundantly blessed of God. The character of Judas will prove this; and if one, there may have been hundreds, perhaps thousands, since then.

The unclean spirit, or the strong man, being cast down, is widely different to walking out. In the one case, he comes back again; but in the other, he never can regain his old territory.

But to the point in hand. The Holy Ghost says, "It is impossible for them who were once enlightened." But some men strive to make that possible which God says is impossible; but this I think is wrong, whatever may be said about legal and evangelical repentance. I do not think that legal convictions ever do lead a man to godly repentance. The writer has had as strong legal convictions as most men—such as to make him envy the beasts,

birds and fishes, and almost, like Job, to curse the day of his birth; yet they never produced repentance, nor even brought him to a mercy-seat. Christ is exalted to give it, and the Holy Spirit bestows it. It must be remarked that it is *once* enlightened. Now all God's people know that they have more than one enlightenment; hundreds of times does God enlighten their understanding, so that they may more and more understand his holy word.

But these characters are only once enlightened, and that I believe to be a head knowledge of the gospel and plan of salvation. They have never been enlightened to know their awful state as sinners before a holy God, nor an experimental knowledge of the truth; and lacking this, all other light, or professed light, is darkness. "If the light (professional light) that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness!"

Again.—"And have tasted of the heavenly gift." "B. D." makes tasting and eating (page 38) to be synonymous terms. I cannot think so. A man may taste without swallowing; he may taste and swallow, and yet not relish the food. A man may taste that God is good—his providence declares it; may taste that God is great—creation proclaims it; that God is glorious—his word reveals it; and yet he may never taste the Lord is gracious. Religion is somewhat more than tasting—it is eating and relishing. "Except ye eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of man, ye have no life in you." To understand the word of God, and to preach to edification and instruction, are heavenly gifts, as well as many other things. But allow it to mean as "B. D." says it does, Christ himself, then it may infer that such characters know that salvation is by Christ, and by Christ alone; which knowledge satan himself possesses. My intention is to be brief, so shall pass on.

Again.—"And were made partakers of the Holy Ghost." The gifts of the Holy Ghost and the graces of the Holy Ghost are widely diverse things. There may be great gifts and no grace; and there may be great grace with but small gifts. Men may be said to be "filled with the Spirit of God," (Exodus xxxv. 31), when there is no evidence of grace in the heart. The scientific inventions of the day are from the same source, and not, as blindly supposed, from man's innate talent. The Spirit of God came upon Balaam, (Numbers xxiv. 2), and by and under the influential gifts of the Holy Spirit he prophesied and declared some of the most glorious truths in the word of God, which have gladdened the hearts of myriads of the Lord's people. So with Saul and his servants. Samuel said to him, "When thou comest to such a place, the Spirit of God shall come to thee, and thou shalt prophecy." Hence I believe it to be a partaker of the Holy Spirit's gifts, and not grace, that is here intended.

Again.—"And have tasted the good word of God." Here comes tasting again. Did not Balaam do this? I think so—but not to relish it. When people profess a love to the truth, and appear for a time to run well, but afterwards disappear, may they not be said to

have *tasted* the good word of God? The way-side hearers, who receive the word with joy, in stony ground, and among thorns, are certainly among those who *taste* the good word of God; but having no root, they wither away.

"And the powers of the world to come." Many men have been aware of the doom that awaits them in the world to come, before departing this life; and many for years before they depart hence. No man can be a hypocrite without knowing it; and such characters know full well in their consciences the doom that awaits them in the world to come—living and dying as they are. Balaam knew this when he said, "I shall see him, but not now; I shall behold him, but not night." Numbers xxiv. 17. Also Saul, when the figure, personifying him, said, "Tomorrow thou and thy sons shall be with me."

"If they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance." The word "if," seems to intimate that some may and will fall away, whilst others will carry on the delusion to a dying day or hour. Such characters never are brought again into a repentant state; and all the persuasion you can use will never extort from them one sentence of sorrow or regret; but on the contrary, will justify their own conduct. Two such characters I have known, belonging to the church I came from. One, a public praying man, has turned infidel, and has remained so twenty-five or twenty-six years; the other, the most zealous man in the church, (when you entered his house, the Bible was found spread wide open upon the table), this man fell into open drunkenness, went from bad to worse, until about a year afterwards, when one morning he hurried to a pond, and, Judas-like, committed suicide, and went to his own place. How different the case of the poor backslider! in his fallen state how miserable and wretched he is! And when he comes to himself, (for there he must come), he hardly dare, perhaps, say like the prodigal—"I will arise and go to my Father." But there also he must come. As for repentance, why sorrow almost breaks his heart. How different the case where the grace of God is, and where that grace is lacking!

"Seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh." Christ cannot suffer crucifixion pangs afresh; there is no necessity for it, since Calvary's summit reverberated the glorious echo of a finished salvation—"Death hath no more dominion over him." But the denying of the Son of God, the Christ of God, which these apostates did, was a tacit acknowledgment that his crucifixion was just; that they considered it so; and that they, if in their power, would surely have crucified him afresh. Not that he was ever crucified for them. Certainly not. But by their profession they pretended that he was; and men are often called in Scripture according to their profession, and not by what they are in the sight of God. (Matt. xxiii. 12, 26, 50.)

"And put him to an open shame." I agree with "B. D." in thinking that the word *him* is better left out, as it is not in the original.

So they put not only themselves to an open shame, but religion itself, and the cause of God and truth; also the people of God, in the eyes of many professors, as well as the profane and infidel.

But allowing the word "him" to remain as it does in our translation, then it signifies, they put Christ to an open shame in his members. So intimate is the union between Christ and his members, that he hath said,— "Whosoever toucheth you, toucheth the apple of mine eye." Jesus says, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Pathologists say, that whatever part of the body is injured, the brain always feels the pain before the injured part can. When a flaming professor falls openly into sin, the profane and the infidel cry out, "Ah! ah! so would we have it!" and they eat up the sin of God's professing people as they would eat bread, or some of their choice dainties, rolling them like a dainty luxury under their tongues.

The 9th verse appears to me to confirm my view of the subject—"But, beloved, we are persuaded better things of you, and things that accompany salvation, though we thus speak." As much as to say, a person may possess such evidences as the 4th and 5th verses contain, without having any evidences of grace in the heart; "but we are persuaded better things of you, though we thus speak;" to warn you against taking blazing professors and ready talkers too readily into your affections. Give them three or four summerings and winterings first; if the grace of God is there, it won't die away—it can never perish.

"We are persuaded better things of you." Better than what? Why, than being only once enlightened, having only a taste of the heavenly gift, being only a partaker of the Holy Spirit's gifts, and not grace, and having only a taste (and not a relishing one) of the good word of God, also of the powers of the world to come—having not only tasted of condemnation by the law, and a fearful looking for of judgment—but also realised the blessedness of looking unto Jesus, and of hearing him say in the world to come, "Come, ye blessed of my Father," &c.

"B. D." must not suppose, because the subject has been opened to him, as he says, in a remarkable way, that therefore it must of necessity be the true meaning; nor because another good man thinks so. His is not a new idea. Hundreds of God's people in England are of his opinion. He does not appear to entertain an idea of how near the devil will imitate God's work. As an old divine said, "The devil will always try to imitate God's work;" and the crafty foe well knows that the nearer the counterfeit is to the genuine coin, the more likely to pass muster. Hence he generally takes a man of talent and natural abilities, eloquence, &c., and so manages matters, that for a time, and sometimes for many years, deceives the very clect thereby, or at least great numbers of them.

May the Holy Spirit guide us into all truth; for we only go right as led by him; and apply with; Almighty power his own word to our souls.

Wellington, Feb. 5. DAVID DUDLEY.

# OUR BRITISH BAPTIST CHURCHES.

## THE BAPTIST CHURCH AT OLD BRENTFORD; REVIEWED FROM ITS FIRST RISE TO THE PRESENT TIME.

THE thirty-sixth anniversary of this cause was celebrated on Tuesday, the 29th January, 1855.

At five o'clock, a large number of friends assembled in the commodious school-room adjoining the chapel, where tea was provided.

The tables having been cleared, and a hymn sung, Mr. John Lindley, the senior deacon of the place, read the following most interesting and highly valuable record of the rise and progress of the truth in Brentford, from the time of Bunyan until the present year; and although a great deal of what is therein recorded, appeared in *THE EARTHEN VESSEL* for February, 1849, yet as we have many readers now we had not then; and the account being so much larger, and, as we think of much more value, we cannot but present it to our readers entire:

"The original meeting house for dissenters in Old Brentford was situated in a back lane called Tray Town. We are informed, from the seclusion of the spot, it afforded a retreat for the people of God in the times of persecution. There Bunyan preached in his annual visits to London; and in latter days the pulpit was occupied, occasionally, by Huntingdon and Bayley, and other men of truth. Here those worshipped who afterward united themselves as baptized believers, and established the baptist church in the market place, New Brentford. Suggestions were made by some to open another place in Old Brentford; and in the year 1818, they felt constrained to seek the Lord's direction by prayer, as to the propriety of taking such a step; anxiously watching the leadings of divine Providence; they soon heard of a place that might be obtained for the purpose.

"Having engaged, the necessary preparations being made, it was opened January 31st, 1819; when for the first time the glorious gospel of the ever blessed God was preached in Old Brentford. With great anxiety, and constant wrestling with the Lord, we met from time to time, fearful lest we should not have the sanction of the Great Head of the church. But it soon became evident that the word of the Lord was blessed, being made quick and powerful; sinners were stopped in their mad career, and savingly brought to the feet of Jesus. This greatly encouraged us, and led to the formation of a church of the particular Baptist denomination, which union took place June 7th, 1819, at the Baptist chapel, Hammersmith, when ten members were united in church fellowship; to whom ten more were added in September of the same year: some of these are fallen asleep, some have been removed in providence; and four still remain at the present with us in union.

"It was now thought desirable to have a week night lecture, and we invited Mr. Thomas, of Richmond, (an Independent minister) to preach to us; he readily consented, and continued so doing for some time, not without incurring the manifest disapprobation of his friends, as the following will testify. The cause where he laboured being at a low ebb, Mr. Wilson, a gentleman of affluence of the Independent connexion, was in the habit of allowing an annual gratuity. When Mr. T. called for it, a £5 note was laid on the table, on which Mr. W. placed his hand, saying, 'Before you take this, you must pledge yourself not to preach for those Baptists at Brentford again!' Mr. T. replied, 'though I am a poor man, I am not to be bought or sold for £5; I would rather die in a workhouse first.' Mr. W. then softened down; and a note was written to us, stating, that if we would renounce Baptism, and become Independents, we should have the meeting house that was being fitted up for them, and be supplied with the most popular men from Hoxton Academy for six months gratis. If we did not accede to that proposition, that place would be opened on the same terms, and raise a cause of that denomination. Our answer was, we are Baptists in *principle* and *practice*; and, by the help of the Lord, we intend to remain so; and we still hope not to be drawn aside, but adhere closely to God's word.

"In the summer of 1819, it was found necessary to enlarge our meeting house, and on its completion it was opened near September.

"About this time, Mr. David Jones, of Hereford, was recommended as a person likely to suit us as a pastor; after supplying the pulpit for a few weeks, he was chosen to that office; but a very short time proved that instead of preaching a free-grace gospel, he enforced certain conditions as necessary to merit salvation. His labour ceased at the expiration of one year.

"The Lord was mindful of his people, caused earnest wrestling among us for direction, and about this time we became acquainted with our good friend and brother, Mr. James Castleden, now in glory, who frequently visited us himself, and also directed us to faithful men of God as supplies. Thus we continued for years, entreating the Lord for a pastor; but no one appeared suitable, till Mr. J. A. Jones came to supply. In 1825, he was settled among us. Through his instrumentality the church was considerably increased, edified, and established in the fundamental truths of the gospel. He continued six years and a half, and then removed to London. Mr. Jones was succeeded by Mr. Robinson in 1832. In 1839, our chapel became in a delapidated state through dry rot, and by our lease (which was nearly expired) we were bound to put it in good repair; in addition to this, several of our principal supporters, in a pecuniary point of view left us, and our situation appeared increasingly trying, so that we began to fear the Lord was about to remove the candlestick out of

our midst, and our only hope seemed to be to obtain a room to meet for prayer, and get supplies occasionally as circumstances would admit. We found that the Lord's thoughts are not as our thoughts, for when we despaired of help, he constrained our landlord to call upon us and enquire whether we wished to renew the lease; we replied, we were not in the circumstances to do so, seeing the chapel required considerable outlay. Without reminding us of the tenor of the lease, he asked us what we intended to do; to which we answered, we knew not. He replied that there had been such an amicable understanding between us, that, although a member of the establishment, he did not like the idea of the Baptist interest being removed from his premises, and offered to sell us a piece of ground with buildings on it near the chapel; fixed the purchase money at £200, and wished us to look at it. We told him we knew not where to look for such an amount in our circumstances, and he remarked, well, we will not be in hurry, I will go home and think over the matter. In a few days he called again and was so anxious that a chapel should be built, that he reduced the price to £100. By this the hand of the Lord appeared so evident that we immediately closed the bargain, borrowed the money, casting ourselves on the Lord for further supplies to meet the demand necessary for purchase and building. His liberality was further shewn by his giving us all the interior fittings of the old chapel that we could make use of. Upon measuring the land purchased, we found we required two feet more in width, in order to erect a building that would make the pewing more convenient; this we mentioned to him, and he immediately gave us the additional land out of his garden adjoining, without further charge. The corner stone of the new building was laid by Mr. George Coombs, on Easter Monday, 1839. The chapel was opened August 26, 1839; when the late Mr. John Stevens preached in the morning, Mr. Castle- den in the afternoon, and Mr. Coombs in the evening. Mr. Robinson continued his pastorate till the end of the year 1843, when he removed. During his thirteen years labors among us, his ministry was greatly blessed, and many were added to the church. We were again left without an under shepherd until January 8, 1849, when Mr. C. H. Coles was publicly recognized as pastor, having been chosen to that office in the usual way by the church, which he accepted. The cause prospered under his ministry, and a more united church could not exist until June the 19th, 1854, when in accordance with Mr. Cole's wish, the deacons met at his house prior to a church meeting held that evening. He then stated to them that his mind had undergone some change relative to the constitution of a church and its order; that, in future, he should not preside at a prayer meeting, or the Lord's supper, as he had been accustomed. It would be sinful for him to do so, as it was taking upon himself the prerogative of the Holy Ghost, nor would he sanction it by his presence.

"We requested time to consider the matter,

or to call in some ministers, with whom to advise; both of which was objected, stating, it was the New Testament order he wished to introduce, and if we did not see proper to adopt the plan proposed, his way was clear. July 2nd, 1854, the church met for him to state his views, from which statement we found that as a church we should be deprived of our doctrinal articles, that all our resolutions carried at our church meetings, if not approved by Mr. C., would be considered null and void; that the church had no authority to choose a pastor; in fact, that the whole of our constitution would be levelled, and the order of the Plymouth Brethren set up in its room. At a subsequent meeting a considerable majority opposed this innovation, when Mr. C. arose and said, "well, friends, you see the consequence of your decision, I am no longer your pastor." At the request of the church, he agreed to supply the pulpit for three months, which terminated October 8th, 1854. It is a great satisfaction to us we did not break faith with him, but he with us; as he took charge of us as a particular Baptist Church, and so we remain to this day.

"The congregation is reduced, and a few members have followed him; but still our eyes are up unto the Lord, from whence cometh our help.

"It is thirty-six years on the 31st January, 1855, since the first place was opened for preaching the gospel; during which time we have added—by baptism and dismissal, 252 members. Many can testify it has been a birth place to their souls, and a house of bread to supply the wants of the living in Jerusalem. Since the Lord has been pleased to sanction and bless the present gospel order, we feel bound to hold it fast in the midst of great opposition, and sing—

"His love in times past forbids us to think  
He'll leave us at last in trouble to sink;  
Each sweet Ebenezer we have in review  
Confirms his good pleasure to help us quite  
through."

"Since the chapel was built, the burying ground has been purchased, gallery erected, chapel enlarged, vestry, school-room, and stable rebuilt, and enlarged; and when the remaining debt of £200 is paid, we shall have it disencumbered to the next generation. A trust deed has been enrolled, securing it to them if they hold fast the profession of their faith, without wavering."

Mr. Lindley having concluded the address, Mr. James Wells rose and expressed his great delight at hearing the same read. He thought they had every encouragement to stand fast, and, go on in the Lord's name. They could not more deplore the separation that had taken place between themselves and their late pastor, than did he and his brethren in the ministry; at the same time he (Mr. W.) thought they could not do better than abstain from any unkind remarks respecting him. No one, could be doubtful of the reality of his religion—but still it became them to stand fast by the ordinances of God's house, according to the plan they had commenced with, and which he considered to be the New Tes-

tamont order. Mr. W. further advised them to "lay hands on no man suddenly;" but to try them. And if a good brother should send them or recommend them a supply, they must not consider him answerable for anything that supply might say. They must try and judge for themselves.

Mr. Thomas Chivers, of Ebenezer, Bermondsey, was also much pleased with what he had heard; he hoped the Lord would prosper them and enable them to stand fast by the truths they had professed. The Lord had said—"They that honour me, I will honour," and surely they had found it was "not a vain thing to trust in the Lord."

Another hymn having been sung, Mr. Chivers read the 20th Psalm, and offered up prayer; after which Mr. James Wells preached an excellent discourse from Acts i. 3.

We were pleased to see so many ministers from the surrounding causes to hold up the hands of those who remain at the Brentford cause, among whom great unity appears to prevail.

#### ANNIVERSARY OF

### MR. J. BLOOMFIELD'S PASTORATE AT SALEM CHAPEL, SOHO.

THE third anniversary of Mr. John Bloomfield's pastorate of Salem was celebrated on Tuesday, the 6th of February, 1855. At five o'clock 400 persons partook of a well prepared tea in the chapel.

At six o'clock a public meeting was commenced, at which Mr. John Bloomfield presided. A hymn having been sung, Mr. John Andrew Jones offered fervent prayer on behalf of the pastor and church at Salem; and for his blessing upon that meeting; after which he read a quaint old letter of the late James Castleden's.

Mr. Turner, formerly of Salem, but now of Keppel Street, gave out two verses, which being sung, Mr. Bloomfield rose and said—

My dear Friends, I feel thankful to the Lord, and grateful to my friends, that such a goodly number are present here to-night. This is my third anniversary; during those three years the Lord has blessed us with a measure of success, for which we desire to honor his name, and to trust him for the future. On former occasions I have made a pledge which I shall here reiterate—that should any change take place in my sentiments, I shall consider it my duty fully, freely and at once to vacate the pulpit. This place was built by the late venerated and esteemed John Stevens, and his friends, for the purpose of advocating certain doctrines, named in the trust deed; and no minister can lawfully hold possession of the pulpit—nor can the church legally retain a man who does not advocate and maintain the principles there laid down; and I am happy to say, that so far as I know them I preach them—not because they are in the trust deed, but because I believe them to be right and true.

During the past year we have enjoyed a measure of success,—though not so great as we could wish,—yet enough to warrant us to

go on in the name of the Lord. We have during the past year baptised twenty; received from other churches thirteen. We have lost by death ten; dismissed to other churches two; and we have been necessitated to withdraw from two; so that we have great cause to take courage, and go forward. I rejoice to say, that though the winds have blown, and dark clouds have at times gathered in the horizon, yet at the present time we are in peace and unity; we wish well to ourselves and to every cause of truth in the world. It affords me no small gratification to meet with so many kind brethren in the ministry, as surround me this evening. I pray that they may be preserved in this dark and cloudy day of error and superstition, when Fullerism and Baxterianism are rapidly extending their baneful influence. I pray we may all take a decided stand against these sentiments; for while we love all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and in truth, it becomes us, as ambassadors, to stand faithful to the truth.

I have peculiar pleasure in meeting all my friends who are here this evening. This is just the kind of evening to test your friendships. If it had been a sunny day, you might have run in to pass away an hour; but you would not, I think, come through frost and snow if you had not a love to the cause. I feel thankful to you all.

Mr. Newborn will address you, on the beauties and excellencies of the Bible.

[We cannot give the address of Mr. Newborn *verbatim*, nor either of the others; but have just gathered up a few fragments, which we insert as a memorial of the meeting.]

Mr. Newborn, in a kind manner congratulated the pastor and church on their position; and then in his original and quaint manner described the beauties of the Bible—or a few of them—for the speaker confessed it would take eternity to unfold the whole. While there was nothing new in connexion with Mr. Newborn's address, yet there was much that was both pleasing and instructive.

Mr. Jennings gave out part of hymn 362, Steven's Selection, which was sung, and

Mr. Samuel Milner, now supplying at Keppel Street, next addressed the meeting. Subject: "*Civil Governors, no power in religion.*" Mr. Milner, in a masterly style, adduced such evidences from Scripture, as entirely demolished the claims of civil rulers to any religious power over their subjects. We should like to give Mr. Milner's address entire, but we have neither time or space to do so this month.

Mr. John Foreman next rose to address the meeting. The subject named on the bills in connection with his name was—"Heaven! its pleasures and its glories." At the last anniversary, Mr. F. was to have spoken on "*the glories of redemption*;" but he had not time then to do so. Mr. F. therefore claimed a right to two texts, and in his usually fluent manner descanted briefly on the two subjects.

The last speaker named on the bill, was Mr. Field, of Greenwich, who was to speak on "*Hypocrisy and Christianity Contrasted*,"



The time was so far advanced that Mr. Field declined to enter upon his subject. But in giving the meeting an outline of what *he would have said*, the speaker displayed a powerful and thinking mind.

We had intended to have given extracts from each of the addresses; but a press of other matter, and want of time, compels us to omit them for the present.

Mr. G. Wyard, of Soho Chapel, then read part of a hymn, which was sung, and

Mr. W. Lamb, one of the deacons, rose, and addressed Mr. Bloomfield as follows:

My dear Pastor—I have appeared before you on a similar occasion to the present, and recur to that time with feelings of satisfaction.

Nearly two years have rolled into eternity since we then had the pleasure of meeting with you, to present you with a testimony of our esteem and affection for you; and we were convinced that you accepted the same in the spirit intended, and hope that it gave you help by the way. I am both proud and pleased, yet I hope humble, to be able this evening, to give you a further token of their esteem. Our dear brother Hutchinson had it laid upon his heart to address a few friends in this cause; and before you is the result. We have abundant evidence to cause us to believe the Lord sent you amongst us; and we have often to exclaim, "Surely the Lord of Sabbath is with us!" I therefore, in the name of the friends, present you with this cup.

A very handsome silver cup, value £10, on elegant gilt stand, and covered with glass shade, was then presented to Mr. Bloomfield, bearing the following inscription:

"Presented to JOHN EDGAR BLOOMFIELD, Minister of Salem, by a few members and friends of the church, as a token of affection, respect and esteem for their beloved Pastor.—1855."

Mr. Bloomfield replied:

My dear Brother, I scarcely know how to express my feelings on this occasion. I had no thought of anything of the kind. It has taken me by surprise; and my feelings are too much wrought upon, to say much in reply. I feel truly grateful to all my friends for this expression of their friendship, and for their presence this evening. For though I expected a good meeting, I did not expect so many—the largest meeting since I have been here—which to me is particularly pleasing. I feel a growing attachment to the church and people by whom I am surrounded; and though I have sometimes questioned the propriety of my coming here, yet God has so worked with the friends, that I have been often compelled to exclaim, "It is the Lord's doings." All I can say, with my feelings so wrought upon, is—I am thankful to my covenant God—and grateful to those kind friends who have made this testimonial of their affection and esteem for me. When detained at home by indisposition last week, I felt the value of religion—I would not part with it for worlds. I pray that we may, if it be the Lord's will, long walk together in the enjoyment of it.

Mr. John Foreman closed the meeting with prayer.

## Reviews.

### CHURCH MEMBERSHIP: OR, THE TERMS OF COMMUNION CONSIDERED.

*Address on open communion to the Congregation worshipping in Marlborough Crescent Chapel.* By R. B. SANDERSON, Jun.

MR. SANDERSON, in the address now before us, gives, with great calmness and clearness, his reasons for not being a Strict Communion Baptist; and his reasons against Strict Communion are as powerful as any we have ever seen; but then Mr. Sanderson, junior, though a learned man, and in possession of good talent, and good reasoning powers, yet, having a bad cause to defend, and wishing to be somewhat honest in the matter, he ingeniously undermines, and, without perceiving it, destroys the whole structure of his own argument; and, although he found, when the lion's skin was not long enough, he was obliged to tie on "*the fox's tail*," yet even so he most sadly betrays himself.

We will here give, from page the 11th of his Address, the summary, in his own words, of his arguments for being an Open Communionist; and we will take them one by one, and shew how they every one apply, with equal, or, rather, more force, against *his own position*.

"In the first place, the observance of the Lord's Supper being a command obligatory on every believer, we ought to throw no obstacle in the way of their obedience to it. Secondly, the practice of the strict communionists is unscriptural, in its division of mankind into three instead of into two classes. Thirdly, it is inconsistent in admitting the Pædobaptist to every other act of communion but one. In the fourth place, the limits of Scriptural responsibility, do not require the church to be answerable for anything further than the evidenced Christianity of its members, and not therefore for their Pædobaptist views. In the fifth place, the common participation, without distinction, of Baptist and Pædobaptist, in the sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit, indicates that we should make no difference between them."

Now Mr. Sanderson, in the first page of his Address, admits that no Christian, in the apostolic age, objected to Baptism—as such an objection would, in that age, have amounted to a denial of the faith.

Mr. Sanderson, junior, does not see that every one of his arguments against Strict Communion applies with equal force against the Lord's Supper.

But before we take up his arguments and shew this, let us get a clear definition of the negative and positive of Baptism.

It was not merely a national custom, such as washing the feet, anointing with oil, &c.; nor was it a matter merely of meats belonging to a dispensation now abolished. These meats—as to whether they may or may not be eaten—were matters of comparative indifference. Baptism then, was not a matter of a mere customary kind, and which therefore may be varied according to circumstances. No: Baptism was, and is, a matter of Divine and positive command—"Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptising them in the

name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." And which command the apostles invariably followed, as is shown throughout the New Testament. And even the apostle Paul, who was sent more to preach the gospel than to baptise, though he himself baptised but few, yet never spoke of it as he did of circumcision, —as a thing abolished, but left others, who had not his ministerial gifts. These came after, and baptised those who were called by the apostle's ministry; for many of the Corinthians, hearing, believed, and were baptised —of whom, though many were baptised, the apostle baptised but few; and when he saw the party-use that some had made of being baptised by a so greatly gifted and favored man, he thanked God that he had baptised so few. Perhaps, for a similar reason, Jesus himself baptised not, but set his disciples about it. But are these circumstances anything against Baptism? If one of these circumstances tell against the ordinance of Baptism, the other must also; that is, if the apostle Paul, being sent not to baptise, but to preach the gospel—if this be an argument against Baptism, then so is the other—namely, if Jesus himself baptised not, then Baptism is wrong. And thus our opponents get into a line of argument which would make the Saviour himself opposed to what he himself commanded his disciples to do. Nor did this command belong merely to their discipleship; but they were as apostles commanded to baptise, and the Holy Ghost guided them in doing as they were commanded to do.

Let us now look at Mr. Sanderson's summary of arguments.

1st, "The Lord's Supper being a command obligatory upon every believer, we ought to throw no obstacles in their way of obedience to it."

The answer to this is very simple and short; it is this—that Baptism, being a command of the Lord obligatory on every believer, we ought to throw no obstacles in their way of obedience to it.

But go on again, Sir :

"2ndly, The practice of Strict Communionists is unscriptural in its division of mankind into three instead of two classes."

Now, we will bless you with an answer to this also: here it is—The practice of *Open* Communionists is unscriptural, because it divides mankind into three, instead of two classes; for it admits two classes to the table, —sprinklers and Baptists,—and leaves, very properly, the profane outside. Alas! thou that judgest another! for thou that judgest, dost the same thing thyself.

But now for the thirdly :

"3rdly, It is inconsistent in admitting the Pædo-baptist to every other act of communion but one."

Aye, good Sir, if this be true, how much more is it true, that it is inconsistent to set aside a divine and positive command; and not only so, but to set by human authority, a human invention, in the place of that divine command, thus preferring human tradition to eternal truth. So did not Paul. No, he, as

"one of God's ambassadors, called to negotiate between God and man the grand concerns of judgment and of mercy, knew too well the weighty charge that he had taken in hand."

Let truth go first, and the Christian come next. The Christian is not to make the way, but to walk in the way made for him.

But now, your fourthly :

"4thly, The limits of Scriptural responsibility do not require the church to be answerable for anything farther than the evidenced Christianity of its members; and not, therefore, for their Pædo-baptist views."

Well, let it be so; but, good Sir, hear the word of the Lord—it is this—"Now, I praise you, brethren, that ye remember me in all things, and keep the ordinances as I delivered them unto you." 1 Cor. ii. 2.

We certainly are not responsible for Pædo-baptist views; but if we are put in trust with the gospel, it certainly is required in the stewards, "that they be found faithful to the laws of the house, not making nor altering those which are made." It may seem hard to the flesh, and to human reason, to keep good people from the table of the Lord; but nevertheless we ought to obey God rather than man; and if, in our right minds, painful as it may be in some cases to abide by what the King of Zion has commanded, it will be much more painful to set the Almighty aside, in order to make room for the errors of man. It is in this way that the gospel itself is, in so many cases, by little and little, got rid of. Therefore saith the apostle, "To whom we gave way by subjection, not for an hour; that the truth of the gospel may continue with you:" well knowing, that by giving way, the truth of the gospel would not long continue with them.

But let us come to Mr. Sanderson's fifth and last argument. Our readers, of course, are aware, that learned logicians, like Mr. Sanderson, always leave their most powerful argument for the last, that it may come with all that thunder and tempest that shall drive everything before it. But however, terrible as it is, we must face it, and weather it as well as we can. Now, then, here it is: it is the fifth rib, lest we die as Abner died, even as the fool dieth. But, as our hands are not bound, we will escape, if we can :

"Well then, in the fifth place, the common participation, without distinction of Baptist and Pædo-baptist, in the sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit, indicates that we should make no difference between them."

And so this is the climax; we are sorry for Mr. Sanderson's credit as a logician, as he has made so bad a finish; for his argument amounts, if it amount to anything, it amounts to this—that because a man is so far taught of the Spirit of God as to be right in some things, —yea, we will say, in all things essential to salvation—that, therefore, he is to be sanctioned, and even helped, to be disorderly in things which, while they are not essential to salvation, are, nevertheless, essential to gospel church order and christian obedience to him of whom he is not to be ashamed.

We really feel sorry to thus expose the

weakness of Mr. Sanderson's argument, and especially as we must yet point out to him another sad blemish in the fifth rib argument. It is this—"we are," says Mr. S., "*we are to make no difference between them.*" Now, sir, what will you say when we say, *thou art the man.* We, Strict Baptists, do not make any difference: we have but *one way* to the table of the Lord, thus making no difference; while you have *two ways* to the table, and so you *make a difference*; whereas we do not make a difference, for as we have only one Lord, and one faith, so we have only one (ordinance of) baptism.

Not one argument, as we before said, does Mr. Sanderson, through his address, bring against strict communion, which does not come with equal force against his own position. We will close these remarks with two more instances in his address, of the truth of this remark.

In page 3, he says, "We are forbidding him (the Pædo-baptist) to do what God commanded him to do." Well, sir, but what are you doing in admitting him to the table? You are helping him on against that which God commands to be done. Give us, sir, one example, precept, or command, throughout the New Testament, where God commands an *unbaptised* believer to come to the table of the Lord. Therefore, in refusing him we are not forbidding him to do what God hath commanded him to do.

Again, on page 11, he says, "Never was there a time in all the church's history, when we had more need of union *based upon sound principles.*" Why, good sir, whatever are you talking about? Why this is the very reason you should give up your open communion principle, for it certainly is an unsound, because an unscriptural, principle. Admit in your first page, that strict communion was the order of the Apostles—or, "which is the same thing, that all true believers in that age were baptised—and now admit human invention, and yet cry aloud for more union based upon sound principles. Really, dear sir, from you ought to be kept paper, pen, and ink, that you may cease to write and learn to think.

#### RUSSIAN ANTICHRIST.

*The Russian Anti-Christ: or, the Latter-day Invasion of Gog and Magog.* By Mr. PINHORN.

THIS pamphlet consists of 41 pages, and is (of the kind) a well-written little work. The object of the writer is to prove that the Russian Empire is the Magog of Scripture. Mr. Pinhorn, therefore, employs his fine attainments as a scholar, as well as his good feeling as a lover of right and freedom, to shew that the threatenings recorded in Ezekiel, chapters xxxviii. and xxxix., belong to the Russian Empire; in which empire the Czar is as much an object of adoration as ever the Pope was in the Popedom; and although the Greek Church disowns *nominally* any earthly head, yet *practically* it does own the Czar as God's vicegerent; as an emanation from God; and that he (the Czar) is their god upon earth.

And, for ourselves, we have no doubt but

he is a god's vicegerent, and that he is an emanation from a god; that he (the Czar) is of and from the god of *this world.*

Mr. Pinhorn's views of Gog and Magog are perfectly correct to a certain extent; and he has shown that the characteristics of the Russian government answer well to Ezekiel xxx.; and apply well to the present state of things. That the latter parts of the Book of Ezekiel, from chapters xxxvii., like the latter parts of the Book of Revelation, remain yet to be fulfilled, is agreed by all respectable Christian writers; but the *nature*, and *manner*, and *time* of their fulfilment, is another matter; here great differences exist, and we suppose always will exist, until the time of the end, when God, who is his own Interpreter, will make it clear and plain.

It appears to us that the 37th chapter of Ezekiel, the resurrection of the dry bones, bringing Israel up out of their graves, and bringing them into their own land, had a partial, a very partial, fulfilment in their return from Babylon: and had a still farther and a more spiritual fulfilment on the day of Pentecost; but have yet to receive the more complete fulfilment in the thousand years' reign of Christ.

We believe the promises to be spiritual, or chiefly so, in their meaning, and that they belong to the true new covenant people of God, *Jew and Gentile*, and that these shall be united into one spiritual kingdom, in a way they never yet were; (see the whole of the 11th chapter of Isaiah); and that the temple spoken of by Ezekiel will not be literal, or earthly, but spiritual, and heavenly. Some people, who have different eyes from John the Divine, do see a literal temple yet to come; but John was content that the Lord God Almighty, and the Lamb, should be the Temple therein, and the Light thereof. Neither do we believe that the services of Ezekiel's temple will be literally ceremonial, but that the worshipper will offer up *spiritual* sacrifices, acceptable unto God by Jesus Christ. Nor do we believe that the river is literal, but spiritual; and that the trees that are for food and medicine are the living and flourishing truths of the gospel. Nor do we believe that the literal land of Canaan is to be literally divided as described by Ezekiel; but that it denotes that the saints of the Most High shall have the kingdom of Christ, and possess it in the full length and breadth thereof, according to Divine ordination and settlement; and that not David literally, but David's Lord, shall be King to them all, and that the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God, and his Christ; that the mystic Sarah, the true church, shall cast out the bondwoman and every one of her sons, whether Czar, Sultan, Pope, or any one else, that would persecute those who are born after the Spirit; that the true church shall have her turn of being mistress of the world, and shall govern *peacefully*; and that kings and queens, instead of being masters and mistresses over the church, shall be *nurses*; and, like other nurses, if they are unkind to the little ones, or take too much upon themselves, or begin to eat and drink with the drunken, they must be

dismissed, and that not with the best of characters either.

We take the latter part of the Book of Revelation to be both a comment upon, and something of an explanation of the latter parts of the Book of Ezekiel; so that, if the vision of John must be understood spiritually, so must the visions of Ezekiel.

But like other advantages on earth, the thousand years *will end*; and there will arise a king, or rather kings, that know not Joseph. Satan is again loosed, and soon shews that he is satan still; and men who could not again live a life of tyranny over the saints, until the thousand years are ended, are again stirred up to work for satan and his ways. Here it is we find Ezekiel's Gog and Magog, the number of whom are as the sand of the sea. (Rev. xx. 8). Thus, though they had been from generation to generation, even for a thousand years, restrained, yet they had not been altered; so that they are still prepared for *sinning*, and sinning prepares them for judgment; so both Ezekiel and John show that the fiery judgments of God shall bring them to their fiery doom.

Such is our humble opinion, advanced with diffidence, concerning the wonderful events which are to take place before that moment when the sun shall set to rise no more.

No one has written better upon the 20th of the Revelation, than has Mr. John Foreman, of Mount Zion Chapel, Hill Street, Dorset Square. If we were to get it into our sieve, we might perhaps find one or two stubble ends in it; but what would this be among so much that is luminous, instructive, refreshing and establishing? We learn from Genesis x. that Magog was the name of one of the sons of Japheth. This, and several other names, which originally stood merely as individual names, become in process of time kind of mystic names, and set forth any and every power hostile to righteous freedom.

Mr. Pinhorn, therefore, in the pamphlet before us, needed not to *transfer* the name from the Sultan to the Czar, seeing the name evidently belongs to both, as well as to Popery and its hierarchy; and indeed to every power adverse to the gospel of the Son of God. It is not likely that the present generation will live to see even the beginning of these wonders; but we see Jesus, and if we look unto him, and run with patience the race that is set before us, we shall do well. We have *our* race to run, and others after us will have *their* race to run, but *all* must look unto Jesus.

*The Responsibilities of the Christian Ministry.—A Sermon, delivered on Sunday Morning, July 2, 1854. By NEWMAN HALL, B.A., on Commencing his Ministry, at Surrey Chapel, Blackfriars Road. London: J. Paul.*

THIS sermon was sent to us for review; and in which sermon the author ranges, after the manner of the Low Calvinist section of Christendom, over the *duties* of their (so-called) Christian ministry. And we think it a well-arranged, well-preached sermon of the kind; and does very great credit to the new minister of Surrey Chapel. He appears to be

a very earnest, well-meaning, well-informed, eloquent and benevolent sort of man; and if he carry out in every-day practice all he here lays down for himself, as well as for others, he certainly will be as admirable as a good religious education can make him. This sermon is of the yea and nay kind; for while in one part nothing can be done without God, yet in another part you can hardly tell whether or not he means his hearers to understand that the *numbers* who are to people heaven will depend more or less upon their *efforts*. This seems to be the meaning; and as to opening up the meaning of the text, or bringing forward those truths of the new covenant which make up a gospel ministry, or describing what that work of God in the soul is essential to make a minister, are all quite out of the question. We ought not, however, to be angry with a man for not preaching what he does not know. Still, he seems an honest, straightforward man in his way, and keeps his low doctrine banner—mixed with free-will colours—pretty well hoisted; so that there is not that deception which there is in some who display the banner of doctrinal truth to a certain extent, and then all at once raise another standard, and so preach two or three gospels in one day, and perhaps in one sermon.

Not so with Mr. Newman Hall; for though he preaches a yea and nay gospel, yet the living in Jerusalem will have no difficulty in perceiving that his ministry to them would be as a dry wind of the wilderness; and may do very well for the wilderness offspring of Hagar, but not for Sarah's free-born sons and daughters.

## Memorials of Departed Saints.

BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

MRS. ZIPPORAH GOFFIN,

OF OT. YARMOUTH, NORFOLK.

"THE memory of the just is blessed." This language is indicative of mortality—the universal lot of mankind; for the Head of the righteous died corporeally. He died to destroy death. The righteous must pass the same change, to reach the full blaze of everlasting love in the bright world above; and what evidentially so cheering to pilgrims, as the relation of God's grace manifested in the life and death of heaven-born, and heaven-bound souls—as the out-working of Divine grace in the conviction, faith and hope of living souls? one of which has departed to be with Christ, whose name stands at the head of this paper.

Mrs. Goffin was convinced of her state as a poor, lost sinner very early in life, when a poor, fourteen years of age; which was chiefly produced by God's Holy Spirit making use of the conversation of her godly parents, especially her dear father, who endeavored to use the means to impress the mind with eternal matters. And here let me observe, though parents cannot give light into eternal things, God can and does bless the faithful discharge of this privilege when attended to in the fear of God; and though I have often heard my dear mother speak of the awful systems of parent-made Christians, I never remember her intimating that such was the course adopted by her father; but a faithful laying before her eternal matters, and leaving to God to work in and work out.

Also another circumstance was overruled for good to the departed, who used to attend at that time the Baptist Chapel, Halesworth, Suffolk, where Mr. Gowing then broke the bread of life, whose ministry was useful to her, but to what extent we are not favoured to know. The circumstance to which we refer, is, her intensity of desire for spiritual knowledge led her to walk behind some of the old members, whose "conversation was in heaven" about spiritual things, was much blessed to her, and of which she often spoke in after days. How encouraging to those who, like the saints in Malachi's days, "speak often one to another," (Mal. iii. 16), doubtless about eternal realities, or the Lord would not have hearkened and heard it with approbation. Thus Christians may get good and do good; we little know the amount of good we may be the honored instruments of doing. Say not, Christian, you cannot do anything for God; only try, by God's blessed grace, to have your conversation "seasoned with salt," and good shall be the result.

The dear departed was, in the order of Divine providence, removed to Yarmouth, where she became the mother of a large family, most of whom remain to revere the exhortations of a godly parent; and, settled under the ministry of Mr. Graymer; and under the ministrations of the Word, her soul was much benefited, legal fetters broken off, and light experimental, of harmonious truth, entered into, delighted in by her heaven-thirsting soul.

Our parent was baptised by Mr. G., and remained an honorable member of the old Baptist cause, till Mr. G.'s decease, when a dispute arose in the selection of his successor; and finding that half-and-half things were in the ascendant, and the power of sovereign-grace truths was for the most part departed; she was compelled to leave, and for years had no settled rest, though attending the Independent Chapel, where she often had to say and feel, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where to find him" in the preached word, which caused her very frequently to groan and cry, that the Lord would send a true servant of Christ into those parts; and after waiting for three or four years, the Lord directed, in a very mysterious way, Mr. W. Weldon, who went down to Yarmouth, through illness, for the benefit of his health, who was found out by our dear parent, and others, who were longing for the bread of life, and induced him to preach, though he had felt he could never again open his mouth in the proclamation of a free-grace gospel, from age and infirmity. But, "The council of the Lord shall stand, and he will do all his pleasure." It is written, "It is the glory of God to conceal a thing." Prov. xxv. 2.

Our departed brother's affliction was to be the means, in the hand of God, for his going to Yarmouth, and from that of pure gospel truth once again to be published in that benighted town.

Mr. W. began to preach; and numbers flocked to hear; the down-cast saints lifted up their heads, and their souls were blessed and cheered; amongst whom the departed was willing to be a door-keeper, suffer anything, through grace, for the sake of glorious gospel truth.

Our brother Weldon labored for two years or so, and after many trials for truth, departed this life in 1845, leaving behind a blessed testimony that he was gone to be with Jesus, but not without ample proof that God was with, and blessed the word; for under the preaching of Mr. W., in a great measure, Mr. Tann was brought to know himself as a poor lost sinner; was raised up into gospel hope and liberty, and to preach the word of salvation; so that when he departed, the mantle fell upon Elisha, who has occupied with usefulness the ministerial office to the lovers of a free-grace gospel in that town; and the departed was much blessed under the ministry of brother Tann, who is led much into the liberty and privileges of true believers, as well as the conflicts of the ransomed.

For the most part of late years, Mrs. G. was

favoured with much intercourse and peace with God, through the finished work of a precious Christ, by the holy anointings of God the Holy Ghost.

She was truly a praying Christian, much favored with the spirit of grace and supplication, spent much time in private with her God in prayer and meditation, and was thus armed to be very decided for God, his truth, and cause, and was enabled from personal enjoyment of eternal election and predestinating favour, redeeming love, and calling grace to go forward in gospel Zion. So that though she had many difficulties to encounter, all must give way for the honour and glory of God. Truly she was esteemed a "Mother in Israel." We write not to the praise of the creature, but of God, in his grace and work in her, and by her.

On the last Lord's-day but one, the departed said on parting with a friend, "I am going into the country." "What you, Mrs. G.? you never go from home, I cannot make it out." Mrs. G. replied, with a heavenly smile, "It is a long distance and a beautiful place, but you will soon know about it." The cause of death, was by an alarm in the night, which produced partial stagnation, from which she never fully rallied, and was succeeded by fever, from which relieved, but was followed by other diseases. Her sufferings were very great for nine or ten weeks; by grace communicated, her patience was great, her soul favoured to live and rest on high; but her complaint was such she could not speak but very little in her last affliction. To her family she said, "I have not any thing to say; I have endeavoured to do that, in health, by word and example, through God's grace;" and added, "Look to your steps, that they are ordered according to the gospel of Christ." To Mr. Tann, her son-in-law, who visiting her on one occasion, near the close said, (seeing her inability and suffering), "Dear mother, what a blessing it is there is nothing to do in salvation matters—with you what hard work it would be." She replied, with an evident feeling of joy, "Why we have nothing to do with half-done things."

On the Sunday before she died, her dear daughters thought her asleep, when she burst out with gracious feeling, "Sweet! sweet! Oh, how blessed! Joys! Joys unspeakable—

"Haste, my Beloved, and fetch my soul home."

And thus, almost from the first of her affliction, her dying-bed was embellished with heavenly utterances, indicating her communion with Jesus and happiness of soul.

On Wednesday morning, November 1st, 1855, aged 66 years, she fell asleep in the Lord without a sigh or groan, to inherit the kingdom of glory, and sing for ever—

"Deathless principal arise,  
Soar thou native of the skies;  
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,  
To his glorious likeness wrought!  
Go to shine before his throne,  
Deck his mediatorial crown,  
Made for God, to God return."

The deceased was interested in the burial ground of St. Nicholas Church on the following Tuesday, attended by a large concourse of weeping, yet rejoicing, followers, who had known her, and travelled for years in the gospel of Christ together. On the following Sunday, the funeral sermon was preached by Mr. Tann, at Salem Chapel, from the following words "As Moses lifted up the Serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up," John iii. 14. This was the text from which Mr. Graymer preached when her soul was set at liberty many years before. The discourse was found to be saving to the souls of the friends at Salem, and trust time and eternity will prove it, was much owned and blessed of God most high. I shall (p. v.) forward some letters of the late Mrs. G.'s, which will exhibit it is hoped the work of graces in her soul to the praise of a Triune Jehovah.

JOSEPH FLORY,

Somersham.

THE LORD'S VOICE CRYING UNTO THE CITY;  
 THE DEATH OF THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS;  
 THE PRESENT EUROPEAN CRISIS;

ETC., ETC.

PERHAPS but few are situated like ourselves. Our work is never done. This is Saturday morning;—all the week has been spent in labour, up to a late hour last evening, when we had a glorious time in preaching from Paul's words to the Ephesians, "Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth."

After a few necessary preliminaries, we are now packed in a corner of a Great Western, on a journey to Frome, Trowbridge, Chippenham, and Bath, having engaged to preach in each of those towns, if our good Master will permit.

Having received a quantity of works bearing upon the recent European movements, we feel we dare not altogether to pass them by. As we journey onward we shall look into a few of them, and what may be found calculated to be of real benefit to our readers, we shall here insert.

"RUSSIA AS IT IS."

such is the title of the first volume we briefly notice. It is not a work of any value to a spiritual mind, except it be to shew the contrast between those nations where the gospel hardly dares to enter, and our own highly-favored, and greatly distinguished country. We may just observe that John Reynell Morell's book on "*The Court—the Government, and the People of Russia*," is useful in the light it throws on that dark, and widespread portion of the habitable globe.

For general baseness of character, severity of climate, danger of situation, and deadly superstition, Russia is a painful contrast indeed.

The next is entitled, "*A Sermon suggested by the Death of Nicholas*," &c., &c. The text is Isaiah xiv. 16—"They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, saying: Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms?" In the midst of this discourse, there is a question started, and answered, which discerning British Christians will have many thoughts upon. It is this—

"WHAT LED TO THE EASTERN CONFLICT? Corrupted forms of Christianity. Stripped of all its political and diplomatic labels, the ugly kernel of the thing is just this—Sacerdotal rivalry between the two great branches of the apostasy, fomented by the far-seeing cunning of Bonapartism. The Latin and Greek popes, having determined finally to settle the long litigated question—which of  
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the two should be the supreme divinity upon earth, the key of a crypt in Palestine conveniently presents itself, as a test of this mighty problem. The laws of a living Redeemer, little understood, and less regarded by both imposters, they show their fanatical zeal by a desperate struggle for the honour of guarding an empty sepulchre. It is the story of the Crusades in modern guise and under a new name, with this significant difference, that whilst the religious wars which began at the close of the eleventh, and continued to the close of the thirteenth century, were fought between Christians and Mohamedans, the religious war which disturbs the world in the middle of the nineteenth century is between Mohamedans leagued with Papal and Protestant nations on the one side, and the master of the Greek church on the other. As in the days of Peter the Hermit, the Holy Sepulchre lies at the centre of conflict. The true church ever realises a living and glorified Lord as her centre—spurious churches fight about graves. The former exulting says, 'He is not here, he is at the right hand of the Father.' The latter, alternately trading in superstition and drunk with the blood of the saints, sanctify their follies and crimes by ceremonial reverence for an empty tomb. God, ever true to his threatenings, as well as to his promises, has made 'Jerusalem a burdensome stone for all people; all that burden themselves with it,' said his prophet Zechariah, 'shall be cut in pieces, though all nations of the earth be gathered together against it.' *That witness lied not.* And I commit myself to this—that though the Jewish question has not been mooted yet, it will fully arrest the attention of the nations before this conflict receives a final settlement. Palestine may be 'trodden down of the Gentiles' a few years longer, but neither Rome, St. Petersburg, nor Constantinople shall ever possess it. *That land cannot be sold.* The God of Abraham keeps it for those to whom he has promised it; and the storms that are now smiting the earth will shortly clear the way for a second exodus of the scattered tribes of Israel and Judah. The armies of Europe are fighting in the dark, although the quarrel and its causes and issues have been predicted for more than two thousand years."

On the somewhat eventful and rather sudden

DEATH OF NICHOLAS,

the same preacher speaks in the following terms:

"Nicholas came forth to the battle; he exposed not himself to the fiendish fires of the

Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman; no stray shot from the batteries of the Allies grazed his side; yet there he lies, cold, insensible, dead, putrifying. Who did *that*? GOD! Death was sent to the Imperial palace, and the iron soul of the despot yielded like a gossamer before the mower's scythe. Princes are stubble, and the terrible are chaff, when the Almighty rises in judgment. 'He disappointheth the devices of the crafty so that their hands cannot perform their enterprise. He taketh the wise in their own craftiness; and the counsel of the froward is carried headlong. They meet with darkness in the daytime, and grope in the noonday as in the night. But he saveth the poor from the sword, from their mouth, and from the hand of the mighty. So the poor hath hope, and iniquity stoppeth her mouth.' But let us not press against the bier of the helpless autocrat. We have no authority to mount the judgment-seat. That is occupied by ONE who judgeth righteously. In his hands we may safely leave the souls of monarchs as of common men, without misgiving and without anxiety. He needs no witness, for he knoweth all things; and the winding up of the affairs of a groaning creation will justify our belief that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth. Blessed be his name for ever and ever!"

We believe the Word of God has assigned a "commission and a destiny to Russia;" the eyes of all the nations are turned there; the thoughts of all men are more or less exercised respecting her; *through her*, "the voice of the Lord is crying unto the city," (the church of the dear Redeemer), and we wish to be among the wise ones who see the name, view the rod, and Him that hath appointed it." Not to listen to such a solemn voice, not to call attention to it, (though in ever so humble a way), would be unbecoming those who believe that

"Not a single shaft can hit,  
Until the God of love sees fit."

Hollis's sermon on "The Death of the Emperor," is, we consider, a too hasty production to be of much good. A sentence or two is all we can either quote, or even further notice. After a lengthened running commentary on the death of an old Babylonish king, he gives us the following, which to some of our readers may be profitable.

"Nicholas the First, Emperor of all the Russians, was born on the 6th of July, 1796, and was consequently in his fifty-ninth year. In personal appearance, he is said to have been among the handsomest men in Europe. He married, on the 13th of July, 1817, the Princess Charlotte, of Prussia, a sister of the present king, who, on her marriage, adopted the Greek religion, and assumed the Russian name of Alexander Fædorona. Nicholas came to the throne in 1825, on the sudden and mysterious death of his brother Alexander. A tide of tumult and death was investing the imperial palace, when the Emperor and Empress

proceeded alone to their chapel, and on their knees swore to die sovereigns, if they failed to triumph. Placing his child, then ten years old, in the care of some Finland Guards who vowed their allegiance, the Emperor confronted the rebels, and by his tremendous energy suppressed the tumult, causing the military to ground their arms, and kneel before him, in token of submission. But it was a dreadful struggle—an awful sacrifice of life—that attended the victory; that Christmas might spread its pall over a bleeding city. When the Emperor returned to the palace—he was then in his twenty-ninth year—he exclaimed to his consort, "What a commencement of my reign!" It ought to be known, in illustration of his cruel nature, that to Nicholas belongs the unenviable distinction of having first introduced religious persecution into Russia. He incorporated the united Greeks, who in spirit assimilated to the Romish Church, with the Greek communion, and caused a petition to be carried round to their different pastors, commanding them to sign it, though it asked admission to a church that they repudiated. Those who refused were handed over to the police; many, rather than yield, submitted to the punishment of the knout—a boiled leathern tongue which, being moistened at every blow, from its suction draws out large pieces of flesh. He also subjected the Jews to every species of annoyance. And then, like the proud Babylonian king, he 'placed himself above the stars of heaven.' He was the patriarch of the Russian Church: supreme in church and state. During his reign not less than 250,000 individuals have been banished to Siberia, three-fifths of whom were political offenders. But he is no more. About midnight, just as the 2nd of March commenced, he expired. The cause of his death is announced as apoplexy—a name which has ere this been used in Russia for a still more awful end. His last moments may never be divulged. Perhaps they were very few. However this may be, he is gone! A star has fallen; nor are the heavens darker for the event. He is dead! Be it proclaimed, not in vengeance, yet in sober truth and manly candour; he is gone. He is gone, and the world breathes again, as if an incubus had been suddenly thrown off. Like Abner, he has died. Died! but in what agony of body or soul we shall never know. The mighty have fallen in the midst of the battle. In the fellest struggle, in the darkest hour, clutching more ponderous weapons, and calling more loudly to his vassals, the mighty have fallen. The bow has snapped at his full bend, when about to send forth its most fatal arrow. God alone knows the issue of this mysterious event. Let us learn from this remarkable event, first, a *lesson of gratitude*. We are under no such iron sceptre; no such despot sits on the British throne. With glad and grateful hearts— hearts glowing with affection—would we pray, God, save the Queen! Our throne is a refuge for the oppressed. 'The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places.' We can meet un-armed, and utter all that is in our heart, no man daring to make us afraid. Britons, rejoice, and give God the glory. Esteem your

liberties; they are the price of blood, and worth all they have cost:

'For conscience, happier than in ancient years,  
Owns no superior to the God she fears.'

"Also, let us learn a *lesson of dependance*. 'Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help. His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish.' How soon are the exalted laid low! And is not the breath of our Monarch and our stated ministers in the hands of God? How soon may we be plunged into grief! How soon may our councils be confused! Let us not lean on any arm of flesh, nor think any one man essential to the nation's weal, nor put immediate and sole reliance in any plans, or in any prowess. 'All flesh is grass, and all the glory of man is as the flower of the field.'" God can help whether by many or by few. He does but touch the hills, and they smoke; he looks, and tyrants fall. He sends a blast, and the whole Assyrian army lies around Salem's walls dead corpses, and Sennacherib falls in the house of his god, by the hands of his son. 'God is the judge; he putteth down one, and setteth up another.'

We have been tempted again to review "*The Mission and Destiny of Russia*," but turn from that, to consider for one moment

#### "OUR PRESENT NATIONAL CRISIS."

We are citizens as well as Christians; sloth, presumption, wilful ignorance, or stoicism, are crimes we desire to be free from. We wish to be like the children of old, of whom it is said, "They were men that had understanding of the times, and knew what Israel ought to do."

The Incumbent of Bury, in a practical and reflective discourse, speaking of England's sin, says, that "*it is our national pride*." This nation has looked to, and daringly depended on the force and strength of her arms: of the unexampled and fearful sacrifice of those arms, we need not speak: the broken hearts, the deserted homes, the bereaved branches of our families, in thousands of instances, speak loudly indeed in dreadful confirmation of the fact, that on England's soldiers and sailors an awful slaughter has fallen—fallen, not by chance or accident, but, under God, to awaken us, if awakened we can be, from that death-like lukewarmness into which we have so deeply sunken.

Copies of Mr. Tiddy's sermons, entitled "*Ephraim's Moth—England's Weakness*," have reached us from different quarters. Criticism is out of the question here. In the main, we think, Mr. Tiddy has spoken clearly, faithfully, nobly;—he has laid hold of an Old Testament prediction; and by removing the outer covering, has let the light of that prediction so fall upon us as a nation, as to shew us *where we are—and what, with us, is both the time and the state of the night*. We pledge not ourselves to every period, nor to all the sentiments em-

bodied in Mr. Tiddy's discourse; but there is an application made of the text,—and there are illustrations given, that are indisputable, powerful, and profitable for mature reflection, as well as exceedingly encouraging to those who are inclined to think that things are worse than they are.

Mr. Tiddy's text is Hosea v. 12—"I will be unto Ephraim as a Moth." The main drift of his discourse may be gathered from the few pieces of paragraphs which here follow. He says:—

"I believe that there is a very striking similarity between the state of Ephraim, and that of England at the present moment. \* \* \* In the history of our country there is something very similar. She is *young* among the nations of the earth; young, especially in her present standing as a Protestant nation. There have been greater nations. We may go to ancient history, and find nations whose history records more military exploits, whose inhabitants reached a greater height of cultivation, who had more wealth and displayed greater pomp. But still we hold, that the younger child has far surpassed the elder ones in blessing! \* \* \* It is possible that England's navy may sink; that her army may dwindle away; that her commerce may be eaten as a moth: but when all these shall have perished, her glory will shine forth resplendently still, for she is charged by God to carry the everlasting Gospel unto the utmost corners of the earth. She is gathering up, as it were, the gleanings of time. She is gathering in the Lord's wheat. It is this which makes her privilege more blessed than the abundant vintages of the kingdoms of old.

"The prophetic characteristic of this nation is a *trumpet*—not the trumpet of battle, nor the horn of military dominion, nor the three tusks of the bear. Her mission is not to devour men, but to publish to every people the glad tidings of the Gospel, to proclaim pardon, peace, and eternal life to all who believe. This will keep her from sinking into oblivion, as other nations have done. This will fill her with high renown, until the Sun of Righteousness himself shall come; and even then her glory shall not cease, eternity shall bear witness that this man and that man were born there. God has given her, as his angel, the word of life to carry forth; and as his trumpet, she must sound it to all nations, kindreds, tribes, and tongues, until Christ himself shall hush her voice. In this consist her bulwarks, and her strong towers, things which are visible; but her essential, hidden strength is the God that has given them.

"LET US LOOK AT THE JUDGMENT DENOUNCED.

"I will be as a moth unto Ephraim." Here we trace another parallelism between Ephraim and our own country. No one can hide from himself the awful difficulties and perplexities in which this nation is now involved. If we were to describe what has happened to our armies in the East, might we not truly say, in the language of the text,



that a moth has consumed them? Have we not sent thither our bravest, our wisest, our most experienced officers and soldiers? Have we not had all the military knowledge, experience, and valour of our Allies? Battles have been fought, unequalled, they tell us, in military annals. But must we not say that the army has perished as a garment consumed by the moth? Blame is attached here, and condemnation pronounced there. The worldling may so look at it; but you and I, my friends, dare not. We must look higher. We must believe that there is a God above directing and overruling. And we think that God is as a moth at the present moment to England. It is not in fierce judgment, it is not in violence, that God has been dealing with us: that, I fear, is still to come: it may not be far off. It may be referred to in the thirteenth chapter and eighth verse of this same book. "I will meet them as a bear, that is bereaved of her whelps, and will rend the caul of their heart, and there will I devour them like a lion." It is no play upon words, my subject is too solemn for that; but you must allow that the language of this verse will bear special application to that power which is now our enemy. It is not the whelps of her fostering, of which that country is so jealous; not her own children, whom she sacrifices in such numbers and without remorse; nor is it the offspring of the sovereign himself, of which Russia is fearful of being bereaved; but it is the nations around her which she has coveted. She has been robbed of these whelps. God in the present war has met England as a bear bereaved. Let us pray that he will not go on to rend and to devour us."

"We would, dear friends, that the comparison closed here. It goes further, and to a point that touches us more closely. Is it not a fact, that, as concerning our religious position, God has been as a moth unto us for some time past? Is he not so still? He has exalted us in religion, among the nations of the earth; confided to us a mission which angels would rejoice to have, for they filled all heaven with their songs of delight, at the birth of Jesus. We find the rise of the glorious Reformation, as it is called, set down in Scripture. At that time God highly exalted us as a people. What remains now of that Reformation among us, especially in the National Establishment? I speak not in party spirit, nor with sectarian prejudice, but with grief and sorrow of heart. The Church of England has had her burning and shining lights. God has been pleased to bless her, many a time since the Reformation; but what is her condition now? It is true she has kept her Articles—but has it not passed into almost a proverb—Calvinistic Articles and an Arminian clergy? Even among those who are counted godly men, some of whom I know and love as brethren in the Lord Jesus Christ, there are many who dislike those truths which we believe to be the doctrines of the cross of Christ. God's sovereignty; the predestination, election, particular redemption and particular salvation of God's people, and the final perseverance of the saints, are not often heard

from the lips of many who profess to love the name of Jesus! The atoning blood of Christ as the only Sacrifice for sin, justification through faith alone, and the imputed righteousness of Christ, are now but unmeaning words in the mouths of a large majority of her ministers—especially the Puseyites. Is not Puseyism the very 'moth' itself? Does not the working of the moth describe that system to the very letter? Are not the doings of those men silent, secret, smooth, plausible? Have they not an appearance of piety, sanctity, of zeal for God and for God's truth? But take the system and hold it up to the light of the Bible; bring it to the test of Scripture; try it by God's Word, and you will find it worm-eaten, rotten, and destructive to the soul." \* \* \*

"There is a word, too, my friends, for dissenters. We do not mean to exempt ourselves; for God I fear is as a moth unto us. We do not sympathise with those who see in our religious position and societies everything to condemn and nothing to thank God for. But it must be confessed, that there is in general such a lowness of doctrine in our pulpits; such an importation of German neology by some of our ministers; such a yea and nay preaching in some of our chapels, as to constrain us to say, the gold of Nonconformist doctrines has become dim. Many of our pulpits would be closed against a man, who declares fearlessly and faithfully, what we believe to be the whole counsel of God." \* \*

"As God heard Ephraim bemoaning himself, he said that he would not utterly consume him: 'They that dwell under his shadow, shall return and revive as the corn, and grow as the vine.' Thus we may look forward to future blessings for our country. God will in the latter end give them, because of the mission we have to fulfil. May he in mercy humble us, and pour out the spirit of prayer on his churches. May we take our country—both its political condition and religious concerns—before the throne of God, remembering that we are the salt of the earth, the city set on a hill, the light of the world, the interceding Abrahams and wrestling Jacobs. There are within our cities more than ten righteous; there are thousands of churches, and tens of thousands of believers in our midst; God will therefore turn us unto himself, take away his judgments, and help us. Amen, and amen."

The *Jewish Chronicle* says:

"Nicholas of Russia is gone to his account. May a God of mercy, in pronouncing judgment over him, temper justice with mercy. What tongue can utter, what pen depict, the agony which must have convulsed and lacerated the imperial heart within the last few months, and which may have burst it during his parting moments! Nicholas of Russia died of the wounds inflicted on him before Sebastopol, as surely as if he had been hit by any of the bullets which terminated the lives of those thousands now mouldering into dust before him!"

Our thoughts on the words, "*The Lord's voice crieth unto the city,*" we hope to give in some shape or other before long.

## THE ORDER AND DISCIPLINE OF THE CHURCH OF GOD:

A REVIEW OF MR. C. H. COLES'S TREATISE.

*A Treatise on Some Important Subjects—viz., on the Church of God; on the Presence and Indwelling of the Holy Ghost; on Liberty of Ministry in the Church, and the Preaching of the Holy Gospel to the World without Human Appointment; on the Sufficiency of the Scriptures for the Order and Discipline of the Church of God.* By C. H. COLES, late Pastor of the Baptist Church, Old Brentford. London: James Paul.

THE task of giving a review of this Treatise of Mr. Coles, is anything but pleasant. The Christian regard we have always felt for him, and his now falling out with his own mercies, and with his own friends, and with his own usefulness, make it no desirable work to minister to him a word of reprobation.

We will not wilfully say one word to injure him; for his misguided conscience—without our adding grief to what will some day become, perhaps, his sorrow—has injured him enough already. It is not very easy, from his book now before us, to get at his real position.

He does not, it appears, deny but there are men gifted to preach the Word of God; but that the present practice of the Baptist, as well as other churches, is wrong; that no one in particular ought to be the minister, but any one may speak who has the gift so to do; that no one in particular ought to preside at a prayer meeting, or at the Lord's Supper; that each brother is to give out a hymn, and he is to pray who has the gift so to do; that the Lord's Supper should be not once a month, but every first day of the week; that there ought not to be the orders in the church of ministers and laity. In a word, that we have most fearfully gone from the primitive order of things; and Mr. Coles means, if he can, to take us back again to what he believes to be the primitive, New Testament order of things.

This is according to *his book* about the substance (if substance it can be called), of the reasons for which Mr. Coles, under a falsely tutored conscience, left a position in which he had stood for seven years, and ministered to the living and the dead the Word of eternal life; poor benighted sinners, called under his ministry; many true believers refreshed, built up and established; together with death-bed testimonies in his favor; the cause prospering, the chapel enlarged, the people content, and more than content with him as their minister; they loved him sincerely, as the Lord's servant, and highly esteemed him for his works' sake, and honored him with many honors, and looked and wished for nothing from him but the wholesome, the experimental and practical truths of the gospel in their native simplicity and vitality, such as they could live and die by. Nor did he at all come short of respect from his brethren in the ministry; they were always glad to see him, and to hear him, and to welcome him to their pulpits and public meetings—

feeling no doubt but they had in him a brother who would, unto the end, keep honorably and nobly that sphere of usefulness in which he was moving, and ministerially shining upon the pathway of many an earnest pilgrim to a better country. But alas! a certain personage (as we believe) came as an angel of light, and has, for the present, partly quenched this living coal. But let us hope he will revive again; that he will come out of his shadowy nothings, and again appear in the path of substantial something. And if we could turn our little EARTHEN VESSEL into a sailing vessel, we should be truly rejoiced to help get him again into the land of promise; for we do believe he is out at sea now, without log-book, compass, nautical almanac, quadrant, telescope, or any other definite means of knowing his latitude or longitude, or to guide him in his voyage, whether in transverse, plane, or oblique sailing; but peradventure he may ere long be cast upon a certain land; and we pray that it may be upon the Cape of *Good Hope*.

But let us see where it is that Henry Coles has been too hasty. In so doing we pass by those little nothings, such as, that churches ought not to be called Mount Zion, Bethel, &c.; what names are to be given instead of the above, the little book before us does not say. Is our brother afraid that these places of worship on earth will be mistaken for heaven itself? We have never yet heard of such mistakes being made.

Also, Mr. Coles says it is absurd to call a building a church, seeing a church, in the Greek, (for Mr. Coles gives us a bit of Greek), means *an assembly called out*. Well, this is right and true; but then, words always did, and always will, by transfer from one language to another, and by the progress of time and circumstances, acquire new meanings; but we have no occasion to give up the original and proper meaning, (when we can get it), merely because new meanings are added, or the word put to an extended or figurative use; for instance, the first, or second, or third *head* of Mr. Coles's sermon, and his *head* on his shoulders, may have some relation to each other; but they are not *exactly* the same thing. We do not think any ever mistook the one for the other. So the word *church*, which certainly in the Scripture never means literally a stone building, still is used very nearly in (figuratively) the architectural sense—hence, "Upon this Rock will I *build* my church."

The two main points where Mr. Coles has erred, appear to us to be these.

1st. That he does not *distinguish* the *essential* from the *circumstantial*; nor, 2ndly, the *use* of church government from the *abuse*. He (Mr. Coles) being perfectly conscientious in coming into his present position, is not the least proof whatever that he is right; for those who do not see with him are as conscientious as he is; and both cannot be right.

Neither is the long array of Scriptures he brings forward the least proof in his favor; because the whole of them may by him be misunderstood. It often happens, that the greater the error, the greater is the number of Scriptures brought forward to support that error. What error is there, which the Word of God has not been made to sanction?

Now, let us look at what we mean by *essentials* and *circumstantials*. Let us take the passover as a sample. The essentials of the passover were the paschal lamb, the bitter herbs, and the unleavened bread; the *circumstantials* were, they were to eat in haste, standing; their loins girt, their shoes on their feet, with staff in hand.

Now when they came into *altered* circumstances, these *circumstantials*—not the essentials, but these circumstantials—became altered. We find, for instance, at the passover, that neither the Lord himself, nor the disciples, took the passover in the original form; they neither stood, nor ate in haste, nor had, as it appears, shoes on their feet. Now how would Mr. Coles have appeared, could he have been there and given the disciples—yea, and the Lord himself—a lecture upon their departing from the *first form* of eating the passover? We see there were all the *essentials* of the passover; but altered circumstances altered its circumstantials.

Our space does not permit us to give other instances of circumstances being altered, while the spirit and essentials of the same remain.

Now, Mr. Coles admits of a standing ministry, but contends for all the circumstantial forms and orders of the apostolic age. Here it is he makes his first stumble. Why did the disciples break bread from house to house? and why oftener than we do—namely, every first day of the week? Was it not because they had nothing but houses (at least, at Jerusalem), to meet in, and could meet and administer the ordinance to but few in one place? Did not such *circumstances* make it *needful* that the disciples should thus break bread among themselves? But are we not in that respect very *differently* placed? Would not the disciples of that day have been glad of the quiet we enjoy? Would not each of the seven churches have been glad, each to see its angel—its minister—sacredly conducting the ministration of the Lord's Supper? Can this, with the people of God, lead to any wrong? The minister is the minister of the *people's own choice*, and he accepts that choice; it is both voluntary and mutual. What is there in the Word of God against this order of things? Just nothing; but the reverse; for as *circumstances* were somewhat altered before John the Divine left the world, we have a sample of the present order of Baptist churches in the seven churches with seven ministers.

The church at Ephesus was no doubt widely spread over and around that renowned city, and therefore required several ministers for the several parts of the same. But Mr. Coles complains of one claiming the exclusive right of the pulpit, and imposing silence upon the rest. Now, this is *utterly*

*false*; for the pulpit is *given* to the person whom they (the members) agree to receive as their minister. Nor do they *impose* silence on all the rest; if any of the rest wish to preach, there are plenty of destitute churches—who, if they prove themselves to be useful ministers, will be very glad of them; but they have no right to interfere with the solemnities of worship, which is conducted in a form upon which minister and people mutually agree and which they believe to be Scriptural; but if any think they can restore the *circumstantials* of the apostolic age, they of course are at liberty so to think; only let them not interfere with other people's liberty. If, therefore, Mr. Coles has acted in this matter conscientiously, so has the church he left; and nobly, too; and we hope their decision and firmness may prove useful to Mr. Coles himself.

That there were in the apostolic age men of different gifts, suited to the necessities of the times, we do not doubt; but does all that variety exist *now*? We think not. Can we now talk of apostles, and prophets, and evangelists, and pastors, and teachers? Men may aim at these distinctions now, but they do not exist in the *form* they then did. We have, it is true, the *spirit* of all these in the churches, and shall have down to the end of time. Ministers (we mean, of course, good men), are partakers of the same grace and truth with apostles and prophets; and may, because they bring good tidings, be called evangelists; and as they feed the flock of God, they may be called pastors; and as they instruct the ignorant, and them that are out of the way, they may be called teachers; but we cannot now distinguish ministers into these different distinctive classes; yet, if the Holy Spirit willed to keep up such distinctions in form, he would have done so; for "he giveth to every man severally as *he will*."

We really are ashamed to have to review such a book as the one before us; or rather, that there should be such a book to review. We cannot, for the life of us, see what he had or has to complain of; there is in our churches, upon the matter of the ministry, every possible liberty. How often do we hear young men sighing, year after year, with an impression that they are called to the ministry. Why do they not put their gifts to the test at once? Let them go where Christ is not named, and not meddle with another man's line of things, nor build upon another man's foundation; and if their gifts are good for anything, they will soon make room for them.

But to return. Mr. Coles says, (page 16), that "*the setting up of one man is what the Holy Ghost condemns as carnal and childish*." We do not see this. Here again Mr. Coles does not distinguish between *use* and *abuse*; the divisions and contentions at Corinth to which Mr. Coles refers were not from setting up of one man, but from setting up (if there were any setting up in the matter) of many men, and also from trying to make distinctions where no difference existed; for what were the ministers about whom the Corinthians contended, but men of God, by

whose ministry the Corinthians were brought to believe?

Well, it certainly is curious that Mr. Coles should give us the Corinthian church as an argument in favor of his plurality system. Why, the divisions at Corinth arose from that very state of things for which Mr. Coles is now contending; and therefore the necessity soon appeared for each church (as in the seven churches of Asia) to have its own pastor and independence, that one may not usurp authority over the other.

Now, supposing Mr. Coles were correct—which we by no means admit he is—but supposing him to be correct, there would even then be these three things essential to carry out the same.

1st. He must—and the people too—have the same *measure* of grace; and gifts as were possessed in the apostolic age.

2ndly. There must be the same work after the same manner to be done.

3rdly. There must be the same surrounding circumstances. Not one of which is possible to our times. We think that Mr. Coles, professing to become wise, has become unwise, and has confused himself, and is trying to confuse other people. His remarks upon the ministration of the Lord's Supper, really hardly deserve a moment's attention; for every one well knows that its *manner* of ministration must depend more or less upon the circumstances in which the people are placed. As, for instance, in the apostolic age they went in some instances from house to house; but at other times and places the brethren of any one church could all meet together in one place, as in Acts xx. 7. Here they had a large room in which they *could* meet; but where this was not the case they brake bread as they could. The present mode of the Baptists is as the Word of God commands—attended to decently, and in order; and nothing but a restless, capricious mind, could wish either to despise or to disturb the present quiet, peaceful, holy and solemn mode of ministering that ordinance. And where there is not a minister, let a deacon, or any brother whom the church may think the most suited, minister the same. There is in the Word of God no *precise* mode prescribed; and for one of the best of reasons—that the *circumstances* of the church would, in different ages and different places, so differ, that no one precise form could apply to all times and places.

If we retain the *essentials* and the *spirit* of the ordinances, we cannot greatly err by circumstances and unavoidable variation of mode. Never, we believe, will Mr. Coles have the broad seal of heaven upon the course he is now pursuing. We can hardly forbear exclaiming, O foolish man! who hath bewitched you? that, after having labored in a right spirit, should get thus into a wrong spirit?

But Mr. Coles errs, not only in not distinguishing essentials from circumstances, but he errs also in not distinguishing the *use* from the *abuse* of things. This is the error he falls into in his account of church government and discipline. He admits there should be pastors and deacons; but finds fault with their management of things. That they, pre-

viously to a church meeting, agree among themselves what is to be done, and impose dictatorially upon the church the course to be pursued, and so deprive the church of its liberty. Well, where deacons and minister do so act, they do certainly lord it over God's heritage. This is an *abuse*, and not the proper use of their office.

Now it certainly does become deacons and pastors, prayerfully to think and talk over everything belonging to the well being of the church with which they are connected; and having done so, to *recommend* to the church the course they deem likely to be the best; at the same time assigning their reasons for so doing; leaving it entirely to the church to decide by its majority for itself. Anything beyond this in this department would be going beyond their proper office. But are there no wrongs the other way? Do churches never put men into office, and then refuse them the right of fulfilling that office—but must drag every trifling affair before the public?—we say, public; for where is there a church where *all* the members have integrity enough to keep church matters within the church? Alas! no: drunken husbands, carnal wives, and bitterest foes, are shewn every little difference, and dispute, or blemish that might arise; therefore, whatever can honestly and honorably, in the fear of God, be settled by pastor and deacons, ought not to be made a burden to the church.

Well may people shrink from joining a church, whose church meetings are little better than dens of idle gossip, and of the vilest slander!

We, then, contend that the office of pastor and deacons, even in relation to church government, is a remedy for a thousand evils; we of course mean where the office is Scripturally used; and so far from tending to deprive in any way the church of its liberty, it leaves the church ten times more free, and makes church meetings what they ought to be—scenes of concord, brotherly love, and godly edifying, in hearing the testimonies of one and another who have been brought out of darkness into light. We could say much upon this point, but for want of room we must desist.

And what does Mr. Coles propose as a substitute for all with which he is so put out? Why, he substitutes what he is pleased to call a return to the primitive order; but, unhappily for his proposition, the plan of the apostles was not (in circumstances) in all places alike; so that we *cannot* follow them *all*. Shall we have several pastors together, as at Corinth—or only one in each place, as the seven churches in Asia? Shall we break bread from house to house, as at Jerusalem? or shall we meet all in one place, as at Troas? Shall we have seven deacons, as at Jerusalem? (if the seven spoken of in Acts vi. were deacons at all) or shall we be guided by those churches, the number of whose deacons is not given, and so have as many deacons as we like?

And then, again, who is to decide as to the fitness or gift of the number of brethren who may choose to speak? Are we, as hearers, to

be *obliged* to listen to *every* speaker? Is this the *freedom* for which Mr. Coles contends? And in baptism what is to be done? Is each to baptise himself, or choose nobody knows who to baptise him? Is this the *order* for which Mr. Coles contends?

And in the Lord's Supper, are all the people to be running about, each helping himself? and is this the *decorum* for which Mr. Coles contends? Deluded man! had he but have distinguished between circumstantial and essentials, between *use* and *abuse*, he would have seen himself much nearer to the spirit and word of the gospel than he now is.

We deeply regret the step he has taken; and should rejoice to welcome his return; therefore, we regret, for his own sake, whom he hath injured, and for the church's sake, whom he hath deprived of his ministry; and also for the cause's sake in general, which, in his present position, he will never serve to advantage; while he must see, that much as he had the affections of the people, and painful as it was to part with him, yet they dared not to step from the ground of truth and right, to follow any man in a misguided conscience.

## EXPOSITORY

## EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

## LETTER X.

You will, perhaps, think I have lost sight of one main point, which is, to sum up and set forth the *reasons* that no one can enter the kingdom of heaven except he be *born again*; but I have not lost sight of this, and hope, in a future letter, to make it clear to you as the noon day.

I must, in this letter, begin where I left off in my last, namely, with the offerings connected with the cleansing of the leper. This is a subject so genial to my feelings, so enchanting to my heart, and so delightful to my soul, that I never seem weary of dwelling thereon, and I am greatly mistaken if you are not one with me in this heavenly theme concerning Him who alone can be the health of your countenance, and whom you do, in the spirit of adoption, desire to call your Lord and your God.

You will recollect, in the first part of the offerings, we have the two birds—the one slain; but to the other it was said, “Loose him, and let him go into the open field.” The one bird slain, as I before said, is a very humble representation of the one great atonement; yet even here is freedom, and so you will find it—that a heartfelt knowledge, however humble in *degree*, of the atonement, will give a divine freedom to the soul—it will send you off into the field which the Lord hath blessed, where, being delivered from “the noise of archers,” you will warble out in notes melodious and in strains pure and holy, the righteous acts of Him who hath so regarded you in your low estate.

The living bird was dipped in the blood of the sacrificial bird, and so carried with it the tidings and the savour of the sacrificial bird

by which it was set free. Yes, dearest Saviour, we do gladly bear testimony that it is thy precious blood which sets us free; it is that freedom we have by thee, thou only substitute for sinners lost; it is by thee that we rise into the sunbeams of heaven, and become as the “wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold;” it is by thee that that winter blast that chilled us with despair, broke down our spirits, and left us ready to perish, while the threatenings of thy holy word seemed to be raining down upon us hailstones, mingled with the lightning's wrathful flash, by thee, thou “dearest of all the names above,” this winter is passed away—this tempestuous rain is over and gone—and we have a heavenly summer, which is at once our freedom, our defence, our safety and delight. Here is the voice of the turtle; so suited are his deepest notes to our solemnised, softened and humbled spirits, our soul is even as a weaned child; we are brought into the *open* field of gospel freedom—into the open field of the new heavens and the new earth. This field was once to us a *closed* field; we knew not of such a field, much less did we know the way to it, and much less still did we know anything of its everlasting delights.

As we rise and range at large in faith and love, what attractions are presented—not the least shadow of anything but blessedness. Here the flowers of heavenly promise display all their beauties, diffuse their fragrance, and peacefully ripen into perfection. Here the tree of life putteth forth her green but fast ripening figs, and as a vine with tender grapes, it increases the deliciousness of that sacred clime. Here is a sun that never goes down, and a moon which never withdraws its shining. Here is a God who rests in his love. Here is the Lamb in the midst of the throne—while sickness and death are for ever unknown. This, my good Theophilus, is no poetic fancy, or cunningly devised fable, but a sober reality to all who are brought into this *open* field, (for there is no bondage there,) and though they know only in part, yet it is enough to make them sincerely say, “*Draw me, and we will run after thee,*” for here, in this healthful open field of the *new* creation, it is that—

“The meaneſt floweret of the vale,  
The ſimpleſt note that ſwells the gale,  
The heavenly ſun, and air and ſkies,  
Become one opening Paradice.”

But we must come back again to the leper; for if we sometimes fly a little, we must also run, and if we now and then run along pretty easily, we must also be brought down to a walk, and then to a stand still, and this is what I want you to do now—to stand still, unless you are got into the prophet's chamber, where there is a table with a little unleavened bread upon it, and a candlestick with a good lamp of truth upon it, and a stool of repentance. If you get here, you may sit still, while I talk to you a little more about getting rid entirely of the leprosy. Or, if you have got into David's green pastures, why then you may lie down, while I talk with you—only do

not go to sleep; for that to me would be grievous, and to you not safe.

Notice, then, that the sacrificial bird was killed in an earthen vessel *over running water*. Now we, in our poor mortal bodies, are but earthen vessels, and Jesus was made in the likeness of sinful flesh; and though he had no weakness of his own, yet he took our weakness upon him, and thereby undertook to die for us, and was crucified through *our* weakness, which was laid upon him, and though he thus took *our* weakness, yet he had strength enough of his *own* to bear our sins in his own body on the tree. Here, then, is a mediatorial *end* to our weakness; and as we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall, ere long, bear the image of the heavenly. We must die, through weakness, but we are to be raised up again, to live by the eternal power of God.

The bird was to be killed over *running water*. The idea here intended is, taking the disease *away*—so Jesus hath taken sin *away*; and as the blood of the sacrifice would become lost and invisible, and could not be gathered up again, so, by what Immanuel hath done, sin is lost, passed away, forgiven, forgotten, and cannot be recalled or gathered up again.

What think you, then, good Theophilus, of our God? Who is like him?—who in the heavens can be like him?—who among the sons of the mighty can be compared unto him? Do not our souls love him? How can it be otherwise, when there is nothing in all his dealings with us but blessing from first to last—even blessing that maketh rich, and addeth no needless or final sorrow with it?

I have now, in concluding my remarks upon the cleansing of the leper, *four* more offerings briefly to notice, as also the indicated perfection of that cleansing:—

1st. The *trespass* offering. This offering, from its name, seems to have reference to the trespassing upon, or transgressing the *precept* of, the law. Hence, Jesus hath finished transgression, and so he is the end of the law for righteousness. He is both the objective and legal end of the law—its objective command is perfect love to God and man. In this perfect love the Saviour lived and died, and so hath magnified the law; and having thus substitutionally fulfilled the law, it is by his eternal righteousness for ever established, and we come out from under it, and are brought under the law of life, love and liberty in Christ; so that we are not (as some affirm we are) without law to God, but are under the royal law of love to Christ.

2nd. The *sin* offering: "Now, all have sinned and come short of the (law) glory of God." The sin offering therefore puts away our short coming in the law, and establishes another law, a law of an unchanging priesthood, where there can be no coming short, but where all is settled and that for ever.

3rd. The *burnt* offering. This appears to have been reckoned the *greatest* offering of the Levitical law. Yet, the love of God, as the Saviour shows, is greater either than this or any other Levitical command. (Mark xii. 33.) Yet, this by no means, implies that the burnt offering may not have been of all

the offerings of the law the most solemn; the truth of this, I think, you will be inclined to admit, when it is recollected that this offering represents that part of the suffering of the Saviour wherein he had to endure the wrath of God,—the flaming sword of justice: this was the keenest pang; the mightiest endurance, so terrible was even the mere sight, that Moses said, "I exceedingly fear and quake." Here it is that all the hell that must have been our portion was encountered, and borne, and overcome, by the Mediator of the new covenant; it was as a mighty earthquake, which must have swallowed up as in a bottomless pit its ruined millions; it was as an ocean of liquid fire kept alive by the Almighty breath of an incensed God (Isa. xxx. 33); it was as a concentrated tempest of thunder bolts which must have beat upon helpless, houseless, friendless man; it was as a fire burning to the lowest hell; it was as burning mountains rolling with unmeasured force upon him! the earth trembled at the sound thereof; the rocks rent with the shock thereof; the graves were opened at the voice of him who said, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" It was a clime as sultry as fire and brimstone could make it; it was a place where he was cut off from all hope, apart from and out of himself, "for of the people there was none with him;" and if there had been any of the people with him, what could they have done? they were, therefore, best out of the way: the sheep must be *scattered*, not for destruction, but for *preservation*; while "his *own* omnipotent arm brought salvation (for us) unto him;" and that under circumstances as disadvantageous as they could well be—mocked, scourged, dragged from Caiaphas to Pilate, from Pilate to Herod, here again set at nought, and then dragged back to Pilate again; and again despised, and derided, and smitten, in the rudest and most barbarous manner; and that *after* he had felt enough to cause him to sweat as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground. And so visible was it to all around, of the trembling state of his manhood, that his enemies seem to have been afraid they should be deprived of the fiendish delight, of seeing him expire on the cross: and, therefore, to secure to themselves this delight, they released him after he had carried the cross some distance; (see Luke xxiii. 26, and John xix. 17;) they compelled one Simon, a Cyrenian, to bear the cross the remainder of the way. Alas! what is man, when left to Satan and to himself; how solemn the words, "*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.*"

Now, then, where would the work of salvation have been, if Jesus had not been divine as well as human, God as well as man; a Creator as well as a creature? Here it was then that all his resources were in his infinite self: he travelled, though men saw it not, in the greatness of his strength; he put forth his hand upon the marble rook table of justice, and on that table laid, as the price of our redemption, his own wondrous life. The table was hard, and the *terms* were hard, but none too hard either for his love or his power. No man could take his life from him; no! for if

man could have taken it from him, then he could have no price left in hand as the term of our redemption; he had lived to God; he kept himself from the paths of the destroyer! he set the Lord *always* before him; and *always* did those things that pleased him: and, thus at the last, had in full possession a pure, a spotless life; a life that had every way been well tried; and had there been a weak part, it must have shewn itself: "*but*, he did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." Truly he hath rolled back that red sea of wrath which must carry his enemies away into perdition. "What, then, ailed thee, O thou sea, that thou was driven back; and thou Jordan of death, that thou fledest? Yea, even *Sinai* itself was moved at the presence of this God," the God-man, Christ Jesus, the God of Israel. He overturned the mountains by the roots; there is nothing which sin hath made crooked which he hath not made straight, nor rough, nor dark which he hath not made smooth and light.

I hardly know my good Theophilus, how to get away from this part of our correspondence; it is a part that enchains my attention; it softens my adamant heart; it draws me near to God; it awakens the best affections of my soul; it opens to me the door of heaven; it makes me feel more love to Jesus than I can ever express; I seem as though I would rather say nothing, but silently look on and bathe his dear feet as it were with my tears; it is too much for me while beams of the heavenly world fall through his Almighty death upon my pathway to the promised land; but, oh! how feebly do I speak of the greatness which I can, and do see, in the one offering of Jehovah Jesus! O, I despise, I laugh to scorn the thought of one being lost for whom such a ransom is paid, for whom such an offering is accepted; why, the very table of justice upon which the price was laid, is become to us the table of shew bread, of royal dainties, and all manner new and old of pleasant fruits. "Yea, mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other;" and, so it is, that hereby the Tabernacle of God is with men, and there shall be no more pain, neither sorrow. *Believest* thou this? if so, then I trust you will not refuse to meet again, next month, at the altar of burnt offering,

A LITTLE ONE.

London, March 13, 1855.

## THE WAY OF THE UPRIGHT.

MR. JOHN STENSON'S REPLY TO MR. TRIGG.

MY GOOD BROTHER—I have received your lengthened epistle of the 13th inst.; and therefrom plainly discover that God the Holy Ghost has been graciously pleased to lead you into those dark, intricate, perplexing and mysterious paths which are altogether hidden from and unknown to the worldly-wise, the nominal professor, the proud pharisee, and the huge host of hypocrites that swarm the hallowed gates of Zion. Bless Jehovah's great and governing name, that he by his soul-searching,

sin-subduing, and strength-renewing Spirit, has caused you inwardly and sensibly to feel and know your own vileness and hellishness, so as to cause your own loathsomeness to be an intolerable stink in your nostrils. But fail not (grace help you), to acknowledge with feelings of reverential gratitude, to admire with holy wonder, and to adore with deep and unfeigned humility, the marvellous riches of the Triune Jehovah. Think of, and trumpet forth with a grace-moved tongue, the mighty acts, the wondrous works, the glorious gifts, the precious promises, the balmy blood, the saving name, the justifying righteousness, the immortal conquests, the glorious intercession and abiding love of Immanuel, for his anciently embraced Hepsibah. Tell with unceasing, unfeigned, unbounded delight, the blessed oneness subsisting between Christ and his bride; talk of the firmness of the bond of the everlasting covenant, whereby all the election of grace are held in completeness and perfection "till the day of the redemption of the purchased possession." Dwell on the merits, the infinite value and virtue of the sin-atoning, soul-cleansing, peace-speaking, heart-cheering and heaven-opening blood of the Lamb, as made known in its powerful application to your own soul from day to day; purifying your heart by precious, living faith therein.

How truly refreshing it is to the circumcised and crucified children of promise, when under divine tuition and unction, passing through the changing, chequered scenes of time, they are led to rest silently and solemnly on the immutability of God's counsel, and inviolability of his sacred oath. He cannot deny himself who hath sweetly assured us, "in blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thee." Hear the whisper of the Redeemer, "*believest thou this?*" Methinks thine answer will be, "*Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief.*" Important answer, "Lord, I believe." For thou didst not always believe; neither wouldst thou now have believed but for omnipotent grace, which decreed thy faith as well as thy salvation. Yes, decreed thy faith in all its acts and workings, in all its strugglings and wrestlings, in all its fightings and faintings, in all its sorrows and joys, in all its conflicts and conquests, in all its terrors, trials and triumphs. Well may we cry every morning, noon, and night, "Lord, help my unbelief." For unbelief, vile traitorous foe, darkens the mind, hardens the heart, damps the spirit, weakens and wearies the soul, binds hand and foot, gags mouth and ears, stops up the pathway to the eternal throne, surrounds the blood-filled and love-opened fountain with impenetrable mists of gloomy doubts and fears, misconstrues the varied dispensations of divine providence, perverts the Scriptures of inviolable truth; yea, unbelief not only robs us, spoils us, and torments us, but shuts up heaven from the longing eye of the tried and tempted traveller to Zion, and opens hell's gates to the feeble and fearful follower of the Lamb of God. The poetic lines of Fawcett are very appropriate—

"O my soul, what means this sadness?  
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?"

Christ can turn thy griefs to gladness,  
Make thy restless fears be gone :

Look to Jesus,  
And rejoice in his dear name.

“ What though satan's strong temptations,  
Vex and tease thee day by day,  
And thy sinful inclinations

Often fill thee with dismay :  
Thou shalt conquer  
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.”

Well then, let us glory in this that we know that *“ tribulation worketh patience, and patience, experience ; and experience, hope ; and hope, maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts, by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.”* And we know, not in mere theory, or sentimentally, but experimentally, *“ that all things work together for good to them who love God, to them who are called according to his purpose.”* Therefore *“ we reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.”* Patiently bear the cross, in hope of the crown prepared for and promised to *“ the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom.”* Remember, you wear the yoke of Jesus, be not ashamed thereof. But continually bear in mind, after the yoke, the crown. The crown of immortal life, unfading righteousness, and eternal glory is reserved for all those who are here crowned with loving-kindness and tender mercies. Verily, God has put *“ a beautiful crown”* upon your head ; and its untarnished beauties shall gloriously appear in the bright world above, where it will be, I trust, your happiness to cast your crown at Jesu's feet, and God in Christ adore. The ways of the wonder-working God of grace, have truly been mysterious and past finding out, in all his providential dealings with you ; yet, no doubt, you can often say, to his honour and glory, *“ he has led me by the right way to the city of habitation.”* Murmur not at the roughness of the road, the darkness of the night, the emptiness of the purse, the hostility of hell, the wrath of the wicked, or the rebukes and reproaches of the righteous, but rather join with David and say, *“ My soul shall make her boast in the Lord, the humble shall hear thereof and be glad.”* One look from love's all-smiling countenance penetrating thy sighing heart, will scatter all thy doubts, sink all thy fears fathoms deep, soothe all thy heavy griefs, spread light around thy tent, and generate godly gladness in thy troubled soul. The whisper that breathes into thy heart the omnipotent words *“ It is I, be not afraid,”* is a sure earnest of deliverance from all trouble and distress, as oft as desired by the praying, groaning, weeping, wrestling saint, whose eyes often fail with looking upward. Give thanks to God that He has made you to know that *“ the way of the upright, is his delight.”* And while Christ is the heaven-approved way of all vital intercourse with God, as the Father of mercies, and glorious giver of every good and perfect gift, the ever-adorable way of all new-covenant communications to the chosen seed, and the all-hallowed way of acceptance, for poor,

perishing, sin-polluted worms, approaching the mercy-seart with their heart-felt, heavy cry, *“ God be merciful to me a sinner.”* The upright love him who *“ leads in the way of righteousness, in the midst of the paths of judgment.”* The Almighty leader, feeder, and weeper of Israel, has pro-determined all the paths through the which he will have the poor of his people to pass, nor shall all the powers of hell be able to turn them therefrom, for *“ the righteous shall hold on their way,”* ever looking forward to the fast approaching *“ perfect day.”* Then, (not through types and figures, signs and shadows, ordinances and ceremonies,) shall we be able to see clearly and perfectly the perfection of Jehovah's will, work, and word, as exhibited in the perfection of his ways whereby he has fully wrought out the amazing wonders of his infinite, eternal, and unchanging will. Unfading, unvaried, undying perfection is reserved for *“ the perfect day.”* There, in the land of perpetual peace and joy, in the immediate presence of God and the Lamb in the midst of the angelic throng, shall be found the perfect assembling of the grace-enrolled, blood-redeemed, spirit-sealed saints of the Most High God, who have travelled safely, sometimes sighing, sometimes singing, through traceless tracks of tribulation, have waded through unfathomable depths of dark waters, which were not suffered to overwhelm them, and which have passed unhurt through flaming fires and fiend-like foes, relying on omnipotent grace, all-conquering love, and ever-precious blood. With this glorious land of perfection in view, press forward *“ to the mark of the prize of your high calling of God in Christ Jesus.”* Faint not in the day of adversity, but, though your heavenly Father may see good that you should still *“ eat the bread of affliction, and drink the water of affliction,”* yet cast yourself with all your cares, into his paternal hands, with unshaken confidence in his unfailing word of grace. He who hath hitherto helped you ; at the voice of your cry, will still your helper be, till he uplift you to your love-ordained mansion on high. Trust in him at all times, let appearances be what they may, knowing right well that *“ there is nothing too hard for the Lord.”* The covenant God of salvation cause his Spirit divine to descend and rest upon you, illuminating your understanding in the knowledge of *“ the glorious Lord,”* as Israel's Lawgiver, Judge, and Saviour ; enriching your heart with the imperishable treasures of gospel truth ; enlarging your mind in searching the lively oracles of heaven's revealed will ; expanding your views of the mysteries of the cross ; and endearing to your soul, him whom you have acknowledged again and again as *“ all your salvation and all your desire.”* The sweet peace of God be with you, and all needed grace abound towards you for Christ, the Mediator's sake. So pray, your's in the truth,  
JOHN STENSON.

Chelsea, December 20, 1854.

“ Reason, like Zaccheus, is low of stature, and cannot see mercy in a crowd of sins.”—Rowlandson.



## THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A LONDON THIEF:

OR,

## THE PRISON OPENED AND THE CAPTIVE LOOSED.

WHAT an awful place is this London!—floods of iniquity run down those dark passages where mortals do by millions move—and scenes of every sort may be witnessed, in proof that man's heart is deceitful and desperately wicked. Bad, however, as London is, there is not such another place in all the world. Here we have more of God's word—more of the true servants of Jesus Christ—more of the living elect of heaven—more pure christian benevolence, and evangelical philanthropy—more christian privileges and advantages—and more out-and-out gospel truth—than can be found in any other city, capital, or country on the face of the globe. London is a wonderful place—the very *best* and the *busiest* of men are here. The noblest institutions, and the deepest dens of infamy, are within its walls—the greatest amount of that which is *good*, surrounded by immense masses of all that is *evil*, found both in the *visible* and the *invisible* of this crowded and incomprehensible market for the whole family of man.

Ever and anon, from the very centre of satan's dark regions, SOVEREIGN MERCY brings forth a ransomed sinner; the Holy Spirit of God quickens the soul into newness of life; sanctifies the mind; changes the heart; purifies the conscience by a faith's view of Jesus' precious blood; turns the lion into a lamb; *the infernal* into the spiritual; opens the blind eyes; turns the current of the affections; and causes the tongue to talk as did that ancient shepherd, who said, "*the sorrows of death compassed me, and the floods of ungodly men made me afraid. The sorrows of hell compassed me; the snares of death prevented me. In my distress, I called upon the LORD, and cried unto my God; he heard my voice out of his temple, and my cry came before him.*" HE SENT FROM ABOVE!" —(What a display of Divine Sovereignty! What a genuine testimony, expressive of the origin and source of a sinner's salvation!)—"*He sent from above; He took me; He drew me out of many waters:*"—(the grace of God is *distinguishing* and *personal*: the grace of God takes a firm hold of a ransomed sinner's heart, and it perseveres, "*out of many waters:*" moreover, the grace of God *completes* what it *begins*:) "*He brought me forth, also, into a large place; He delivered me, because He delighted in me.*"

Such miracles of mercy are here and there to be found in the secret places of this modern Babylon; and when the evidence of their *real conversion* to God is sound, scriptural, and satisfactory, it pleases us well to herald the tidings thereof to the thousands of

our readers; for, after all, *the manifestation* of the Redeemer's finished work in *the effectual calling* and *entire conversion* of saved sinners, is every thing, and more than all things. What are ministers, be they ever so talented? What are congregations, be they ever so crowded? What are societies, be they ever so successful? What are meetings and anniversaries, be they ever so pleasing? If satan's kingdom is not entered, ransacked, and lessened—if poor, fallen, depraved, guilty wretches are not quickened and raised, justified and saved—if the power of God be not put forth in the Gospel—if the blood of the Lamb be not laid home on the hearts of men—if Jesus Christ is not revealed, received, embraced, enjoyed, and his glorious kingdom entered—all is in vain—all is death, all must come to destruction.

Blessed be God, we are favoured now and then to witness such things as prove that a TRUENE JEHOVAH is still going forth conquering and to conquer. We have run on too far in these preliminary remarks. We have to make an exhibition of the true grace of God as we hope, although the evidence is not quite so perfect as we could wish. But to the point—here is a handsome little volume entitled, "*The Prison Opened, and the Captive Loosed; or, the Life of a Thief as seen in the Death of a Penitent.*" By JOSIAH VINEY. London: John Snow."

The volume is neatly got up; but such a narrative ought to have been published at such a price as should put it within the reach of the millions. Pages of Mr. Viney's remarks might have been omitted; the value of the book would not thereby have been lessened, but the price might have been. However, we thank Mr. Viney for the book; and shall now enter into its very vitals, and bring out all that is calculated to shew the mighty contrast there is between the wages of sin and the glorious fruits of saving grace. The memoir is published "at the earnest request of a dying man."

The first part of the narrative confirms the fearful impression of our minds, that the wickedness and carelessness of parents is the *first instrumental cause* of more than half the iniquity of the rising generation. We do, therefore, feel a deep interest in the prosperity of Ragged Schools, Sunday Schools, Evening Schools, and other like seminaries: under God's blessing, these institutions may do more toward checking vice than all the policemen, prison cells, or transport ships in the world.

We shall name the subject of this narrative DAVID DASH; who, being in early life left

without any parental or moral restraint, was soon found within the walls of a prison. For the express purpose of dropping a hint to parents, we give the following paragraphs just as they stand on the 10th and 11th pages of Mr. Vincy's work:

"At the close of his imprisonment, David went to sea—first on board a Marine Society ship lying at Greenwich, and then in a fishing smack. To this mode of life he was exceedingly anxious to have been apprenticed, but was opposed by his father, who, having been himself on board a man-of-war, objected to this inferior profession for his son. This was a sore disappointment to him. 'I well remember,' he says, 'I burst into tears, and said to my father, if you don't let me be apprenticed to this fishing smack, I shall never do good for myself any more. And I did not, for from that hour I returned to my former companions in crime. If parents could but see the evil of thwarting their children's wishes in this respect, many would be saved from the ruin into which I fell.'

"Being thus compelled to live on land, and having no regular employment, his habit of theft returned. Lodging with his companions in crime, he pursued his dishonest vocation. At last, he was again detected, and committed for stealing a bundle of silk handkerchiefs; but in consequence of the stolen goods not being found, he was sentenced only to six weeks' imprisonment in the House of Correction. This place, on account of the silent system pursued, he greatly disliked.

"About this time his father appears to have seen his mistake in not apprenticing him to the sea, and induced him to go thither; but here his thievish propensities still prevailed—for, only three days after embarking on board a collier, he purloined one of the watches hanging in the fore-castle, and escaped to shore. He was however detected; but having, as in the former case, hidden the stolen property, he was on the ground of insufficient evidence, discharged. His father then took lodgings for him in the Borough, where for a short time he remained steady. On Christmas Eve, however, he again broke loose.

"As I was crossing London Bridge, to use his own words, 'I met a man with a load on his back and a basket in his hand. He spoke to me, and offered me six-pence if I would carry the basket for him to Mile End Gate, which I promised to do; he happened to stop at the corner of a street to tie his shoes, when I walked off with the basket to the Borough. On opening it, I found half-a-dozen fancy linen shirts, a quantity of lace collars, and a lady's dress. I did not intend to make off with it at first, but carry it to the gate as the man wished me, and even thought at the time that sixpence earned in an honest way was better than thieving; but when the man stooped down, it seemed as if the devil had told me to steal it, and I felt I could not help it—it was the thought of the moment.'

Scenes both awful and painful are subsequently detailed, fully corroborative of one scripture, "*the way of transgressors is hard.*"

We would not recommend any young man to read this book, except he could read it with prayer and thanksgiving. If, dear reader, you are yet in early life—if you are favoured with God-fearing parents—if you have been privileged to hear the gospel faithfully preached—and if, by God's preventing grace, you have been kept from the paths of the destroyer, great cause indeed have you for thankfulness. The miseries and the sufferings, as well as the crimes and transgressions of David Dash were awful indeed. We cannot tell who may read this narrative: it may fall into the hands of some who are young, ignorant, and careless of the consequences of sin: in the hope of giving warning to such, we would set up a BEACON in the following description of transportation. The sentences we give are selected—not entire portions; but they are sufficient to shew the reader something of the penalties which transgressors have to pay even in this life. The writer introduces this dark picture by the following sensible remarks:

"How little we think of what is involved in that terrible word 'transportation!' How little does the culprit think, when he hears this sentence, of the miseries with which it is associated! Imagine them!! Not only absence from *country*, but toil, chains, hunger, thirst, exhaustion, disease and neglect; the scoffing of companions, the scourge of the overseer, the scorching sun, the baleful climate, the pestilential marsh—above all, the remorse of conscience and the thought of home, all combine to constitute this a terrible penalty of crime. If any are disposed to think lightly of it, and to conjure up visions of 'tickets of leave' and subsequent success, let them read the following description, by one who had experimentally tasted the worm-wood, and felt the iron entering into his soul:—

"On the 2nd October, at four in the morning, we were called out and put into heavy irons, with iron rings riveted round or chained to the ankles. These were about ten pounds weight; they were chained to long links, and we were each chained to the other. I cannot describe what I suffered from them; when I was in the van I put up my leg, thinking to rest it, which took the weight off the other prisoners. This caused my ankle to swell so much that it was bad for days; but having good flesh, it did not break out.

"We started at half-past five o'clock from Newgate Street. There were four horses to the van, and one turnkey inside with a brace of pistols, and another with the same behind, while the governor followed in his chaise, armed. When we left Newgate, we bid each other good bye. Some said, 'Perhaps we shall never meet again.'

"When we arrived, we went on board the hulks, and the blacksmith came with his hammer and chisel, and punched out the rivets—in doing which, he knocked pieces out of our legs. We were then ordered into a bath, after which we were clothed in knee-

breeches, jacket, and waistcoat, with a narrow-brimmed hat; our hair was cropped short, and our whiskers taken off. We happened to talk, and for this we had double irons put on, which weighed, I am sure, ten pounds. We were not linked together then, but were chained separately, ready for work the next day. We were then drafted into wards according to our number, and parted off like wild beasts in a den.

"I shall never forget what I suffered from sleeping in my chains; the cold iron was dreadful. I could not bear to move, and at first I could not sleep. I then began to think what would become of me—to wear these irons day and night, and, besides this, to work in them. The next morning a bell was rung, and we arose. It was an awful sound to hear the sudden rattling of the chains of 400 men, who in a moment had to spring out of their hammocks: it frightened me. We then had to take our hammocks on deck and stow them away."

Now look at David in a foreign clime.—

"It is impossible to detail all the sufferings he endured while in Bermuda, partly from want of water, and partly from other causes. As often as he could elude the vigilance of his overseers, he obtained rum, and drank to excess; and for one of such outbreaks he was ordered to the quarries. 'There,' he says, 'I worked for several weeks. It was dreadful; for the rays of the sun were so powerful, that while working I have been obliged to keep wet cloths on my head, and my things would be wet through with perspiration. When I have been out on the rocks, I have drunk as much as a gallon and half of water a day. I have seen men die through this. I had not long been working in the quarry before I was taken ill. I well remember the time: my head was dizzy, and all around me seemed to be moving. I fell down and lost my senses, and was carried aboard by four men. When the doctor saw me, he ordered my head to be shaved, and said I had got the brain fever. I was bad for six weeks, and all the time insensible. When I came to myself, I asked if they were going to starve me. I was almost reduced to a skeleton. I have since often thought, it was sad that no minister ever felt any interest in us, or ever came near us when we were ill, though at that time it never crossed my mind. When I began to mend, the doctor said I should never be fit for that climate, and that the ship which brought me out was coming with another draft of prisoners, and he would then invalid me home. I told him I would rather stop here; for I had suffered so much with cold and starvation at the hulks, at Chatham, that I would rather die here than be drafted home. I was bad ten weeks. At the end of that time I was sent to the works again, as laborer to the Royal Sappers and Miners, to mix mortar and cement for plastering. I generally used to work piece-work, so that when my work was done I could go abroad, or sit under the shed out of the broiling sun.'"

We had fully intended to close our notice of this book in the present number; but the facts recorded suggest so many valuable practical remarks, that we must wait until next month before we launch out any further.

## AN EVENING HYMN.

Now there remains one day the less  
To spend in this sad wilderness;  
One day the less divides me now  
From Him to whom archangels bow.  
If I have walked by faith, in fear,  
A stranger and a pilgrim here,  
And striv'n, in word, and deed, and thought,  
To live as Christ's disciples ought,—  
I've one day less my watch to keep,  
My foes to fear, my falls to weep;  
I've one day less to fear within  
Conflict, defeat, distress and sin.  
I've one day less the path to tread  
Where storms abound, and snares are spread;  
To view a world of sin and care,  
Disease and sorrow, want and war.  
And O! reflect, my fainting soul!—  
Thou'rt one step nearer to the goal!  
Thou'rt one step nearer to the shore,  
Where sin will never grieve thee more.  
Thou'rt nearer to that holy state  
On which thou lov'st to meditate;  
Thou'rt nearer to that happy home  
Where all the ransomed soon will come.  
If the sweet presence of thy God  
To-day has cheered and bless'd thy road,  
Think, what must be that glorious place  
Where he will never hide his face!  
If it has been thy joy alone—  
Unseen—to worship at his throne,  
Think, how the white-robed choir above,  
In ceaseless songs exalt his love!  
Think, that thy voice will swell the throng,  
And join the sainted host ere long!  
And tearful prayers will soon give place  
To hymns of rapturous joy and praise.—  
If thou hast oft been led astray,  
And mournfully reviewed the day,  
Still strive the more that rest t' attain,  
Where thou shalt never sin again.  
If thou hast mourned for friends ondeared,  
Whose converse once thy journey cheered,  
Think, that in heaven no stroke will sever  
The bond that re-unites for ever.  
Let every gift enjoyed to-day,  
Each kind refreshment on the way,  
Let every sorrow, hope and fear,  
Invite my soul to persevere.  
And thou, my only Hope and Guide,  
In whom for all things I confide,  
Whose eye beholds me when I fail,  
Whose arm supports when I prevail.  
O! hear me! grant what I implore!  
And, if on earth I wake no more,  
Think on my last, my dying prayer—  
Hear it in heaven! fulfil it there.  
Since I alone on thee depend,  
Direct each step till life shall end;  
Then bear my soul o'er death's dark wave,  
To realms of joy beyond the grave.

## Memorials of Departed Saints.

THE PEACEFUL DEPARTURE OF  
MR. J. MEASURES,  
OF ELLINGTON.

DEAR EDITOR,—While confusion is seen amongst our people and our rulers at home, war, disease and death are agitating the whole nations of the earth; so that the enquiry as to the future may almost be seen in the features of every thinking man,—how blessed for the saint of God to retire as the soft whisper, "Come with me, my spouse," falls upon the ear, and effectually moves the heart. Ah, how deeply, how eagerly are we employed about ourselves and the future, when the Lord reminds us, in *his own way*, that we have been more careful about our own comfort than we have to honour him. The spiritual mind is helped to interpret—"The desolations that are abroad in the earth"—bereavements in the family—afflictions of body—the decay of the righteous—the frailty of human friendships, with the visible decline in professing Christians from the spirit and genuine fruits of Bible religion—I say, he is helped to interpret this voice of God in his conscience—"Come with me." This divine sentence has been spoken out in the sanctified affliction and peaceful removal by death of Mr. J. Measures, of Ellington, whose heart God has opened, for many years, to welcome to his house the many servants of our God, where their bodily necessities were amply supplied. Many may have visited our friend, received his hospitality, approved his friendship, and yet may have left wondering in their own minds whether he was a good man or not. It was not in *company* that a question so important could satisfactorily be answered in him; it was needful to know him, before one could form a correct estimate of him. I believe there was that "something" in our friend Measures, that was as deeply *lamented by him*, as it might appear visible to his friends. A spirit naturally cheerful, and having business connections with the world, will require *great grace* to preserve it from *sinful trifling*; while a spirit naturally gloomy will require *great grace* to preserve it from becoming a *dead weight* upon society.

How different this spirit of the world to that of Bible religion—the one says, "Get riches;" the other says, "Get wisdom." Ah, my reader, you may get riches, and you may get them righteously, but they will never repay thee for that anguish of mind and that unwearied care thou hast bestowed upon them. The worldling may approve and cherish an attempt to stifle the convictions of his conscience when that inward monitor tells him he is doing wrong, but the child of God shall feel in secret, what a "bitter thing it is to sin against God." The mere church-goer, as a man of business, thinks it a many act to lay by his religion with his prayer-book—what has he to do with religion behind the counter—at the market table—the stock fair—the Corn Exchange, or the hall of commerce? Christian, have you also attempted this? And have you

looked up to your God and Father at night with that same freedom? Has he smiled and bid you welcome to his throne and to his bosom? Ah, let conscience answer. The God-fearing wife has heard the restless sigh; the enquiry has been made, "Are you ill?"—the reply has been "No." But you dare not tell the real secret. In acting the *man*, you have tried to loose sight of the Christian—"The hidden man of the heart." You have been ashamed of your God, and of your profession of his name, and now, with the sensible blush of guilt upon your conscience, you are ready to complain because you are so dark in your mind. It was a quaint but thrilling enquiry of the good Puritan—"Do you expect to dance with the devil all day, and sup with and have the smiles of Jesus at night?"

But to return to the case of our deceased friend M. There has been a gentle undermining of health for some months. The last time I met with him in the worship of God, under the hearing of truth, was at Peterborough, in October last. On the evening of the 25th, we heard the good Editor of the *Gospel Standard*: and the following evening, the warm-hearted Editor of the *Gospel Magazine*, whose direct appeals and truth-telling earnestness met with a hearty response in the soul of our dear friend. The sermon of the 25th, was by him approved, because of its truth and marked consistency; but the sermon of the 26th, was felt and loved, because of its life and simplicity. Truly, to me, the greatness of the one was as visible, as the child-like sweetness of the other was commendable, and I could bless God from my heart I was present to hear them, as I believe they are both doing the work of the Lord.

I should have been disappointed if the Lord had suffered our friend M. to have been removed without some *deep, solemn, and soul-distressing* exercises. For many years I have known him to be the subject of a deep sense of his lost condition, and a loathing of himself before God, while he possessed a clear judgment and a discerning mind as to the one and only way of a sinner's salvation, while his hand and his heart were moved to help in the cause of God; and yet there was a *something* that would not allow him in open profession to "put off the old man," and by an avowed union to the church of Christ, to "put on the new man." Her doctrines he believed—her ordinances he unhesitatingly approved—her members he loved most, where the image of Christ was plainest seen, and her God, and his God, I believe he secretly worshipped; and yet there was a barrier that could not be overcome. I received a letter on the 9th ult., stating that our friend M. was not expected to survive many hours. I gave a few extracts from this letter:—"The Lord only can help him—he is deeply distressed in body and in mind." Again the writer says—"I have just been to see him; I found him a little more calm—more resigned. He said he could only say, 'Lord help.'

'Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling.'

When I left early in the morning he said, 'It

is still dark.' I went in again in the evening; I was much pleased to find him in a quiet frame of mind, but no confidence or assurance, but a quiet refuging under the cross of Christ. He said, 'I could wish the Lord to restore me, but not to suffer me to be the coward I have been;' and, with deep emotion, he regretted his former neglect of *that* which he believed to be an ordinance of God. 'My dear brother,' he said, 'if I may call you so, we have been one in unbroken friendship, and we must be one in communion.'

On receiving this letter from my dear brother F. A., I went over the same day, and found the "strong man" apparently bowing in death—the once cheerful countenance hung with gloom, while the mental powers seemed deeply engaged upon the important matters of another world. Nearly his first enquiry was, "My dear brother, do you think my ground is good?" My reply was, "If it is the ground you have been brought to hope upon for many years past, *viz.*, the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, your ground is good." The quick reply was, "I have no other!—no other!" He wished me to bow the knee (as was his usual term): I did so, and I believe the Lord bowed the heart and the heavens, and heard our united prayers.

On the following day, I called to bid him good-bye. His very frame seemed inspired with new life, and his countenance beamed with joy, as he eagerly took the Bible and pointed me to Luke xviii. 14, and with tears of joy he said, "I am *that* poor publican justified!" This sight moved my heart to praise. I once more commended him to God, and, as I thought, bid him good-bye for eternity. His parting words then, were—"Good-bye, my dear brother, I shall see you again—we must live in communion *there!* (looking upwards)—we have lived in friendship here."

I would here give a short extract from a letter written to Mr. F. Ashby, and read by him to our friend M., which seemed to give him much comfort. The writer says:—

"I can hardly expect to hear our friend M. is much better as to bodily health; but I do most solemnly rejoice in every proof afforded that his soul shall be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus. Present him my warmest Christian sympathies, and tell him I still feel a brother's care, and am helped to pray a brother's prayer to his God and my God. I know nothing but eternal realities will do for him now. He may have dealt, as is the case with us, too much in things merely temporal, and 'wasting away;' but now things are brought to a very narrow compass.—'Give me Christ, or else I die;' and with the beloved apostle—'That I may be found in him.' There, no frown of God will ever distress; there, no curse of God will ever wither; there, no justice can ever pierce; there, no satanic power can ever destroy. O, the blessedness of being in Christ! Worlds of withered and sin-blighted pleasures—what are they, compared to the eternally happy state of the poor publican justified? Ah, that is a full meaning word—'Justified from all things.' All the past is regarded by it; all the present is embraced in it; and it

comprehends and secures the eternal future with everlasting glory. Standing upon justified grounds, we may well ask, 'What is it for a saint to die?' The Lord give our dear friend M. all the comfort of such a blessed state here, and then, in death, convey his blood-washed soul to its everlasting prepared and reserved mansion. We shall soon follow, even if we do not go before. We have sorrowed after Christ together here, and we shall as surely sing together with Christ there. And though our brother M. may get the first sound of that heavenly choir, it will not soon be finished, as new and heaven-inspired choristers are being continually added; and those who have been there for thousands of years are untiring in their song. And O, how glorious that shout, when the last ransomed soul shall arrive—"Grace, grace unto it!" shall roll in one undying and everlasting song. It is almost enough to make us envy this believer, just about to join the song. But it would appear we may have a little to do here when the soul of our dear friend is 'bathed in everlasting bliss.' Well, be it so. Lord, give us strength, grace and wisdom to do thy will, and then help us to give all the glory of our salvation to thee for ever."

The strong frame of our friend was not so soon, as was expected, to yield to death. Disease slow, yet merciful, must take down the well-built tabernacle. Day after day, and night after night, must pass over, while the disease, which bids defiance to medical skill, being seated in the heart, must do its work. One night our friend said to his dear and almost nightly companion, Mr. A.—"My dear friend (he said) on *that* night after my poor body is put into the earth (and pointing to the portrait of Mr. Murrell, which hung in his room) get that good man to say something from the words—'By the grace of God I am what I am.' For (he added) if I am anything, that grace has made me so." His looks told it was more an "if" of admiration than of doubt. Being engaged for the Lord's-day in the neighbourhood, I had an opportunity of seeing him again on Monday, 26th ult. How changed, and yet how cheerful!—"I am quietly waiting, (he said), I must soon go now." I prayed with him, and he seemed peaceful, without rapture. But in the night he was suffered to feel the tempter's last attack; when, in a state of agitation, he called out for his dear wife, and expressed his fear that he was slipping off the Rock. But being told it was impossible—"Once in Christ, for ever there," after a little while, the Lord mercifully restored him to that calm which he happily was favored with after.

On Tuesday, 25th, about three o'clock in the afternoon, I said to him, "The Psalmist, in the prospect of coming to the very place you have now arrived at, said, 'When I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.'" And with both hands raised, and with joy and gladness in his countenance, he said, "No evil, my dear brother, no evil." And almost immediately followed a momentary struggle, and consciousness left him. He spoke no more; and in about an hour and a-half he peacefully

breathed his soul back to God from whence it came, after more than fifty years' abode in its earthly tabernacle. His remains were interred on the 6th instant in the village churchyard; when, in consequence of the absence of our friend's name in the "parish registry," his corpse was not allowed to go into the (so-called) *sacred edifice!* which was a source of pleasure rather than of regret to the truth-loving friends of the deceased, as it gave an opportunity for Mr. Murrell, of St. Neot's, to deliver an address at the grave.

The following is an extract from a letter received from my brother F., of Ellington:—

"Mr. Murrell spoke very faithfully at the grave of our friend M. His remarks were well adapted, under God's blessing, to awaken thoughts upon the important subject of death. In the evening the chapel was quite full. After Mr. M. had read his text—'By the grace of God I am what I am,' he commenced by asking who amongst us could adopt it as an expression of our states before God. He then shewed how it became the language of Paul, and truthfully expressed his feelings before God and man. He said it did not refer to man as an innocent man, nor yet to man simply as a sinner, but to man as regenerated by the Holy Ghost; and such being the case, he should regard the text as referring to the Christian in *four particulars*. 1st, He spoke of the penitent before God, in his deep sorrow of heart and self-loathing. 2ndly, He spoke of the Christian as a man of prayer:—no life without breathing; true prayer before God does not constitute, but it evidences, the Christian. 3rdly, As a believer in Christ. He spoke very blessedly, not only how the sinner is brought to renounce his own righteousness, but how grace works in, bringing the soul to the point,—'Give me Christ, or else I die;' and also the Christian's desire to 'know him, and the power of his resurrection.' 4thly, The connected pardon and justification, which, though distinct acts, he shewed how grace sealed pardon in the forgiveness of sin, and revealed and imputed the righteousness of Christ, in which the soul stood before God in a justified state, and in this state the Christian, and the Christian only, could say, 'By the grace of God I am what I am.' In thus opening the text he was able very faithfully to work in those materials, which, through grace, the case of our deceased friend M. had furnished. It was indeed a sermon full of Scriptural beauty, faithfully descriptive of the Christian man; it was delivered with affectionate sympathy, and listened to with deep emotion. I pray God abundantly to bless it, that its power and savor may remain in the hearts of the quickened, and that it may be owned of God in the quickening of the dead amongst the congregation who heard it."

I have been requested to furnish this short account of our friend M., as he was known by so many of the ministers of our churches; one whose early life I knew, before any concern was manifest about the truth or the cause of God; and I have observed with pleasure, for the last sixteen or eighteen years the ready mind he possessed to aid in

that *cause* I believe was made dear to him. I have, and I do regret, (and deeply did my deceased friend regret, even in his last hours), that he was kept back from an open avowal of God's ordinances, to which I believe years ago in his heart he was inwardly moved to love. I fear there are many who really love God and his truth, especially in our country districts, who are laboring under a delusion that it would militate against their respectability and connections in life, to unite themselves with a poor Baptist church in a village. I would ask, shall creatures who draw the breath of life from God, and hope to be saved through the blood-shedding of his Son, shall we disdain the deed that was performed by the most glorious Person that was ever known in heaven or upon earth, because we have a notion it is not respectable? The Lord help his truth-loving and believing people, as an incentive to obedience, prayerfully to consider 1 Sam. ii. 30; and as an encouragement to their fearful and fainting hearts, to ponder Heb. xii. 1—3.

It is a blessed truth—"The poor have the gospel preached to them." It is a painful fact, also, that the proud and unhumble seek after a something that is *not* the gospel; because the gospel is considered by them not to be respectable. The world has its estimate of respectability, and the church of Jesus Christ has its estimate. The one appears to consist in a few acres of land, and a showy outside; and the other in being made faithful to God and conscience, and in the maintenance of a conversation becoming the gospel. The Lord give us an increase of the latter; and however poor they may be, we will gladly hail them as our companions in the pathway to glory. D. ASHBY.

*Whittlesea, March 14, 1855.*

A CRITICAL AND CAREFUL ENQUIRY INTO  
THE MEANING OF  
THE SIXTH OF HEBREWS.

[Communications on that weighty portion of the Word of God, have been poured in upon us. They are of too much value to be flung aside. We purpose to give our readers the best of them; and take the following as a sample. Ed.]

MR. EDITOR.—Having read the remarks of your correspondent, B. Davies, on Heb. vi., I beg most humbly to lay before you my remarks on his. As B. Davies writes with much candour, and merely lays down his opinion to be judged according to its merit—I take up my pen in the same candid spirit, to give my judgment upon it. "Let those who are spiritual judge."

In the first place, I would intimate that I lay under the weight of this, and similar other terrible scriptures, for more than two years—fearing all the while, as John Bunyan says, that the Scriptures had shut me out from all hope, and that repentance could never be granted me;—thus I lay, shut up in prison, until God proclaimed my liberty. I need not say how carefully I examined these scriptures, and how earnestly I besought God, if it were possible, that I might find an exit from my

miserable captivity; and I assure you Sir, if there had been such a wide door open, as brother Davies seems to suppose, methinks I would not have failed to see it. Neither at last did I come forth at this door. Having been brought up in the knowledge of the truth, and with these advantages, been entangled and overcome with the pollutions of the world, I feared my case was hopeless; and so far from me being concerned about returning to God in the way of legal repentance, my only concern was — lest it was impossible to renew me by evangelical repentance.

John Bunyan, Mr. Hart, and many others, have lain under the weight of these and similar scriptures, but none of those who have come under my notice, ever came forth from them at the door which brother Davies seems to think is wide open. Bunyan says — and I am ready to endorse his views, after a careful survey, and fearful experience of these scriptures—that “it is possible for a man so to sin and fall away, that afterwards he will find no repentance, though he seek it carefully and with tears. The scriptures which cannot be broken, will shut him out.” Again, did Mr. Hart experience an evangelical repentance, when he looked upon himself as a gospel sinner? No, his terrors, on the contrary, were inconceivable, notwithstanding all his knowledge of evangelical truth. Can brother Davies be ignorant of these things? Surely these examples are not hid in a corner; rather they have gone abroad into all the world. If so, then, I draw this inference — that the experience of standard saints is adverse to the conclusions of brother Davies.

Having been brought up amongst Calvinists, I have heard, from time to time, many different views on those passages of Scripture in Heb. vi., and many have been the attempts to clear away the obscurity that seems to rest upon them; but like angry waves that dash against the rocks, and are spent in noisy spray — every attempt has been in vain, there these fearful Scriptures still stand, amid the wreck of ages, arrayed in all their terrors — an awful beacon to warn us where many a gallant ship has been wrecked. Arminians cannot rest their ark upon them, nor can Calvinists divest them of their terrors: and there they will still stand, a warning to all professors, to the end of time; and blessed are they that find grace to take heed unto them, lest they die.

The reason that Calvinists are continually running to the rescue of these Scriptures, seems to be, because it is thought that the doctrine of final perseverance is in jeopardy by them: a concern, therefore, for the doctrine more than for souls, is the motive for so many fruitless attempts at elucidation. But should not every man consider, before he attempts to wrest any Scripture from the hands of an enemy, that every fruitless attempt only recoils against the cause which he is anxious to support? And is it not far better to let the Scriptures rest in obscurity, than make them worse than obscure, by wresting them from the obvious meaning which the Holy Spirit designed they should bear.

A child can understand that these Scriptures are a fearful warning to all professors —

a pillar of salt in the way to Zion, cautioning all that walk therein, against the danger of apostasy. What folly then, out of a vain regard for the doctrine, to take away those solemn cautions which God has left us in his Word — cautions which are left to ensure our safety. Better, far better, that the doctrine should be in jeopardy (though indeed it is not,) than one soul should pass on without caution, and sin or perish. It is a fearful thing to remove what God has set up; whoever falls thereby, their blood lies at the door of those who removed God's bounds. It is no light matter therefore, to put a false gloss upon Holy Writ. And did a real concern for souls actuate us more, instead of our own idolized views, I am persuaded we would not find such difficulties as we do; the truth is oftener on the surface than hidden — so that a little child can see it, while wise men are ever digging deep to find it.

Brother Davies seems to be most clear in this: that the characters described by the Apostle are not merely professors, but evident partakers of grace. Perhaps it is so; but what of this? Suppose the Apostle in these words, alludes to his own high privileges as an Apostle and Christian, wherein does it differ from a similar caution in this same epistle? “If we sin wilfully after we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins.” Will brother D. wrest this Scripture also from its cautionary import, as some others have done? For this is evidently an illustration of the other; and the conclusion to which the Apostle comes, is this, that if they that despised the law, died without mercy, how much more shall they die without mercy, who have despised the Son of God? If they were not allowed a sacrifice, how shall those obtain another sacrifice, who have crucified the Son of God afresh, or trampled him under foot? Might not the Apostle say this: “If we sin wilfully after we have been enlightened, it is impossible to renew us again unto repentance, seeing we crucify the Son of God afresh?” Is this not a plain scriptural fact, whether we can see how it comports with our views of final perseverance or not? Paul once in his life persecuted Christ, by persecuting his members; once he had crucified Christ, when he blasphemed, and caused others to blaspheme his holy Name, but he obtained mercy because he did it ignorantly; but now, after he has been enlightened, if he should crucify the Son of God again, how shall he obtain mercy, seeing he does not do it ignorantly?

I say again, is not this a plain Scriptural fact? Neither does it follow, though the apostle makes such a supposition, that God could ever leave him thus to fall, or that it was possible for him to perish; but this very fear and godly caution God had put into his heart, by which he was preserved from such an irrecoverable destruction. The knowledge of such a yawning gulf in the way must ever lead us to fly with trembling from all appearance of apostasy. And this I am persuaded is the reason that those cautions are left on record. “Moreover, by them is thy servant warned;” “Keep back thy servant also from

presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me; then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression." Arminians judge from these Scriptures that a believer may apostatize; but though it is said, "It is impossible to renew such unto repentance who have once been enlightened," &c., it neither says nor implies that the believer can fall away. *He is cautioned as well as others against this sin, and it is the believer only that profits by it.* While others fall away in the time of temptation, the believer, like gold, endures the fiery trial. Dr. Gill justly observes, that the Arminian gains nothing by this Scripture. "A caution against apostacy is no proof that God will ever suffer a believer to fall away; but may be (and doubtless is) the means of his preservation." Our Lord Jesus informs us that it is impossible for any to deceive the elect; notwithstanding he cautions them, saying,— "Take heed, lest any man deceive you." Here all alike are cautioned, but the elect alone are profited by it; for to them it is given, according to the new covenant promise—"a godly fear," to "take heed according to God's Word;" by which they "keep themselves from the paths of the destroyer." Yea, by which "they keep themselves, so that the wicked one toucheth them not." But others, who have not this grace, presume and perish.

It appears to me, from my experience, that the doctrine of final perseverance is very little understood; and I would, with all humility and meekness, declare that it is my opinion that we have so much given ourselves up to controversy and debate about the doctrine, that satan has blinded our eyes; so that though we see the truth, we see it in a wrong light. We have so long been accustomed to say that a true believer cannot fall away, that we have arrived at the conclusion that he is safe without caution, and that he can persevere without those means which God has appointed for his perseverance; so that all cautions against apostacy are thought unnecessary, and to smack of Arminianism; and all exhortations to "work out our salvation with fear and trembling," are counted grossly legal. We forget, that although our God has made salvation sure, in order to obtain it, or in the way to it, we must "work," "fight," "run," "take heed," "watch and pray," "keep under our body," "endure to the end," and overcome every foe, "God working in us to will and to do of his good pleasure." And without these things there is no salvation. Why should it be thought a strange thing that God should warn us against falling away—against coming short—against "falling after the same example of unbelief"—against wilful, "presumptuous sinning"—against being shut out, and being cast away, like bad fish? These cautions are only in conformity with the rest of God's Word, by which the believer is enabled to cleanse his way. By these he knows what to shun, and what to strive for; and by these he is instructed how to avoid destruction, and how to obtain the promised good. Hence, we find the Psalmist saying, "Moreover, by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them

there is great reward. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression." Again, we find the apostle Paul saying, "I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection, lest after I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." Now, we well know that it was not possible that the Psalmist could be guilty of the great transgression; nor could the apostle fail of salvation; yet we see the one thought it not unnecessary to pray for his safety, and the other acted upon the principle that he could not inherit the kingdom of God unless he, through the spirit, mortified the deeds of the body. The means is connected with the end; and he that expects to be saved without the means, separates what God has joined together. A BLAST FROM THE NORTH.  
*Houghton-le-Spring, Feb. 14, 1855.*

### Recollections of some of Zion's Useful Men.

WE dearly love to read the honest details of those godly men who lived before us, and labored for the good of immortal souls. Some sources of ministerial biography, &c., have fallen into our hands, and we shall try now and then to furnish a letter-press portrait of one whose example is worthy of notice, and whose successful labors may stimulate and encourage many a good man now in the gospel field.

In that neat little volume, written by Mr. John Cooper, of Wattisham, entitled, "THE ROOT AND THE BRANCHES," we find the following reference to the late good old

JOHN THOMPSON,

THE GRUNDISBURGH PASTOR.

Mrs. MARY ANN COOPER was the second daughter of the late Mr. John Thompson, formerly the honoured pastor of the Baptist Church at Grundisburgh, an elder daughter, also named *Mary Ann*, having died in childhood. Mr. Thompson was a truly laborious and successful minister of Jesus Christ, his labours being very extensive as a village preacher, which employment he zealously pursued during the entire period of his pastorate at Grundisburgh. Of his early life but little worthy of remark is known, except a few particulars which relate to his call by Divine grace, after he had arrived at manhood. He was trained in the principles and worship of the Established Church, his parents and ancestors for many generations having been rigidly attached to the forms of religion established by law. But the day of Jehovah's almighty power arrived, and John Thompson, who was a pharisee of the stricter sort—highly esteemed in the village (of Sproughton) for the urbanity of his manners, the frankness of his disposition, and the uprightness of his conduct—was at length convinced of sin, and enlightened into the plan of salvation, through a series of conversations with the village



shoemaker, a godly man, whom young Thompson respected for his integrity, and upon whom he would occasionally commence an attack in religious debate, with a pharisaic consciousness of his own superiority, but which eventually terminated in the total subversion of his religious opinions, spiritual brokenness of heart, and, at first, an unwilling surrender of his idol—pharisaical righteousness! Now the gospel of Jesus Christ, to which hitherto he had been an utter stranger, was sought by him in the ministrations of his own parish church, but sought in vain! For miles around he anxiously traversed the neighbourhood, to find within the pale of the Establishment the joyful sound of salvation by free grace; but at that time, nearly eighty years since, it was not there to be found! His early prejudice against Dissenters had not wholly subsided, and for a time he still was reluctant to seek what he needed among "schismatics." At length, however, urged by his friend the shoemaker, he went one Sabbath morning to Stoke Green Chapel, Ipswich—it was on a baptising day—when the scene that opened upon him, the solemnities of the occasion, and the sound of free and sovereign mercy from the lips of the venerable George Hall, pastor of the church, at once overpowered his feelings, enlightened his judgment, slew his remaining antipathies, and brought him into subjection at the feet of Jesus. With Mr. Thompson determined action ever commenced where anxious and patient investigation terminated. He consulted not with flesh and blood. Conviction was immediately followed by a conscientious surrender of himself to the Lord and to his people. This step, however, involved no little difficulty. A furious storm of persecution now burst on him from his parents and friends, who considered their feelings to be outraged, and the honour of their family scandalized by their son's estrangement from the Church, and his resolute adhesion to the principles and worship of the "conventicle." From urgent entreaties, and severe admonitions, they proceeded to angry and fierce denunciations of his alleged disobedient and refractory conduct, and at length, at a family meeting, convened for the purpose of discussing the subject, and determining the issue of the affair, his father, in a rage, threatened at once and for ever to disinherit him! Trying as was his position at this moment, the young man's faith was calm and unshaken as a rock! It triumphed over his feelings, and enabled him to outstride the tempest of raging elements that had gathered in that otherwise peaceful domestic circle. Argument in such a case would have been useless. Further controversy with those who had winged the arrows of parental displeasure with despotism, and aimed them at the conscience, might have been unlovely. "The sword of the Spirit" was sufficient. "A soft answer turneth away wrath." "When my father and mother forsake me," gently replied the persecuted youth, "then the Lord will take me up." Instantly his mother ran to him, and, falling on his neck, exclaimed in that impassioned manner a mother only can evince, "My dear boy, I will never leave you, nor forsake you while I

live!" The snare was instantly broken, and from that severe trial Mr. Thompson immediately escaped. Not a word was ever afterwards uttered against his religious views and proceedings by his family, who were compelled to respect his conscientiousness, if they could not sympathise with his principles.

When about twenty-four years of age, he thus united with the church at Ipswich, where for several years he remained, advancing in the knowledge of Christ, and acquiring the esteem of the church and a large circle of friends. During his membership at Stoke Green, he was called to sustain the office of deacon, which he honorably filled, it is believed, about fifteen years. Here also he commenced the exercise of his gifts in expounding the Scriptures, in which early ministrations the Lord greatly blessed him. Among others who ascribed their first convictions, under God, to his first labors in the gospel, was the late Mr. John Keeble, of Blandford Street, London, who was ever accustomed to venerate the memory of Mr. Thompson as his 'spiritual father.' So evident, indeed, did it appear that the Lord had a work for him to accomplish, that he was soon sent forth, under the sanction of the church, to preach the gospel; nor was it long ere "a wide door, and effectual," was opened for his stated and abundant labors. About this time, the gospel was introduced into the village of Grundisburgh, by a Mr. George, who commenced preaching in a house there, about the year 1796, and continued his ministrations, it is believed, but a short time. Soon afterwards, Mr. Thompson was directed to that opening field of labor, and the success that attended his ministry speedily led to the erection of a chapel, and the formation of a Christian church, which latter event occurred on July 12th, 1798, Mr. Thompson being chosen to the pastorate. In labors abundant, and in the face of no small degree of opposition, he was favored to see the cause arise under his instrumentality: the Word of the Lord multiplied and grew; the church greatly increased; and, owing to the blessing of God on his extensive village labors, he became the instrument of planting several other churches in that part of the county, most of which continue to this day. During many of the early years of his ministry, large accessions were made to the church, and on several occasions, from twenty to twenty-five persons were baptised by him at once. Many persons now living remember those seasons of rejoicing in that part of Zion, when the indefatigable pastor devoted his talents and energies almost entirely to the furtherance of the cause of Christ. During a period of twenty-eight years, his labors were prosecuted with untiring zeal, and crowned with varied measures of success, until the first Sabbath in October, 1826, when his services on earth were terminated. At the table of the Lord on that day his people saw his face and heard his voice the last time! Almost immediately afterwards he became seriously ill, and, under the excruciating agony occasioned by a *carbuncle*, he peacefully slept in Jesus on the 9th of October, 1826, aged 72 years.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LAST  
DAYS ON EARTH OF THE  
LATE MR. STEPHEN DARK.

As a faithful, humble, and truly experimental servant of Christ, this good man was well known in Devizes, Market Lavington, and other parts of Wiltshire. The following communications have been kindly forwarded to us:

THE Lord has, in his inscrutable wisdom, called the little flock over which the late Mr. Blackstock was pastor, to drink the cup of sorrow, in bereaving them of their friend and beloved minister, Mr. Stephen Dark, who fell asleep in Jesus, at a quarter to 9, Wednesday evening, March 14th. This dear servant of the Lord's had suffered from influenza at Christmas, which left him weak, but no danger was apprehended until a few days before his departure from this vale of tears. The aged saint was marvellously supported in his last days by the sensible presence of his gracious Lord, so that he was chiefly engaged in praising and exalting the riches of unmerited, sovereign, and discriminating grace.

The church on earth have lost a warm-hearted friend, the family a most affectionate parent, and the little flock at Salem a faithful, beloved, and loving pastor.—G. C.

*(From another Correspondent.)*

THE departed saint and pastor of Salem Chapel, Mr. S. Dark, had enjoyed his usual amount of health, with the exception of a debilitating attack of influenza, until Friday, February 23rd.

He had preached on the Sunday previously, when he stated to his people that he had a sacred persuasion on his mind that, as a little remnant of the election of grace, it became them, to "sit in sackcloth and humiliation before the Lord," and to assemble themselves once a week for the purpose of petitioning the throne of mercy, that he who rules in heaven and among the armies of earth, would graciously be pleased to avert the solemn judgments that now hung over the land. On that evening he was in much distress of body, and could with difficulty reach his home. During the two following days, he suffered from acute rheumatic pains at intervals, but on the Wednesday he was sufficiently strengthened to go through the usual evening service. On Thursday morning he called on one of his flock, and remarked, "I thought this morning that it was all over with me; and was obliged to beg of the Almighty, that if he had no more work for me to do, he would make it plain;" adding, "I feel so weak and feeble, I love to get among the feeble ones, though I seem to have nothing to say to them." He then asked for the Bible, and read the latter part of the 2nd of Canticles, and engaged in prayer. He appeared cheered, and on parting said, "I am very glad, my dear friend, to come and see you once more; I cannot tell you how much I lose in not going more among the people; but I feel the cold so much I cannot get about so much as I did."

On the afternoon of the day which he had fixed for the first prayer meeting with his flock,

he was seized with a sudden aggravation of rheumatic pain across his chest, attended with great distress in his breathing, which continued unabated for upwards of twenty-four hours. He partially rallied from this severe shock, and once more visited his people on the succeeding Friday at the prayer meeting, when he read and engaged in prayer; and on the following Sunday he was enabled to preach morning and evening, from those words, "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." On these occasions he was enabled to bring forth to the people many fragments of the word of life, with which his Divine Master had vouchsafed to bless and feed his soul during his illness—they consisted of some weighty promises which yet flowed warm, perfumed by the sacred unction and light of God the Holy Ghost.

On the following Wednesday, he stood up for the last time in his Master's name. He spoke most sweetly from those words, "Like as the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God," and the following verse. Before he concluded he became much exhausted, and alluded to the severe pangs which he had suffered from literally for many days past. In his petitions to the throne of mercy on this, and other occasions, he spoke of his dissolution being near, and that he had intreated the Lord, if consistent with his Divine will, to preserve him from pain in his last days—which petition was most graciously answered to the very last ebbing of the stream of life. There was, however, nothing in his manner or appearance, to call forth alarm, until Saturday, when it was manifest that he was growing rapidly worse, and his medical attendant pronounced him "alarmingly ill!" Throughout the day he was oppressed in spirit, and observed to a friend that evening, "I am full of carnality—such foolishness, jesting, and vain conversation going on in my mind, and I am talking to people about the greatest nonsense and trifles, then I dose, and wake up only to renew the conversation."

The Lord graciously appeared through the cloud on Sunday, and once more visited his dear servant, so that he broke forth in joyful language to the same friend, remarking, "I have had some fellowship with the Apostle in those words, 'A messenger of satan to buffet me,' but he added, 'the Lord granted me help too from his word to his servant Paul, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'"

One could but remark a solemn earnestness in the manner of our departed brother all through his short illness." He soon asked me, (writes his medical attendant, Mr. Cheyne,) whether I thought his natural life was flowing away. His bodily prostration from the first was so extremely great, and was so evidently increasing from hour to hour that but one reply could be given; although it was added, that Jehovah could even then fill up the spring again, if it would be for his glory. He cheerfully assented, and said, "You know I have, through grace, no doubt of my blessed interest in the precious blood of the covenant; I believe, and my hope is locked up here, (putting his hand to his heart;) I know I have heard the voice of the Good Shepherd." On another occasion he remarked, in his state of

general strengthlessness, that he felt the power of the word, "Comfort the feeble minded," in a peculiar manner; he wanted the Lord's felt presence; and ere he entered the valley of the shadow of death, he truly realized that his faithful Lord was with him—that his rod and his staff comforted him.

On the morning of the last day of his earthly pilgrimage, I saw him lying, unconscious of all seen things, whilst the spiritual life within him found utterance in feeble sounds of praise, thus, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name."

When told that his doctor had arrived, he at once seemed to recover his relation to the circumstances around him, and spoke of some symptoms in his case. He was cheerful and at ease in the secret of his Lord's presence. To the question as to whether he could lean his whole weight upon Jesus in that hour, he replied, "O yes!

"Determined to save, he watched o'er my path,  
When, satan's blind slave, I sported with death."

On taking leave of me he said, "May

"The opening heavens around thee shine,

With beams of sacred bliss;

While Jesus tells thee he is thine,

And whispers, thou art his."

In an interview which our departed brother had with another friend, who shewed grief at the prospect of losing him, he said, "Weep not for me, my friend; the Lord will provide. I was lent to you for a little while, and you to me; and now, if it be the Lord's will to take me home, I am ready. I have lived long, (nearly 66 years,) and known many trials—but not too many; feeble in body, feeble in mind, feeble in soul, the Lord has made me feel to be; and that word has been good unto me, 'Comfort the feeble mind.'"

On Tuesday, the day before his departure, in the presence of one of his children, he repeated the following words:—

"If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,

Cheerful I live, and joyful die;

Secure, when earthly comforts flee,

To find ten thousand worlds in thee."

In reply to the enquiry of one of his flock,—"Is it well?" The dying saint said, "Yes, yes; 'tis with the righteous well." During the whole of this afternoon he appeared much exhausted, and his breathing shortened by the least exertion. Seeing his beloved partner in tears, he fixed his eyes on her, and waving his hands in a solemn and tender manner, said, "I must commit you to the Lord." Late in the evening he recognised a friend who had been with him a few hours previously—saying, "Ah, dear friend and brother, come again? I have had some conflict since you were here;" and rubbing his forehead, he looked somewhat exercised, as though a slight cloud had passed over his happy spirit. It was remarked, "The Lord is the God of hosts; and our God is above men, devils and sin." "Yes," he instantly replied. "You shall stand still and hold your peace. I have no power to go against this great multitude."

On another occasion, in answer to a friend's remark that the Lord was dealing mercifully

with him, he said,—"Yes; and what a mercy,—Jesus saves the lost.

"And, lest the shadow of a spot

Should on my soul be found,

He took the robe the Saviour wrought,

And cast it all around."

Adding, "Yes, all around." In consequence of his extreme difficulty in breathing, he could utter but a few words at a time. Once, he whispered the words, "I will see you again, and your hearts shall rejoice." At another, on being told of some friends engaging in prayer for him, "Wonder, O heavens! and be astonished, O earth!"

During the night of Tuesday, he expressed a wish to have a quiet day; and that he might see no one but his doctor. He was reminded of the text from which he spoke on that day week—"As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God;" and replied, "Yes, I have had some depths of panting and struggling since; but the Lord must manage it." To the question, "Do you feel your standing in the covenant secure?" he replied, "Yes, O yes; "Founded on right, His prayer prevails."

One of his flock observed, "There is much mercy mixed with your affliction;" to which he replied, "Yes, mercy is his darling attribute;" adding, "A debtor to mercy alone."

In the course of his last day on earth, he was heard on two occasions to whisper,— "There is a name above every"—the remainder of the sentence died away on his lips; but the hearer was impressed with the feeling that the 9th and 10th verses of Philippians ii, were on the mind of our brother.

He sent his love to some dear friends in the country, saying, "Tell them I am above the power of unbelief; and although we believe not, He abideth. He cannot deny himself."

At 5 o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, 14th, he wished some portion of the Word to be read to him; and on being asked if there was any particular one on his mind, replied, "Not now. I had—but through conflict it is gone from me." On taking his medicine for the last time, he implored the Divine blessing upon it, whether for life or for death. His strength now rapidly declined; and about 8 o'clock he began to sink in death. His lips moved, and it was evident that he was already on the confines of the eternal world of bliss; his eyes were fixed upward, and peace was stamped on the countenance. A convoy of ministering angels were, no doubt, at this moment around the dying saint, waiting the signal from their Almighty Creator and Lord, to carry this precious charge into the bosom of their Lord and his Lord: and could our brother have now spoken to us, assuredly his words would have been,— "Jehovah-Shammah!" for glory was already in his soul and around his bed; in proof of which, (if such be needed), the words, "glory! glory!" were repeated in an audible manner, and then his spirit fled to the bosom of the Lord, and the frail body was left in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection unto life eternal, at 9 o'clock on Wednesday evening, March 14th.

THANKSGIVING MEETING AT  
BETHESDA CHAPEL, IPSWICH.

A Tea and Thanksgiving Meeting was held at Bethesda Chapel, Ipswich, on February 21, 1855, being the birth-day of the present minister, to renew praise to our God for his great goodness to his cause here, so visibly displayed for so many years; as also to record his mercies in bringing to pass the tenth anniversary of Mr. Poock's pastorate, the present minister. We had a good repast, and full four hundred persons, with joyful faces, partook of it.

After the tea was dismissed, we sung,

"Peace be to this habitation," &c.,

Mr. Poock read the 122nd Psalm, and prayed for further displays of the Divine favour in the renewings of the Holy Ghost, to help and bless the minister and ministry, to exalt the Lamb of God in the souls of sinners, by quickening the dead, pardoning the guilty, justifying the ungodly, and reclaiming the unhappy backslider; imploring the Lord's blessing to rest upon the deacons and treasurer, and upon their love-labours, families, friends and enemies, and upon Zion at large. He then thanked the God of heaven for his manifold mercies to himself, and to his feeble labours, and for the peace bestowed and preserved among us, for the brotherly love and sympathy existing, giving to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost all the praise. Amen.

After prayer and praise, Mr. Manning, one of the deacons, was called to the chair, as business of a secular and financial character was to be laid before the meeting, which was ably done by Mr. M., who gave a concise account of the cause from the first to the present position in which it stands; and truly great things God has done and is doing for us, whereof we are glad. Lord help us to be more thankfully devoted to thy blessed service.

The singers, in no mean manner, performed suitable pieces between the speeches.

The chairman called upon Mr. Carpenter, of Chelmondiston, who addressed us in a very suitable manner, expressing his grateful surprise at so much of the goodness of the Lord bestowed; affectionately congratulated the minister, hoped for yet further enlargement, wishing that hour might be the most unhappy of his life, begged the Lord to enable him to finish his course with joy and the ministry he had received; shewed the necessity for, and the good results of the church possessing suitable deacons.

Our dear brother Ringer then arose to perform a pleasing duty imposed upon him, he said, through the indisposition of our much beloved friend and brother in the Lord, Mr. W. Clark, the treasurer, to present Mr. Poock with a handsomely bound copy of Dr. Kitto's Biblical Encyclopædia, subscribed for chiefly by the young, as well as other kind friends; it gave him great pleasure to see such good feeling, hoped the Lord the Spirit would bless the givers, gift, and receiver; long preserve the life of Mr. P., and crown his last days with much holy communion, and honour him with

abundant usefulness in his stated and occasional labours in the cause of God and truth, which was responded to by a large number present.

Mr. Poock rose, saying, "He that hath many friends must shew himself friendly." It gave him pleasure beyond his ability to express, to be thus put in possession of a book he long wished to have; he thanked his kind friends, especially the young of his flock, for such marked respect. Fifty-eight years that day news was carried to his father that a man child was born; he had much to lament in looking into his faulty life; very much to be thankful for; ten years had run over since he came among them—ninety-two he had baptised, three of his deacons he had buried, others now filled their place; some members as well have told sweet tales in dying hours, gladdened our hearts in following till our turn arrive; the Lord had been every way good to Bethesda, for he helped up you in eight years to pay off your debt of £800, so that your chapel is your own and free from any incumbrance. Oh, friends, let us take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord; study the things which make for peace; accept my thanks for all your favors; and allow me to crave one more from you, namely, an interest in all your prayers; he doubted not the book which was given would prove a blessing to himself individually and officially. He only grieved on that happy occasion for one thing, that was the affliction and absence of one he had just seen, whose heart and soul was amongst us, and who had ever proved himself every way ready and willing to assist a cause dear to him as his birth-place and home, who has been your treasurer more than seven years, and still remains willing to love and serve the cause of his God: I refer to our brother in the Lord Mr. W. Clarke. A vote of thanks and christian sympathy was passed to the treasurer.

Mr. P. once more referred to the blessedness of christian union—love (says he) is sure to prove itself when produced in the heart by the Holy Ghost; variously does it act, not seeking its own but another's good; this demonstration you have this day made both for body and mind—a basket-portion proved the forerunner of the book, accompanied with affectionate desires following—

"Dear pastor, receive the trifle we send,  
As a token of love to a faithful, dear friend;  
But wait till the evening, and then you shall see [thee.]

What the friends of Bethesda intend giving  
Full fifty-eight years on this very day  
Since you were first born have now roll'd away;  
And your people do pray the God of all grace,  
Your days may be lengthened for yet a long space.

"May the word of your God be all your delight,  
While travelling below, the battle to fight;  
May Jesus be precious, oh! precious indeed,  
While you are extolling the Christ that we need.

"May the Spirit continue to rest upon you,  
Descend as the rain, distil as the dew; [bless,  
To uphold, and to strengthen, to guide, and to  
Directing to Jesus, the Prince of our Peace.

"Still preach and proclaim salvation by grace,  
In the wonderful name of the God of all grace:  
May saints be refreshed, backsliders reclaimed,  
Dead sinners converted in Christ's holy name."  
Another hymn was sung, and Mr. Poock pronounced the benediction. ZUAR.

## AN ANGLO-WELSH MEETING IN LONDON.

EBENEZER CHAPEL, BARTLETT'S BUILDINGS,  
HOLBORN.

THE above chapel is known to very many of our readers as the one in which Mr. James Wells delivers his Friday-evening Lecture. It belongs to the Welsh Independent connexion; the church, which appears to consist of a large number, is under the pastoral care of a Mr. Davis, who is evidently held in high esteem, as a minister of "the truth as it is in Jesus."

The chapel is a noble structure, conveniently constructed, and will accommodate some three or four hundred persons; and when their present heavy debt is liquidated, it will remain an entirely freehold tabernacle, for the use of the Welsh Independents for ever.

On Thursday, the 1st day of March, (better known among the Welsh, as *St. David's day*.) the annual meeting in aid of the funds was holden; and was one of the most singular meetings we ever witnessed. At five o'clock a large number sat down to tea, which was plentifully provided in the chapel. Shortly after seven, the chapel choir commenced the service by singing, in an excellent manner, an anthem in Welsh, after which, Mr. James Wells implored the Divine blessing; and the choir again struck up singing—

"Eternal mansions, bright array," &c. which they very delightfully sung in English.

It was then moved by the pastor, seconded in a kind and warm-hearted speech by Mr. B. Williams, of Moorfields, and carried *nemine contradicente*, that Mr. James Wells do take the chair.

Mr. Wells then proceeded to address the meeting; but we must, for want of space, defer his address until next month.

Mr. Roberts, of Ruthin, then addressed the meeting in Welsh.

Mr. B. Williams, of Moorfields, was next called upon to speak, which he did, partly in English, and partly in Welsh. He said that he felt great pleasure in being present that evening. He had been thinking of the words of Peter to Jesus on the mount of transfiguration—"Master, it is good for us to be here." It was good to them for several reasons. They had good company for they had the presence of the three best men on earth. It was good to be there, for they had a good subject: the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow. Wherever Jesus is to be found, it is good to be there. And having felt so much of the love of Christ, they were ready to go to work, and exclaimed, "Let us make three tabernacles," &c. There were six persons present, yet Peter proposed to make only three tabernacles; doubtless he intended to make his master's tent large enough for two. But it was too soon for them to build tabernacles then. It was too soon for Jesus to stop there. If he had remained, what would have become of the elect? No: he must go to Gethsemane, and to Calvary. He (Mr. Williams) hoped they might enjoy something of his presence at that meeting.

Mr. J. Thwaites then rose and said:—I have been forced to say a few words to you; and I confess I cannot at all understand why you Welsh people, who have been represented this evening as such a strong-minded and heroic people, should require assistance. It appears that you always have fought well, and victoriously. Then why seek an ally? However, as I feel some interest in this place, from the fact of our brother Wells preaching here; and hearing moreover, that the same glorious truths preached by him are advocated here from time to time, I cannot refuse; for I always feel an interest in any cause associated with the truth. Our friend Williams made a very pretty little speech. Some of his remarks with reference to the tabernacles, I much liked. We have had many pleasant things, many humorous things, and some very pretty historical sketches this evening; but after all, these are not the things suited to the case of the poor sinner. He feels himself a sinner; and he wants to realise that Christ is his Saviour. He has daily to fight the good fight of faith, and he wants the necessary strength given him. I am not so strait laced as some, who will not permit a cheerful countenance; for there is nothing in Christianity, but is cheering in the highest degree to the real believer; but there is a solemnity peculiar to the children of God. If you are made partakers of the grace and gospel of God, it is not because you are better than others—but because God hath in the fulness of his mercy, brought you from darkness to light. I rejoice to see that you have such a place wherein to worship. Report says that you love the truth. I pray you may never live to deny it. Whatever language ye speak, see that ye speak the language of Canaan. Let it be in tones of certainty. Hold not out hope to those who have no true hope. God understands the heart, and he alone is the author of life both temporal and spiritual. If from him we are possessed of spiritual life, we shall at last unite in the one grand chorus, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own most precious blood, be might, majesty, power and dominion, world without end, Amen."

The pastor, Mr. Davis, then gave a financial report of their affairs, and earnestly solicited help,—which was responded to by a good collection made from pew to pew.

Part of a Welsh hymn having been sung the meeting was further addressed by Mr. Jenkins, chiefly in Welsh, and by Mr. Aynwood, of Uxbridge, in English, after which, Mr. Wells closed the meeting with prayer.

THE Holy Ghost, the pure and loving Paraclete, is grieved by any secret sin harboured in the heart. He will depart where his lodging in the believer's heart is not kept clean, or if it is let over his head by *indulged pride* in the graces he has given. He will shew us, as Samson was shewn, that when he departs all our strength is gone. The key of our hearts hangs at his girdle, and not at our own. If pride be at the beginning of thy duty, shame shall be at the end of it. Rob the Lord Jesus of his glory, or give way to self-complacency, and the blessed Spirit is gone.—*Roulandson*.

# "OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CHURCHES" IN AMERICA.

CHANNELS of communication between us and some of our brethren on the other side the Atlantic, are now opening. We find, from some letters, and a small file of American Baptist papers, just received, that THE EARTHEN VESSEL is reaching even to some of the most remote cities and corners of the new world. If our English readers who have friends in America, and the colonies, would send them out one stamped copy of THE EARTHEN VESSEL, which may now be done for three-pence, it would be one great means of informing the far-off friends of truth of the present very easy mode of obtaining the same.

We have always dreamed—or presumed to think—that there were no publications in America strenuously advocating the essential doctrines of the gospel, and earnestly and experimentally contending for the vital and saving operations of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of redeemed sinners. We have a little waked up from this dream—and our hearts have been made not a little glad, by receiving and reading some numbers of a "Middletown New York" paper, headed, "SIGNS OF THE TIMES: devoted to the Old School Baptist Cause." and bearing this motto—"The sword of the LORD and of Gideon." There is a kind of Yankee simplicity on the face of these papers; we do not suppose for a moment that our well-disciplined soldiers of the cross at home would be perfectly satisfied with all the things they would see in these American "Old Schoolers;" nevertheless, "the root of the matter" is in them; and they speak and write on some foundation matters in a savoury and decided manner. We will give one or two samples; and leave our readers to judge for themselves.

In coming to make our selections, we have been perplexed—the editorial articles are long, sound and useful—the experimental letters are numerous, expansive and powerful, and we cannot be reconciled to the punishment—for a punishment to us it is—of holding back from our readers anything that the Lord makes precious unto our own souls. This, for want of room, we are often compelled to do. The following account of

## THE CONVERSION AND DELIVERANCE OF

JOHN M. PARKS,

is worth more than the VESSEL will cost our reader, therefore we give it entire. In a letter to the editor, (brother Beebe), John says—

I have thought I would give to the Zion of God, a reason of the hope that is within me. I believe that all the children of God are  
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taught by the same Spirit; and all are led in a way that they knew not, and in paths which they have not seen; and uninformed as they may be in regard to natural things, they all know some of the way-marks of the passage from nature's darkness, into God's marvellous light. Being firmly settled in that opinion, I will try to tell those who fear the Lord, what I hope he has done for my soul. I was born of the flesh, Nov. 30, 1806. And I think I can say with the Psalmist, I was conceived in sin, and brought forth in iniquity, and was by nature a child of wrath even as others. When in about my thirteenth year, there was a considerable stir of religion in the neighbourhood of my father's residence, and many of my friends and acquaintances joined the church. Young as I was, my mind was brought to reflect on the subject, and my conclusion was, that there was something for me to do, and that when I should do that, then God would save me. Accordingly I went to work, and tried to pray, and to quit my outbreaking practices, and I soon became pretty well satisfied with my religion. But after awhile the stir subsided, and with it my religion disappeared. Still, however, I believed that I had the power, if I only had the will, and I fully intended at some future time to set myself about the work and accomplish it; and I fully intended that when I did get religion, I would be a better Christian than any one else; and that I would not be seen jesting and laughing as some professors were; but I would be a pattern of piety, that anybody and everybody would be compelled to say was the right sort of a christian.

In the twenty-third year of my age, I became united to a companion for life, and as we were very poor, I had a great desire to accumulate some of the goods of this world; and for the first time that I recollect, I promised the Lord that if he would preserve my life until I could procure a home for my family, I would then attend to getting religion, and devote a portion of my time to his service. After I had come to years, I had an opportunity to hear many different denominations preach, and I could receive their doctrine, and it was just what I had always believed, with the exception of one denomination, which was known by a variety of names; some called them *Old Calvinists*, others *Iron Jackets*, *Hard Shells*, &c. But they preached a doctrine which to me was hard and mysterious, and I could not believe it. Among others I heard the Universalists preach, and their doctrine came fully up to my carnal understanding, and it seemed to me to be consistent with the *general atonement* system, in which I then thought I fully believed. This doctrine was large enough to embrace all the human family, and consequently large enough to save me. I had also the privilege of reading some of their books, and thought I had become well estab-

ished in the doctrine, and it served me for a covering, and resting place, about like that spoken of by the prophet Isaiah, "For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself upon it, and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in." Here I rested until sometime in the thirty-fifth year of my age.

"Till then, I saw no danger nigh,  
I lived at ease, nor feared to die;  
Wrapped up in self-conceit and pride,  
I should have peace at last, I cried.

But when, great God, thy light divine,  
Had shone on this dark soul of mine;  
Then I beheld with trembling awe,  
The terrors of thy holy law.

How dreadful now my guilt appears,  
In childhood, youth, and growing years;  
Before thy pure discerning eye,—  
Lord, what a filthy wretch am I!"

I became seriously concerned about my situation, but could not tell the cause. I tried to put it off; but all in vain. I had now got in possession of a comfortable home; but it did not seem as though it belonged to me; it appeared to me that I was only a renter, and my lease almost run out. All my universalian comfort, and all my power to do, had vanished like a morning cloud, or early dew; and I felt as though I had not a friend in earth or heaven; I felt myself to be an outcast from the one, and unfit to dwell in the other. I became so much distressed I did not know which way to turn, or whither to flee. Again I promised the Lord, if he would spare my life, I would read the scriptures, from the first of Genesis, to the last of Revelations, and see if I could find out my true condition. To this work I applied myself on every secret opportunity; but, my dear brother, I could not find anything there to afford me any consolation; but all tended to prove to me that I was the very sinner that the scriptures declared me to be; and, like David I had to acknowledge that I was the very man.

While in this distress of mind, I was one day standing in my yard, and my dog came fondling around me; and I was led to compare our situations; and I verily thought that I would rather be in his situation than as I was, although he went at my bidding and came at my call; we were both creatures of time, and in a few more days we should both be done with this world, and then there would be no more of him, but I had a soul that must exist in weal or woe for ever; and I could not see how God could remain just and save such a soul as mine. I became so much distressed that I could not enjoy the society of my family; and when I was not at work, I was wandering about from place to place, meditating on my sad condition. One evening I was walking through my orchard, and the thought came into my mind, that such a great sinner as I was, ought to get down on my knees, and try to pray to God to have mercy on me; and the impression came with such force, that I was made to turn around, and said in an audible voice, No, if so great a sinner as I should attempt to take

his holy name on my polluted lips, the Lord would cause the earth to open and swallow me up, as in the case of Dathan and Abiram. On the next day there was to be a meeting at a near neighbor's; a neighbor whom I had always highly esteemed; and when the day of meeting came, my wife asked me if I was not going to the meeting; I told her that I was not,—that it was not worth while for me to go to meeting. She said she thought I ought to go, as it would shew friendship; and if I did not go, my neighbour would think there was something the matter. I thought her argument was conclusive, and concluded to go with her, and so we set off. I do not recollect of any conversation between us on the way; but in my mind I was trying to draw the contrast between my situation and that of others. The very worst of creatures came up in my mind. I had lately been reading a book called "The Sea Pirate," and it gave account of the most desperate acts that I ever read of; and myself being judge, their case seemed to me better than mine; for they were the open enemies of mankind, and what they did was not so hypocritical as I had been. I had been raised by pious parents, and made some pretensions to morality; yet it seemed to me that my heart was more desperate than theirs. We went on to the meeting; and as it was a very busy time, there were but very few persons there, except the members of the church, and they appeared to me to be the most serene and happy people I had ever seen; and I felt as though I ought not to go in among them; that it was easy for every one of them to see what a vile sinner I was. But I went in and sat down. The minister, who was a young man who had not long been speaking in public, arose and took his text, which was,— "What must I do to be saved?" I thought to myself, if there was any portion of Scripture that I felt specially interested in, it was that which he had read. He began his discourse, and when he would utter one sentence, I would know as well what he would say next, before he said it, as afterward; and when he sat down, this thought came into my mind,—Your text was, "What must I do to be saved?" and you have told me the very reason I cannot be saved, and it appeared to me at that time that he was deceiving the people, and that he was no better than I was. Another minister arose, one that I had been hearing preach for ten or twelve years, and one that preached a hard and mysterious doctrine which I could not understand; but he was a man that I believed was honestly wrong. I do not know whether he took any text or not, nor do I know how long he had been speaking, when my mind was arrested, and it seemed to me that what he had been saying was plain and easily understood. The thought occurred to me, Now, sir, you have changed; you are not now preaching as you have formerly preached; hitherto you have preached a hard mysterious doctrine that I could not understand; and now you are preaching a doctrine that appears plain and easy. Now, thought I, you have changed; and you are not that honestly wrong man that I have taken you to be.

Right here, brethren, I could have adopted the words of David, when he said in his heart, "All men are liars." Confidence for the time was lost in both. The one I thought had changed his doctrine, was discoursing on the errand of our Lord into the world, which was not to re-Adamise the children of God; but to make their standing more secure than it was before they fell; and, at this time, brethren, if I have not been labouring under strong delusion for more than twelve years, the plan of salvation was revealed to me, a poor unworthy worm of the dust; which was through the crucified and risen Saviour. It appeared so plain to me, that I verily believed that I could tell it to any one. This portion of Scripture came to my mind,— "Praise the Lord, O my soul; let all that is within me praise his holy name." My trouble was all gone. I could not apply the promises to myself, but could give them to this man, and that woman; but if not deceived, I was enabled to rejoice in the plan; it seemed so just to God, and so safe to man.

The meeting was dismissed, and my wife and I started for home. My weight of guilt was gone, and my mind occupied in meditation on this glorious plan of salvation, when this text came to my mind, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." Right at this time, my dear brethren, was the first thought that ever occurred to my mind, it may be that this is conviction of sin, that it is a work of grace wrought in my heart. We went on home, and I walked through my house, and did not sit down, but walked out into the field, it being between sun down and dark: and, my brethren, if ever I did sincerely desire anything, I did desire that my troubles might return again. Now I entertained a little hope that this was a work of grace upon my heart; but if I could get my troubles back, I would watch the manner in which I obtained deliverance from them. This, I think, was on the 8th of June, 1842, on Thursday, if I mistake not; from that time until the Sunday morning following, I was as much distressed as any one could be, to know whether I had an interest in this glorious plan of salvation. I was searching the Scriptures to see if I could find anything that would give me any assurance. On Sunday morning I took my bible and sat down and opened to the Song of Solomon; and as I opened the book, this thought occurred to me, now you cannot understand this, for it was written by a wise man, and such a poor simple thing as you cannot understand it. I thought I would turn over to the Prophecy of Isaiah, where perhaps I might find something that would afford me some relief. I began turning over the leaves, when it occurred to me, that I had promised, if the Lord would spare my life, I would read the Scriptures from beginning to end, and now I was violating my promise. I turned the leaves back, and concluded I would read it, if it did me no good it would do me no harm. I began with the first verse of the Song, and read to the fifth, where it reads, "I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon."

My dear brethren, it appeared as plain as though it had been spoken to me, this is your condition. By nature you are as black as the tents of Kedar; but, by faith, your comeliness is in the Lord Jesus Christ. This was the first time a tear had flowed from my eyes: I arose out of my chair, and walked out to a lonely thicket in my meadow, and it seemed that the fountains of my soul were pouring out in praise to God, and that the whole earth was full of his goodness. And, my dear brethren, I was so simple that I thought that I should never have any more trouble while I lived, and if not mistaken, I could adopt the language of the Poet,

"I'm glad that I am born to die,  
In prospect of a glorious immortality."

I tried to tell my feeling to my wife, but I could not express them as I had felt them; I tried to relate them to a brother of the church, but still I failed to tell my experience as I had felt it, and I began to conclude that I had no experience, for if I had I could tell it; so I was much distressed on that account. And often, when all my family were wrapped in silent slumber, I had to feel much distress on account of my condition. This portion came to my mind, "When the queen of Sheba came to king Solomon, and he had communed with her of all that was in his heart, she said that the half had not been told her." I thought, if the queen of Sheba's messengers could not tell her the half of the greatness of an earthly king, I ought not to complain if I could not tell of the greatness of my King—for "behold, a greater than Solomon is here!"

My dear brother, my sheet is full, and I must close. May the God of all grace keep us, through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time, is the prayer of your unworthy brother—if a brother at all—

JOHN M. PARKS.

Maidson County, Ky.,  
Jan. 19, 1855.

[The excellent letters of G. W. Mather, and the venerable Elder Bowdoin, we hope to give in our following numbers.]

## THE APOSTOLIC SPIRIT.

"I knew a man in Christ about fourteen years ago."—2 Cor. xii. 2.

THE above is the language of the great apostle of the Gentiles—the scholar of the third heaven. The weakness and folly of those who should have loved and commended him, had compelled him to allude to himself, and he modestly does so in the third person—"I knew a man," &c., he says. He who has seen much of Christ, will seldom care to talk or write much about himself, or even his experience, only so far as it may serve to illustrate the grace of Him, who is "The chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely."

A preacher who wished to be thought very *experimental*, while endeavoring to expound this chapter, declared that it was a sign of the degeneracy of the times, that few ministers had such visions. "Ah! (said he), where do we hear men using such language now?" But he forgot the apostle says, "I knew a



man in Christ *about fourteen years ago!* He had permitted all these years to pass away without saying anything about his vision to the Corinthians; and now it is evident they would not have heard it from him, but for the conduct of the false Judaizing teachers, who came among them with great swelling words of vanity; and what they lacked in truth, endeavoured to supply by fraud and pretension. They had been favored with visions from the Almighty! the ignorant and plebeian apostle of the Gentiles had not! Had any of them heard him declare that he had? And so these wise, but, alas! too simple believers at Corinth, were led away by evil and designing men, and brought ultimately to doubt that their spiritual father was an apostle, because, as their sapient teachers alleged, he had not had a vision. This dreadful charge, among other things, compelled the apostle, though with great reluctance, to speak a little of himself. "I knew a man," says he. If you will have me to speak of myself—if I must, according to the *dicta* of your teachers, have a *vision* to give authority to my teaching, well, then, be it known to you, that "I knew a man," &c. I am not deficient, you see. Your teachers have doubtless told you *all* they know—which they thought would impress you with an idea of their great superiority; but, as I had other objects in view, I did not do so. It might have been wrong in me, perhaps, but I did not want you to see my *vision*, but my *Master*—my vision was for my consolation; my *gospel* for your's.

Here we see at once the different spirit by which the two parties were actuated. The false teachers were all mere bombast and pretence, the apostle all meekness, humility and self-distrust. False teachers preach *beyond* themselves, and make no conscience of their words; the true, preach *within* themselves, and often hold their stores in reserve, if the people's condition do not immediately demand them. The former soon empty their buckets with a noise and a splash, and are gone; while the latter remain, being fed by a living spring. With the false teachers Christ was nothing, themselves everything; with the apostle, Christ was everything, and himself nothing. Their vision led them to speak of themselves, and condemn others; his, to speak of Christ, and condemn himself. The apostle had been highly favoured, but he did not preach *that*, but the Lord who had thus distinguished him. His vision had cost him a *thorn*, and he *knew it*; and hence he said but little about it. The vision of the false teachers had not this accompaniment, and hence their origin was declared, and their spirit, which was in accordance therewith. When Christ reveals himself to a man, he shews him *to himself*; when satan brings a dream, it is that the sinner may be *hid*; and hence so many talk of *superior light*, while they see not the truth.

The apostle did not view his vision as a *part of the gospel*, though, from the way some talk of their experience and revelations, we should think that they do. They see a *little*, but they talk *much*; they preach more of their *sight*, than of the *object* they see.

The apostle did not. He would not have his experience hide Christ. He knew his bright vision would hang as a dark veil between the sinner, and the face of Him he wished to be seen. It was a bright vision, no doubt; but he knew the Spirit was not engaged to bless the preaching of *it*, but of Christ. He would have Christ seen, not through his vision, but the gospel. Had he have preached his vision, he himself would possibly have been the centre object in the hearer's eye; but he had no desire for his preaching to terminate in himself; and his object was not to teach men that he was anything, but that Christ was *all*.

Does our experience bring us to the same conclusion? The apostle did not aim to enslave men by visions, but to reach the conscience through the truth. He knew men might be entangled by their emotions, and held for a time through their fears; but these were not *his* aims. In proportion as men are destitute of truth, they seek to lead men captive by something else of their own; and in proportion to their ignorance, generally are their pretensions. It is a bad sign when public teachers endeavour to hold and lead their hearers by their extraordinary experiences, and pretensions to the profession of something *peculiar*, wonderful, and different to their brethren—when their authority is to be traced to refined egotism, inflated statements, spiritual pride, and mystical sensations.

The apostle's revelations, unlike many of which we hear in the present day, left him in possession of a *Christ-like spirit*. Great discoveries of Christ, indeed, ever stand connected with a *tender* and *compassionate* spirit. The scholar of the third heavens, like his Master, was ever careful not to break the bruised reed, nor to quench the smoking flax. He was not only acquainted with the experience of the believer, as contained in Psalm xxxviii.—Romans vii., but with the Spirit of Christ also, as displayed, Mark ix. 38, and John xiii. 4. Hence he kept his vision to himself, lest any of his brethren, conscious they had not been so favoured, should think their religion was vain, or, seeking for one like it, should be ensnared by the great adversary, and mistake a dream from beneath, for a vision from above.

With the apostle's vision, then, there was prudence, tenderness and love. What a mercy it would be for the church, if all who make pretensions to great revelations, were distinguished by the same graces! Let us not, then, judge of men by their statement of experience only, but by the *character* of the message they bring, and the *spirit* they manifest in connection therewith. If they, by the free utterance of their *opinions*, and assuming the chair of the judge, deem themselves *faithful*, we must tell them we think otherwise; and if, while boasting of their experience, they are found to be bitter, censorious, and dramatical—if their light is without humility, their knowledge without tenderness, their zeal without love, we may be sure their teaching will be very unlike that of the apostles, though in the estimation of themselves and others they are extraordinary men.

MINOR.

## THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A LONDON THIEF:

OR,

## THE PRISON OPENED AND THE CAPTIVE LOOSED.

LAST month we commenced (on page 88,) a notice of a small volume, recently published, under the above title. We have taken more than usual notice of this work, because it opens up in a singular manner, the awful deeps of sin, and the superabounding mercies of sovereign, distinguishing, invincible grace. As regards the *reality* of God's saving grace in the heart of David Dash, the subject of this narrative, we have certainly not been without our hesitations and fears. We have looked *after*, and we have looked *at* the evidences which the dying circumstances of poor David furnished, and the more we have done so, the more have our hopes increased, that David Dash was indeed a chosen vessel, a ransomed sinner, a quickened soul; and that he is now, through Jesu's precious blood, and justifying righteousness, a glorified spirit, in the realms of everlasting life and perfect bliss: where

"Loudest of the crowd he sings,  
And sings of sovereign grace."

The scenes connected with David's transportation are too horrifying even to refer to. In course of time, he returned to his native land; and for a season strove for a more honest course; but temptations and afflictions, like heavy waves dashed against, and so overpowered him, that down in the deeps again and again he went. The time drew nigh that David must die; and now comes the question—"How was the change produced?—Wherein did evangelical repentance, and a living faith appear?" We have many times been tempted to think very lightly of some person's *expressed experience* whose subsequent Christian deportment have abundantly proved the genuineness of their faith in Christ, and their *vital union to Him*; and we have been exercised with reference to this man's *real conversion unto God*. Conversions, sometimes, are so mysterious. The grace of God doth now and then lay hold of such deeply depraved sinners: the black smoke of their sins, the terrors of their minds, the pangs of their distressed spirits, the remorse of their guilty consciences, the legal stirrings of their old Adam nature, and the powerful temptations of their great adversary,—these mingled clouds do frequently so obscure the clear shinings of heavenly grace, as to make it very difficult in coming to a decision. It is true, that our decision alters not the reality of the case! but in speaking or writing of *death-bed conversions*, we certainly feel anxious never to take the mere workings of a distorted mind, nor the delusions of a frenzied brain, for the saving operations of God the Holy Ghost in 1856.

the sanctified and changed heart of a vessel "*prepared unto glory.*"

In the dying days, and in the dying experience of David Dash, we feel a solid hope that there were such marks of the finger of God—such demonstrations of the life of God—such burstings forth of the love of God, and such fruits of the evidential saving grace of God as shall render this narrative a real blessing to the many thousands who may either read the extracts we give, or who may read the volume itself. Yea, further, we have said within ourselves, "Surely, Josiah Viney, after writing and sending this testimony into the world, can never again, preach universal redemption, nor man's power to turn himself unto the living God."

The first sentence in David's experience, which shows the *commencement* of God's work in his soul, is in the following paragraph, and distinguished by italic letters. After speaking of the coming of his last illness, he says:—

"On Wednesday I had to walk to the Dispensary, Devonshire Square, but was obliged to return. The next day (Thursday, 15th April—that day which will never be forgotten by me—the most eventful day of my life), my wife, with much trouble, led me to the Dispensary. The doctor who saw me said, 'You are like many more, who drink and get cold upon cold, and let it go too far. I can do nothing for you: you are past my skill. Don't come any more; let your wife come.' *It was then I felt something like an arrow shoot through me. I felt I must die; and going back I turned to my wife and said, 'He as good as said, Go home and make your peace with God.' I felt alarmed for the first time. I knew I should die.* I was now quite wretched; and when I got home and up the stairs, I looked down and said, 'I shall never go down again until I am carried feet first.' I went to bed, and thought I should not live an hour. My wife said, 'Would you like to see some one?' I said, 'Yes; send for him who was so kind to you when I was in prison.'—This person was a Mr. Jackson, missionary, of Old Gravel Lane. At one time he had some money to give away from the Needlewomen's Society School in Goodman's Yard, Minories; he gave my wife some coal and bread tickets. I once went with her to hear him, and it so happened that night he gave a lecture on drunkenness, which touched me home so much that I thought he knew all about me; so that when she asked me who I should like to see, I at once sent for him. She went to him, and he said I was out of his district, but as I had a particular wish to see him he would come; he did so, and read and prayed with me, and told me to look to Jesus and ask him to pardon my sins. I told

him I could not pray. At that time I did not know the meaning of the word. He said, 'Ask God to give you his Holy Spirit to guide you.'

We proceed in our search after solid evidence of an eternal change of heart. Mr. Viney, the author of this volume, has embellished it with some pretty flowers of rhetoric and reflection, but these are not what we want. A broken, bleeding heart—a heart crushed by the sentence of a broken law—a soul panting for a Saviour's precious blood—a spirit truly penitent and contrite, under a sense of the inexpressibly awful nature and dreadful consequences of sin—a conscience really sensitive, guarded, and guided by Gospel fear,—and sympathies strongly disposed towards such *persons* as love and honour CHRIST, and toward such *places* as a TRINE JEHOVAH doth honour with His sacred, life-giving, soul-exalting presence. Let us feel out and find these things in the soul of a poor sinner—let that sinner have been ever so vile a wretch, ever so base a transgressor,—with the certain effects of grace which we have named, we must embrace him as one that hath obtained like precious faith—as one that with all the immortal powers of his ransomed soul, will worship a pardoning God in Christ for ever and for ever. And surely poor David was such an one. In reading the following extracts you will find a humble, but blessed exhibition of some of the features we have named. Mark the sentences—dear reader—weigh deeply the points and the periods of the testimony given: and, withal, think how wondrous strange that such a mind should so long be bound in Satan's chains, but how much more wonderful, that such a double-tanned sinner should be washed in the blood of the everlasting covenant—and embraced in the arms of Immanuel's love! Oh! wondrous grace indeed. But come into David's dying chamber; and look, and listen to the following scenes.

"After Mr. Jackson's visit, several persons came to see me. My wife one day asked me if she should read to me. 'Yes; read that long-neglected book,' for I could not read myself. It was, I think, about the first Sunday in May, when two persons, hearing of my illness, came to see me. One said to me, 'I knew you, my friend, twenty years ago.' I little thought I should see you here in this state.' I asked him his name; he told me, and I remembered him. He then told me that he had been one of the worst of men—a great swearer, a great gambler, a great drunkard, and everything almost you could name! 'but,' said he, 'by the grace of God, I am converted—I am born again.' He then left me, and came the following Sunday, when he read to me, and prayed. Every word of that prayer seemed to pierce my heart; this was the first prayer I had really felt, and it came home with power. After this they sung that hymn,

'There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.'

When they sung I could not help joining—it seemed so beautiful; and for days and nights did the chorus ring in my ears—'Jesus died for me.' Yes, I do believe, I will believe, that Jesus died for me. I felt those words come home to my soul: I felt they were true—that even for *me* Jesus died. From that time I trust I have had faith in Christ, and know him to be *my* Saviour. \* \* \* \* \*  
David now began to pray. 'As I lay on my bed on the Sunday, I felt I could pray, and I remember I said—Almighty God, my heavenly Father, the Maker of heaven and earth, if it should please thee to raise me once more, I will serve thee in holiness and righteousness, and I will abstain from intoxicating drinks, and I will serve thee until it shall please thee to call me.

The penitent man shortly after visited the *sanctuary*, and found there more than he sought.

"A few Sundays after, I got better. It was now about the middle of June. I dressed myself, and went over to the little chapel in Hart's Lane. I fell on my knees in the pew, with a heart full of thankfulness that I had been spared a little longer. I lifted up my heart, and offered a prayer unto God that the word I might hear in his house might, through grace, be grafted into my heart, to bring forth fruit to repentance. I think I never heard anything so beautiful as that service. That indeed was a happy day to me. When the minister gave out the hymn, a person handed me her book—I shook my head, as much as to say I could not read. After the service was over, she asked me how long I had been afflicted. I told her between four and five months. She said, can you read? No.—I had thought of learning, but could not afford to pay for it. She said, do you think you could learn? I said, yes. On which she put some money into my hand, and said she would pay for my schooling."

Panting for knowledge,—the living soul labouring for *spiritual food*,—the heaven-born mind thirsting for living water from the wells of salvation—these are beautiful and wholesome fruits of saving grace within. Sin and Satan shut us up in darkness, in ignorance of Gospel truth—in carelessness and in infidelity:—but the Eternal Spirit—*when He enters*—unlocks the chambers of the hidden man—casts out Satan—and so pours in the light of truth, as to create an undying appetite for a divine and holy acquaintance with God and His precious word.

See a positive proof of this in David's case. He says:—

"When I went to school, my master put me to learn short words. I could not make it out. I do not think he thought me so ignorant as I was, for I could not tell the letters. I saw they were different shapes, but that was all I could tell. This very much puzzled

me. I had to take my spelling-book home. Now my wife was a scholar, and I asked her what they were. I took a great deal of notice. I tried to learn, for I *wished to read my Bible*; and this was how I got on—As my wife told me the letters, I kept repeating them over and over again; at last I knew them by heart. I went backwards and forwards to my school altogether twenty-two weeks. I shall never forget how happy I felt when I could read a chapter; I had been at school but six weeks, when I read to my kind friend the 10th John's Gospel. I also learnt to write."

With a few words on death-bed conversions—and on David's last moments—we hope next month to close up this solemn record of mercy's marvellous doings.

### WHAT IS NOT, AND WHAT IS SCHISM.

A WHOLESOME WORD FOR THE CHURCHES  
IN THESE DAYS.

A CHRISTIAN Church is a number of believers incorporated together, to maintain Christian principles, to celebrate Christian institutions, and to exercise Christian discipline, in order to the glory of God, and the mutual edification of the several members so united. And, therefore, 1st, No man can be a member of that body but by a voluntary choice on his part, and the free consent of such a society on their part. 2ndly, A refusal to join with any particular body of Christians, thus incorporated, is not schism; for where a union has not commenced, a schism cannot be. 3rdly, A peaceable and regular departure from such a society, for lawful reasons, viz., for better edification, or fuller satisfaction, in matters of soul-concern, is not schism. Schism, as stated by the Apostle Paul, in his first Epistle to the Corinthians, consists in three things: (1.) In a contentious temper and practice. There arose among the members of the Church at Corinth, envying, strife, and divisions: on these accounts, he charges them with carnality, and walking as men, and not as Christians, 1 Cor. iii. 4. Those animosities which were fomented among them, were from the flesh. (2.) We are informed, that their contentions were about the ministers of Christ; some of them were of Paul, in opposition to Apollos; some were of Cephas, in opposition to the two former, and others were of Christ, in opposition to all the three before named. (3.) They behaved in an irregular and unseemly manner when they were assembled together for public worship; or they were not united, as a Christian body ought to be, in their religious acts at those seasons, 1 Cor. xi. 18, 19.

These things are the account of schism, as it is stated by the Apostle, and charged on some of the members of that Church. Hence, we see, that schism may be without a separation from the external communion of a Church,—that it is an opposition to those, who of right, are the ministers of a Church, or any attempt to alienate the minds and affec-

tions of the members from them,—that it is a breach of Christian love and unity, which ought to subsist, and by all possible means should be promoted, to the honour of Christ and the spiritual welfare of the community. It appears, by the Epistle of Clemens of Rome to that Church, that they afterwards also fell into schisms and divisions. A part of them deposed their bishops or presbyters, as that ancient writer indifferently styles them, though they were sound in the faith, and of good morals, (Oxon Edit, page 102,) for which reason, he, or rather, the Church at Rome, in whose name that famous Epistle was penned, accused them of schism, and in a very importunate manner, and with a great variety of moving arguments, beseecheth them to return to their duty as members of the body.

If particular persons approve not of the ministry of a Church, whereof they are members, they have no legal right to endeavour to lessen the esteem which their fellow members have of their minister, to their disturbance and grief. If they cannot enjoy edification in that community, under the ministry of it, it is their wisdom, and also their duty, to seek it where they may reasonably hope to meet with it, and peaceably and regularly depart from that society unto some other Church in fellowship with that. A man cannot resolutely continue in a society among whom he receives not edification, which is the great end of Christian fellowship, in order to carry any point that he hath in view, to the grief of the members of that society, without incurring the guilt of schism.

Such, dear Mr. Editor, is old Father John Brine's description of what schism is, and what schism is not; and I feel persuaded that if the same could find a corner in the Vessel for May, it would prove beneficial to many of our distracted Churches in this our day in a fourfold way: first, to impart instruction; second, to bestow counsel; third, to give caution; and fourth, to afford direction.

Trusting that the good will of him who dwelt in the bush is the blessing which rests upon your heart, and comforts your heart in all your downcastings, believe me, Yours most lovingly for Christ's sake,

W. SKELTON, S. S.

All true believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, as "fellow citizens of the saints, and of the household of God," are much nearer, and closer related to heaven, than to earth. With earth the body connects; but the redeemed soul unites them to God. With earth they have only a transient connection, but with heaven an everlasting tie. The first is but a shadow, and shall soon pass away. Their bodies, as frail tents or tabernacles, soon will wear out, or be taken down. But in heaven they have a more enduring substance. A house eternal, not made with hands. Just so far as they realise this their heavenly calling, are they raised above the things of time. The distinctions of riches or poverty, health or sickness, life or death, now become *very* small and insignificant indeed.

## EXPOSITORY

## EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

## LETTER XI.

WE have now to look to the cleansing of the leper, in the perfection thereof.

Now, my good Theophilus, see if you can follow me, step by step, in this matter.

The priest was to go forth out of the camp to where the leper was. (Leviticus xiv. 3). The leper must not come in by himself, but the priest, by a *true judgment* of his case, and by sacrifice, is to bring him in. Here we see our great High Priest, that while we could not come unto him, he yet came unto us. His righteousness reacheth unto all that believe, and his atonement can reach unto the uttermost—even reaching farther to save than sin and the law can reach to condemn. Sin is indeed deep—even deep as satan's hell; yet is the atonement of Jesus deeper than hell; it reaches up to a vast eternity, and takes away sorrows we must have felt ten millions of years to come. It has gathered up every penalty under which, in the boundless deep, we must have for ever lain. Hell has no morning—no hope; on the other hand, heaven has no night—no despair. By Him it is we have the sweet influence of Pleiades seven ministerial stars, which he hath created. These proclaim that summer is near, and that the bands of Orion, the messengers of cold, are loosed. He comes forth unto us “rejoicing as a strong man to run a race.”

Now, when he comes unto us in the manifestation thereof, he will, as soon as we are *bad* enough for him, pronounce us clean. This will be the judgment—the first step towards bringing us into the enjoyment of holy things.

I have said this judgment will be pronounced when we are *bad* enough for him; for your reconciliation to him cannot, without this, be complete. You will want a Saviour only in proportion as you are a sinner; and until your fleshly hope utterly perish in your own corruption, you are not fitted for the Saviour in his eternal Priesthood.

And here I may just once and for all say to you, that no promise of the gospel can do you good, no precept can minister useful caution, no one relation of the Saviour as Shepherd, Son of God, King, or Bridegroom—no favor from God the Father, no one grace of the Holy Spirit can come to you, apart from the one great atonement. Everything must be done, and be achieved, and be possessed by this. Those who do not dwell together in the unity of this eternal Priesthood, do not dwell in the true unity of the Spirit.

Unless, therefore, you are vile and loathsome, and helpless, and poor enough to receive Christ rightly, you are deceiving, to all intents and purposes, your own soul. You must become, as it were, a brother to dragons, and a companion to owls; and from experience say, with Job, “My skin is black upon me, and my bones are burned with heat: my harp, also, is turned into mourning, and my organ into the voice of them that weep.”

(Job xxx.) This *felt* solitude—this blackness of self—this destruction of the bones of creature strength—this turning of fleshly music into mourning, will make your reconciliation to the Saviour no feigned matter, no mere educational, customary, or dead-letter form; not a mere blind assent to your know-not-what; but just so deep as the ploughshare of conviction has entered into your soul, just so deep will the incorruptible seed of truth take root therein; and if the whole field of your soul be well ploughed, the whole range thereof will in due time bring forth fruit unto God.

But we must not yet run away from our leprosy. The only testimony the leper could give concerning himself was, “Unclean, unclean.”

Now, in being brought into the camp, he was to be sprinkled *seven* times. Fulness and perfection appear to be the meaning here intended; but besides these general meanings, will not the seven times bear giving in detail, so that each separate time shall have its distinct, yet connective meaning?

When the leper was cleansed, he was a new man, and came, as it were, into a new world; and as the first creation is a figure of the new creation, is there not in the number seven an allusion to the first and literal creation? Let us, then, take the seven, not in too close a sense, but as close as it is needful. The type should be to the antitype; for a type, or shadow, is not the very image of the thing signified, but only a general outline.

1st, *Light*. The first sprinkle of the atonement would give light; and is it not so? Is not the first ray of light, the first beam of hope, by the blood of the Lamb? Is there any other way in which God will ever command the light to shine into our hearts? and is not the very object of this light, to give us this as the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ? And God sees this light, that it is good. And if you just look for one moment at what it is, I am sure you will say it is good indeed. Take the Holy Spirit's own explanation—it is this—“In the beginning was the WORD, and the WORD was with God, and the WORD *was* God. In him was life, and the life was the light of men.” This, then, is the *light*—it is Christ in his eternity. How, then, can the light of the righteous ever be put out?

But “God divided the light from the darkness.” And so you will find that this light will separate you from those who have not this light. They cannot see the Saviour in that attractive light that you do. You are drawn to him by that infinite and eternal sufficiency which you now see in him, and those self-same excellencies which make him so suitable to you, will make him correspondingly repulsive to others. They will hate him for the self-same reasons that *you* love him; and therefore the two are nominated accordingly; for the light he called *day*. Now, the word *day* signifies action—movement; that is, action and movement in accordance with the light; walking as children of light.

The word translated *night*, signifies *turning*

away; so it is that the carnal mind turns away its ears from the truth. Thus the one comes to the light of truth, and looks forth as the morning. The other turns away from the truth, and very much prefers walking in darkness—dreaming all the time that their works are good; whereas, not being works of faith in, and love to the truth, they are not good, but evil. But it lies with the Lord to shew them this, for he alone can command the light to shine into the heart.

If, then, you have been but once touched by the blood of sprinkling, it will give you this light, and you will see Jesus. And when you once rightly see him, you will never forget the sight, and you will soon find that there is neither end nor limit to the glories of this mystery of godliness—God manifest in the flesh. So that we may go on with perfect safety, without the least fear of not finding in him all we need, for illustration, salvation and glorification. Let us, then, look at sprinkle the

2nd. Here we have *arrangement*: "Let there be a firmament in the midst of heaven." This firmament will mean the atmospheric expanse. Now, this arrangement was essential to earth's fruitfulness; this expanse bears up the treasures of rain, and diffuses the same in their descent upon the earth. Now, you know, these are gathered up by the sun from the sea; and if the ocean's waters were gathered up as they are, and rained down upon the earth, it would destroy all vegetation; so, if the bitter waters of the curses recorded in the Bible were gathered up and rained down upon us, we should then be destroyed, as thousands have been, from off the face of the earth. But amidst these many curses recorded in the Bible, there are many exceeding great and precious promises. Now, these are gathered up by the Sun of Righteousness, and rained down upon us in "blessings on our heads;" and is not the Holy Spirit that heavenly Expanse, that Wind that bloweth where it listeth? Does he not diffuse and disperse abroad, and regulate these descending mercies, so that these do not come on the one hand at random, without law or rule, nor on the other hand do they wait for man, nor tarry for the sons of men?

"And God called the firmament heaven." And I am sure you will find your heaven in these showers of blessings; if only a little cloud like a man's hand has appeared in your heavenly horizon, if you have been only slightly sprinkled, with only one promise, it is to you "a sound of abundance of rain;" so that ere long your soul will be as "a watered garden, even as a watered garden, whose waters fail not." And if you are living, as I believe you are, in the expanse of gospel freedom, then you are raised above the bitter waters of the curse, and are where Jesus will come unto you as the Early and the Latter Rain.

Sprinkle the second, then, will bring you out of the land spiritually, called Sodom, and Egypt, where our Lord is still crucified, and in which land there is either no rain, or, what is worse still, a rain of fiery judgments from heaven, which shall devour the adversaries.

Sprinkle the 3rd. Here we have the waters gathered together into one place. Shall the waters here mean the waters of the law, gathered together into one place? And as Jesus rolled back all that wrath that belonged to his people, for he shall save his people from the penalty as well as from the power of their sins; and is it not hereby that the land of promise rises to view? and though we have to cross seas of tribulation to reach this promised land, yet we have not to cross the dead sea of condemnation. Jesus hath done this, and made a way for the ransomed to pass over; and as the dry land appeared at the command of the Most High, so, by the command of the same God, the earth is made to bring forth in every variety for the service of man. So, my good Theophilus, if you have been sprinkled and freshened up far enough to see how Jesus hath made a path as in the mighty deep of his sufferings for you, you will see that no land can vie with that gospel land revealed to you. All its fruit will be sweet to your taste. You will be too well pleased with this better country to have any desire to return.

But we must hasten on as fast as we can unto perfection. It lies before us, and if we do not come to it in this letter, we will, if God permit, in our next.

Now let me have a word with you under sprinkle the *fourth*. Well, now that you are sprinkled the fourth time, what do you see? Why, (say you) I see two *great* lights, the one to rule the day, and the *lesser* to rule the night; and I see the stars also." Well, I am glad you do; it shows you are not blind; and a sweet and pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the Sun of Righteousness. All his rays are rays of mercy and truth and lovingkindness; it may therefore well be said that he hath healing in his wings. But then, here is the *lesser* light. They are both great lights, yet one is the *lesser* light. Is not this lesser light the Gospel? And so it is a delightful truth, that great as is the light of the Gospel, Christ himself is greater still. Men are very often very much over-rated, and made out to be greater in excellency than they really are; but it is not so with the Saviour, for the half cannot be told us. But the time will come when the gospel shall shine out in all the fulness of its meanings. Then when all its promises are fulfilled, the light of this Moon shall be as the light of the Sun.

The Sun is to rule the day; and so you will find it, that your days of prosperity will be just in proportion as you are favoured with the presence of the Saviour, and no farther; and in his absence you will be glad with a little gospel moon-light; and you may depend upon it that you will have in the greater part of your journey short days and very long nights, and sometimes very cold and stormy. But still you must go on; and when you have no moon-light, you will be glad with a little star-light. Some ministerial star, some prophet, or some apostle will twinkle a little light upon you; and if you should cry and shout, and the Lord should shut out your prayer, you will have Jeremiah, even in this dark

corner, to twinkle upon you. Indeed, you will find these ministerial stars ranged over all the skies of the new heavens: so that whether you get into the frigid, temperate, or torrid zone, you will find some of these stars with you. And all these stars will be sure to fight against Sisera, and bring you at last to know that all that love Jesus shall be as the Sun when he goeth forth in his might.

But I must not omit here to tell you that clouds will sometimes so intervene that you will not be able for a time to read your case in the experience or circumstances in any one instance in the Bible. Thus neither sun nor stars will appear; but this will not last very long, as he will not suffer you to be so tried as to give up his blessed truth.

Now you have had only four sprinklings, you have three more yet to come, but these must be reserved for next month.

Really, we are saying so much about sprinkling, that we shall, I fear, be in danger of being taken for High Churchmen; and indeed, such would not be far out in their opinion, for the true Church is, as the Poet sings,

“High built on a rock, and seen from afar,  
With bulwarks around her, and banners of war;  
Her walls of salvation the foe shall ne'er scale,  
Nor Satan's dark legions against her prevail.”

To such a Church would not Theophilus wish to belong? so also would

A LITTLE ONE.

THE LATE

WILLIAM HUNTINGTON

ON

## THE SIXTH OF HEBREWS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Whatever may have been the mistakes made by others concerning that portion of divine truth contained in Heb. vi. 4—9, I do not believe our friend, Benjamin Davis, of South Chard, has arrived at more just or correct conclusions than many others. Indeed, I cannot but think, that the mind of the Spirit is clearly discernable in the simile made use of in verse 8, and that it is alone of mere professors having the form, but destitute of the power of godliness—that the Holy Ghost by the mouth of Paul here speaks I think as evident from verse 9. I have no desire to criticise or condemn B. D. for what he has written; but, believing he is in error, and that that error circulated so extensively as it has been by the VESSEL among the saints, may be productive of much evil, I feel it to be a solemn duty I owe to God, to truth, to him, and to them, to make use of my poor feeble instrumentality in endeavouring to expose the fallacy under which he labours, and into the adoption of which they may be led. This, I think, I cannot do better than by quoting *verbatim*, an extract from that highly honoured and deeply taught man of God, William Huntington in his work entitled, “Forty Stripes for Satan.” Mr. H., speaking on these words, says—

“Paul says, that a man may be enlightened as Balaam was when he saw the vision of God, falling into a trance, having his eyes open. Yea, he may have tasted of the heavenly gift; that is, he may receive a spiritual gift, and feel a deal of joy, zeal and energy with it, as well as Alexander and Demas: the former stood heavy persecution, and the latter saluted the churches much.

“He may be a partaker of the Holy Ghost, as Saul was, and appear quite another man, and yet be nothing. He may taste the good word of God, as the thorny and stony ground hearers did, who heard it, and anon with joy received it. Yea, and taste the powers of the world to come; they may feel joy, they may feel a delight, they may feel energy and power, until Christ takes the talent away, and then they wither away, having no deepness of earth, no brokenness of heart, nor contrition of spirit; having no root in themselves, or, as Christ says, ‘I know that you have not the love of God in you;’ and they wither for lack of moisture—that is, the well of living water which springs up into everlasting life is not in them, which is the cause of their withering or falling away.

“Paul, in the above place, is speaking of gifts, and not of the grace of God. Nor does he call this enlightening, this tasting, the work of God, &c.; and being partakers of the Holy Ghost, the things that accompany salvation. No: he tells the Hebrews that these things were found in apostates that fell away so as not to be renewed again unto repentance.

“‘But,’ says Paul, ‘we are persuaded better things of you;’ things that attend the salvation of the soul; things that attend a real work of grace; that you have tasted that the Lord is gracious; that your souls have got a savoury unctious experience of the pardoning love of God. And, indeed, I cannot find those things that accompany salvation in all that catalogue of gifts. There is mention made of being partakers of the Holy Ghost, but nothing of being born again of the Spirit, nor of grace and supplication by the Spirit.

“He gave them great spiritual gifts: and in this sense he came upon seventy elders at once in the wilderness; and so he has come upon many that will never be saved. Paul says nothing in all that catalogue of the hypocrites, attainments, about the forgiveness of their sins, nor of repentance unto life; nothing about a broken heart, conversion to God, or of regeneration; nothing of justification unto life, nor of liberty by the Spirit; nor of Christ in the heart the hope of glory; nor of being sealed to the day of redemption; nor of union to the living vine; of access to God, or of fellowship with the Father and the Son; nor of being in covenant with God, or being built on the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets.

“Read the following covenant blessings, and see if they are to be found in the catalogue of the hypocrite's attainments; which are things that always accompany salvation:—‘I will put my laws in their mind, and write them in their hearts: I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more.’ Heb. viii, 10—12. ‘Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your

filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: [but it is one thing for the Spirit to come upon a man, and it is another for the Spirit to be a well of eternal life in a man] and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, [this makes the saint to differ from the stony ground hearer] and I will give you a heart of flesh. And I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and you shall keep my judgments, and do them. And ye shall be my people, and I will be your God. And I will save you from all your uncleanness. Then shall ye remember your own evil ways, and your doings that were not good, and shall loathe yourselves in your own sight for your iniquities and for your abominations.' Ezek. xxxvi, 25—31.

"These are the things that accompany salvation; but they are not to be found among the hypocrite's attainments; nor are there any of the things of which Christ spoke when he opened his commission. In Paul's catalogue of the hypocrite's gifts there are no good tidings to the meek; nor of binding up of the broken-hearted; nor of liberty proclaimed to captives; nor of opening the prison doors to them that are bound; nor of the acceptable year of the Lord: nothing of comforting them that mourn; no beauty for ashes; no oil of joy for mourning; no garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.—Isa. lxi, 1—3. There is no poverty of spirit; no meekness nor contrition; no hunger nor thirst after righteousness; no purity of heart,—Matt. v, 3—8.

"All these, reader, are things that accompany salvation, such as no hypocrite ever had. Paul, in the 6th of Hebrews, is describing some of the most accomplished hypocrites, who are not chosen vessels, but reprobates; and to me they seem to be preachers!!! And Paul gives us a description, first, of their high attainments; secondly, of their fearful fall; and thirdly, their dreadful end.

"For it is impossible for those who have once been enlightened, as Balaam was; and have tasted the heavenly gift, as Alexander and Demas did; and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost; [so was Saul, 1 Sam. x, 10. So was Balaam, Num. xxiv, 2. And the Spirit of God was upon Saul's messengers, and they prophesied, 1 Sam. xix, 20. And Saul sent other messengers, and they prophesied. And he sent messengers a third time, and they prophesied also, 1 Sam. xix, 21.] Paul goes on—

"And have tasted the good word of God, as Balaam did when God put a word into his mouth; and as the thorny and stony ground hearers did, who heard the word, and anon with joy received it; who for awhile believed, but in temptation fell away, having no root in themselves; and as Judas, who took part of this ministry—the word, and a gift to preach it, and to do miracles. Yea, they have knowledge, and understand all mysteries, and speak with the tongue both of men and of angels, and yet be nothing in God's account. Paul adds—

"And taste the powers of the world to

come. If by the powers of the world to come be meant the Gospel, they taste a joy and a delight in it; and if by the powers of the world to come be meant the power of working miracles, as is most likely, then many have had this. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name: and in thy name cast out devils, and done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me, all ye that work iniquity. In which they tasted, joy, zeal, and delight; which always lifted such men up with pride, till they fall into the condemnation of the devil. And so it follows,—

"If they shall fall away to renew them again to repentance. And what is to hinder their falling away, seeing the things that accompany salvation are not in them? And seeing, also,—

"That they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame. In their apostasy they shew themselves to be of the same spirit as the Jews, who crucified Jesus through envy, and tried to put him to shame by a crown of thorns and a mock sceptre; and they deal with his cause, and his body mystical, as they did with Christ personal. And such hypocrites, when their reprobation is made manifest to themselves and others, are the most desperate enemies to Christ and his people. Paul goes on to touch upon God's husbandry:

"For the earth, which drinketh in the rain that cometh oft upon it, and bringeth forth herbs meet for them by whom it is dressed, receiveth blessings from God. Here is the good ground, the honest and good heart, upon which Christ comes down as showers upon the mown grass, and as rain that waters the earth: this does not wither for want of moisture, but it brings forth herbs, (Prov. xxvii, 25.) meet for the Trinity, by whom it is dressed.

"This, says Paul, receives blessings, from God, and cannot wither, nor fall away, nor be cursed, nor be burnt, as the other barren soil is. As it follows:

"But that which beareth thorns and briers is rejected.' These are the thorny-ground hearers, in whom, Christ says, 'the word that they tasted is choked by riches, worldly cares, and the lust of other things.' Mark iv. 19. But God's elect are not briers and thorns,—but fir trees and myrtles. 'Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree; (and these shall neither be cursed nor burnt); and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.' Isaiah lv. 15. But that which beareth briers and thorns is rejected. It is full and undoubted evidence of their reprobation. 'Reprobate silver shall men call them, because the Lord hath rejected them.' Jer. vi. 30. By which it is easy to see that Paul says nothing of these hypocrites but what Moses and the prophets have said. God says men shall call them reprobates, for the Lord hath rejected them; and Paul says, 'That which beareth briers and thorns is rejected;' and adds,— 'And is nigh unto cursing, whose end is to be



burned.' Some people pervert this passage of Holy Writ, and say that this hypocrite, in his great accomplishments, is a real child of God, and that it is impossible for him to fall away. But I say it is impossible for him to stand. For, let him have what gifts he may, they must all be taken from him in the year of jubilee, or in the gospel day. Ezekiel xlvi. 16, 17. 'He that hath not grace, but a gift, it shall be taken away, even that which he hath.' Mark iv. 25.

"They are nigh unto cursing.' They are under the curse of the law, and never were delivered from it, but they are nigh unto it—nigh unto the execution of God's most dreadful curse, which they are ripening for apace, and are nigh unto, by crucifying the Son of God afresh, and by their being reprobates, not elect souls; rejected, not chosen in Christ; nigh unto cursing, never blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.'

"Whose end is to be burned.' Whose decreed end is to be burned, body and soul, in hell fire; they being rejected, or reprobated of God. And if this is the state of a child of God, then woe be to such a child!" Any body is welcome to take up the pen, and prove me a liar, and make my speech nothing worth, if they can. I have not a single doubt but God will enable me to defend it; and if God spare my life, I will defend it. Prophecy abounds with the destruction of these briars and thorns—read Isaiah ix. 18; x. 17; xxvii. 4; xxxii. 13.

But these accomplished hypocrites, described by Paul, are no other than the house in the Saviour's parable, which satan deserted till it was empty, swept, and garnished, and then he repossessed it, till 'the last state of that man was worse than the first.' Matt. xii. 45. Peter's dog, that returned to his vomit, belongs to the same select band, whose last end was worse than the beginning. But Paul goes on—

"But, beloved, we are persuaded better things of you, and things that accompany salvation, though we thus speak. For God is not unrighteous, to forget your work and labor of love, which ye have shewed toward his name, in that ye have ministered to the saints, and do minister.' Here Paul harps upon the bond of the covenant; the better things that accompany salvation are the work and labour of love; this is charity, which Paul calls the more excellent way; and without which, let a man have what gifts he may, he is nothing. In short, a man must be regenerated, born again, and renewed, before he can have any real appetite or relish for those spiritual things that accompany salvation. It is the new-born babe, and not the unregenerate, that desires the sincere milk, or comforting nourishment of the Word of God. Hypocrites may covet and relish spiritual gifts, because of the double honour that attends a good minister of Jesus: and many covet for filthy lucre, and others because they are too idle to work for their bread. Yea, many of the basest characters have coveted this highest station, who were never worthy of the lowest room. Simon Magus offered large money for the power of being a minister of the Spirit;

or of communicating the Holy Ghost to whomsoever he would, by the laying on of his hands; who at the same time was in the gall of bitterness, and in the bonds of iniquity. Acts viii. 23. But not so the soul that God has formed for himself. The new man has a spiritual palate, a spiritual appetite, and a spiritual belly. John vii. 38. He tastes and sees that the Lord is good; 'Blessed is the man that trusteth in him.' Psalm xxxiv. 8. Here is a man blessed of God, and, if so, his soul is blessed with eternal life, for that is God's blessing; as it is written, 'Upon Mount Zion hath God commanded the blessing, even life for evermore.' Psalm cxxxiii. 3. This man trusts, or believes, in the Lord; and he tastes and sees that the Lord is good. His eyes see, and his hands handle the incarnate Word; and therefore the Lord must dwell in that soul, or he could not taste or relish the Lord's goodness to him.

"But Paul's accomplished hypocrite, or false preacher, has no goodness in him; for he bears briars and thorns; nor does he stand by faith, but falls away; nor is he blessed, but is nigh unto cursing; nor does he trust in the Lord, but in himself; nor does he taste of the Lord's goodness, but of the Word of God, and the power of working miracles, or the power of the Spirit—as Saul, his messengers, and Balaam did—which are called the powers of the world to come. For the unregenerate soul's taste is vitiated by sin; he never relishes God's grace, nor his goodness. Peter will agree with me, that a soul can have no true relish for God's grace till it be born again. 'As new born babes, desire the sincere milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby, if so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious; to whom coming, as unto a living stone, ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house.' 1 Peter ii. 2—5. These souls were new born; they had relished and tasted the grace of God; they were come to the foundation that God had laid; had received eternal life, and, as lively stones, they were built up a spiritual house: but Paul's hypocrite was not upon the foundation, nor built up of God; for he fell away: and Christ says that the ruin of such a house is great.' Luke vi. 49.

"Peter gives quite a different account of the hypocrite, or unrenewed teacher. He calls him a well without water. The spring of eternal life is not in his heart; a cloud—but not belonging to the cloud of God's witnesses, for he had no rain in his soul, a speaker of great swelling words of vanity—without power, without savour, without life, and without salt. They promised liberty, while themselves were servants of corruption; they pretended to the glorious liberty of the children of God, while themselves were drudges and slaves to the corruption of their own heart's lusts. They had escaped the pollutions of the world at their first setting off in a profession, which was their external reformation: but, though they had escaped the pollutions of the world by a reformation, yet they had not escaped the corruptions of their hearts by regeneration, for they were still servants to them. The holy commandment was delivered to them, as it was to Judas when he was sent forth with the rest of the Apostles

to preach—he had the office and commandment of an Apostle; and thus took part of the ministry with them. But Judas, as well as Peter's hypocrite, both turned from the holy commandment delivered unto them; and so it happened, according to the true proverb, that 'dog returned to his own vomit again.' 2 Peter 2.

"I have led thee this round-about track, reader, that thou mightest be enabled to distinguish between grace and gifts."

This, Mr. Editor, I esteem to be a sample of the good old days in which there were giants; in which the champions of the cross were not ashamed or afraid to say with holy Paul, "But as God is true, our word [or preaching] toward you was not yea and nay." (See 2 Cor. i. 18—20.) Hard sayings they are, and ever have been (John vi. 60,) to carnal, lifeless, loose and hypocritical professors; but good, profitable, and wholesome to the real child of God, who, proving in his own soul by the indwelling power and operation of the Holy Ghost, the truth of the Divine testimony, (Heb. iv. 12,) is led to examine himself whether he be in the faith." 2 Cor. xiii. 5.

That this may be the case with our friend, B. D., and with many who may read these lines, and that the Comforter may bear his witness with the spirits of all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, testifying that they are born of God, is the earnest desire of one who subscribes himself—one who loves to hold converse with those "who being dead yet speaketh." (Heb. xi. 4.)

7, Holland Pl., Denmark St., H. S.  
Camberwell.

## THE BALM OF THE COVENANT.

OR,  
THE PRESENCE OF GOD WITH HIS PEOPLE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the sharp reproaches recently cast upon us—imputing a declension in our decision for truth, and a lack of discernment as regards the same, yet, we inwardly rejoice in the deep and solemn convictions that the everlasting and indestructible truths of the gospel are more than ever valuable, essential and powerful, in the experience of our souls; and the promulgation of them is the only employment in which—while life shall last—we desire to be engaged.

Very recently, we have been requested to publish a new edition of John Flavell's work, entitled—"The Balm of the Covenant Applied to the Bleeding Wounds of Afflicted Saints." We have done so. A neat sixpenny volume, comprising the whole of Flavell's "Solutions," "Arguments," and "Uses," is now in the hands of Messrs. Houlston and Stoneman, and can be obtained from them in the usual channels. The greater part of this precious little volume will be gladly received by all exercised and afflicted saints. We thank God that such an honor is conferred upon us; but we require the aid of the thinking and reading members of the living church to aid us in giving free circulation to these works.

One of Flavell's arguments reads as follows:

"As the covenant sorts and ranks all your troubles into their proper classes and places of service, so it secures the special gracious presence of God with you, in the deepest plunges of distress that can befall you; which presence is a full relief to all your troubles, or else nothing in the world is or can be so.

"The very heathens thought themselves well secured against all evils and dangers, if they had their petty household gods with them in their journeys; but the great God of heaven and earth hath engaged to be with his people, in all their afflictions and distresses. As a tender father sits himself up with his sick child, and will not leave him to the care of a servant only; so God thinks it not enough to leave his children to the tutelage and charge of angels, but will be with them himself, and that in a special and peculiar way: so run the expressive words of the covenant—'I will not turn away from them to do them good; but I will put my fear into their hearts, and they shall not depart from me.'—Jer. xxxii. 40. Here he undertakes for both parts, himself and them. *I will not, and they shall not.*

"Here is the saint's security for the gracious presence of God with them—a presence which dispels all the clouds of affliction and sorrow, as the sun scatters the morning mists. The God of all consolation is with you, O poor, dejected believers; and will not such a presence turn the darkness into light round about you? There is a three-fold presence of God with his creatures:

"1. Essential, which is common and necessary to all.

"2. Gracious, which is peculiar to some on earth.

"3. Glorious, which is the felicity of heaven.

"The first is not the privilege here secured; for it is necessary to all, good and bad. In him we all live, and move, and have our being. The vilest men on earth, yea, the beasts of the field, and the very devils in hell, are always in this presence of God; but it is their torment, rather than their privilege. The last is proper to the glorified saints and angels. Such a presence embodied saints cannot now bear; but it is his special gracious presence which is made over and secured to them in the covenant of grace; and this presence of God is made over to them two ways—

"1. Internally, by the Spirit;

"2. Externally, by Providence.

"1. Internally, by the Spirit of grace dwelling and acting in them. This is a choice privilege to them in the day of affliction; for hereby they are instructed and taught the meaning of the rod. 'Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, and teachest him out of thy law.'—Psalm xciv. 12. O, it is a blessed thing to be taught so many lessons by the rod, as the Spirit teacheth them! Surely they reckon it an abundant recompence of all that they suffer. 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes.'—Psalm cxix. 71. Yea, he refreshes as well as teaches, and no cordials revive like his. 'In the multitude of my thoughts within me thy comforts delight my soul.'—Psalm xciv.

19. Yea, by the presence and blessing of his Spirit, our afflictions are sanctified to subdue and purge out our corruptions. 'By this shall the iniquity of Jacob be purged, and this is all the fruit to take away sin.'—Isaiah xxvii. 9. Now, if a man be instructed in the ends and designs of the rod, refreshed and comforted under every stripe of the rod, and have his sins mortified and purged by the sanctification of the Spirit upon his afflictions, then both the burdensomeness and bitterness of his afflictions are removed and healed by the internal presence of the Spirit of God with his afflicted ones. But,

"2. Besides this, God is providentially present with his people, in all their troubles, in a more external way, ordering all the circumstances of their troubles to their advantage. He orders the degree and extent of our afflictions, still leaving us some mercies and comforts to support and refresh us when others are cut off. In measure doth he debate with his covenant people, staying the rough wind in the day of the east wind. He might justly smite all our outward comforts at once, so that affliction should not rise up the second time; for what comfort soever hath been abused by sin is thereby forfeited into the hand of judgment. But the Lord knows our inability to sustain such strokes, and therefore proportions them to our strength. We have some living relations to minister comfort to us when mourning over our dead. He makes not a full end of all at once. Yea, and his providence supports our frail bodies, enabling them to endure the shocks and storms of so many afflictions without ruin. Surely there is as much of the care of Providence manifested in this, as there is in preserving poor, crazy, leaking barks, and weather-beaten vessels at sea, when the waves not only cover them, but break into them, and they are ready to founder in the midst of them.

"O what a singular mercy is the gracious presence of God with men! even the special presence of that God, 'who is above all, and through all, and in you all,' Eph. iv. 6; as the apostle speaks. *Above all*, in majesty, and dominion; *through all*, in his most efficacious providence; and *in you all*, by his grace and Spirit. As he is above all, so he is able to command any mercy you want, with a word of his mouth; as he is through all, so he must be intimately acquainted with all your wants, straits, and fears; and he is in you all, so he is engaged for your support and supply, as you are the dear members of Christ's mystical body.

"OBJECTION.—But methinks I hear Gideon's objection rolled into the way of this sovereign consolation. If God be with us, why is all this evil befallen us?

"SOLUTION.—All what? If it had been all this rebellion and rage against God, all this apostasy and revolting more and more, all this contumacy and hardness of heart under the rod; then it had been a weighty and stumbling objection indeed: but to say, If God be with us, why are all these chastening corrections and temporal crosses befallen us? why doth he smite our bodies, children, or estates? is an objection no way fit to be urged

by any that are acquainted with the scriptures, or the nature and tenor of the covenant of grace? Is afflicting and forsaking all one with you? must God needs hate, because he scourgeth you? I question whether Satan himself hath impudence enough to set such a note or comment upon Heb. xii. 6. 'For whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.'

"No, no, Christian, it is not a chastening rod, but the denying of such a favour, and suffering men to sin with impunity, and go on prosperously in the way of their own hearts—that speaks a rejected man, as the next words (ver. 7.) informs you. As he never loved you the better for your prosperity, so you may be confident he loves you never the less for your adversity: and will not this close and heal the wounds made by affliction? What, not such a promise as this, 'I will be with him in trouble,' Psal. xci. 15. Will not such a presence revive thee? What then can do it? Moses reckoned that a wilderness with God, was better than a Canaan without him. 'If thy presence go not with me (saith he) then carry us not hence.'—Exod. xxxiii. 15. And if there be the spirit of a Christian in thee, and God should give thee thine own choice, thou wouldst rather choose to be in the midst of all these afflictions with thy God, than back again in all thy prosperity, and among thy children and former comforts, without him."

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## THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

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"And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." Rev. xiv. 13.

THE institute of preaching is of the Lord, and is of perpetual obligation. The theme of the Preacher is substantially unchangeable. "Christ Jesus, and him crucified;" but the mode of exhibiting that theme admits of change, and adaptation. Christ and his Apostles furnish examples for our imitation. I purpose taking advantage of Death's visit to our circle last week, to make a few remarks upon that solemn subject, hoping the Lord will fasten the circumstance, and the word on the conscience of sinners.

I. Consider the universal reign of Death. Death awaits us all; it is a certain thing, a tremendous necessity. We shall all know more about it, for we shall all have to come into close combat therewith. It is the execution of a sentence passed upon all mankind; for we have all sinned. It dissolves earthly connexions, separates those who are most intimately related, and strongly bound in affection's ties. Death is a mighty one; his mandate must be obeyed; there is no resisting it. He reigns in the crowded city, and men of business must find time to die. He reigns in quiet villages, and the retired ones must follow him. He reigns on the battle field, and the warrior bold, and conquerors must surrender at his call. The rich miser must resign his gold, and the poor wayworn pilgrims bid adieu to their

privations and sorrows. Death brings eternal life and happiness to one, and brings *second* death and misery to another. He reigns at all times, and in all places, because sin exists. His scythe mows down generation after generation; his insatiable mow never cries enough, but give, give, is its exorbitant demand. Yet I fear not its approach, for I expect my portion, the other side of the grave.

II. Consider the exemption from Death's penal consequences enjoyed by some. And who are they? Those who die *in* the Lord. Then am I *in* him? The Church is *in* him, by Eternal Union, chosen in him, one with him, loved by him, and saved with an everlasting salvation. The Church always existed in him as the members in their head, and as the bride in her heavenly husband. When God created Adam, he created him male and female; the wife was in him, and the individual separation completed the conjugal union. So, "Christ and his members ever stood a glorious mystic man." They ever did and ever will stand in him.

But the Christian is *in* him personally and experimentally by grace calling, which is manifested by,

1st, Faith *in* Jesus Christ. This is the gift of God to his elect. The election hath obtained it; and by faith he comes unto, looks upon, and trusts in his merit; this proves him a living man. Faith is alike in kind, though different in degree in all the children. It is trusting Christ in the dark. There was no *if* about Peter's faith when he found himself sinking. We do not know the strength of our faith as long as we possess human props, and a good strong deck of sensible enjoyment to stand upon; but when we step on to the troubled waters, we discover where our strength lieth.

2nd, Manifested by repentance towards God. True evangelical repentance is never experienced till we see Christ. Law terms may distress us while we look more at the shame, and dread more the punishment of sin, than regret for having pierced our beloved with our sins. This regret cannot be felt, till we have knowledge of the fact. Faith therefore must precede repentance. It is true there is a repentance without faith, such as Esau's, Pharaoh's, and Judas's; and thousands in the present day possess their repentance. Godly repentance leads to God, and forsakes the sin, whilst worldly repentance continues the sin and leads to destruction.

3rd, Manifested by hope in God's mercy. This is his anchor when swelling billows rise. When the anchor is most useful, it is *not seen*. It is fixed in the rock within the veil; we feel the effects in outriding the storm in safety, and see the advantage of possessing such an anchor.

4th, Manifested by confidence in his faithfulness. "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," is his language.

5th, Manifested by love to his truth. Fixed purposes, faithful promises, &c., in rebelling against the sooty banner of Free-will, and unfurling the blessed banner of Sovereign Grace; and,

6th, Manifested by obedience to his commands, walking in the ordinances of the Lord. Our deceased brother manifested his interest

*in* Christ by these particulars; what he was in these respects, he was by the grace of God. There is no praise due to the creature, but God exhibits his grace in the creature, and secures to himself the glory. He died *in* the Lord. The Lord preserved him in health, sustained him in sickness, led him through time, and received him to glory. And it was a short conflict, it only lasted three hours. The foe was stingsless; the King of Terrors acted as Charioteer. And now having scaled the ramparts of time, he has taken possession of his *throne*.

"Faith strives, but all its efforts fail  
To trace him in his flight."

III. Consider the blessedness. They are blessed in being released from *sin*; here they carry about the body of sin and death. This evil principle still exists, though it does not reign. It annoys, and vexes, there sin cannot enter. *Sickness* there cannot exist. *Sorrow* there finds no place. They are blessed in being received to *Rest*; that will be uninterrupted and eternal. To *Reward*, the reward of Christ, merit on their behalf, not their own. And to *Royalty*, the poor prisoners raised from the prison-house to the palace, and made Kings and Priests unto God. They are blessed in being raised to holiness, honour and happiness. To the dying man, earth with all its treasures loses its charms; it must be left behind; but what we possess in the world above will endure for ever; heaven knows no decay, no darkness, no death. The flowers there never fade, the fruits there never decay, the sun there never sets, pleasures for evermore there endure, and sorrow and sighing are for ever banished. May we realize divine sunshine to cheer us on our way to the Celestial City, and there at last obtain an abundant entrance. Amen.

ELIAS GRIFFITHS.

Wellingborough, Feb. 12, 1855.

## THE BELIEVER'S HYMN.

"Brightest of all the sons of light,  
Our Brother and our Lord;  
Help us to worship thee aright,  
According to thy word.

And while thy glories now we sing,  
Unveil thy beautiful face;  
Accept the offerings we bring—  
The products of thy grace.

Through grace we listened to thy voice,  
Through grace we are forgiven;  
Through grace we in thy love rejoice,  
And hasten on to heaven.

Hail Son of God! our Jesus hail!  
To thee shall praise be given;  
Until we pass death's darksome vale,  
And find ourselves in heaven.

Then in a more mellifluous song,  
Our voices we will raise,  
And through unending years prolong  
Thy well deserved praise."

T. J. MESSER.

Oh! for the meekness and calmness of the Lamb of God in my soul! It is a sweet disposition heartily to forgive all injuries done to us.

## Memorials of Departed Saints.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR DOUBTING SOULS, AS  
SEEN IN THE LORD'S GRACIOUS DEALINGS  
WITH

JOHN GRAYSTONE

IN HIS DYING HOURS.

DEAR BROTHER,—The person concerning whom the following remarks are made, was a Blacksmith, in the employ of Mr. Garrett, of Leiston, Suffolk; and was first known to me about two or three years since, by his attending under my ministry. After I had become acquainted with him, he told me that he had been with the Wesleyans, and had been a teacher in their School; but could not hear from their preachers what his soul longed for, the Lord having now showed him his lost and helpless state, and his exposure to Divine wrath eternally, unless saved by free and matchless grace. At last he told one of the people he should go to Aldringham one Sunday; but the person told him there was such dangerous things preached there, that he must not think of going there on any account. This for a time prevented his coming. However, the desire to come still remained with him, in consequence of which he thought he would come once without apprising any one with his intentions; which he did, and found the truth, (which had been reported to be so very dangerous,) to be food for his distressed mind. When he got home at noon-time, the Wesleyans came to know where he had been; he honestly told them he had been to Aldringham Chapel, and should never go to the Wesleyan Chapel again. But although he was favoured to feed upon the Word preached, his mind was often dark, his faith weak, his fears many, and his foes strong; and as he had no gift for public prayer, the enemy took great advantage of him, by trying to persuade him he could not be a chosen vessel of mercy, and if not, he knew he could not be saved.

He was a consumptive subject; and about six or eight months ago, he was taken with his death-illness, during which I (with other kind friends) often visited him, and found him generally in a dark frame, yet not without glimpses of light at intervals. On one occasion, after he had been secretly wrestling with the Lord for an evidence of pardoning mercy, he opened the Bible upon the 20th chapter of the 2nd book of Kings, and his eye caught the latter part of the 5th verse, which was a suitable portion, and afforded him much joy.

I was not with him when he expired, but what follows was told me by his wife, who is a member with us, and which statement is corroborated by the person whose name will be after mentioned: On the last Saturday he lived in this world, Mrs. Morling asked him if he were happy. He replied, "I have been with Jesus this afternoon, and he told me I was safe." He then spoke to his wife, and said, "Remember, you are a member

of a Christian Church, and a Christian Church consists of faithful persons meeting together to worship and glorify God." In the evening, she not thinking he was able to speak, asked if he was happy, when he sweetly smiled; she said, "if so, wave your hand," which he did immediately.

I must omit much for the sake of being brief; but would just say, that, the night before he died, he held his wasted arms straight upward as if wishing to embrace something, or to mount up, and in a few minutes shook his head, as if in the dark again.

While Mrs. M. talked with him, he spoke of his own sinfulness, and said, "Talk about the hairs of your head, why, this house would not hold my sins!" He afterwards said, "Who murdered Jesus? I did! Look at the blood!" On being reminded that Christ shed his blood for poor sinners, he said, "But I want to know it was shed for me." During the last half-hour of his life he was in prayer for some minutes together crying, Mercy, &c., and said, "If I perish, I will perish at thy feet!" after which he said, "I have had a severe conflict; Satan tried hard for the victory, and pointed his darts at me. I seemed as if I could see them; of various shapes they appeared to be, but not one touched me, for my dear Saviour was there too, and he told me my sins were all forgiven; and then I could 'smile at Satan's rage.' I did not ask Jesus how much longer I should be here, but I think it will not be long. Give my love to the dear friends at Aldringham, and tell them I died rejoicing in the Lord. My love to Mr. Brand, and tell him not to say much about me, but to exalt Jesus all he can. I am afraid Satan should make another attack; but if he does, he will not conquer, for I have seen Jesus, and you know once for all." He again said, "Give my love to all relatives and friends;" and then said to his wife, "Do not weep; you have great cause for rejoicing!" after which he took his leave of all present, and wishing his love to be given to Mr. Morling, his happy spirit took its flight from earth, to dwell where Jesus is!

J. BRAND.

*Aldringham, Suffolk.*

### A SLIGHT SKETCH OF ONE WHO FOUND FAVOUR WITH GOD AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

THE infidel, who reads of death-bed conversions, says they are brought forward as evidences of the truth of Christianity, and that they are all the fabrications of deluded fanatics and silly women and children. Without staying to show how far this is true, we shall, for the comfort and edification of the followers of the Lamb, add another to the list of the innumerable instances on record, of those who have experienced the power of sovereign grace, though on a death-bed.

The subject of the following sketch was the son of a pious woman, and she was a widow. Early left without a father, he grew up under the careful teaching of his mother till he

merged from the child into the youth. He then went out into the world, where he became acquainted with wicked companions. And here commences his downward career. His Sabbaths, instead of being passed with his now sorrowing parent at a place of worship, were spent on the water, or sometimes in worse places. From bad he went to worse; and as he grew older he threw off all the restraints of home, and plunged into scenes of dissipation and vice, where all his early lessons appeared to be obliterated from his mind; and he lived without hope and God in the world.

Years passed by—and still no change. We need not describe step by step his downward progress. It has been too often done. Suffice it to say, he continued apparently an unconverted man till within a few weeks of his death. Often had God stopped him in his mad career by illness—and he had experienced often and often the truth of the Scripture, that “the wages of sin is death”—still it appeared that resolutions made in sickness were forgotten when health came.

A few months before his death he became very ill; the cares of a wife and family pressed upon him, and he began to sink. Then it was he first began to think of his past life, and to review, step by step, his course. His bearing to all around him became changed,—the lion became a lamb;—still he had not asked for forgiveness, nor did he till he was confined to his bed, when the arrows of the Almighty stuck fast in him. He saw himself condemned by God's law; Sinai's thunders roared around his dismayed spirit. He cried to the Lord for mercy, viewing himself as a guilty polluted sinner—as one of the worst of sinners! He thought there was no hope for him—no pardon for such a wicked wretch as he called himself. He thought he had sinned away the day of grace. But, blessed be God, his ways are not our ways, nor his thoughts our thoughts! He had purposes of mercy towards his penitent returning prodigal child.

The writer went to see him as he was labouring under these strong convictions, and spoke to him of the love of God,—of the power of the blood of Christ to cleanse from *all* sin—of his mercy to a Mary Magdalene—of the thief upon the cross—of his readiness to forgive *all* that come to him—and also, that inimitable parable, the Prodigal Son. Under the influence of the Holy Spirit, sealing home these blessed truths with power, his perturbed spirits grew calm; his bleeding heart was bound up; the great Physician of souls was there pouring balm into his wounded breast; the Sun of Righteousness arose with healing in his wings, and he was happy; and it might have been said of him as one of old, “Behold, he prayeth!” He seemed to be convinced that he should never get up again, and only once did he express a wish that he might live to serve God in his house.

He gradually became worse. His bodily pain was excruciating; yet never once did he murmur. He employed his whole time in talking about his risen Lord, and prayed for a place at the right hand of God. Often did he lament his ignorance of scripture, so that he might have used words appropriate in

his prayers. His prayers were the spontaneous utterances of a child to its father; while he thought he did not know how to pray, the writer thought he could not pray better.

Thus day after day passed away, till the evening of Jan. 12th, when strong in faith and trust, assured of a glorious resurrection, he breathed his last, aged only 31 years, and his spirit returned to God who gave it.

How strikingly evident does the power of sovereign grace appear in such instances as the above! What was it that caused a rebel against the authority of his Maker to bow his will in subjection to his Lord's will? What was it that caused him to see his state as a sinner, and to fly for refuge to the smitten rock? Why was he not left to die and to sink into outer darkness? Truly we can assign no reason short of this,—that sovereign grace sought him out and performed the work when he was more than ever helpless—when man's extremity proved to be God's opportunity.

Another fact which struck us was this: the ineffaceability of early impressions and teachings. Lines of hymns and passages of scriptures *learned in childhood* were sources of immense comfort to the subject of this history. We know this to be the case, because he never attended a place of worship, nor read the Bible from his youth till his death. What may we not learn from this of the duty of parents and churches to the young? And yet how little is this thought of by parents! Happy are we to see that with a few—and thank God very few—exceptions, Sunday Schools are established—those noble institutions, which, under God, we believe are intended to become the great means of evangelizing the world. But it is time we came to a conclusion.

God grant that if any cast down, sin-sick soul read this, they may derive comfort therefrom, and experience the blessedness of our departed brother, who found that the blood of Christ did indeed cleanse from *all* sin. A. S.

## FAITH'S VISION OF GLORY.

FAITH brings us report of bright mansions on high,  
A city with palaces fair;  
And tells us the ransom'd of Jesus shall vie  
With angels, and dwell with them there;  
But what the bright bliss is we never can tell,  
Till we in those mansions are favored to dwell.  
It speaks of a Fountain as blissful as sweet,  
For ever o'erflowing with love,  
Creating new pleasures, and always replete  
With bliss to the blessed above;  
But what the delights are we scarcely can think,  
Till we at that Fountain are favored to drink.  
It tells us, those spirits so happy and blest,  
That walk the gold pavement above,  
Beneath the sweet smiles of their Saviour they rest  
And bask in the sunshine of love;  
But what the full bliss of his presence can be  
We know not, nor can we, till each of us see.  
She draws back the curtain that hides the blest  
The Canaan we're longing to see; [land,  
And sometimes on Pisgah's high summit we stand;  
And glance at that glory, till we  
Are sweetly enraptured; but what will it be  
To dwell there for ever, dear Jesus, with thee?

## OUR BRITISH BAPTIST CHURCHES.

MOUNT ZION CHAPEL,  
HILL STREET, DORSET SQUARE.

ON Lord's-day, March 25th, brother Foreman baptised five brethren, who having searched the Scriptures for themselves were convinced that the ordinance of believers' baptism is a command of the King of Zion; honoured by his example and sanction, and was practised by all the Lord's obedient followers, until popery invented the figment of infant sprinkling. Our pastor preached from Matt. xxviii. 19, 20; observing that there were various opinions concerning baptism—but this text is our authority, for we have no knowledge of salvation, nor rule for conduct, but the Word of God. If a poor convinced sinner goes with his tale of woe to a man-made teacher, he will tell him to read the prayer book, come to church, and take the sacrament, but they never refer him to the Word of God. Now, true religion is the religion of the Bible; and by *that* man is either justified or condemned. Oh, but that's a non-essential. Never let such a subterfuge be named as connected with what God's word contains. Here we have love and authority combined: love sent the Saviour, and induced him to do all that he has done. Teach all. What? The love of God to them. That all power of right, authority, and rule is in Christ. He speaks our text who has done such good to and for us. Every king chooses his ministers, and our King Jesus chooses his, and they have the honour and interests of their King at heart. The Bible is the text, and the minister of Jesus will declare *all* that is there, and nothing more. Teach what? No explanation is given, they are to teach what they had already been taught by their Lord. John's Gospel particularly shows what the Lord taught; and in the Acts we find what the Apostles taught, and how they practised. The Epistles also bear their testimony to the same things. Baptised, whom and how? No instructions given. Why? Because they had been baptised, and had seen and understood perfectly their Master's will. Some say, another baptism than John's was intended; there is no other but the baptism of the Holy Ghost; and no man could ever baptise with the Spirit. Moses practised the same circumcision as Abraham; and so the disciples administered the same baptism as John. The baptism of John is declared to be the beginning of the gospel of God. See Mark i. What characters are to be baptised? He that believeth—no others can have any right to it. "Teach them to observe all things," then there are no non-essentials. W. H.

## TUNSTALL, SUFFOLK.

THE cause of God and truth at the above place has greatly revived of late, by God's blessing, under the ministry of the word as proclaimed by our young brother in the Lord, Mr. J. Pells, (formerly a member of Mr. Jas.

Wells's, of London). Having preached with great acceptance about twenty-two Sabbaths, the church has given him a further call for twelve month's, with a view to the pastorate, commencing on Lord's-day, April 15th. Our congregation is now very large and attentive; and we believe the Spirit of the Lord is at work in our midst, and applying the word preached to the souls of many who listen to the gospel's joyful sound.

On Wednesday, March 21, (Fast-day) a goodly number gathered together in the morning, and we commenced the service by singing; and brother Mason, of Yoxford, read and gave a very appropriate address from 2 Chron. ii., and engaged in prayer. We again sung, and brother Branch (one of our members,) offered up prayer; we sung another hymn, and brother Pells concluded with prayer.

In the afternoon, brother Pells read the hymns, and brother Last, of Ipswich, read and offered a few remarks upon Isaiah lxi. and lxii., and engaged in prayer; after which, brother Brown, of Friston, preached to a large congregation from Luke i. 70—73.

After the service, about two hundred persons sat down to a very comfortable tea, and all seemed very happy.

In the evening, there were supposed to be not less than seven hundred persons present. We opened the meeting by singing, and brother Pells offered up prayer; brother Whitehand, one of the deacons, presided over the meeting, Brethren Brown, Last, Reeve, Mason, Newman, Barham, and Pells, gave short but very suitable addresses, and we concluded the day with prayer. Truly, it was a time of rejoicing to very many precious souls; the Lord was truly in our midst, and that to bless us; and we trust it was a day that will long be remembered with gratitude to our God.

A CONSTANT READER.

April 3, 1855.

UNICORN YARD CHAPEL,  
TOOLEY STREET.

(To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel).

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Having been given to understand that the ordinance of Believer's Baptism would be administered on Thursday evening, March 29th, I cannot express the gratification and pleasure I felt at being present on that occasion. After the solemn exercises of singing, reading and prayer, their esteemed pastor took for his text John iii. 22, 23, "And after these things came Jesus and his disciples into the land of Judea; and there he tarried with them and baptised, and John also was baptising in Enon, because there was much water there: and they came and were baptised." It was a most impressive discourse, setting forth baptism by immersion as the Scriptural way; noticing distinctly Christ, our Leader, submitting to that divine institution, and saying to all his followers, "If ye love me, keep my command-

ments." Then he described the characters who are qualified for that ordinance—those who manifested repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. After closing this excellent discourse, he administered the ordinance to four females and two males, who went through it in a most becoming manner, all appearing to be deeply impressed with the solemn and delightful exercise of the evening. I can say, that for very many years I have not witnessed that solemn ordinance administered so much to my own satisfaction, pleasure and profit. I truly found it good to be there. From enquiry, I find on Lord's-day evening, April 1st, if the Lord permit, there will be twelve members added to the church—which, no doubt, will be a very interesting opportunity. My heart rejoices to think that the Lord appears to be again shining upon that ancient church, where the gospel has been preached so many years, but of late years has been under a cloud; that the great Head of the church may shower down his choicest blessing upon that little vineyard, and crown the labours of their esteemed pastor with abundant success, is the fervent prayer of  
A SINCERE FRIEND.

#### A GOOD FRIDAY AT KEDDINGTON.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Some little time since it was proposed by one of our Brothers, and un-animously agreed to by the others, that we should try and get up a Public Tea Meeting, for the encouraging and strengthening the hands of our Pastor; and the Friends not only agreed in word, but in deed, for they cheerfully and liberally contributed the things necessary for the occasion; so by the arrival of the day, Good Friday, all things were ready. Yes, and our Pastor was made ready, and spoke in the afternoon to a chapel-full, Jesus, and the fellowship of his sufferings. After service, upwards of one hundred and thirty sat down to tea in the chapel, and were very much delighted. After public tea, service commenced by singing. Our Pastor prayed and spoke from—"If we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him." They were two solid, sound, and safe discourses, much blessed, we hope, to the comfort and strengthening of many.

Perhaps to you London folks such things are not very interesting. But, bye the bye, we had two Friends, members in London with us, and truly real helps they were, in every sense of the word. May the Lord bless them an hundred-fold, we say to you.

May the blessing of heaven rest upon you and your labours of love is the desire of your's sincerely,

JNO. DILLISTONE.

*Keddington Chapel, April 9, 1855.*

#### THE NEW BAPTIST CAUSE AT SAXMUNDHAM, SUFFOLK.

SAXMUNDHAM is a neat, commercial, and increasing town in Suffolk, nearly twenty miles beyond Ipswich, but a town without any particular Dissenting interest until within these few years past. It is most remarkable to me

that neither the Old Conference Wesleysans, the Primitive, nor the Reformers, have any standing here. This part of Suffolk contains several Baptist Churches, and it certainly must be admitted, that gospel truth has many faithful friends in this beautiful and richly-productive part of our highly-favoured land. Near to the town of Saxmundham there are, at least, four long established baptist churches—Aldringham, where Mr. Brand is pastor, and whose ministry for some few years past has been useful in gathering and holding up the cause. This old baptist chapel at Aldringham is not far from the little sea-port, Aldborough; and in these parts a lover of gospel truth, and a seeker after health and retirement, might spend a short time (with the Lord's blessing) very pleasantly indeed. Beside Aldringham, there is Tunstall Church, where Mr. Pells now labours; there is also Friston, where Mr. Brown is pastor, and under whose ministry many have been brought in. Cransford has likewise a baptist cause, where Mr. Baldwin labours; but the town of Saxmundham, until 1854, was without any church strictly following the practices of the Apostles, and abiding by their doctrine.

As it fell to my lot to be engaged in publicly recognising this new baptist interest on Good Friday, April 6, 1855, I shall, the Lord permitting, give a brief account of its rise, and prospect. My readers must not criticise, I am writing this as I ride home towards London by coach and rail; and, besides feeling fatigued from yesterday's labour, I am very unwell; but my small memorial of the Saxmundham church may be useful to some of its future friends, when those who were instrumental in its formation, have passed to their eternal home.

The principle persons employed by the Lord in its commencement were Mr. James Smy, of Saxmundham; Mr. Barnes, (son of the late venerable deacon of the Tunstall church); Mr. William Day, the Baptist Minister; and a builder in the town. My conscience smites me here—it says, I ought by no means to omit the mention of good old Abraham Baker, who has lived in the dark town of Saxmundham for above sixty years; and for more than forty years has been praying to the Lord to let him see the gospel fairly planted, and faithfully preached, in Saxmundham. After the formation of the church, good old Abraham came and sat down beside me, and with tears of holy joy, he told me nearly all his heart. Dear old Abraham, I think I shall never forget the end of his tale—for after he told me of his first being cut down under deep convictions—how the Lord set his soul at liberty under a sermon preached by Thomas Row, now of Gransden; after he had spoken of the many years in which he had asked the Lord to bring the Gospel into the town, he said, "and when I saw this chapel built, and when Mr. James Wells was preaching the opening sermons here, I stood at the foot of the pulpit stairs, and seemed to be like good old Simeon when he said, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'" When Abraham Baker went to be baptised, his wife went with a lot of stones, to stone him, and she vowed that she would do it; but Mr. Sam.



Studd, a farmer and a true friend to Zion, he stood by, and he was the instrument of keeping her from her wicked design; before the Lord took her out of this world, he brought her to his feet as a praying and hoping penitent. Abraham has also a son who is a soldier, a believer, and a preacher of Christ's gospel in the East Indies—I have some of his letters, and hope to make some extracts from them. But I must get back to Saxmundham, although the coach-horses are running from it as fast as they can.

I left London early on Thursday morning as reluctantly as ever I left home in my life: the fact is, I am over-worked and very unwell; and I do increasingly feel that unless I can find a little quiet rest for a time, I shall not be able long to hold on. Through the mercy of God, I reached Saxmundham in safety. The next morning we all went to the new chapel, where we heard a sound discourse by Mr. Brand, of Aldringham. Friend B. is a plain, but truthful preacher of the Gospel; and my mind was very well entertained by his good discourse.

In the afternoon, we proceeded to the solemn work of forming the Church, which we attended to in the following manner. After reading, singing, and prayer, I felt my heart stirred in me to call the attention of the people to the fact that in such deeply important matters as these, two things were absolutely necessary—first, that we see and feel a divine warrant in the word of God and in our own souls; secondly, that we have suitable material, that is, a number of truly spiritual persons, whose faith, experience, character and position, unitedly testify that they are such as do live and fear God, and are the called according to his predestinating purpose. Such authority I certainly felt we had; such material the Lord had provided; a door of faith had been opened; a convenient house for worship had been built; a minister had been sent unto them; the way had been made plain; and therefore we might address ourselves to the work without fear.

In endeavouring to shew the true character of the persons who are evidently qualified for church-membership, I spoke to the people from these words—“*And ye became followers of us, and of the Lord, having received the word in much affliction, with joy of the Holy Ghost.*” (1 Thess. i. 6.) From these words were noticed, first, “the great main cause of vital godliness in the soul;”—it arises from a true reception of the word, which, at first, is productive of much affliction: the word is a hammer; and by the Spirit's power it breaks open the hard and rocky heart; it breaks down the powers of darkness; and dethrones Satan and his destructive host; but, as the soul is all this time in darkness, it is frightened at the confusion, the noise, and the terrors which now fill the mind of the newly-awakened sinner, as David said—“The sorrows of death, and the sorrows of hell compassed me: the earth shook and trembled: the foundations of the hills—(all his false hopes and fleshly righteousness, and creature possessions, all moved; because the Lord, (by his law,) manifested his wrath: here is much affliction:—the word is also said to be a fire; it purifies; burns up much that is carnal and sensual;

the word is a sword; it pierces and wounds the guilty conscience; penetrates and lays open the deep secrets of the human heart: the word is a candle; throwing a holy light into the real state of the fallen sinner, as he stands before God. By these operations, the soul is afflicted indeed. How emphatically doth the Psalmist say—“*I found trouble and sorrow.*” But the apostle adds—“*With joy of the Holy Ghost.*” After a night of affliction under the sentence of death, there comes the morning of joy. But what do we understand, what do we know, of this “*joy of the Holy Ghost?*” Whatever men may say—by way of distinction—of the common and the saving operations of God the Holy Ghost, I will never believe that the blessed Spirit gives any sinner joy but such as have been truly and deeply convinced of their awful and their entire helpless condition as guilty and ruined transgressors in the sight of a holy God. To such smitten and solemnly humbled souls, (in the appointed time,) the Eternal, the Essential, the co-equal, and Divine COMFORTER will give joy, by a soul-ravishing faith's view of the ever-adorable Person of our glorious GOD-MAN, the LORD JESUS CHRIST: which faith's view of the atoning blood, the holy and perfect obedience, the substitutionary sufferings and sacrifice, the resurrection power, the prevalent intercessions, and the celestial kingdom of a dear Redeemer, will take away guilt, and slavish fear; will crucify to the world, make us hate and loathe ourselves; unite us to the Lord, his truth and his people; in fact, it will give new eyes, and we shall see things as we never saw them before; new ears, to hear as we never heard before; and the thoughts and affections of the new man will be engaged as they never were before. The old Adam nature being still the same, will torment, and pain, and perplex us dreadfully; the fight between a living faith and an unholty flesh, will sometimes be terrific: nevertheless, the dear living Spirit will give us joy in Christ, in the gospel, in Zion, in the prospects of glory; and he will give us grace to become followers of the risen Saviour, and of the Saviour himself.

I must not say more. A brief review of the remaining services will do to close up this imperfect notice of one of my happiest days in the gospel. After the afternoon discourse, the usual questions were asked. Brother William Day, the pastor, gave an interesting statement of the leadings of Providence in the commencement of this new cause: brother James Smy—(who was much afflicted in body)—read the Articles of Faith; they were scripturally and experimentally sound, and sufficient, though compressed, in comparatively few words. It was a solemn scene when the right-hand of fellowship was given to all who were to form the church. The chapel and vestry were crowded with the friends who took ten. We closed the day by preaching from the words in Zechariah, “My house shall be built in it, saith the Lord of hosts, and a line shall be stretched forth upon Jerusalem.” We pray the Lord to give them the truth with peace, power, and prosperity; and keep the brethren of neighbouring churches from looking on them with a jealous eye.

## REVIEWS AND GENERAL NOTICES.

"*The Present Struggle: or, Calm Reflections on the Retributive Character of War, the Moral Government of God, and the Improvement of Man's Condition under the Millennial Reign of Christ.*" By W. PALMER, Homerton. London: Houlston and Stoneman, 65, Paternoster Row.

THE contents of this little book of 24 pages, by Mr. Palmer, of Homerton, scarcely comes within our province to notice; for if we once begin political discussion, where shall we stop? Yet we will say just a few words, as the subject is thus brought before us.

The book answers very well to its title-page; it shews war to be a judgment from God; and that it is a necessary evil, in so far as it is used to prevent greater evils, such as universal slavery, and destruction of all religious liberty. Mr. Palmer shews himself well, and very extensively, acquainted with history and geography; and in a masterly way lays before us the aggressive qualities of Russian despotism, the tremendous acquisitions it has made, its deep laid plans, and merciless execution of the same; and that its aggressions ought years ago to have been stopped by the British Government and power, and that we are now suffering as a nation for our political sins.

Mr. Palmer then gives us a little hope and a little comfort from a prospect of the millenium. His views of the millenium are as consistent as any we have ever seen. He (Mr. Palmer) does not hold with the notion of the Saviour's local descent, and occupation locally of a throne on earth; but that the gospel will have universal dominion, and then shall not the nations learn war any more. We are truly glad that Mr. Palmer takes this gospel view of the thousand-years' reign of the gospel; and especially when so many are literalizing figurative language, and carnalizing spiritual things.

Mr. Palmer has a mind evidently of no mean order. We should think he would make a most powerful Editor of a Nonconformist periodical. Indeed he has already, by his writings, shewn that he knows ten times more about the State Church than the State Church knows about itself; and he has in the book before us thrown out some heavy pieces of metal against this Ecclesiastical Sebastopol.

But still Mr. Palmer has not taken that position in relation to the Russian war which we could have wished he had with his powerful pen have taken. We should like to have seen him shew that the war *ought not* to have taken place, and that so far from its being a righteous war, it originated in wrong on *all* sides—Turkish, English, French and Russian.

We could have wished Mr. Palmer had shewn, from the Parliamentary Blue Books, that in 1847 the silver star, which from time immemorial had been placed over the altar in the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, was all at once missing; and how that the Latins (Catholics) accused the Greeks of the theft, 1856.

and obtained their exclusion from the Church—and how the French Government (ever ready to serve the Pope) interposed to confirm the exclusion of the Greeks; and how the Greeks sought, by the Russian Government, to the Czar, their own Pope, to be reinstated; and how, after years of negotiation upon this matter, the Sultan promised the Russian Government so to do, and gave a firman to that effect; but the messenger, under French influence, had secret orders not to read the firman at Jerusalem; and that Russia, feeling herself trifled with by the Sultan, sent Prince Menschikoff in March, 1853, to Constantinople, to propose, not the right by the Greeks to the holy places only, but that the twelve millions of Greeks in the Sultan's dominions should have the same civil rights as other sects, not of the Mahomet religion; that Prince Menschikoff, while at Constantinople, drew up a note containing reasonable demands, which the Sultan, by the English Government, was advised not to sign. This was fatal error the *first*. A conference was then held at Vienna, when a note, the same in substance as the above, was presented to the Russian Government, and which *the Russian Government accepted*; but the Sultan, seeing it to be the *same* in substance which he had been advised *not* to sign, very naturally refused to sign this. Another note at Vienna was then drawn up, which the Sultan *would* accept, but which the Russian Government would *not* accept; and thus negotiations came to an end, and the awful war began.

The Turks were furious, the Russians fearless and tyrannical; the French Government, by claiming too much for the Sultan, had lighted the torch; the British Government had prevaricated, advising the Sultan to sign that to-day which yesterday it had advised him not to sign. Thus it appears all have sinned; and it is an awful truth that all have suffered. Truly, of our senators—at least, as far as we can see at present—it may be said, "He turneth wise men backward, and maketh their knowledge foolish." Isaiah xlv. 25. And that he "leadeth counsellors away spoiled, and maketh the judges fools." Job xii. 17.

We have no doubt of the aggressive and tyrannical character of Russia, or of the awful darkness in which her people are enveloped; but are the people of the Turkish Empire a whit better off? We think not. Alas! "Darkness covers the earth, and gross darkness the people." And will the *sword enlighten* them? Alas! no; it only increases the barbarity, we, as a nation, are professing to destroy.

War is in some cases, as Mr. Palmer says, a necessary evil, and has been in some cases used in defence of real freedom, but not very often.

Mr. Palmer falls in with the general notion that Russia's object was the subjection to its iron grasp of all Europe; nor do we deny this. But then, we must remind Mr. Palmer

of his own excellent remarks towards the close of his book now before us—that there are agencies of civilization and social improvement at work, which will ultimately prove infinitely stronger than the sword. Will war *help* these agencies? Will it not rather seriously impede their working? And if this war had been avoided, as it *ought* to have been, we say to our senators, ye *ought not* to have loosed from Crete; ye have run the State vessel upon many rocks and quicksands; and many have already miserably perished. If this war, we say, had been avoided, would not the agencies of which Mr. Palmer speaks have more than counteracted Russian designs,—and that not by meeting evil with evil, but by overcoming evil with good?

We believe there is generally too much stress laid upon the advantages to freedom resulting from war, and not stress enough laid upon the moral power of the Word of God. Revolutions favourable to freedom, which have been attributed to princes and governments, have more properly belonged to the moral power of the people, derived from enlightenment and the Word of God.

Christian, be *not* an advocate for fire and sword, only under the direst necessity, for the defence of freedom and right. In the present war we do not believe that such a dire necessity did at the first exist; if such necessity came into existence, it was by the wisdom of governments failing them by the way.

As Christians, let us pray for our Queen and country, and that our God would in mercy stop the savage progress of the demon of war; that he would make wars to cease unto the ends of the earth; that *peace* may bless a benighted world.

#### “Is Sebastopol Armageddon?”

THE Rev. D. Nihil, of Fitz., Salop, has favored us with a small pamphlet carrying the above striking question for its title. The author has thrown out some, to us, startling ideas—the following is one.

“Commentators, writing before the present war, have, I believe, generally drawn their explanation of the word ‘Armageddon’ from its first syllable *Ar*, signifying a mountain; but this has thrown no real light upon the text. There is another Hebrew word having the same sound (*Ar*), though formed from a different letter. This *Ar* signifies a city. Joining to it the word *Mageddon*, which in Hebrew signifies pre-eminent or illustrious, we get *Armageddon*,—the illustrious city. Now, Sebastopol is compounded of two Greek words, which together signify the same thing—the august or illustrious city. This, as far as I know, is, in substance, the discovery suggested by the present extraordinary siege. The coincidence is at least curious; but the point admits of further elucidation.

“St. John wrote in Greek, and, if he had not in the passage under consideration forsaken the Greek for the Hebrew, that passage would have run thus in our English translation: ‘And he gathered them together into a place called in the Greek tongue *Sebastopol*.’ But this would have been too plain

for prophecy, which employs enigmatical devices for the purpose of presenting truth, as it were looming in a mist, to the eye of faith, while it conceals the precise event foreshadowed from certain knowledge until the proper period for its development. In this instance the enigma consists in substituting the Hebrew word *Armageddon* for the plain name of the place *Sebastopol*. It deserves remark, that had St. John used the Greek word *Sebastopol*, this too might have equally hidden his meaning up to the time when the Russians gained fraudulent possession of the Crimea, but no longer. The Tartar name of the place was *Aktiar*. Dr. Clarke in his *Travels*, published in 1810, alluding to this change in the designation of the city, says: ‘We reached the great bay of *Aktiar*, upon which place the Russians, in the time of Cath. II. bestowed the fantastic name of *Sebastopol*.’ At that time this new name was fantastic; but it may enhance our reverence for divine inspiration to reflect that not only was it foreseen that the place of gathering should ages after be called in human pride by a fantastic name, but that it should, in a short period, by the course of Providence, vindicate its title to be considered really illustrious. For what can be better entitled to such a term than that very place on which the eyes of the world are now fixed?—the two greatest nations of Europe putting forth, and as yet vainly, their mighty resources to take it, and the immense empire of Russia so obstinately and beyond all calculation defending it. It is truly the illustrious city—the *Sebastopol*, the *Armageddon*, call it which we will.

“Learned interpreters of prophecy (Mr. Elliot, for instance) some years ago brought down, from totally independent considerations, our present chronological position to the out-pouring of the sixth vial. Under that vial the battle of Armageddon takes place; so that we ought now to be looking out for *Armageddon*; and if we ask where it is, *Sebastopol* marvellously answers the question.”

The chief design of this pamphlet is to give a literal fulfilment of Revelation xvi. 16, in the gathering of nations and armies against Sebastopol. The argument is well sustained. The pamphlet may be had of Houlston and Stoneman for two-pence.

#### “A Reply to Dr. Cumming’s Lectures on ‘The End of the World.’”

AMONG other works pouring in upon us for review, we have one which we briefly refer to here, entitled as above—written by Mr. H. Bland; and published by Robert Stark, of Glasgow; and in London, by Ward and Co. This pamphlet contains the severest criticisms on the assumptions, assertions, and prophetic writings of Dr. Cumming that has yet appeared. In this work the Doctor’s most glaring contradictions are plainly and powerfully set aside by side. We must regret the mistakes the Doctor has made, but we are too far advanced in the month to say more now. The following extract is a sample of the author’s style; and following upon the preceding extract, shews with what caution

writers on prophecy should give their effusions to the world.

"Dr. Cumming says—'It is an ominous fact that the Greek name Sebastopol has precisely the same meaning as the Hebrew word Armageddon.' What does he infer from this? Even if correct—which I doubt—will he venture to maintain the position that the warfare before Sebastopol is the event alluded to when the text says—'And they gathered them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon?' Will he maintain that the struggle at Armageddon is to be a physical one? or that Armageddon is the metaphoric or real name of a particular locality? If so, only let me understand what he means, and I will answer it; but to insinuate here, when he has previously been so dogmatic, is unworthy of an exponent of Prophecy. If he holds that Sebastopol is the Armageddon of the Apocalypse, why not say so at once, and show how the *Three Unclean Spirits* (as solved by him in his Sketches) have caused the present gathering of the national armies there. If he does not hold this, why mystify the credulous by vague inuendo? I hold that as Armageddon is not figurative of a locality—and that as the struggle will be a moral and spiritual one—therefore the mere historical incident of the Siege of Sebastopol is in no way connected with the Apocalyptic passage."

#### "Neither Night nor Day."

ONE William Hooke, a preacher of the gospel at Dartmouth, delivered a comprehensive discourse in 1873, "*On the Nature and Extent of the Gospel Day*, reaching from the Destruction of the Old, to the Erection of the New Jerusalem." A reprint of this rather ancient, but, we think, interesting and faithful exposition, has just been issued by Houlston and Stoneman. We have neither time nor space to say more than we have read this discourse with much astonishment and pleasure. Old William Hooke was evidently a deep Bible student, and was favoured, we believe, with the anointings of the blessed Spirit. After going through the text—Zechariah xiv. 6, 7—he comes to gather out from the doctrine some useful and practical remarks. The following appears to have been almost a prophetic sketch of the position of the gospel, and of the nations of the earth, at the present time. He says—

"We are shewed, that the darkest time of the gospel-day is yet to come. For that time is to be expected in the evening, which is the darkest part of all the day. Only this darkness will not be (as I conceive) in respect of the withdrawing of the light of truth, but of the light of peace and tranquility: for at the evening of this day, men shall look unto the earth, and behold trouble, and darkness, and dimness of anguish. And this will immediately precede the conversion of the Jews, through the opposition of *Turk* and *Pope*.

"For this will be the time when the kings of the earth, and of the whole world shall be gathered to the battlo of the great day of God Almighty. At that time men shall beat

their plough-shares into swords, and their pruning-hooks into spears.

"But though that will be the darkest part of the day, yet we must expect gloomy times till then, though with intermixed beams of light, wherein God will still be setting this over against that, to the end that men should find nothing after him. And thus God will chequer out the gospel-day, till that be fulfilled which is spoken by the prophet Isaiah, 'Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.' And seeing the day shorteneth, and the shadows of the evening begin to be stretched out, let us expect no more days of tranquility and peace, but wars, and rumours of wars, nation lifting up sword against nation, and learning of war, the confused noise of battle, and garments rolled in blood; for the man upon the red horse is gone forth, to whom power is given to take peace from the earth; and nearer the evening still the darker. That which concerns us, is to be in a posture of humiliation and preparedness, for the reception of these dark dispensations. Here is the faith and patience of the saints."

"*Scenes from the Life, Labours, and Travels of Paul, the Apostle.* With Illustrations."

"*The Library of Biblical Literature.*"

THESE two volumes are published by Mr. William Freeman, of Fleet Street. They are instructive, interesting, and neat. The principal design of these volumes is to fetch out the most striking incidents in Scripture history—and in a popular and easy mode of writing—to attract the attention of thousands of readers. There is, to us, a cold tameness about the writing of these volumes. We should like them better if we could have found a little heavenly fire and some energetic Christian feeling dashing up and down amid the chronicles and curiosities herein so neatly strung together. Why should our gospel preachers and religious authors be such delicate and dandy-like creatures? Real religion is a mighty *life from God*—it is a resurrection power in the souls of all who really possess it—its work is to break down all the barriers that stand in the way of God's glory—Christ's exaltation—the Holy Spirit's *regeneration of the heart, and his revelation of a precious Saviour* in the heart—its work is to *select* and to *separate* the vessels of mercy from the vessels of wrath; to baptise them in the cleansing blood of Calvary's cross, to clothe them in the perfect righteousness of the inexpressibly blessed JESUS; to unite them to the living family of God on earth, to meeten them for the presence and glory of God in heaven. This—in few words—is the work and design of that only religion which comes from the great I AM, and leads his ransomed ones into the possession of blessings which constitute them—not emperors of a fading and perishing throne—but kings and priests unto God, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. The religion of Christ is not a general, a universal, a mysterious *something* that every body may have,

but which nobody can *truly define*. No!—No!! No!!! It is a positive, a permanent, a peculiar, a powerful possession of the sinner by Jesus Christ, through the supernatural and omnipotent energy of the Divine Paraclete. SEPARATION! SANCTIFICATION! SALVATION! These are the three great watch-words of the gospel dispensation. Why, then, should men try to turn the Bible into a kind of cold, calculating philosophy? There is an old veteran in Wales who generally takes his great walking-stick with him into the pulpit; and not unfrequently when his soul is all on fire with some solemn gospel theme, he will take up his stick and thrash the pulpit as hard as he can, until the chapel rings again, and the people are aroused to no small degree. Now we do not wish to see this spirit of wild Welch enthusiasm either in our pulpits or in our publications: but if men will preach the gospel, we want them to do it with *all their heart and soul*: and if authors will write on Bible matters, we require proof of their earnestness, their sincerity, and their singleness of eye. This is an age of religious book-making: and if the books made were filled with those "*better things which accompany salvation*," we should bid them God speed with all our power:—but how far men are authorised to manufacture, remodel, and amalgamate Biblical matters, so as to suit the tastes of the times, is to us a solemn question.

"*Complaint and Consolation.*" London: Ward and Co.

A VOLUME containing two sermons by John Cox, of Woolwich, on the death of the late William Savory, of Brighton. If we can do nothing else, we hope to gather out a few pleasing facts connected with the life of that very quiet, and good man, whose memoir is contained herein. We could not say all that John Cox says: for instance, John says in one of these sermons—page 27—"Whoever hears the gospel should accept it: whoever accepts it, should do so heartily and constantly. This shews its value." What worse than stupid nonsense this is! If the value of the gospel is to be tasted by the hypothesis John Cox here lays down—that is, "*Whoever hears it should accept it*," and "*whoever accepts it should do so heartily and constantly*,"—if this proposition is to define the value of the gospel, why, then John Cox knows very well such a text would say, "*There is comparatively no value in the gospel at all.*" John Cox knows as well as any other minister, that scarcely one in a dozen, perhaps not one in fifty, of those who hear the gospel, ever receive it, or prove it to be "*the power of God unto salvation.*" We fearlessly charge the author of "*Our Great High Priest*" with a sad perversion of the sacred commission which he professes to have received.

When "*Our Great High Priest*" was himself on the earth, he spake of sinners receiving the gospel *not* in that *unmeaning* and indirectly false way now so common among our modern men. No. Jesus spake of this great matter as a new covenant gift; and a gift brought home with absolute power—"All

that the Father giveth me, SHALL COME TO ME; and him that cometh to me, I will no wise cast out." The sixth chapter of John's Gospel is both Christ's new covenant law, and his out-spoken gospel testimony. To that revealed law of a covenant God—to that irrevocable testimony of the great Days-Man, and to all the prophetic and apostolic witnesses to the same—the Holy Ghost points—"TO THE LAW AND TO THE TESTIMONY—if they speak not according to this, it is because there is NO LIGHT IN THEM." The gospel is *straightforward*, it is *discriminating*, it is *conclusive*. He is not a *faithful* gospel minister, in whose testimony these essential attributes of the gospel are not found.

Mr. John Cox, of Woolwich, has, for years, been preserved in a respectable position as an author and a preacher; and all we desire of him is to abandon his half-hearted Arminianism, and to preach the gospel in all its fulness—laboring thereby to *warn* ungodly men, and to comfort Zion.

#### ZOAR CHAPEL,

WILLIAM STREET, EAST INDIA ROAD, POPLAR.

THE above chapel, formerly occupied by the Wesleyans, was taken by the church and congregation under the pastoral care of Mr. R. Bowles. Three sermons were preached on the opening day, Sunday, March 25th, 1855; that in the morning by Mr. C. W. Banks; afternoon by Mr. J. Wells; and in the evening by Mr. S. Ward. Also on the following Tuesday, the 27th, a sermon was preached by Mr. John Bloomfield. After which, a tea and public meeting was held. A large number sat down to tea, (the tea tables furnished gratuitously by the members of the church). The public meeting was then held. Mr. Bowles presided, and after prayer by Mr. Cause, stated the leading features in the providence of God in bringing them to the place, and affording them all that temporal aid, enabling them to meet the demands made upon them for the purchase of fixtures, &c. The following ministers then severally addressed the meeting:—Messrs. Wyard, Bloomfield, Chivers, Chislett, W. H. Wells, and J. Martin. After singing, Mr. Shipway spoke a few encouraging words, and concluded with prayer.

We have great pleasure in being able to state that our mountainous difficulty has become a plain before our great Zerubbabel. We beg to acknowledge the receipt of £1 14s. 2½d., collection from the friends at Enon Chapel, Chatham; 5s. in stamps, from Mr. T. Jones, and 7s. 4½d. from a few friends at Virginia Chapel, Shoreditch. Total amount of donations, collections, and proceeds from tea meeting, nearly £20; leaving only a debt of a few pounds, which is being paid off by weekly subscriptions. We hope, therefore, in a few weeks to meet the remaining balance; and at our next public meeting to record the mercy of our covenant God, in manifestively going before us, giving us reason, with Abraham, to call the name of the place "*Jehovah Jirch*," in the mount of the Lord it shall be seen.

# WHAT IS IT TO SIN WILFULLY

AFTER RECEIVING THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE TRUTH:

How very distinctly different are all the internal workings of that man's mind in whom the Spirit of God does not dwell, and the quick emotions, the jealous fears, the deep anxieties, the eager pantings, and the fervent breathings of that man's soul wherein CHRIST is formed as the hope of glory! A careless and a cold indifference to Divine things, reigns in the former: an hallowed and constant concern to be right,—essentially, spiritually, and practically right,—in the sight of God, is ever, more or less, exercising the heaven-born feelings of the latter. A flood of thoughts of this description have filled our spirits while perusing "*A Sermon upon the Sin or Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost,*" preached by the venerable Joseph Indge, minister of the Particular Baptist Meeting, Holy-wood-Street, Chard. This voluminous discourse was originally published at one-shilling and six-pence. A re-issue of it at six-pence per copy, is now to be had of Houlston and Stoneman.

On the title-page, is written this one sentence—"Suietd to these last days of the Gospel." And with the greatest confidence we can recommend ministers and real Christians of all degrees carefully to read this discriminating epistle, with all its notes.

A lively hope that we may render good service to many of our readers, induces us to give the following extract.

The subject, is "*The sin against the Holy Ghost.*" Many observations and divisions arise herefrom: among them we have the annexed:

"The persons who commit this sin against the Holy Ghost are described further by their *sinning wilfully* after the knowledge of the truth received by them, 'If we *sin wilfully* after we have received the knowledge of the truth.' Now the main thing that lays upon us here, is to show what the Holy Ghost means by this *wilful sinning*.

"Observe 1st. It is not meant of falls into sin which the regenerate are subject to after being truly converted to God, truly brought to believe in Christ; for the regenerate or true believers are not at all spoken of in the text, nor are the sins they fall into at all the subject of the words; but they are the carnal, reprobate, knowing professors of Christ's Gospel that are spoken of, and that sin against the Holy Ghost which they alone are capable of committing: it is a fact that the regenerate, true saints of God, are the subjects of sin and the workings and prevailings thereof, and subject, even in the hour of temptation to fall into great sins, as David into lying at times, into adultery and murder on another occasion; Solomon into the love of many strange women which turned his heart from God; Peter into that great sin of denying Christ with oaths and curses; in which sins

their wills may be much engaged for the time; but not one of them are capable of this *sinning wilfully* after receiving the *knowledge of the truth* in the sense referred to in the text, for this is the sin against the Holy Ghost which they never can commit, no, not any of them; and which we plainly shewed from 1 John v. 16—18.

"The observation that arises from hence is for the comfort of every true believer in Jesus Christ from the least to the greatest, every poor sinner brought to depend on Jesus Christ for salvation, and as the effect thereof to fear God out of love to his name, and keep his commandments, though the subjects of falls into sin through the workings thereof in them, and of sorrowful hearts in consequence;—for you are not the persons spoken of in the text, no more than David, Solomon, and Peter were under their falls.

"But 2ndly. We must show what is meant by this *sinning wilfully* after receiving the *knowledge of the truth* as in the text, 'For if we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth.'

"Observe then 1st. It is a *determined* sinning, or sinning with the full determination and bent of a man's mind to sin, knowing it to be sin; having the whole of his mind engaged therein out of love to sin, and malice in the heart against God, his will, and people, and whatever belongs to him; and therefore is peculiarly the devil's sin who sinneth of his own, or out of the full bent of his own wicked spirit or mind: thus Christ says to those sinners against the Holy Ghost among the Jews, 'Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do; (or, are determined to do:)' he was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it.'

"Observe 2ndly. This wilful sinning is a continuing or going on in this determined way of sinning, out of choice, and against all reproofs and exhortations to the contrary, and that without remorse of conscience; for such as are left of God to commit this sin against the Holy Ghost are hardened, 'Hardened through the deceitfulness of sin,' which Paul cautions these professing Hebrews or Jews against in chap. iii. 12, 13, 'Take heed, brethren, lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin:' thus showing that professors are they who fall into this sin against the Holy Ghost, and that none but such as are professors can fall into it; therefore he chose these professing Hebrews or Jews to write to concerning this sin who had had such clear light of the ministry of the apostles.

"Now take notice of several things which serve to explain what this *wilful sinning* is,

which those who commit the sin against the Holy Ghost are the subjects of.

"1st. Then it is a sinning and determining to go on in sin in the full knowledge of that which we commit being sin.

"2ndly. It is a sinning without any particular temptation to move a man to sin, out of a mere love that a man hath from the hardness and impetuosity of his own heart (Rom. ii. 5.) unto sin as sin. It is a transgressing without cause, as David says, Psalm xxv. 3, where he prays against such, that they might be ashamed or confounded.

"3rdly. It is a sinning against all light of the clear Gospel shining upon men in the doctrine, precepts and reproofs of the same; and in the holy life and walk of true saints, who receive that gospel and live according to it, which are continually moving those that hear and see the same to live holily instead of living in sin. So that those that have not one time or other had the clear light of the Gospel cannot sin this sin against the Holy Ghost.

"Now the regenerate, God's true people, true believers, are the very clean contrary to all this, even as the children of God are contrary to the children of the devil; for that which they know of the will of the Lord, they determine in the strength of the Lord to do or practise, being heartily grieved because of the flesh dwelling in them that they cannot do or practise the will of the Lord as they would. (See Romans vii.) And these who are thus God's true people do use the light of Christ's Gospel which they have, and all the precepts and reproofs given by the true ministers of the word or others, as well as the example of true saints, to turn from all sin, yea, the very appearance of evil, and practise righteousness, and which they labor after continually in their way heavenward.

"These then are the reprobate carnal professors of Christ's Gospel referred to in the text, and the worst of them, even those who sin the sin against the Holy Ghost that are spoken of here as *sinning wilfully after the receiving the knowledge of the truth.*"

EXPOSITORY

EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

LETTER XII.

THE leper, as I observed in my last, was, before he was brought into the camp, to be sprinkled seven times. Now, you will not understand me, as supposing for a moment, that these seven sprinklings bore any direct reference to the seven days creation; but that I am merely availing myself of this circumstance to set before you the more fully that work of God upon the mind, which brings it by degrees to a true knowledge of that perfection which is established by the (*new*) creation of God. Under this view I will go on to notice sprinkle the

5th. Here you would behold on the fifth day sea and air abundantly peopled. Yet, among them all you find *no companionship*. They are a figure of the world: God blessed

them; and so is the world blest with many temporal blessings; so it is that none of these fishes of the sea, or fowls of the air, have any interest in eternal things. And so, my good Theophilus, you will find that many whom you once took to be Christians prove (now that your eyes are opened to see) nothing but high flying pharisees; or grovelling covetous beasts of the earth; or mere fishes of the sea of this world: all these creatures differ in form, and taste, and pursuit, but still all belong to *earth's* elements; some more gross, and some more refined, but among them all, the soul that is born of God, can find no companion or communion while among them. You will see leviathan, and behemoth, the devil and the pope, but at these you must not be alarmed, for at the very most, they can kill only the body, while they themselves must come to perdition. You will find in the salvation-arm of the Lord all the victory you need; he will not leave you *long* to battle alone with your enemies; he will leave you to have a *try* to silence the storm, to cast out the devil, and remove satan from your right hand; and when you are fairly beaten out of your false confidence, he will then appear for you: and so runs the promise, and "God shall bruise satan down under your feet shortly."

But while these fishes of the sea, and beasts of the earth, and fowls of the air, do in one sense represent the world, they do in another sense represent (as is seen in Peter's vision, Acts x.) the people of God in their state by nature. But the Gospel of the blessed God will reach them all; yes, however deeply buried in the sea of this world, however monstrous they may be as sinners, however lofty others may be, yet shall the word of truth entangle one, stop another, bring another down into the dust, and conform them all to the likeness of the Son of God. Much, very much, may be said upon this matter, but I must hasten on to sprinkle the

6th. What do you see now? A perfection you have not seen before. You see Adam, the figure of him who was to come. I need not here remind you of the many respects in which Adam was a type of the Saviour; but one of the chief, was that of his federal relation to, and headship of, the whole human race — for they are all his offspring. The 6th of Romans, and the 15th of Corinthians, are a most wonderful, solemn, and at the same time, beautiful illustration of this vast and eternal matter. Those contrasts are most instructive; we cannot, either in our experience or judgment, be too well established therein.

We have set before us there, *death reigning* by sin, that is by the one offence of Adam, the deed is done, finished and completed, and that entirely independant of any one of, or of all of Adam's offspring. Look you well to this matter, for if you err here, you will err everywhere. This one entire death in Adam, is the *root* of all evil, and unless we get at the root, it is not likely to be rooted up. This death is two-fold, *personal and legal*; that is, first, the soul and body, while not literally dead, are as to condition, dead in sin—that is, dead to God, having no communion with him; second, dead *le-*

gally, or according to law. This law is (through sin) an everlasting barrier between God and man. It is a law of Divine supremacy, firmer than creation; the heavens and the earth may pass away, but not one jot or tittle of the law can fail. It fixes between God and man an unfordable gulf. Little do men think how helpless, how ruined, how lost, how cursed they are in that relation in which they stand to eternity; and although they may know what they are in their personal transgressions—if for instance, a man be a swearer, a liar, or a drunkard, he *knows* he is all this—but the *root*, his death in Adam, is hidden from him: therefore it is when by the workings merely of the letter of the word, and of natural conscience, he becomes religious, his religion is in reality like himself—a thing of nought; the hidden concupiscence of the heart is not truly ploughed up, and his outward reformation, if he be but sincere, satisfies him. He will adopt the terms: “regeneration,” “born again,” and “Christ in you, the hope of glory;” but never rightly receives the word of eternal life, nor can he endure a ministry of the Spirit, but will seek a ministry that will soothe him in his dead-letter religion—a ministry that does at the same time flog him tremendously; for if the minister do not turn himself into a kind of drover, and goad the people along well, he will soon get out of the good graces of these doctrinal, dead-letter professors. Such will put you in mind of one of the despatches of a Chinese general, some years ago, who, when the English had defeated him, entreated the Emperor to punish him for being defeated; this certainly was a strange sort of request, but it is like these whip-loving professors. With them, to get a good exhortation-beating, is the very gist of hearing well, not that they are a whit the better for it, but they love to have it so—it is more congenial to their feelings, than would be the real root of the matter.

But you, my good Theophilus, have not so learned Christ; but are brought to feel and know that in Adam you are dead, in the senses above stated, and that you can be delivered from this double death only by regeneration and the substitutional work of the new covenant; and as the death in the first Adam is personal and legal, so life in the second Adam must be personal and legal also; and as our death in Adam was relative before it was personal, so were our life and justification in Christ relative before it was personal. Nothing but electing grace could give this antecedent relationship to Christ; and none but the election will obtain it; the rest will be, or rather are, blinded.

And the apostle is very careful to set before us not only the awful truth of our death in Adam, but also that “it is not by the righteousness of many that many shall be made righteous, but by the righteousness of *One*, by the obedience of *One*.” And therefore it is that before the foundation of the world the election of grace were constituted complete in him; and as we had no personal or natural existence before we were born, so we have no spiritual existence personally until we are born of God. That *law* spiritual existence we had before the fall, we have lost by the fall

—and that spiritual existence we had in the first Adam, was only such as was natural to the soul in its primeval state, and was spiritual only in as far as the law was spiritual; and therefore it was not supernatural spirituality, but only natural; and so the apostle reckons it—the first Adam natural, the second Adam spiritual. Here spiritual will mean that *Divine* life which Christ is in and to the soul, a life superior every way to the life of holiness we had in the first Adam. The one has no glory, by reason of the glory that excelleth.

And the law is made to enter the conscience, that the offence might abound; but where the law abounds to condemn, the gospel much more abounds to justify; and where sin has abounded to make guilty, grace has *much more* abounded to pardon; and where death hath reigned, *grace much more* reigns; for sin can reign only unto death; but grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life.

But Adam was also a type of the Saviour, not only as the head of all his offspring, but also as the husband of the church. I may here just remind you of the current observations upon this point, though no doubt you are well acquainted with them—viz., that the woman when formed out of Adam, was not formed out of his feet, because she was not to be trodden under foot; not from his hands—she was not to support herself; not from his back—she was not to bear the burden; not from his head—she was *not* to bear *rule*; but from his *side*, near his *heart*; and near that heart, and dear to that heart ever to remain. It is the second Adam that fulfils all these conditions. Will he ever tread that church, which he loved and gave himself for, under his feet? Will he ever leave her to support herself? Will he ever cease to be her Strength?—will he ever leave her to the burden of her sins? Has he not himself taken the burden? He bore her “sins, in his *own* body, on the tree.” And in her right mind will she ever wish to rule over him? No: her desire will be unto him, that he would rule over her; for his banner over her is love. Will she ever cease to be near and dear to his heart? Never: his love is like himself—it is eternal.

But to come back to our subject—the leper. All the washings, and sprinklings, and ceremonies, led on to the perfection of his health and cure. This perfection is especially denoted by the number seven: and so sprinkle the seventh will bring this part of our correspondence to a close.

And if perfection of place and state were not entirely of God, where should we be? He will therefore take care that not one particle of the leprosy of sin or mortality shall be left, but will present us with exceeding joy before the eyes of his glory; pure even as Jesus is pure; every department both of place and state is perfect; Jesus gave not up his life until he could say, “It is finished!” Not anything can be added to it; this work has in it the perfection both of manhood and of Godhead: the law is met in its original requirement; and in addition to this, is honored with all the excellency of eternal divinity, for the



Saviour, as God and man, honoured the law, and atoned for sin; hence he is called, "Jehovah our righteousness;" and, again, "Feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood." So that nowhere does the majesty of the law shine forth as in the work of mediation. All that the Saviour did was done in infinite and perfect love to God and man; and if love be the fulfilling of the law, and if the Saviour fulfilled it according to the dignity of his complex person, then what must be the glory of his righteousness, and the excellency of his atonement? May it not well be written, "That he is the end of the law for righteousness?" Wherefore then attempt to serve the law, seeing it is done and completed for you? Now unto him that worketh not at the law, but believeth on him, that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted to him for righteousness, and it is clear that if the Lord justify any one at all, it *must* be the ungodly, for there is nothing else to justify, for apart from the righteousness and atonement of Jesus, even the blameless and zealous Saul of Tarsus is nothing but a man ungodly; every one, without exception, is by nature carnal, sold under sin; and for the law to justify such would be to justify sin and ungodliness. Such, therefore, can be justified only by that atonement which takes away sin, and by that righteousness which "fulfils, magnifies, establishes, and honors the law of God. Therefore, it is by faith, that it might be by grace, to the end the promise might be sure to all the seed.

Having then such a foundation as this, is it any wonder that it should be written, that "he that begins a good work in us will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ?"—that "the Lord will perfect that which concerneth us?"—that "his mercy endureth for ever?"—and that "he will not forsake the work of his own hands?" And will not also the resurrection of the body be in every way perfect? But I will not here touch upon that wonderful subject, but hope in due time to give one whole epistle thereon.

Now, as the Saviour hath established perfection of state personal, so he hath established a perfection of place eternal: for the new heavens and the new earth are finished, and all the hosts of them. Jesus hath ended his work which he wrought and made, and now rests from all his work which he hath wrought—and this is that sabbath that remaineth to the people of God—a day of blessing, and nothing but blessing, a day set apart, sanctified and made meet for saints in light, as they are made meet for that; and as the temple of old was dedicated and sanctified by sacrifice; so heaven is dedicated to the saints by the blood of Jesus, he entered, and thereby prepared not the holy place made with hands, but heaven itself by his own blood; and whatever blessedness there may be in heaven to which his atonement does not reach, that would be blessedness we could never possess. But, my good Theophilus, here your comfort stands—Jesus hath ascended far *above* all heavens and opens all the departments of Paradise: "in my Father's house are many mansions," but not one can be reached but by his atonement,

even angels can ascend only by the Son of Man.

And as he hath thus prepared a place for us, we also are prepared for that place by the same blood of the Lamb which hath prepared the place for us: he hath sanctified the people with his own blood.

This, then, is the perfection towards which we are to press; this is the prize of our high calling of God; this will be our crown of life, of righteousness, and of glory; "therefore, I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed" in Theophilus, and even in

A LITTLE ONE.

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### CRUMBS OF MERCY.

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DEAR SIR,—A short time ago, I was on a visit to London, where I intended to stay some time, but was seized with a dangerous illness, which at one time threatened my life; and it was deemed advisable I should return to the country, and for a time pay all the attention I could to my health. "God's ways are not our ways," and experience, as well as the word of God, teaches us that "the way of man is not in himself, neither is it in man that walkest to direct his steps." By the blessing of the Most High on the means used, I am able now to walk out and enjoy the warm beams of the sun, and the rural scenes with which I am surrounded; but neither sun, nor landscape, nor singing of birds, are sufficient to make me happy one hour, without the presence of Him who dwells in the bush! I feel more and more the need of his all-supporting arm, to guide me through life's thorny maze, and 'tis His smiles alone

"Can cheer this dungeon where I dwell;"  
and if

"He in the darkest shades appear,  
My dawning is begun."

And as the Poet beautifully describes it,

"His smiles can gild the shades of woe,  
Bid stormy troubles cease,  
Spread the fair dawn of heaven below,  
And sweeten pain to peace."

For many years, I have gone mourning without the sun, and who can say the bitterness, the distress, the almost black despair of those days of darkness and desolations: nothing on earth would give me comfort; the Bible, and good books, (my former companions in all my joy and sorrows,) I now looked upon as my enemies, and shunned the only source where comfort was to be had. I was wretched: the heaven's appeared closed against me;—go back into the world I could not; that was a greater terror to me still! O where could I go! If I attempted to pray, guilt stopped my mouth; despairing of ever again beholding the light of God's countenance, I was repeatedly driven back with these words, "Now will I laugh at your calamities, and laugh when your fear cometh." "How oft would I have gathered you as a hen doth her chicken, and ye would not;" and, O! how

that word troubled me, "If thou, even thou, hadst known in this thy day *the things* that belonged to thy peace;—but *now* they are hid from thy eyes." Oh! it seemed to me that the day of salvation was indeed past, and I was led to believe it the more, since that light, joy, and peace, I once felt and enjoyed was now completely overshadowed as not to leave a trace behind. Past experience would do me no good, but the rather aggravated my disposition, inasmuch as I feared all I had ever known was a delusion.

In this state of things, I was one hot day in summer, sweating in my garden, and bowed down with the intolerable load of anguish I felt, when that word was given me, "For thus saith the Lord, I have called thee as a woman *forsaken* and *grieved in spirit*, and as a wife of youth when thou was refused, *saith thy God*." "For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee." "In a *little wrath*, I hid my face from thee, for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee," &c. This visit, was so sudden, so unexpected, and that after so long a period, (long to me) that I could not tell what to make of it; I looked about me for some time: surely, I thought, it was a *voice*, that sounded in my soul, and the words were the words of God to his afflicted people; but then I am not one of them, I have given over thinking such a thing long ago; and yet how suitable to my forlorn condition, "A woman forsaken and grieved in spirit;" that's just how I have felt these—years, and how bitter have been my feelings, how deep my sorrow, God only knows! Sometimes I wished I had never been born! and again earnestly desired death to put a period to my sufferings. Again, I called to mind the time when I took delight in approaching the mercy seat, and pouring out my soul to God; and when answers to my prayers came, as they ever did, in God's own time, how happy I was! my heart leaped for joy; and I envied not the king upon his throne; but now I am laid low in the depths, in darkness and despair; my spot cannot be the spot of God's people; for surely, if I were innocent, he would awake for me. O, that I had known in this my day the things that belonged to my peace!—how carefully I would hold them, and make much of them, and not let them go as I have done! so I thought; and in this way I bemoaned myself, so foolish was I—I was as a beast. But when the Lord cleared my sight, disclosed his love again to my soul, and shewed me it was not by might nor by power, but by his Spirit, what a change! what a fool I looked! and what a wonder-working God he appeared to me!

While in London, I went occasionally, as health would permit, to hear Mr. Wells of Surrey Tabernacle. One Sabbath morning in particular, I remember I was very weak and ill, and the Dr. had advised me not to go out on that day; but keep from the house of God I could not, when the doors were open, and while I had the least strength to crawl. That morning I had these words brought to my mind on my bed, "There is joy in heaven

over one sinner that repenteth." Again: "In all their afflictions He was afflicted," &c.

Mr. W. was very sweet in prayer, and dropped several sentences relative to the chapter he had just read and spoken a little from. One was, that when our enemies had got us to the very brink of destruction, and make sure of us, God would then make a way for our escape; and I believed he would for mine. The text was in Malachi iv. 5, 6, "Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet," &c. And whilst he opened up the meaning of the great and terrible day of the Lord, (and in such a way as I had not thought of or heard before), my heart burned within me, and I was made to hope once more that I was among that number, who were reconciled to God through the coming of our spiritual Elijah; and for whom there was no cure. Mr. W. went on to speak of the troubles of Job, and shewed that it was a great day of the Lord with that dear man, when satan was permitted to strip him, and all but take his life. God foresaw (he said) all satan's malice against Job; all Job's feelings as a man, when his property fled away from him, his sons slain, and his own wife mistaking his case, and turned against him; his friends mistaking his case, and counting him for a hypocrite. God foreknew all this, and prepared Job for it. Here I was led to call to remembrance the several warnings I had before my long season of darkness and distress. One was, "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial that is to try you," &c. Another, "Satan hath counted to have you, that he may sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not."

Mr. W. continues—"And when God had made Job's home desolate, he makes him desolate, and then does him good." What a beautiful finish was this to the fiery trial! "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; the end of that man is peace." Bless the Lord! my soul replied, then I believe he will yet do me good. He has made me desolate—"I am desolate and afflicted," has long been the language of my widowed heart; and he only can revive his work, and cause me to rejoice again, and go forth in the dances of them that make merry.

But I forget I am speaking of what the minister said, "Job is brought to curse his day, and when we are ready to say all things are against us, all is for us! 'Behold, your house is left unto you desolate!'—till ye say, 'Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.' As soon as the poor soul can say, 'Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord to pick up *such a sinner as me*—that cometh in the name of the Lord, to place me in that building of whom Christ is the chief corner stone.' As soon as this is the case, the house is no longer desolate."

This was a blessed conclusion of the verse which had caused me a great deal of trouble; for I verily feared, that my house was left unto me desolate for ever; that I should no more see good; but here is a crumb of mercy, a word of encouragement, that He whom I thought had quite given me over, will "come

again to his temple." Bless his name, since then He has come, and made me sing for joy.

But I am afraid of being tedious, and hasten to notice, a few more of these crumbs of mercy. It was on a Wednesday evening, just before I took my departure, I crept in behind the door, and Mr. W. was in prayer, never I think, shall I forget the effect of these few words that then fell from his lips. "My kindness shall not depart from thee, nor my mercy, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." How suitable to my case! and the very words I had been previously exercised with; but coming from the minister's lips at such an unlooked for season, they seemed like apples of gold in pictures of silver, and my soul rejoiced in them. You who have felt what it is to enter a place of worship more like a condemned criminal, than an heir of salvation; more like, one about to be chastised with scorpions, rather than made free, by the silver trumpet of the Gospel; you know what it is for a word like the above, or a line of a hymn picking you up when your soul drew nigh to the grave, and your life to destroyers, has it not been precious news indeed, and crumbs of mercy to your never dying souls? I (for one of the least and vilest) can say, I would not be without these crumbs (which dogs are allowed to pick up) not for all the wealth of London. "Thy word was found, and I did eat it," says the Psalmist. And Solomon adds, "A good word doeth good like medicine." My soul can set her seal to this—that God is true.

*Providence Chapel, Swaffham. G. B.*

## Recollections of some of Zion's Useful Men.

No. II.

WE are requested to commence again the series of articles entitled "BIBLE-MEN." We should be glad to do so; but both time and space are wanting as yet. As often as is practicable, we will furnish a few recollections of some men of whom it may be said,

"Once they were mourners here below,

And wet their couch with tears;

They wrestled hard, as we do now,

With sins, and doubts, and fears."

They have finished their course: they are entered into their rest. But we will not let them be quite forgotten. The faithfulness of Zion's covenant Head toward his people; as well as the fiery furnace passed through by his people, may be profitably considered by now and then casting a backward glance on the life and labor of some humble servant of Jesus Christ.

We briefly noticed last month, a little volume, entitled "*Complaint and Consolation*:" by John Cox. In this little volume, there is some account of

THE LATE WILLIAM SAVORY,

OF BRIGHTON.

We shall gather out a few pieces, and erect

in the EARTHEN VESSEL a small tablet in memory of the once humble pastor of Knowl Hill Meeting.

"WILLIAM SAVORY was born at Wantage, in Berkshire, in the year 1792. He was the subject of very early impressions. When a child at school, he was under some awakenings, which excited the alarm of his then irreligious friends lest he should become a Methodist. When a youth, he attended the parish church, and was one of the singers, having a very fine voice, and a good ear for music. At that period, during the illness of the vicar, a clergyman from Oxford, Mr. Simpson, supplied for a few Sabbaths. His preaching appears to have been of a very rousing character. Mr. Savory ever retained a vivid recollection of this good man, and of his standing up with his little bible in his hand, speaking as one who had authority. Several were awakened at this time. One sermon which he preached from the question, 'Who is on the Lord's side, who?' was an arrow from God to the heart of our friend, and from that period he dated his new life.

Mr. Savory left his native town when young, and went to reside at Abingdon. Here he attended the ministry of Mr. Wilkins. A sermon preached by that good man from Mal. iv. 2, was much blessed to his soul; he soon after joined Mr. Wilkins' church. After then he removed to London, and resided for a few months at Woolwich. I have heard him speak with pleasure of the labours of several preachers of the gospel, who are now gone to their rest. In consequence of failing health, he returned again into Berkshire, settled at Reading, and attended the ministry of Samuel Parrott, at Salem Chapel. He soon joined the church, and acted as clerk for several years. This was a golden spot in his history. He fed with much delight on the truths which Mr. Parrott preached, and grew in the knowledge of divine things. I have often heard him speak of these 'days of his youth, and the love of his espousals.' About 1820, he was baptised at Hartley Row, by Mr. J. A. Jones; and I need not tell you that while he was a lover of all good men, he was very firm in his principles as a baptist. He commenced preaching while under Mr. Parrott's ministry, and laboured occasionally at several villages in the vicinity of Reading. Among other places he visited Knowl Hill, a pleasant little hamlet, between Twyford and Maidenhead. Here a few people were collected together in an upper room, to whom he ministered; a church was formed, and he became their pastor. It was at this time, I think in the year 1822, that my acquaintance with him first commenced. During the thirty-one years which have since passed away, we have had uninterrupted brotherly intercourse and friendship. I feel now, more than ever, that he possessed a true and loving heart, and was a very sincere friend. In 1824, I occasionally preached for him; and after my settling at Reading in 1826, we frequently met, and sometimes laboured together.

"The room at Knowl Hill being found too small for the people, Mr. Savory succeeded in procuring some land on which, through the

help of one liberal friend, and of others who assisted, a small chapel and dwelling-house was erected. For this cause our friend laboured earnestly, for his heart was in the work. The little church at Knowl Hill was very dear to him. But God had appointed him for another sphere, where He purposed to make use of him for his glory, and the good of many souls. At the close of the year 1829, he visited Brighton, in order to supply the church at Bond-street, then destitute of a pastor. On May 26th, in the following year, he was ordained over the people; and concerning his labours there, and God's blessing on them, I need not speak to you. Many have been called under his ministry, the church has been increased, and many have been comforted. Though not endowed with the shining abilities of some, nor favored with the advantages of early education, yet there was a great power and unction in his ministry; there was also an earnestness and lovingness about the man which won its way to the heart.

The above noted little biography of a humble but useful man, shews clearly how gently the Lord leads on his own children.

Let us now look at him in his own chamber. His widow (writing of his last days) says—

"On the Monday before his death, he said to me, 'My dear, I could sing if I had strength.' On being asked *what* he could sing, he pointed out the hymn beginning

'Jesus, with all thy saints above.'

He went through it with some help, and on coming to the last verse, he seemed quite in an ecstasy. His whole heart entered into the glorious and animating words—

'All glory to the dying Lamb,  
And never-ceasing praise;  
While angels live to praise his name,  
Or saints to feel his grace.'

And added—

'Loved of my God, to him again,  
With love intense I'd burn;  
Chosen of him ere time began,  
I'd choose him in return.'

"A fiery dart from the great enemy seemed to distress him for a short time, but he soon said, 'get thee hence, Satan; I know where *that* comes from,' and added, 'what a mercy it is the Lord has not suffered Satan to distress me much all through this illness. He has done his work before, and through mercy, the Lord has enabled me to rely simply and calmly upon him, and thus my mind has been kept peaceful and quiet. Blessed be his glorious name for ever and ever.'

"The morning before his death, when he was suffering very much, I said to him, 'my dear, you told me the other day, "the Lord had dealt well with his servant," can you say the same now?' He looked at me very earnestly, and said, 'Yes, dear; oh, yes, he has.' "To a few friends who saw him, he spoke very affectionately, and exhorted them to cleave close to the Lord, and keep near the throne. He gave suitable counsels to those around him, especially to the young person who had lived with us for some years. He seemed much

concerned for her welfare, and exhorted her to live near to God, and to seek his glory, and to endeavour to be a comfort to me.

"Many other gracious sayings and pleasing testimonies fell from his lips, expressive of his faith, and hope, designed to cheer and stimulate others. His affliction was a very trying one, but the God of patience and consolation caused 'tribulation to work patience, and affliction experience, and experience hope;' and this hope, we believe, will never make ashamed. The closing scene was tranquil. He was reduced to extreme weakness, and shortly before the spirit departed, fell into a tranquil sleep. From this slumber he only just opened his eyes for a moment or two, and then 'slept in Jesus.' "

Farewell, dear Savory! farewell! In thee, the grace of God maintained its reigning power. Thy life was one of love to Jesus: thy end was peace. Thus to be preserved in life, and comforted in death, is wondrous grace indeed!

MOORE

## TIDINGS FROM AMERICA!

*Baptising in a Storm in the River Delaware.*

THE ORIGIN AND PRESENT CONDITION OF A YOUNG BAPTIST CHURCH IN PHILADELPHIA.

OUR brother George Kellaway, at Yeovil, sends us the following letter, which we publish as part of our American intelligence.

To the church meeting for the worship of the Triune Jehovah at the Tabernacle, Yeovil, your well-known Christian brother—Samuel Frask—sendeth greeting. Beloved, as cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country; and surely no better news can be communicated to the true lovers of Jesus, than for them to hear the dear Lord is visiting the gardens of his grace, and granting them sweet refreshing showers of love and peace, through the preaching of his word! This has blessedly been enjoyed by the Peculiar Baptist Church at Philadelphia, under the labors of love of one of the Lord's chosen, called, and sent servants, whom the dear Lord made willing in the day of his power to proclaim to others what he had handled, felt and tasted of the good Word of life in his own soul. Truly, the union has been sweet, and much blessed of the Lord, to this much favored people; also was the writer of these few lines directed by that God who makes no mistakes, and a union formed which I trust death will not dissolve.

Dear friends, having now had for over five years the pleasure and enjoyment of Christian union and love, in church membership with one who spent the days of his espousals with profit and delight with you, the dear Lord, agreeable to the ancient settlements of grace which had marked the time when, the place where, as well as the instrument or means by which, he should be arrested in his course of sin and folly, and thus be brought to live and unite with a people he once felt a settled hatred to. Oh, what a

change! How often have I with pleasure witnessed the sweet effects of Christian love in dear Frask, when addressing the Majesty of heaven and earth at our social prayer meetings on Lord's-day, when, in true fervor of soul, he has intreated the Lord to bless the friends he was first united with; (which union, time nor distance did not dissolve;) and also that the Lord would bless the watchman on your walls; (viz., the church); for although your present pastor was a stranger to him in the flesh, yet he felt well satisfied he must be a God-fearing man to be received by the church; and as such he felt a true desire for his and your spiritual welfare.

Having thus reviewed some of the former mercies of the Lord, I will now attempt to speak of a few of the great things the Lord has done for us as a church unitedly.

On leaving our Bethel on Lord's-day, January 14th, brother Frask said he wished I would write a few lines to inform you how wonderfully the Lord, by his blessed Spirit, had opened up his Word to our beloved pastor, and abundantly blessed it to his soul on this and the two preceding Sabbaths. You, no doubt, dear friends, have noticed errors and delusions of men-made religionists of this age in which we live, in publishing abroad from one end of the land to the other what great things they have done for the Lord; but the blessed Word of God, which makes no mistake, points them out by saying—*"They compass sea and land to make one proselyte."* But—awful end!—for it declares he is *"two-fold more the child of hell than before."* Not so with the real people of God; they painfully feel all they can do is to sin and rebel, like Israel of old; only as the Lord pleases to work in them to will and to do of his own good pleasure; then they can unite and say, *"The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."* One of the great things brother Frask has the unspeakable pleasure of telling, is the calling, quickening, and manifesting, as a vessel of mercy, his partner in life; who was enabled to make a good profession of having *"passed from death unto life,"* with a true love to the church, and a desire to follow our Divine Lord in the ordinance of baptism, joining the despised sect everywhere spoken against.

Another of the Lord's hidden ones was also made manifest; a young female, who was cordially received by the church; and both were baptised in the noble river *"Delaware,"* while one of the greatest storms of the season was raging; yet, bless the Lord, no one suffered loss or injury; and, surely, dear friends, you will say with us, these are great favours, and real cause for gladness of heart. The wonderful, mysterious movements of Divine Providence in bringing the few together which compose this little hill of Zion, is another of the great things done for us, and is overpowering to our souls at times, to think that four poor Englishmen, all from different counties, called by grace at different times, should be the only male members composing this little band; and, above all, be blessed with gifts and grace for the carrying on the worship of God, the dear Lord causing such

unction, power and dew to attend and rest upon the word preached by our beloved brother Frask, (one of the four mentioned above), as to make our very souls leap for joy, and bless and praise his holy name.

Again, our female members are nine, four of whom are widows—all of us very poor; yet that the blessed Lord should to the present send the means to pay the rent of room, and a little for a poor friend, without the usual way of begging, proving the truth of the Word of God, *"Blessed is that people whose God is the Lord,"* which was truly realised by us; and we do hope the Spirit will often bring to our remembrance how the Lord did wonderfully bless Zion's provision, and satisfied her hungry poor with bread on our communion day, when the dear Jesus did sweetly commune with brother Frask by the way, and so clearly opened up the Scriptures to his mind, in what David penned in the 89th and 22nd Psalms, and granted such soul-trembling, God-honouring, Christ-exalting views, in speaking of the glories of his kingdom, and talking of his power, of the wonderful mystery of his birth, the manifested glory of his Divine Nature, by the miracles and events of his life, and the indescribable depths of his suffering, when his soul was made an offering for sin, with the unspeakable glory of his resurrection and ascension. Tongue or pen cannot describe it; it must be felt to know it; it indeed was the house of God and the gate of heaven to our souls; and as though this was not enough, did most blessedly make himself known to us in breaking of bread and partaking of the wine, to shew forth his death till he come, causing our hearts to burn within us; we could then truly unite, and sing with wonder, surprise and delight,

"Why was I made to hear thy voice,  
And enter while there's room—  
Since thousands make a wretched choice,  
And rather starve than come?" &c.

These, dear friends, are but a few of the great things the Lord has done for us, which have been really felt and enjoyed by a few poor sinners saved by grace out of the world's wide wilderness.

Think not by these statements it is all sunshine with us: no, we have many trials, doubts and fears. Hoping the Lord has been granting you such like refreshing showers of grace, we shall be pleased to hear of the same by an epistle of love. Your's in the Lord,

SAMUEL FRASK and JOHN GOODES,  
*the Peculiar Baptist Church at Philadelphia, P. A.*

*Philadelphia, Feb. 12, 1855.*

P.S. Remember us kindly to our much esteemed brother Bidder.

Valuable portions of *"The Signs of the Times,"*—an American Periodical,—are deferred to make room for letters connected with our own churches this month:—much solid and experimental matter also stands over.

THE PASTORS OF OUR CHURCHES—THE PREACHERS OF  
OUR DAY.

No. III.

AND, they are a singular class of men! Man is a curious creature. Sin has so marred God's mysterious and marvellous creation—Satan has so deluded, deceived, and all but destroyed the family of Adam—that instead of so severely censuring and condemning our fellow-men for their infirmities, short-comings, and extravagant out-goings,—we should certainly be better employed if we could, with faithfulness, attempt to *correct* them, and with fervency to *plead* for them; for after all that sin and satan have done towards the total ruin of man, our gracious God has *devised means whereby his banished ones shall be restored*. Yea, more than restored; they shall be raised up into a likeness and participation of the glorious SON OF GOD; and the true ministers of Jesus Christ are his own ambassadors, employed expressly (*as instruments,*) for the fetching home of the ransomed ones. Their character, their posture, their mission, and their spirit, is emphatically expressed by Paul, who, representing the whole army of Christ's noble ministers, standing in the front rank of them all, as it were,—pouring out his heart, bowing down his head, reaching forth his hands, he says, "*We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.*" What a delightful—what a cheering work to be called unto!

It is true, all the servants of Christ do not put on such "*bowels of mercies,*" as Paul did sometimes wear; but then, one thing must not be forgotten: there are different kinds of work to be done in the gospel kingdom. There are some things to be kept out, as well as some to be brought in. We do not want SATAN in our city, (although he will roar around our walls); deep, double-dyed hypocrites, dreadful deceivers, hardened apostates, and retail dealers in poisonous errors, must be soundly and solemnly warned, and kept at arms' length. Even Paul, when he speaks of them, speaks sternly, and says, "*Whose mouths must be stopped; . . . Whose damnation is just.*" Besides, some of Christ's ransomed sheep are very far gone down into the deeps of the fall; they are so crusted, baked, bound up, and barred in Satan's kingdom, and so wedded to Satan's service, that it needs a sledge-hammer ministry, a thundering Boanerges, who, directed and empowered by the omnipotent Spirit, shall break right into the heart and into the house hitherto kept by the strong man armed, and by throwing light into the dark cavern, driving out the impious monarch; laying fast hold of the sinner's conscience, lead-

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ing him—(*instrumentally* of course,)—first to Sinai; then to the mercy-seat, pointing him to Calvary; bringing him ultimately into happy gospel Zion, where he shall be meetened for an inheritance among the saints in glory.

A striking instance of this kind of bold, unflinching, unadorned and straightforward ministry, is to be found in the person of

MR. THOMAS GUNNER,

whose auto-biography is just issued; a copy of it being presented to us by the printers, (with a request that we would notice it,) has given rise to these thoughts. The book is entitled:

"*A Brief Account of the Power of God, as displayed in the Conversion of Thomas Gunner, late Minister of King's Court Chapel, Great Suffolk Street, Borough; but now of Zion Chapel, Chapel Court, Borough.*" Third Edition. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

We never heard any one question for one moment the vitality of that faith which Mr. Gunner has for so many years both professed and preached. His ministry has been, under God, a real blessing to multitudes; and although there is a native roughness in the manner of it, there are divine and sterling properties in the matter of it, which will ever render it useful to certain portions of the living family. Mr. Gunner not only preaches in London, but even at his advanced age, he travels far and wide, entering his protest against everything but THE GOSPEL of the ever-blessed God.

In noticing the work now before us criticism is out of the question. Mr. Gunner has sometimes felt it to be imperative upon him publicly to criticise and to condemn THE EARTHEN VESSEL; but we believe THOMAS GUNNER to be a sound and serviceable minister of Christ; we believe his work to contain (unpolished though it be,) a living testimony to the nature of *Mercy's method of dealing with one destined to inherit the throne of glory*. We shall only, therefore, draw out a few portions illustrative of the character of this venerable veteran in the glorious gospel field. And if our humble notice of the pastor of Zion Chapel, Chapel Court, in the centre of old Southwark's Borough, should be the means of sending many of the younger family in Zion, to hear him, we sincerely hope he will deal kindly with them; and that the Lord may render his messages useful to the building them up in "the faith once delivered unto the saints."

His origin and conversion is given in the very opening of the book. He says—

"I, Thomas Gunner, at the age of nineteen years, and in the year 1810, came to London, without the knowledge of God, and not knowing that I had an immortal soul to be saved. So hardened was I in the sin of swearing and blaspheming, that I hardly ever spoke one word without an awful oath attached to it; and before I came to London,

even at the age of sixteen years, I think I was in this respect the greatest sinner in the country in which I was brought up, which was in the parish of Herriard, near Basingstoke, in Hants. In this darkness I came to London, not even knowing how to read; for I never went any farther in the spelling book than two syllables; neither could my schoolmaster teach me; for I went to school I think about four years, but to no purpose."

His conversion to God, and being led into truth, is clearly and fully declared. It is compact and entire—no one section can be quoted. Our readers must peruse the whole of it; they will not read it in vain, we venture to predict.

The second part of this volume contains his  
CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

There are several astonishing facts recorded in connection with this part of his life. The following is the commencement:

"The first time I spoke in the name of the Lord was in a mysterious way and manner. A friend of mine invited me to come and see him in the country, to see his Sunday-school, as he was a teacher, and I accepted the invitation. A friend and I went one Sunday to see him, as I had promised, and we intended to come back early to hear Mr. J. Irous, at Camberwell Grove, as I had never heard him.

"When I got to my friend's house, this side of Croydon, he said a gentleman from London was going to preach there that evening, and if I would stay, we could all return together. I stopped, and service began at six o'clock. There was a school-room full of people; we waited till seven o'clock, and no one came to preach. My friend came to me and said, 'You must read and speak to the people, for we have no other that can.' I made this reply to him—'I cannot read well enough; and I could not if you would give me the word.' I think I said, 'The gentleman will soon come.' I trembled within myself at the very thought of it; but he said, 'You can tell them what God has done for you.' I said to him, 'You read a chapter, and if I think of anything I will tell it to them;' and accordingly he did. After he had prayed and read, he came to me and said, 'Now don't let the people go away in this manner: speak to them about Christ, and what he hath done for his dear people.' This text was instantly brought to my mind, 'And as it is appointed unto all men once to die, but after this the judgment, so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time, without sin unto salvation.' Hebrews ix. 27, 28. This was the first text I ever spoke from; and if the said gentleman had come, I should not then; but the reason he did not, was, that in coming, he fell down and put his ankle out, about half-way. This was the cause of my speaking; but as I was returning home, the tempter suggested to me that I had sinned against God in speaking; and my mind was much cast down about it. I told Mrs. G. I would not preach again.

"The following Sunday I had a letter sent me, inviting me to preach in two places, in the morning and evening; stating, that if I did not go, they would be without a preacher. At this time, I did not know what to do, for I was in a great deal of trouble about the last attempt. While thinking what to do, my dream came to my mind, which I had about two years before this, when I was told I was to be a witness for Christ Jesus. In consequence of this, I gained courage and went on Sunday to the two places, and found a little liberty in speaking to the poor people; but when I had finished, I went down in my mind to think what I had done. Coming home, I resolved never to go any more, but my dream was still uppermost, and this text was brought to my mind, 'Who are you, that

are afraid of man!' and this also, 'Lo, I am with you to the end of the world.'

"Some time after I had another invitation to go to speak, on account of a young woman being convinced of her awful state by nature, under my first sermon, which she heard. This encouraged me to go again, but I was dreadfully tried about it; and wished a thousand times that I had never done it. When I used to go among the poor in the country, they told me they could understand me better than they could those learned men: for I never spoke excepting with the ability God gave me, and never said what I knew nothing about, but declared what I had handled and tasted. If my mind was low, and my spirits cast down, I used generally to be led to such scriptures as suited me."

In the closing part of this memoir we have a painful description of the heavy soul-travail endured by Mr. Gunner's first wife. If anything were wanting decisively to stamp the image of Christ upon him, we have it in the deep sympathies and wrestlings in prayer, of which he was the subject, on behalf of his wife. These are his own words:

"Now about this time my first wife became very ill; so much so, I was compelled to get her into the country for her health; hoping it might be the means to get her up again. It did not prove so; for the Lord took her to himself after two years' illness. This was a very great trial to me; but not so much as I had two years before this; for if any one could damn their own soul, I have heard her say, she would; for she went to such lengths, she would be damned: for her life was a misery to her for about forty years, from a sermon she heard Mr. Rowland Hill preach, and this was his text—(she told me that brought the trouble on at first, and it never was taken off until about thirteen weeks before she departed this life. These were the words)—'For the time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God: and if it first begin at us, what shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel of God? and if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?' Mr. Hill's reply was, 'IN HELL!'

"This word struck her to the heart, and never left her. A few weeks before her death, she was under the cutting judgment of God so much, I have heard her say, 'What an awful thing to be damned to all eternity! O! who can bear the thought of this?' And I used to be afraid she would destroy herself somewhere, some day. But she used to tell me she never should make away with her life; for hell would be her doom in one minute; for the judgment was such a dread to her poor soul; and I, seeing this, was sometimes led to pray to God for her. But look at forty years in such a state of mind, more or less! She would damn her own soul, if she could; and all this time never a better wife and mother than she was. Only when this judgment came upon her, then she went to an awful length in sin; which was the greatest trouble I ever passed through, beside my trouble, under the law of God. I have been forced to go out and walk about for hours at this time; for it was more than I could bear to bear; and I used to think God never would have mercy upon such a sinner. But I lived to see God's mercy displayed toward her in such a way, I never dare to say any one will be damned while breath is in them; and Christ's blood can save to the uttermost all that are brought as lost sinners before a heart-searching God; for his blood cleanseth from all sin.

"Now, my reader, you shall hear what an end she made. First, you see in her the law worked wrath toward God, and never softened the heart, but hardened it. So the soul that lays here does go to great lengths in this state at times, but always against the will; but no power to come to Christ. No one can tell whether this is natural

conviction, or from life, till Christ is revealed to the soul. So, no one can rest in this place, till God reveals his Son in the soul. This was my dear wife's case; for she never had rest, till Christ was precious to her soul. But about ten months before the Lord took her, she was brought like a little child in mind, and God's Word made precious to her soul; and many hymns of Lady Huntingdon's, and Mr. Hart's, were precious to her, and the fear of death took away. So she waited for our Lord's coming, to take her to himself.

"Now, what passed for the last hour, I am going to speak of. Her mind being very happy, I asked her whether Christ was precious to her? She replied, 'O yes!' This was in the presence of five or six friends. I went away in another room, and fell on my knees, and begged of the Lord to give me a token that he took her to himself. I returned to where she was, and begged of the Lord to give me a token that he had taken her to himself. I returned to where she was, and desired her to give me a sign if the Lord was with her—at least, if she could do so. She made me a nod with her head. In fifteen minutes she moved her hands. I replied, 'If he is now precious, give me another sign;' and in ten minutes she lifted up her two hands, as though she was holding them up to some one. And as all the friends were standing by her bed-side seeing this, there was seen a light in the room and it was above the light of the sun, and rested on her face for some time; and one of the friends said to me, 'She sees a vision.' And of all the countenances I ever saw, it was the brightest. And she laid her hands on the bed, and fell asleep in the dear Lord's hands, and was no more in this world."

Upon the whole, we consider this work of great value. Mere pretenders may sneer at its plainness of speech, but the quickened in Zion will esteem its savor, solemnity and power.

### GAVAZZI:

#### *His Description of Italy; and His Hope of Planting the Gospel there.*

WE have not now in England many men who give proof that God has raised them up for any very extensive work in the preaching and planting of Christ's glorious and efficacious Gospel. There are some; but they are few and far between. It is—as regards Gospel Ministers—a day of small things. We have an abundance of Churches—places of worship, of one kind and another, abound in almost every street in the metropolis, and in every nook and corner of the land; and ministers can be had by dozens. Yea, we know, if a church now advertises for a minister, as sometimes they do, fifty, sixty, or seventy applications will come pouring in. But, withal, we fear but little real good is being done. An Italian—Gavazzi by name—has taken shelter in this country. There is much reason to hope that he is a genuine, an earnest, an intelligent, and a powerful preacher of the Gospel. We therefore give the following for the encouragement and information of those of our readers who heartily sing—

"Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around," &c.

"The Gospel must be promulgated by preaching; and this is especially necessary for Italy, where the Bible is not generally read by the people. Through priestly in-

fluence much prejudice exists against the Bible, with disinclination to read it; and the masses of the people are unable to read, because kept in such profound ignorance by their priests. Hence the people will not and cannot read the Bible for themselves. The supposed proportion of those who can read is, in Lombardy, from thirty to forty in a hundred; in Piedmont, from twenty to thirty in a hundred; in Tuscany, from ten to twenty in a hundred; in the northern Roman States from five to ten in a hundred; whilst among the inhabitants of the district thirty miles round Rome, not one in a hundred can read. It was proposed by the warm-hearted people of Dublin to send ten millions of Bibles into Italy; but what is the use of sending Bibles to those who cannot and will not read them? A few thousand Bibles, accompanied by teachers and expositors, would do more good for my Italy than 10,000,000 of Bibles alone. You will answer me, that the Word of God will work without teachers. When the people are instructed, and can read the Bible, God may work by it; but in Italy it is impossible. It is a good plan to send colporteurs, who will read and explain the Bible to the people, and remove those prejudices which now fill their minds. This plan should be helped forward by all true-hearted friends of Italy. In some parts of our country, a desire for the Word of God is even now awakened; and, therefore, I can joyfully repeat the words of Christ, 'The harvest is ripe, and now it is necessary to send labourers into the field.'

When God shall open a way for us, I and some of my fellow-countrymen will return to our dear Italy to preach the Gospel to our brethren. Of ourselves, we can do nothing; all is in the hands of God, and we can do all things under the blessing of God—we can work, but the benediction, and the blessing, and the power come from God. If we do not succeed with the people who are strong in their prejudices, we may have the rising generation, and we will take care especially of the youth in the schools. Though there are many difficulties to encounter, we hope, under the blessing of God, we shall succeed. Already there are some prepared to welcome us in our dear country. O Christ! we desire to go on this mission, depending on thy grace only for counsel and assistance—in reliance on the faith of the Bible and the promises of God. I am ready to go, and I shall enter joyfully on this mission, for I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. I was once a priest, but now I am one no longer. After Christ, there are no more priests—only ministers; and I am now a minister of Christ. I have confidence in God that He will make me an instrument for spreading the Word of Life. I know the instrument is nothing; it is the Gospel which is the power of God unto salvation; but the Gospel must be preached; and this is the hope that sustains me in my exile, that God will use me as an instrument for the diffusion of his truth in my dear Italy. My Divine Saviour has preserved my life on ten battle-fields; my Divine Saviour has protected me against the French in the trenches



of Rome; He has preserved me in the tempest on the ocean; He has saved me from the hands of the fanatical Romish Catholics in Canada; He has spared me through the miseries of his exile; and, therefore, I have a right to hope that He will still spare me, and accept me as an instrument for spreading the knowledge of His Word among my countrymen. There will be a great struggle, but I am not afraid of the issue. If God be for us, no one on earth can prevail against us. There has always been war at the time of any great reformation. There was war in Germany in the time of Luther. There was war in France in the time of Calvin. There was war in Britain at the time of Cromwell and Knox. There was war in Switzerland in the time of Zwingle. The Gospel of Christ has never been firmly planted without a great struggle. Christ said, 'I am not come to send peace, but a sword.'

"When the trumpet of war sounds for my dear Italy, I shall be there—not with the rifle and the sword, but with the Bible in one hand and the Italian national banner in the other, to annihilate the capital enemy of my country—Pope and Popery,—and to plant the standard of Gospel freedom upon the ruins of the Vatican. Again shall be heard in Rome that pure Gospel which Paul preached,—and again it shall go forth to all the world, from that city which is now the seat of papacy and of slavery. Man alone can do nothing; and, therefore, it is necessary to have faithful, fervent prayer. If the news come that we in Italy are fighting for our civil and religious liberties, my Christian brethren, pray for us. Follow us with your prayers, that God may help us, and that the Gospel may soon reign in Italy.

Oh when shall the good and joyful time of evangelical peace be realized! May the time come, and come quickly, when there shall be no more divisions, but when we shall all be one brotherhood in Christ. No more invocation of saints—no more Virgin Mary—but Christ alone! Christ our only mediator—*one faith—one hope—one baptism!* All from Christ, by Christ, to Christ, with Christ! Christ in the time of prosperity; Christ in the hour of distress; Christ in our life; Christ on our dying bed; Christ our hope, Christ our joy, Christ our glory, for everlasting and everlasting, Amen! GAVAZZI.

**MR. C. H. COLES'S VINDICATION**  
OF HIS POSITION IN  
CONNECTION WITH THE GOSPEL MINISTRY.

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

DEAR SIR—Will you permit me to say a few words in reply to the review of my work, found in the April number—page 81—for this year? I should not wish to do so, but from the fact that many will read that article who have not previously read the work so freely animadverted upon; and by so doing, will form very erroneous views, both with respect to the contents of the book, and the Scrip-

tural position we have been induced to take by the plausible manner and the false statements made by the nameless writer of that review.

I cannot think you will ever promote the progress of truth, or convince an erring brother, by such aspersions as are to be found in this piece—viz., that *I am deceived by a certain personage called an angel of light: that I am acting under a falsely tutored conscience, bewitched, a foolish and a deluded man, &c., &c.*

What! because I cannot follow blindfolded all the human traditions, laws, rules, creeds, and resolutions extant in the Baptist denomination—but instead thereof desire, in the fear of God, to take his word as my only rule, the Holy Ghost as my only Guide, and Christ as my only Head, am I therefore without the promised land, having no definite means of knowing whither I am sailing—being without compass, or anything else? All this, and very much more, may be easily said by a prejudiced mind; but what proof has this writer furnished of Mr. C.'s fearful delusion? In what page are we referred to, or what extracts are given, as containing any thing opposed to the Word of God? The fact is pretty clear to those who have read the work in question, that the reviewer has not touched the main points; he professes to give us the substance, while he plays upon the surface; the great principles are concealed, while he talks aloud of altered circumstances. The leading features are distorted, while the Spirit is entirely lost sight of. I was solemnly reminded in reading this article, of the answer of the disciples to Paul at Ephesus;—we have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost. It is not any particular, or precise form or order in divine worship for which I contend—but for the sovereign working, and the gracious presence of the Holy Ghost in the assembly of the saints. This is the main point so much lost sight of in this day of almost universal departure from the truth. Let this be clearly seen by the saints, and their royal dignity as priests be spiritually understood by them, as being thereby qualified to enter through the veil into the heavenly sanctuary, and by the precious blood of their great High Priest offer spiritual sacrifices, and then shall we have no more of man's presidency, or their minister seditiously conducting the ministration of the Lord's Supper.

In vain do we look to any part or portion of the New Testament for either apostle, pastor, deacon, or brother, chosen or appointed to administer this ordinance. In looking at the words in Acts xx. 6, 7, we find it was simply disciples coming together to do this among themselves. As a Baptist minister (now with the Lord) has said, in a sermon on those words, "One cannot but remark, that it is not said that 'the disciples came together and brake bread,' but they 'came together to break bread;'" and that, he should conceive, leaves this impression on our minds—that it was not a thing in the way; it was not a thing which filled up their service, (as it is too much the case with us),

but that they came together for the express purpose of breaking bread; and that this formed an essential part of their public worship; and that the very same mode of proof as will establish public worship on the first day of the week, does also seem to establish "the breaking of bread" on the first day of the week. Indeed there would be something (and it is manifestly to my judgment) incongruous in there being a day set apart for the commemoration of the resurrection of Christ, and no commemoration of the death of Christ on that day. There seems an unsuitableness in it."

To my mind also this is manifest—that the disciples came not together to hear some favorite talented preacher, but for the express purpose to worship God, and break bread in obedience to their only Lord and Master, Jesus Christ; knowing that the Holy Ghost was ever present as the Author of all gifts, and the effectual Worker of all grace in the many members of that one body in Christ, each being a supplying joint, to minister what even the Spirit imparted, for the mutual good of each other, and the glory of God.

But to return to consider the matters in which I am said to be deluded.

The main points are said to be in not distinguishing the *essential* from the *circumstantial*, the *use* from the *abuse* of things—a clear admission that I am correct in both, but have not distinguished the *greater* from the *less*. I freely confess that my power of discrimination is small; yet I can see the difference between the presidency of man in God's assembly, and the presidency of the Holy Ghost; the difference between a stone building, and the church of the living God. Transfer these words as you please; if the long array of Scripture found in my book is no proof of my being right, *because the whole of them may by him be misunderstood*. True, they may be; but what proof has the writer furnished us with, that one of those many Scriptures I have quoted are either *perverted* or *misunderstood by me*? And until the reviewer has done this, there is more than a *may be* that Mr. C. has understood and rightly applied those portions of Holy Writ. It is false to say that I am merely contending for an outward conformity to the primitive churches. What will all outward conformity do for us, without the life, the grace, the power and presence of the Holy Ghost in the midst; as the body without the Spirit is dead, so is the prophesying church without the Spirit of God.

The following points are the main things for which I am contending. Let the reader judge as to whether they are *essentials*, or merely *circumstantials*:

1. That the church is a living temple, built by the Holy Ghost upon Christ, and that all saints ought to be in separation from the world, which lieth in the wicked one. (Page 9, 10).

2. The personal presence and indwelling of the Holy Ghost in the believer, and in the church for ever. (Page 10 to 14).

3. Liberty of teaching *in the church* for all who are qualified by the Spirit to do so. (Page 14 to 18).

4. Liberty of preaching the gospel to the world without any human appointment whatever. (Page 18 to 20).

5. That the Scriptures are the only and sufficient guide in the order and discipline of the church of God; and that no man or class of men have any authority to make creeds, laws and rules, but to follow those God himself has made. (Page 22 to 24).

The *EARTHEN VESSEL*, it is true, with one of its greatest men, have sailed round these several points; but not being able successfully to make an attack upon either, (for the best of reasons, no doubt), returns with the very plausible plea of the altered circumstances of the churches; and then gives as an illustration of their meaning, the passover, as first kept in Egypt, and then in the promised land. But we have no such altered circumstances with respect to the Supper of the Lord; disciples do not keep it first in Egypt and then in the land of promise; and had Mr. C. or Mr. W. been present with the disciples and the Lord, to demand their authority for departing from the first form of eating the same, they could have at once referred to the 16th of Deuteronomy, where the passover is commanded to be kept, when they were come into the land; but the *stuff*, *shoes*, and the *posture*, are not mentioned. This at once accounts for their sitting or reclining, to shew their perfect liberty and rest in the land of promise. It was not their *altered circumstances*, but God's Word alone that justified their departure from its original.

I must confess that it has been the deep conviction of my own mind, that the religion of Christ and his apostles did not consist in a variety of *outward forms*, but in the life and power of the Holy Ghost. The ministry for which I ever desire to contend, is that which alone stands in the power of God, not in the wisdom of men; and that ministry which does so stand, is to be unrestricted by any human arrangement in the church. No one disputes but the *minister is the minister of their OWN CHOICE*; and he accepts that choice; all may be voluntary and mutual, but that is no proof of its being Scriptural. Indeed, the dissenting principle of electing a pastor, is *purely human, having no foundation either in the Old or New Testament*. Hear the testimony of one who was himself thus chosen the author of spiritual despotism—(page 153). "Is it not without some amazement that we find a church on the modern scheme of proceeding in the momentous act of creating or electing a pastor or teacher, *without being able to alledge from the New Testament any law or license to that effect, or any one example satisfactory or unsatisfactory*?" When Israel chose and appointed a captain, it was to return to their bondage in Egypt. (Num. xiv. 4; Neh. ix. 17). No question but that he was a *man of their own choico*.

Nevertheless, this question forces itself upon us; and we ask again, Is this the principle recognised as the basis of church order in the New Testament? And we are compelled to answer, It is not! See the many Scriptures quoted in proof of this on page 15 of my book.

As to *circumstances being somewhat altered before John left the world, and that we have a sample of the present order of the Baptist churches in the seven churches with seven ministers*, is by no means granted. *Circumstances somewhat altered!* Whether this alteration was for the better or not, and as to its latitude or longitude, we are left in the dark. I suppose the reviewer had no definite means of knowing himself.

Now let us examine the first of the seven churches—viz., Ephesus; and in Acts we find Paul at Miletus; and from that place he sent and called the *elders* of the church—(xx. 17.) Not a word in this solemn charge about them being the people's own choice, but such as the Holy Ghost had made overseers (verse 28). Here, then, we have a plurality of pastors in the church who had the charge and oversight of the flock. If Ephesus was large and renowned, Philippi was comparatively small, yet it had its plurality of bishops (i. 1). Paul and Barnabas *ordained* (or chose) *them* *ELDERS in every church.* (Acts xiv. 23). If, then, elders were ordained in *every church*—and we have positive proof that there were *elders* in the first named of the seven churches—and as these churches were seven candlesticks, all alike, then must there have been *pastors* in all the rest.

The fact of one individual being addressed as the angel of the church, is no proof that he was the only person who ministered in the name of the Lord. The number seven, we all know, is used as indicating that all the power, the fulness, the perfection of ministry, is in the hands of Him who walked in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks. The seven lamps before the throne are said to be the seven Spirits of God. Rev. iv. 5.

The appointment of elders in the church never set aside liberty of teaching, or any other gift bestowed by the Spirit upon the various members of the one body. The seven epistles to the churches are addressed to all who have ears to hear; whether men can now distinguish those various members or not, they exist; they may be *feeble and sickly*, because ministers and people have agreed upon their own order, to the rejection of God's, found in Rom. xii.; 1 Cor. xiv.; Eph. iv., and many other parts of the Word.

The question is not, whether we have *all the gifts, or the same measure of grace* as was needed then, but have we any gifts from the Holy Ghost now? We most surely have the same Holy Ghost as then; "He still divides to *every man* severally as he will." The "manifestation of the Spirit is given to *every man* to profit withal." Again—"God hath dealt to *every man* the measure of faith." If all distinction of the various members of the body have ceased to exist, "*where were the body?*" The "body is not one member, but many."

How am I to know that the Spirit is in the body, but by the *manifestation of his grace and gifts*, working now in the various members of the body of Christ? This shows the necessity of an open door for his sovereign and gracious ministry in the church.

In Eph. iv. 11, not a word is said about the gifts ceasing to exist; but on the contrary, they are "TILL we all come in the unity of the faith." (13). The EARTHEN VESSEL may say they have ceased; but the heavenly voice says, not "till we all come in the unity of the faith." We rather choose to listen to the latter: God hath said it, and that is sufficient for faith. I am by no means alone in complaining of the fearful state of the Baptist churches. The late Mr. Allen, in my hearing, said, if he had his time over again, he would have no church meetings, they have proved a curse instead of a blessing. Mr. J. Wells said, "They may be justly denounced;" that "the order followed by most Baptist churches is *essentially bad*;" but that "the churches are to follow any order in the management of its affairs it thinks proper." What! *essentially bad*, and yet follow what it thinks proper!! This is indeed without compass! and I fear, while this principle is acted upon, there is no good hope for the future.

The divisions in the church at Corinth arose from the abuse of their liberty; and great as was the difficulty in restoring order, it was restored: and how? Not, as the reviewer suggests, by *choosing its own pastor and independency*, and subjecting all the rest to silence; but leading them all back into subjection to the Lord, and each other; their failings are our warnings. What we are called to follow, and for which I contend, is God's order as contained in those epistles. They are addressed to "all that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ, both theirs and ours." 1 Cor. i. 2. Now, connecting this with the 14th chapter, we have there God's mind with respect to the order of the church when come together into one place. (23). In the 31st verse God says, "*Ye may all prophecy one by one*, that all may learn, and all may be comforted." In the 3rd verse we are told, that to prophecy is to "*speak unto men to edification, to exhortation, and comfort.*" "The things which I write unto you," said the apostle, "are THE COMMANDS OF THE LORD. But if any man be ignorant, let him be ignorant," (37, 38). Is it right to follow the Baptist churches, and the EARTHEN VESSEL, more than the Word of God? Let us rather take his Word, and that only, for our guide. Oh, when will saints learn to cease to put the abomination of human tradition in the place of the righteous commands of God? Can it be wrong to seek our God after the Divine order of the New Testament? Shall he establish a certain order, and we, by human expediency, or something worse, step in, and break that order? What! must the commands of God be set aside by the man of our *own choice*, and he usurp authority over all the rest, and boldly tell us that he will have no church meetings? &c. If this is not lording it over God's heritage, then am I blind and deluded too.

Let the readers of the EARTHEN VESSEL turn to page 73 of this year, and contrast this review with what is there written. We are there told that "the Christian is not to

make a way for himself, but to walk in the way made for him." That "it certainly is required of stewards that they be found faithful to all the laws of the house, not making, or altering those which are made." This is just the principle for which I am contending—i.e., that we have no power to make laws or rules, nor alter those which are made by God himself.

The carrying out of the principles of the New Testament does not depend upon the same measure of gift and grace possessed by saints in the apostolic age. The very same fundamental law applies while the least gift or grace remains, or disciples meet in the name of their Lord; and every Christian is responsible to clear himself from all participation in those human arrangements which put obstacles in the way of their being carried out. All that is needed, is to take the Word as our directory; to be guided by the Holy Ghost; and then shall we not plead altered circumstances, nor the same work to be done after the same manner. What work is to be done, and the measure of grace and gift needed, God will impart. This must be all left with Him who will do all his pleasure. My only right position is at his feet, first learning, and then doing his will. "To obey is better than sacrifice; and to hearken, than the fat of rams." 1 Sam. xv. 22, 23. "And it shall come to pass, that every soul which will not hear that prophet, shall be destroyed from among the people." Acts iii. 23.

It is somewhat singular, that persons, neither members or baptised, are called to speak before the church; and this, we are told, tends to godly edifying, concord and brotherly love, in hearing and receiving their testimonies. And yet, after they have become members, they are to be silent in the church for ever!! If the beginning of the work of God with their souls tends to godly edifying are we to hear nothing of the progress, of God with them? Is all the godly edifying before they are received by the Baptist churches? And yet we are told that upon the matter of ministry there is every possible liberty.

As to the number of pastors, teachers, deacons, &c., that must be left to the chief Shepherd, who is ever careful of the flock. In no case is the church directed to choose or ordain. They have no Scriptural authority so to act; no epistle addressed to any church touches the question. Saints are bound to receive all who are qualified and sent forth by the Lord to feed their souls. A bishop must be such as the Word describes; likewise must the deacons be such; and such only are the churches bound to receive and acknowledge, let their natural abilities or intellectual capacity be what they may.

God's Word is very clear, also, with respect to the number of brethren who are to speak: "Let the prophets speak, two or three, (at one meeting), and the rest judge." 1 Cor. xiv. 29. "For ye may all speak one by one." Not two at a time—"For God is not the Author of confusion, but of peace, as in all the churches of the saints." (33). But as

to people baptising themselves, and running about helping themselves at the table of the Lord's Supper, we answer with the words of Nehemiah—"There are no such things done as thou sayest; but thou feignest them out of thine own heart."

Our present position is, we believe, both simple and Scriptural. We are a few believers who feel deeply the solemn state of things in the professing church; and we desire to cast away all the creeds, laws and rules of men, and take God's Word for our authority in all things. We meet together in one place on the first day of the week to break bread, worship God, and exhort one another; calling no man master, father, or lord, but Jesus, and looking to the ever-present Comforter, the Holy Ghost, to preside, and to qualify to pray, to sing, to speak with the spirit and with the understanding; neither dreaming or contending for all the circumstances, forms, and orders of the apostolic age.

Despised, misrepresented, and held up by pulpit and press as deluded, schismatics, and fools, we continually are; but disappointed of the presence of Jesus we have not been, according to his promise, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Matt. xviii. 20. In our thus meeting, our souls have been refreshed, blessed and comforted; and we feel strengthened in the fact, that not only is there nothing in the Word of God against our thus meeting, and the quiet, peaceful, orderly way in which our meetings are conducted, but that we have the authority of Christ in these matters.

In reply as to what we are to be called, or distinguished, we answer with the words of John Bunyan:

"Since you would know by what name I would be distinguished from others, I tell you, I would be, and I hope I am, a Christian; and I choose, if God should count me worthy, to be called a Christian—a believer—or any name which is approved by the Holy Ghost; and as for those factious titles of Anabaptist, Independent, Presbyterian, or the like, I conclude that they came neither from Jerusalem, nor Antioch, but rather from hell and Babylon; for they naturally tend to deviation: you may know them by their fruits."

That the Lord may bestow upon his saints the Spirit of wisdom in the knowledge of him, that we may all discern what is according, and what is contrary, to his mind, is the constant prayer of a poor, cast out, but not forsaken brother in Jesus, C. H. COLES.

Old Bradford, May 3, 1855.

[We ought to apologize for suffering the above discussion to occupy so much space; but we had reviewed Mr. Coles's book; his reply is in as good a spirit as under the circumstances can be expected; we, wishing to do full justice to his cause, and having no unkind feeling towards him, could not do otherwise than step somewhat out of our usual course, to give space for this rather extended reply to our review, reserving our remarks until next month.—Ed.]

## WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT AND WARNING.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—Although I felt somewhat dissatisfied (after I had read the two or three letters occasioned by mine, and the "Watchman's" remarks on Dr. Cumming's Divinity) to find that you had given notice that you thought "sufficient had been said on both sides of the question," that dissatisfaction has been done away by the contents of this month's VESSEL; for it is certainly fraught with much that is God-glorifying, sinner-debasing, and soul-establishing truth. And I do verily believe, that such short extracts of the courage displayed by that Boanerges, Luther, and of the valour and patience of that godly man, John Rogers, cannot fail, under the blessing of God, to prove encouraging and comforting, as well as stimulating to fresh energy many of the servants and saints of the Most High God. And although the Lord's people may not have, like one of them, to seal their testimony to truth with their blood, yet it is no small mercy to feel that they are individually part-takers of a measure of that grace, the abundance of which enabled them, in the sight of such persecution, and in the midst of so much distress, to endure unto the end.

But though "The fathers do not live for ever," (here), nor do the prophets, though they be "as the chariots and horsemen of Israel," still, our God does not leave himself without witnesses, and such, too, "who can declare unto a man his way," and "take up the stumbling-blocks out of it." Therefore the church should hold such in esteem, and "love them for their works' sake." Of this number, I think, friend "Trigg," "A Little One," and "David Dulley," form a part. The dealings of God with Mr. Trigg, is a plain proof that he would not suffer him to be among the host who are (so-called) Christians from their parents, from their education, and from their virtuous habits. When it pleases God to "make inquisition for sin," he makes such "beauty to consume away, as the moth;" and when the feet are "made fast in the stocks," and the door of the prison-house closed, and the "throat becomes dry, through roaring," and the tongue is beginning to cleave to the roof of the mouth, and the devil all this while roaring out, "Where is now thy God?" and notwithstanding all the efforts made by the poor soul to get hold of something to stay itself upon, instead of doing so, it sinks deeper and deeper, and seems to get more devil-like than Christian-like. This will effectually stop the tongue from moving about the goodness, or ability of the creature; this will fit the soul to welcome a mighty Saviour, for such a helpless sinner; a full Christ for such an empty sinner; and a complete covering for such a naked, ugly sinner; and, by these chastisements, out of the law the soul is brought, to "rest (on Christ) in the day of adversity, till the pit be digged for the wicked."

But "A Little One" does not only shew the way of God's teaching when a sinner is

first brought to the knowledge of salvation, but he accompanies such an one to the field of conflict, where he commenced that "fight of faith" with the world, the flesh and the devil; and like a well-disciplined general, points out to the young soldier from what quarter the enemies will come, how they will commence and carry on the contest, and from being at times partially overcome, what distress would be in the mind of the young soldier, who, while he has professed to enter with all his heart into the most deadly contest, with a determination to conquer, or to die, yet, notwithstanding, finds himself at times as though he was in league with his enemies, instead of fighting against them. Go on, "Little One," instructing, forewarning, and encouraging the soldiers to fight valiantly; and may God Almighty make "A Little One" to be useful to tens of thousands.

While we admire the goodness of God, in causing such men as "Triggs," and "A Little One," to "make straight the paths of our God," we can no less feel thankful that he causes some like Mr. D. Dulley to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." I cannot help thinking that B. D. in some degree "darkened counsel, with words without knowledge;" and if so, the Lord grant he may see and confess it before God. It is an important thing to put a wrong construction on the Word of God, or to lessen its force in any degree. I have often felt that the 6th of Hebrews has been as goads in my side, to goad me on with increasing importunity at a throne of grace, that God would make it more fully manifest that I was not one of those fit for burning; for I judge the purpose of the Spirit in this part of Holy Writ, and others of a similar character, is to point out the possibility of being very nigh the kingdom, and yet not in the kingdom. Verily, such portions as relate to a Judas betraying Christ, to "those who did run well, but are hindered," to an Esau, who sold his birthright, to those who know the holy commandment, but who afterwards "turn from it," to a Balaam, who was that wicked prophet, to those who "went out from us, because they were not of us," to those "who hold the truth in unrighteousness," to those "who have a name to live, but are dead," to those who are "increased in goods, and have need of nothing,"—and finally, to those who "have eaten, and drank in the presence of Christ," and in his name "done many wonderful works," but to whom Christ will say, in the day of judgment, "Depart from me, I never knew you, ye workers of iniquity." I say, such passages as the above, have a powerful effect in the hearts of the Lord's people, when they are brought into "darkness, and have no light," it is generally that such passages alarm, and send them with fresh earnestness to a throne of grace, with a

"Lord, decide the doubtful case,  
Thou who art thy people's Sun;  
Shine upon thy work of grace,  
If indeed it be begun."

Claxton, March, 1866.

D. PRGG.

## OUR BRITISH BAPTIST CHURCHES.

### RECOGNITION OF MR. THOS. DAVIS,

AT BETHEL CHAPEL, POPLAR.

BETHEL CHAPEL, Poplar, is one of those old-fashioned, ancient-looking places of worship, of which many are to be found in the mighty metropolis and its vast suburbs. It has a frontage on the High-street, and stands about midway between the West India Dock, and Poplar Stations of the Blackwall Railway. For very many years the truth has been proclaimed within her walls by different preachers, not a few of whom are now numbered with the dead; and we did anticipate that on the occasion of which we write, we should have had some history, however brief, of this ancient Bethel; but not a word was heard of her origin or progress — indeed, there was altogether a want of that order which is so necessary on such occasions.

The public recognition of Mr. Thomas Davis, as their pastor, took place on Thursday afternoon, the 26th of April, 1855.

A hymn having been sung, Mr. Palliser read and offered up prayer; and Mr. Samuel Milner in a very brief manner, stated the nature of a Gospel Church — in which he referred to the time, when for three or four years, he preached weekly in that place. He sowed then in hope, and he believed he had seen the fruit. Mr. Milner then proceeded to ask the usual questions, calling first upon one of the church for the leadings of Divine providence in bringing Mr. Davis amongst them. In answer to this important question, one of the deacons made a short verbal reply — from which we learned that the pulpit had for some time past been filled by different supplies, none of whom appeared so acceptable as Mr. Davis — that they invited him, after a time, to become their pastor — and after many urgent and repeated requests, he accepted the same.

Mr. Milner then asked Mr. Davis how the Lord brought him from darkness to light — from the kingdom of Satan to the kingdom of God's dear Son? to which Mr. Davis replied —

“Christian Friends.—It was my inestimable advantage to be blessed with a godly mother, whose chief care was to instruct me in the truths of God. When about 17 years of age, I became the subject of very serious impressions, and joined a church in Wales, by whom I was soon sent out to preach the gospel in the neighbouring villages. In the providence of God, I was removed to England, where I was received into the Countess of Huntingdon's connexion, and by whom I was recognised as a minister; but I have since been led to fear that I, at that time, was an entire stranger to the regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit. At that time I had many misgivings as to my state before God. I feared I was not a converted character — and that I had received no commission from God to preach his gospel. These feelings so worked upon my mind, that I broke up a large establishment which I then carried on in South Staffordshire, and came to 1855.

London, determined never more to open my mouth for God—I thought I would come where I was not known—and thus escape observation. I had not been in London more than twelve months, before I lost my all — and was almost reduced to absolute want; and then it was, I hope, that I was brought to a state of spiritual poverty. While in this reduced state, I ruptured a blood-vessel on the lungs, which brought me almost to the verge of death—and I fully expected to die. It was while lying in this state, about twelve o'clock one night, that these words came with great power to my mind — and which I consider was the first manifestation of Divine goodness to my soul: ‘I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.’ These words were unfolded to me two ways: first, that I should not die of that affliction which had befallen me; and secondly, that I should not die eternally. Thus I had a hope that brighter and better days awaited me, in two senses. But these happy feelings subsided, and for some nine or ten months, I travelled under the most fearful apprehensions of death, caused by these words— ‘Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the law to do them.’ These feelings almost laid me prostrate a second time, and I strove to square my life, and make it more in accordance with the word of God—but as the poet says:

‘The more I strove against its power,  
I sinned and stumbled but the more.’

I was now shewn the hidden evils of my heart, and I saw, that though I had not sinned myself,—yet Adam's sins were laid to me. Thus I was tormented for months—frequently lying down at night, with a fear that I should awake in hell. But one day, as I was walking on Holborn Hill, suddenly a light shone into my mind with these two scriptures: ‘Deliver him from going down into the pit, for I have found a ransom; and ‘perfect love casteth out fear.’ I had a sweet and happy feeling produced by these words, though the second text was not opened up to me for some time; and from that day to this I have never lost their relish. I have had many fears, yet those words have ever been comforting. Being much reduced in circumstances, I could not now appear in God's house as I wished to do; so that I generally selected the stair-cases to sit on and hear the word. While going from place to place, I one Sabbath entered Smithfield, when I was accosted by a strange gentleman, who requested me to stand by him while he preached. I did so; and repeated it for several sabbaths. About the fifth or sixth time, he said, ‘the people don't seem inclined to hear me — can you pray?’ He pressed me, and I did so. When I had done praying, there were about two hundred people there — but he soon preached them all away. The next Lord's-day we went as usual; he read and prayed, and then said, ‘Now, our friend here, will preach to you.’ I was taken all by surprise; but I arose, and preached to the people from these words — ‘It is a faithful saying and worthy of

all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom, I am chief; and the Lord was pleased to bless that message to one poor soul then present. There was also present, a member of Mr. Foreman's, with whom I became acquainted in the following manner: — after preaching in Smithfield that afternoon, I had a very remarkable dream at night — which was, that a gentleman of peculiar appearance came to me and asked me to preach at Croydon. The following day, while engaged with a customer, a gentleman bearing the same features as the imaginary one I had witnessed in my dream, entered my shop. I at once apprehended the motive of his visit. He took off his hat and commenced speaking to me. I told him if he would wait till I was disengaged, I would attend to him. He did so; and then said he was looking for a bookseller, who preached in Smithfield; and that he wanted him to go to Croydon to preach. I consented to go; and that was, I apprehend, the commencement of my preaching in London — as after that I was continually receiving invitations to preach somewhere or other — and it was in that way I was brought to this place."

Mr. Milner here asked Mr. Davis how he came to see the ordinance of believer's baptism to be scriptural? to which Mr. Davis replied:

"At the time I was so much concerned as to the state of my soul, I went to hear Mr. Irons, of Camberwell, who in that discourse, spoke in a fearful manner against Baptism. This induced me to search the Scriptures for myself; and was in consequence, convinced that baptism by immersion, to believers, was the only scriptural mode. On arriving home one evening, there was a friend ready to meet me on the subject of baptism. He gave me an introduction to Mr. Foreman, by whom I was baptised. I joined the church at Mount Zion, and continued a member there, until accepting the pastorate in this place. I have abundant reason to be thankful that I did join that church, for they were ever very kind to me."

Mr. Davis then made a short confession of his faith: the church publicly ratified their call—and the pastor openly accepted it—when Mr. Foreman gave to Mr. Davis and one of the deacons, the right-hand of fellowship; and Mr. Milner closed the afternoon service with prayer.

In the evening, Mr. Foreman delivered a valuable charge to the pastor, and Mr. Wyard preached to the church.

#### ANNIVERSARY OF BETHESDA CHAPEL, IPSWICH.

WE have been favored for some years past to spend one happy Sabbath-day in the service of the Lord in Bethesda Chapel, Ipswich. Like the Christian pilgrim, the church of Christ—in what we used to call Dairy Lane — has undergone many changes, waded through seas of sorrow, and experienced the loss of many and truly valued friends. There are few gospel churches in this kingdom that has been more deeply wounded in the house

of her friends than has the one to which we now refer. A calm and serious review of this church's history would furnish matter for the deepest humiliation, as well as cause for most unfeigned thankfulness to that skilful and Almighty Pilot who hath so wonderfully conducted the little vessel through storms of adversity, and given her *again*, we say, given her *again* to enjoy manifest, indisputable and soul-comforting testimonies of the presence and blessing of that dear and all-sufficient Friend, who said, "*And lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.*"

The visible church of Christ on earth is a *mixed* company; many and mighty are the opposite elements of which the gospel kingdom on earth is composed. There is a mixture of earnest friendship, and deeply deceitful feignship; there is a mixture of heaven-born spirituality, and cold, lifeless formality; there is a mixture of heart-purifying, Christ-revealing, Jesus-extolling FAITH, and of spirit-contracting, soul-distressing unbelief; there is a mixture of sovereign grace, with all its conquering and crowning glories, and of sin, with all its defiling, dividing, and destroying powers. Yes, there is indeed a mixture in the midst of poor Zion. Our glorious Lord, and his dear saints, are there; satan, and his subtle host, are also there. Dear friends of our much-loved Zion, do ye lay this much to heart; and when a brother falls — when withering winds arise — when times of sharp temptations come — when angry passions, disobedient spirits, and reckless souls are seen — take not your sword to slay the offenders, but say, "*An enemy hath done this;*" trace the evil up to its very source; and while with meekness, faithfulness, prayer and perseverance you labour hard to heal the wounded, help the fallen, and restore the driven-away, see well to it, ye fail not to "*resist the devil*" by charging home upon his head all these fruits of the fall; by a united watchfulness, by a perpetual unfolding of the banner of the cross; by a discovery of the cunning devices of the wicked one; and by a hearty effort, in the strength of the Lord, to carry into practice that wholesome word of Paul to the Hebrews — "*Exhort one another daily while it is called to-day; lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin.*" Say what you will, there is much of this kind of gospel action, of spiritual warfare, of New Testament practice, of new covenant charity, and of Christ-like benevolence, wanting in our churches in these days. The armies of the living God now fighting the good fight of faith on the plains of gospel Zion, are somewhat like unto the armies of the allies before Sebastopol; we have an enemy, a powerful, deadly enemy to meet, to resist, to overcome, to be trodden under foot. By that foe, shots, fiery darts, and visible bomb shells are constantly being poured into the midst of our armies; and many a right-hearted, many an honest and devoted soldier of the cross, receives a dreadful wound; from the effects of such wounds, many a poor servant of Jesus is, in a measure, cast away, cast out, cast off, unheeded, and as

far as either creatures, or even Christians are concerned, *unhealed, unrestored.*

Ought these things so to be? What would the English nation say, if an authenticated announcement like the following was to appear?—"A valiant standard-bearer, in going on before his regiment toward the enemy, received a dreadful wound; he fell from his horse into a slough of black mud: the whole regiment passed on; many looked on the fallen standard-bearer, but not one attempted either to lift him up, to cleanse him from the mire, or to administer to his wants; and even when the engagement was over, instead of any of the officers or privates going to his aid, they only met together to reproach and to condemn the almost heart-broken standard-bearer, who, although he was certainly off his guard, and on ground he had no command to occupy, nevertheless, the sincerity of his previous service has been proved; and the continued neglect of his person in his present perilous condition is considered cruel in the extreme."

What would the British nation say to such an inhuman course of procedure? And what can we say to similar circumstances in connection with our churches? Oh, God, forbid we should permit or countenance any one sin in any one brother, be he of high or of low degree; with equal decision do we say, "God forbid that we should cast reproach upon a fallen, a distressed, a heavily afflicted fellow-soldier, on whose person and circumstances the powers of darkness have done dreadful mischief indeed. To some of our bitter-spirited old men—and to some of our self-sufficient proud young men—we say, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

We should rejoice to see Zion more happily employed in sound restorations, as well as more constantly and successfully employed in radical, spiritual, and decided conversions. Oh that our Lord would use us much to these two important ends!

We have wandered too far. We shall now endeavour to take our seat in Bethesda Chapel, Ipswich, on the morning of the last anniversary, Lord's-day, April 29.

The spacious chapel was well filled when the service commenced. The pastor, Mr. Thomas Poock, read the Scriptures, and earnestly called on the Lord in prayer. That deeply sympathising word of Paul's had been with us as we travelled to Ipswich the previous evening, "Therefore, I endure all things for the elect's sake, that they may also obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory." These words threw out three important subjects somewhat suited for an anniversary occasion—*The conduct of the minister*,—ENDURANCE: *The character and privileges of the saints*—they are THE ELECT OF GOD THE FATHER; CHOSEN IN GOD THE SON; and separated from the ruins of the fall by GOD THE HOLY GHOST. (Thirdly, the words declare), *The great design of the gospel of Christ*: instrumentally to give the elect of God a knowledge and a possession of that salvation which is in CHRIST JESUS; and which secures unto them the

fulness and blessedness of "ETERNAL GLORY."

These things occupied our attention during the morning and afternoon; and not less than a thousand persons listened to the heavenly theme. We believe that where a Triune Jehovah employs a man in the ministry, that man is qualified by the Lord: and both his strength and his work are measured out by the Divine Master. Never before did we more fully realise this in our own souls, than at Ipswich on the day referred to. We had been ill during the previous week, and had not preached at all. Apparently at some risk we went forth. But—blessed be our God!—we went not alone. Having preached twice, we begged hard for some other brother to preach in the evening. This petition was positively refused. We sat down to think the matter over. In felt possession, we had neither strength, sermon, text, nor any fitness whatever for another service. But before the time, these words fell sweetly from heaven—yes, I say, in the very moment of need, they fell softly. I had no book, no Bible, no person speaking—I was sitting alone; and quietly looking in prayer for direction—when the words were spoken in me—"Jacob shall not now be ashamed; neither shall his face now wax pale. But when he seeth his children, the work of mine hands, in the midst of him, they shall sanctify my name, and sanctify the Holy one of Jacob; and shall fear the God of Israel."

For some years this cause at Ipswich has been labouring under a heavy debt. On this anniversary day, the whole of that debt was fully cleared; there was, therefore, a beautiful analogy between their circumstances and my closing text and evening discourse. Every poor Jacob—whether he be public preacher, or private Christian—has his times of sorrow, shame and weakness; but, "more than conqueror" through his living Lord, shall every ransomed soul be found. This was a happy anniversary at Bethesda, Ipswich;—that our brother Poock, and his large family, may long enjoy the best of all freedom, and the most substantial prosperity, is the earnest prayer of  
C. W. BANKS.

#### CHRISTMAS DAY BAPTISING AT THE OLD BAPTIST CHAPEL, CARLTON, BEDS.

WE have, for years, desired to give the history of this very ancient Baptist Church: but we have lost the MS.;—this is no wonder, seeing we oftentimes nearly lose ourselves in piles of papers. The following we have promised to give:—

On Christmas Day, Dec. 25, 1854, six persons were baptised—three males, and three females—at the Old Baptist Meeting, Carlton, Beds., by J. Evans, the pastor.

The order and practice of the church here is different. Our service began in the morning at ten, when a good congregation had collected. The meeting was comfortably full. After singing a hymn, one of our elder deacons, (in a very solemn, suitable, and feeling address), drew near to God in prayer for a blessing on the services of the day. The



candidates then appeared at the table in the table-pew, to speak their experience before the church and congregation: this has been the order of the church here for nearly half a century; and God has owned the order, and blessed it to many souls. Some are now dead, some are living. The first that was called, after a few struggles, began by stating, that being brought up under godly parents, she often had had convictions for sin, and they had as often wore off again, until the present minister came; she then felt a new desire to attend the means. After the sermon one afternoon, I said I should be glad if as many as could would stop to witness the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. She ventured to stay; and from remarks made by me, some of which sunk into her heart, she was brought to see and to feel herself a sinner of the deepest die, and must sink down to hell for ever as an awful transgressor before God. In this state of mind she continued until I was led to speak from Gen. xxviii. 15, which was made a great blessing to her; also many other sermons she had heard to much profit; and now she was desirous to give herself up to the Lord and his people. While she was speaking, it was a time of weeping among the congregation. I had the pleasure some time before, to baptise one of her brothers, who is a godly man, and an active teacher in our school.

The next that came forward was the granddaughter of the late Rev. Charles Vorley; who, for forty years, lived, and laboured, and died among this people. She, with her sister, spake well, and with satisfaction, of their call by grace. The two granddaughters, at an early part of their life, were left without a mother, who was taken from them by death: their grandfather then took them: he, too, was soon removed from them: but the Lord spared the grandmother to bring them up, till the present year, when the Lord took her home to glory in the 82nd year of her age. She was a good woman; a labourer in the Sabbath-school; and a lover of the young. I had the mournful pleasure to commit her remains to the silent tomb.

The next that came to speak, was husband to the first female that spoke; who, although in the Sabbath-school as teacher, had not as yet given proof of a change of heart. As is my habit sometimes, I go into the school-room after tea, and give out a hymn, and comment upon the same: some things that I said, God carried home to his heart; and by the Lord's blessing brought him with a wounded Spirit to the throne of grace to seek the Lord; and though not, like some, able to speak and tell out his feelings, yet, in a plain and simple manner, shewed he was a brand taken out of the fire: he has lived a wicked life, but is consistent now.

The next was one of my sons who spake, and it was a pleasing, though cutting time, to me, as a father;—this is the second, if not a third, that God has given me out of twelve children. May the Lord call one, and all of them! this is my daily prayer. His testimony was not in vain. The Lord, I hope, made it a blessing on that day to some that were present.

The next that had to speak was a very tall, stout young man, who has lived a prodigal life, and who was not in the habit of attending any place of worship; but by the will of our gracious God was led to come to our meeting, and under a sermon I was preaching the Lord met with this proud sinner, and amidst floods of tears from his eyes, and from numbers present, he gave a very solemn, Scriptural, and profitable account of his call, and of the Spirit's work upon his heart. It took nearly two hours for them to speak their experience, and many have said such a scene was never witnessed in that place before. The ages of the six were from 22 to 28 years.

The morning service was closed by singing and prayer. Our afternoon service began at half-past 1; when, for some time, the people were seen coming from different parts; so that the meeting was filled with a large congregation.

After singing and prayer, and an address suited to the occasion, the six persons were baptized. During the whole service, greater stillness and deeper attention could not be paid; long will that day be remembered, both by minister and people. The evening was spent in our long school-room, with a prayer-meeting, when the said place was filled to overflowing.

Thus, my good brother, and Editor of the *VESSEL*, I have given you a very plain and simple statement of what took place here on Christmas Day. Such a Christmas Day I never spent before. May the Lord smile on this testimony, and make it a blessing. So prays thine, a poor charity child,

JOHN EVANS.

*Carlton, near Turvey, Beds.*

P.S. The six, with another person whose age is above eighty, was by me received into full communion, on the first Lord's-day in the present year.

SEVEN PROMISES IN ONE PORTION: FOUND  
ON THE ANNIVERSARY DAY AT  
WEST END, TRING, MAY 8TH, 1856.

THREE brethren from London to preach three sermons in one day, to make up what they call an anniversary! Now what does this mean? It seems to me to mean one of three things. Either that neither of these men are of sufficient weight to answer the ends of an anniversary; or, that the people have such a variety of tastes that they must have the gospel off three different dishes; or that the people have so much money to spare that they can afford to have, and therefore they will have three men to preach to them the glorious gospel of the blessed God. We consider such a course to be unwise. Let the pastor himself preach at least one sermon; and then "a man from London" might surely do the rest; and there are enough "pastors" in London now to choose from, we think.

But the good people at West End, Tring, have, for years, given three of us the treat to speak to them; and we wish not to interfere; but these are times when minister's wives have to study *economy*, while their husbands

study *divinity*; and if our churches were to economise a little, it would be quite as well. The Baptist churches in Tring are not in a very flourishing condition. Akeman-street wants a good, full-weight, upright, first-rate pastor; brethren from the different churches are supplying them; but the seeds of *Woodism*, and *Fullerism*, are secretly waiting for an opportunity to arise, and break forth; the speedy settlement of a fruitful and faithful father in Christ over the people at Akeman-street, would, under God, be a very great blessing. And is England so poor, that she cannot produce a man valiant and virtuous enough to work under the auspices of a Glover, a Butcher, and a host of truth-loving folk?—a man of sufficient gospel metal to gather up and to feed the scattered tribes? We hope that England, in a gospel sense, is not so sunk in poverty and weakness; but our many widowed churches tell a fearful tale.

Our brother William Skelton is still at West End. The church in that place has had a severe winter to wade through; and the breaking up of the frost has not added much to their strength; but we hope the rains of heaven will descend; and the rays of a Righteous Sun will yet bestow upon them many a blessing. Mr. Wyard, and Mr. Bidder, preached to them, this year, two sermons full of gospel truth. The evening fell to my lot. We had the chapel full of people; and I had a portion full of matter; but I was ill in body, and low in mind, and found it rather hard work to get through. I hope a very brief glance at my Tring portion may be useful to some who read the *VESSEL*. It was Isaiah xxxv. 2—"It shall blossom abundantly; yea, it shall rejoice with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it: the excellency of Carmel and Sharon: they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God." I remember Murray calls this "one of the sweetest portions in Isaiah." It is called, "A description of Christ's kingdom." Here are seven distinct promises: promises that shall, in some measure, be realised in the experience of every section of the true church; and in the soul-spiritual exercises of every true believer in our blessed Lord. Let us simply look at these promises as they stand.

1. "It shall blossom abundantly." In the spring-time of many a church's history, what lots of blossom has oftentimes been seen; and when souls are first espoused to Christ, what blossom! They are then all zeal, all love, all peace, all joy. O, the closeness of my communion, the feasting of my soul in those days! How sweet the remembrance still! And when I first was settled in Canterbury with my loving flock; also during the first seven years in Crosby Row, London, what blossom did appear; but blighting winds did blow. I think when satan sees a gospel church, like a tree full of blossom, his malice burns; and he watches close to see by whom, and by what means, he can get at it, to shake its apparent beauty off. Not unfrequently does he get into the heart of some young professor, and to him he says, "Could not you preach better than your pastor? Do

not you think that your pastor is a poor, stale, dry, dead preacher?" "Yes," says the aspirant for the pulpit, "I am sure I could preach better than him." This leaven once infused, oftentimes produces division, rends the church, scatters the people; and seriously disturbs its peace. Is there not, after all, a period yet to come, in the church's history, when a glorious spring-time shall dawn—when her blossom shall precede a blessed fruit-bearing—when, without a jarring note, the Bride and Bridegroom shall "*rejoice with joy and singing*"—when all the mighty cedars, (the giant-minds in gospel mystery), shall be gathered together. When "*the excellency of Carmel and Sharon*," (the fulness of Christ's mediatorial work), shall be richly enjoyed—when *ЖЕHOВАН*-JESUS will, with his bride, be seen;—when the amazing and unsearchable perfections in the wisdom, love, and power of our covenant God, shall all be transparent unto the wondering view of millions of happy souls, who have in Jesus Christ believed? Yes! Such a harvest of immortal bliss—such a Jubilee of full release—such a possession of every predestinated mercy, is in reserve. The Welch scholar beautifully reads that golden saying of Christ: "*In the home of my Father, there are mansions within mansions*:"—yet a little while, and he that shall come, will come, and will not tarry. Forgive me, for thus intruding: but a taste of these ravishing delights make me long to see my brethren more deeply baptized into the Spirit and fulness of our beloved *JOSHUA* who soon will lead us home. Farewell.

C. W. B.

MR. J. P. EDGECOMBE'S RESIGNATION OF THE  
PASTORATE AT  
PENT SIDE, DOVER.

LAST Good Friday, a peaceful and interesting meeting was holden at Pent Side, Dover, it being the seventh anniversary of Mr. Edgecombe's ministry in that place. We are sorry to learn that his medical advisers considered it absolutely necessary that he should instantly remove from the sea-side. We are favored with a copy of the address he delivered on the occasion referred to. It is too long to give entire. We take a small portion: and hope another sphere of labor will speedily be opened up for our Christian brother. The following extract is from the address:

"I have been with you, going in and out before you, during the past seven years of my pastorate, and I have always strove to seek your prosperity, both spiritual and temporal, and to keep the church in peace one with another; and this I have attempted to do both by my ministry and example among you; and I am sure that your minutes in the Church Book, and your annual letters to the Kent and Sussex Association, will be a witness for me in this matter, when I am laid beneath the *silent tomb*. We have had our troubles and our difficulties, and many afflictions, since I have been among you; (for God's people are said to be a poor and an afflicted people, by God himself; and we are

ranked among the poor and despised, and are placed among the outcasts, and in the minority by the professors of the present day among whom we dwell); but I trust He who has been our *Jehovah-Jireh* to provide; our *Jehovah-Nisi*, to defend, and our *Jehovah-Shallum*, to give peace, will provide, defend, and give you *all*, as a church and congregation, that 'peace which passeth all understanding!' Had I conferred with flesh and blood, and taken the advice of my medical adviser in 1835, relative to my bodily infirmities, I should not have come to Dover, nor any other place on the sea-side; and had I consulted my own feeling two years ago, I should have left Dover then; but I did not believe my work was done at Pent Side; and I believe, and you know, there are many witnesses to confirm this statement. I therefore laid my case before the Lord as his servant, requesting and earnestly beseeching him to make my path clear before me, by taking up the cloud, and going before me; and although it has been by terrible things in righteousness, even in the severe affliction of my poor body with that never-to-be-forgotten complaint—sciatica and rheumatism in my right side, from the shoulder to the toes—and the effects of this affliction you have been eye witnesses of for these last twelve months, and more; and now, being fully persuaded in my own mind, and the way the Lord is going before me, I sent in my letter of resignation to you as a church, that my pastoral office would cease in three months, which will end on the last Lord's-day in this month; and I trust I can leave the whole affair in *his* all-loving heart and powerful arm, and to commit you to his Fatherly care and keeping."

In a subsequent part of the same address, the retiring pastor said:

"Many of you have been the living epistles, and I have had dying testimonies to my ministry that I am sent here by the Lord; and the Holy Spirit has borne testimony again and again within these walls; and I believe up to this day that my labour has not been in vain among you; for since I have been among you 58 have been added to the church—44 by baptism, 14 by letter and experience.—'Not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy great name' do we give praise and power.

"I trust I can say before God, that my love for you has not abated; and although I am now about to leave you, many, *yea*, very many names and kindnesses will still live in my heart and in my memory at the foot-stool of Divine love and mercy; therefore I pray that the prayer-inditing, hearing and answering God, will soon send you a pastor after his own heart, one on whom all your eyes and hearts may rest; one that will go in and out before you as a father and an under-shepherd with more efficiency, and be more useful in his ministerial labors in the ingathering of souls to Christ, and in building you up on the only Foundation laid by God in Zion, through the power of the Holy Ghost."

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

MY DEAR BROTHER IN A LIVING CHRIST.—It hath pleased my heavenly Father, through

affliction, to remove me from Dover to my present residence, No. 2, Temple Street, Queen's Road, Dalston, I have sent you a copy of my last and farewell report, as read to the church on Good Friday last, the 6th of April, when about one hundred took tea, and a very blessed evening we spent together after tea, when my old friend and brother Andersen, and brother James, addressed the meeting, when some very solemn and precious truths were delivered.

I desire to say, in the name and fear of the Lord, that I am ready to serve any destitute church who is seeking the honour of their risen Lord and King, and who is praying for the peace of Jerusalem. Wishing you every covenant blessing, I remain your's, in Christ,  
J. P. EDGECOMBE.

THE

BAPTIST CAUSE AT CHELMSFORD,

UNDER THE

PASTORAL CARE OF MR. JOHN CORBITT.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—You will much oblige many of your constant readers by inserting the subjoined in your next VESSEL.

The following account of the Lord's dealings with the baptist cause under the pastoral charge of Mr. John Corbitt, at Chelmsford, was publicly read after the morning service on their anniversary day, May 2, 1855:

"Dearly beloved Friends—On the present occasion the deacons of this cause deem it just and prudent to make the following statement, for the encouragement of Zion, and the honor and glory of God; for his very gracious dealings with us during brother Corbitt's ministry amongst us; previous to which we had been for fourteen months without a constant ministry; and finding it a very difficult matter to obtain suitable supplies constantly, we were constrained to pray earnestly that the Lord would send us a man after his own heart, when our minds were directed to our present highly esteemed pastor, from reading some of his writings which appeared in the *EARTHEN VESSEL*. Two years this day have run their course since he first entered this pulpit, from which day we have felt a firm and increasing union and attachment to him. The Lord has indeed been with us to bless and encourage us: our congregation has much increased; the church formerly worshipping at Cowland's Court are united with us; thirty-one persons have been added to the church, nine of whom have been baptised; peace and union is in a goodly measure enjoyed in our midst, we know of only one dissenting voice in the church which now numbers fifty-seven members; and we bless the Lord, that others are pressing on to join our ranks in the Redeemer's name.

"By the Lord's goodness and the liberality of friends, we have been enabled, during the past year, to pay off upwards of £50 of the debt on the chapel; £90 still remains to be paid; but in consequence of the severity of the winter, the dearthness of provisions, and our friends being generally poor, we stand in need of pecuniary help, and make this appeal to

those present for aid on this occasion—knowing that the Lord loveth a cheerful giver, and that which is lent to his cause he will repay with the best interest.

“JOHN BLENCH,  
“JAMES ADAMS,  
“JOSEPH HOWE, } *Deacons.*”

Mr. Joseph Wilkins, of Cottenham, Cambs., preached in the morning in our own chapel; but finding there would not be sufficient room for the multitude that pressed to hear Mr. C. H. Spurgeon in the afternoon and evening, the large Independent Chapel was kindly lent for the occasion. The three collections amounted to £26 5s. 3½d. We had joy and gladness; a feast and a good day, and many of the people testified their love to the Redeemer's cause by their good works. Reader, go thou and do likewise, and thy works shall be accepted of the Lord.

#### THE NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL, WOOBURN GREEN, BUCKS.

TWELVE MONTHS have now rolled round since this beautiful and very substantial place of worship was opened. It has been said by some good judges to be the prettiest chapel this country contains; it cost nearly £400; there is above £200 to be paid to the builder; and the time is come that the money should be paid; much uneasiness is now felt by the friends here, as they know not where relief is to come from. To any benevolent Christian who has the power to lift up a burdened people, this cause presents an opportunity for doing real good.

The first anniversary of the opening was holden on Tuesday, May 14. Mr. J. E. Bloomfield preached in the morning from a portion of Joseph's history.

We had a pathetic and touching essay on the sufferings of Joseph, as faintly showing out the agonies of Jesus.

The discourse—which was well received—was a quick succession of short sentences—Scripture sentences—interrogatory sentences—coming down, at length, to experimental sentences, pressing home some close appeals to the consciences of his hearers; confirming the whole by the deep feelings of his own heart; drawing strong lines of distinction between infidels and believers.

In the afternoon and evening I was favored to speak to the friends from some words which rested on my mind the previous night; they appeared very encouraging under the circumstances;—it would greatly rejoice my heart to know they had been made good in the experience and deliverance of the friends at Wooburn Green. The words stand in Deut xxviii. 12—“*The Lord shall open unto thee his good treasure.*” This was the text for afternoon and evening; but in endeavoring to open the text I was obliged to fetch light from the seven-fold blessing of Joseph as written in Deut. xxxiii. 13—16. For the first time in my life I was favored to enter a little into what I hope is the mind of God in this sacred Scripture; but as I understand the sermons are to be written out and pub-

lished for the benefit of the cause at Wooburn Green, I shall not intrude. We had in the evening a good full congregation, and I hope the labours of the day were not in vain. The good-natured pastor, William Wilson, is much discouraged because of the roughness of the way: if he is compelled to visit the sister churches, to obtain help for his chapel debt, I hope he will be warmly received.

C. W. B.

#### EAST LANE, WALWORTH.

THE Anniversary of old East Lane Baptist Chapel, was holden on the 17th of May. The venerable and the valuable John Kershaw was announced to preach in the evening: we had just returned from the country, and being anxious once more to hear the Rochdale Watchman, we laid aside everything and hastened to the place appointed; but disappointments have ever and anon met us in the path wherein we have had to walk; and disappointment met us here: Mr. Kershaw had been called away to Liverpool; Mr. Chislett was in the pulpit, and gave us a discourse from Paul's words, “*He that glorieth, let him glory in the LORD.*” There is something consecutive, argumentative, and forcible in the ministry of Mr. Chislett. He is a plain, positive, and practical testifier to THE TRUTH. We thought of Jude's definition, “*the common salvation?*” What a gathering together of the different parts of the church's salvation is the Gospel Ministry! And what a vast amount of quiet patience must the regular hearers of us poor preachers exercise! Ah, the difference between this gospel kingdom and the glory kingdom (in some measure) will be this—here we have the servant with his message, with his energy, with his warm heart, and eloquent tongue; but there, in the glory kingdom, we shall have the Personal Presence, the living words, the immortal smiles of the Master, the Redeemer, the Saviour, Immanuel, God with us!

#### MANCHESTER.

THE question is often asked, “*What has become of the Oldham Street Cause?*” Like many other causes, she has not been very healthy for the last year or two; but she still lives. The friends who removed from Oldham Street to Bury Street, have recently taken a pretty little place of worship, called “CLAREMONT CHAPEL,” in New Bridge Street, Strangeways, Manchester, near the Victoria Railway Station. Mr. Jesse Gwinnell is the present minister. The congregation is on the increase; and additions have been made to the church. We are sincerely glad to be able to report any good tidings from Manchester. We have found some warm-hearted lovers of truth there. There is good material in the midst of that immense cotton market for building up a large cause: and there cannot be a doubt, but if THE GOSPEL OF GOD be soundly and savorily preached—if THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST be fairly and faithfully dealt with, by those to whom it is committed—there cannot be a doubt, but that it will succeed; and we hesitate not to say, it will be an honor

—a happy distinction for Jesse Gwinnell indeed, if the Lord shall be pleased to make him the instrument of raising up to influence and stability that long tottering cause. We trust such will be the case. Yes—we say, we hope that the pastor and the people will, under God, unite in fervent prayer—and in a laborious and Christ-like perseverance, to gather, to unite, to feed, and to nourish with holy gospel nutriment, the separated and diversified members of the mystic body, in that crowded, and immensely populous city—the metropolis of the north.

DEPARTURE OF MR. POTTER FROM BOSTON.  
EBENEZER CHAPEL, LIQUORPOND ST.

AN interesting prayer-meeting was held in the above chapel on Thursday evening, April 12th, on the eve of Mr. Henry Potter's departure after twelve year's ministrations amongst the friends, at which time the church and congregation presented him with a neat gold watch and chain, (value £25), as a token of their esteem of him as a Christian, and grateful remembrance of him as a faithful testifier of the unearthly verities of the gospel. The officers of the church, with others, earnestly implored the blessing of God to rest upon their withdrawing pastor; and a reciprocal feeling was manifested by brother Potter, who left Boston the following day for Huntingdonshire. J. H. W., AND F. L.

[It must be painful for a powerful and profitable ministry to be taken from a people: but for a faithful man to feel compelled to leave his flock, must, we think, be a very severe trial. Mr. Potter has left behind him, a people that will ever esteem and love him for his work's sake; and we have tidings brought to us, signifying that his occasional labours among our bereaved churches, have been much blessed. No doubt, many churches will be glad to be favored with his testimony.—Ed.]

BECCLES.

On the evening of Wednesday, April 25, the thirty-third anniversary of the ministry and pastorate of our much esteemed brother Wright was commemorated. About 350 took tea together in the Assembly Room, which was crowded to excess. Congratulatory addresses were delivered by brother Collins, of Grundisburgh, and other brethren, to the church and congregation, on the goodness of a gracious God in preserving his servant, their much beloved pastor, so long amongst them; and that while other churches have had to mourn their widowed condition, and have been lacerated by strife and discord, this church has been kept in peace and harmony, there not having been a single division during the period the present pastor has been among them.

SUNDAY SCHOOL, OLD BAPTIST CHAPEL,  
DEVIZES.

THE teachers and friends in connection with the above old established place of worship, held a tea meeting on Tuesday, May 8th, at the infant school room, Market Place, kindly

granted for the occasion, when addresses were delivered by their much esteemed pastor, Mr. W. B. Withington, Mr. R. Offer, and other friends, on the advantages derived from Sunday-school instruction. The evening was spent in a most agreeable manner, and will long be remembered by many friends present.

SHORT REVIEWS.

"*The History and Conversion of a British Soldier.* By SHADRACH BYFIELD. London: J. Briscoe, Banner Street."

THIS work is a bundle of curiosities connected with Shadrach's life as a soldier and as a Christian. It is a wonderful exhibition of the trials and sufferings to which soldiers and suffering Christians are subjected, in this dark vale of tears. We really believe the author to be a good man; could we have found any savoury detail of a divine experience, we should have quoted it: but the horrible externals of a man's life, are seldom of much soul profit to Zion's seeking saints.

"*The Gospel Atlas: an Exhibition of Ancient and Modern Divines. With Life-like Likeness, Memoir, Trial, and Martyrdom of the late Christopher Love.*" Part I. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

THIS is the first part of a new work very beautifully printed in foolscap quarto; and containing some precious matter expressive of a heart deeply in fellowship with the Friend of Sinners. We should like to make extracts, but have no room. The Letters between Mr. Love and his friends are equal to some of Rutherford's. We hope the work will be useful.

"*The Life of John Bradford.*" London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

THE Rector of St. Giles's has furnished us with a beautiful Memoir of that truly godly martyr, John Bradford.

In the June number of "CHEERING WORDS," which may be had of Houlston and Stoneman for one half-penny, we have given an epitome of John Bradford's labours and sufferings, under the heading—"THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO." John Bradford was a Christian indeed, and no mistake. We had almost said, we wish we had some Bradford's now; but if we had, the people would not receive them. No: they would not. Say what you please of this enlightened age, let a man live Christ, and contend earnestly for a living Christ WITHIN; and a manifest CHRIST WITHOUT; and he would be cast away.

"*Justification: A Sermon preached at Stoke Ash, Suffolk, by CHARLES HILL.*" Harleston: Benjamin Taylor.

THIS is a real Suffolk sermon—"as sound as a bell," as our old deacon used to say. We wish in the printed and published sermons of the present day we could find more originality, and a deeper vein of spirituality. It matters little who preaches, or what the subject is, the sermons are stereotype reprints of what has been issued thousands of times before. Charles Hill's sermon is sound; and calculated to instruct the awakened and the seeking soul.

## "CHRIST ALONE EXALTED!"

"Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name that is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow."—Phil. ii. 9, 10.

It is Saturday-night, June 16, 1855. After travelling, and speaking all the week, having preached four sermons in my own vicarage, at the bottom of old Tooley-street; and five sermons in Surrey, Suffolk, and Essex beside, I am now sat down in the Euston Square waiting room until the steamer is ready to take me to Bedford. I am to preach three times to-morrow (if the blessed Master will permit,) in the old Carlton Meeting, and when I have done, the deacons will give me my travelling expenses, and send me about my business. I certainly am tired now; but I must not be idle; for out of thirty-two pages, the printers have only copy enough yet for about fifteen; so to work I must go, and I cannot do better than make a few notes from Mr. Arthur Triggs's last published volume of sermons, which has been sent me for review.

*"Christ alone Exalted: the love, power, and demonstration of the Spirit set forth, and the heart-experience of the children of God declared, according to the Scriptures. The last Six Sermons preached in Gower-street Chapel, London. By A. TRIGGS."*

Such is then the bold and beautiful title which the venerable Devonshire pastor has appended to the last six sermons that he preached in Gower Street chapel. The title-page is a striking portrait of the preacher—it is Arthur Triggs to a tee: "CHRIST ALONE EXALTED!" Who, but a very confident man, would have courage enough to put such a title to his own sermons? But our friend Arthur is a confident man; he knows that to exalt the Christ of God has been the one great aim of his long ministerial life; and in bringing his labours in London to a close, he very naturally and wisely resolved not to descend to any meaner theme, not to depart from his much-loved subject, "*the lifting of Jesus on high.*"

But, *how, and by whom, can CHRIST be exalted?* Ah, that is a weighty question: it is laden with, and suggestive of, some most glorious thoughts; and if a few of them are sketched out here without reserve, we hope by no means to do any violence to the feelings of the preacher, or any of his friends. The question is—"*How, and by whom, can CHRIST be exalted?*" There is his *essential* exaltation: when redemption's work was fully accomplished, God the Father highly exalted him, by "giving him the throne of his Father David for ever," of which Paul doth sweetly speak in many places. There is an exaltation of Christ by God the Holy Ghost in the quickened and sanctified hearts of the dear Redeemer's ransomed sheep; this is "the secret that is with them that fear him; and his covenant to make them know it."

There is a *ministerial exaltation of Christ* whom he is lovingly, faithfully, and powerfully preached; when the glories of his Person—the perfection of his work—the

efficacy of his blood-shedding on Calvary, and his blood-pleading in heaven—the compassion of his heart—the omnipotence of his arm—when all the doctrines of Christ are fully and feelingly exhibited, illustrated, and contended for, then, in some sense, Christ is ministerially exalted. But, (ah—now we shall be sure to give offence; and yet we would gladly avoid doing so: but) in the temple which Solomon built, there was not only the brazen altar at the entrance, and the ark of the covenant in the inside; there were also the ten tables, and the ten candlesticks, and the ten tables;—so, in the New Testament temple, there is not only the Bible to read, the pulpit and the preacher, the throne of grace, the praying sinner, but there are the heaven-ordained institutions of baptism by immersion, and of communion in the breaking of bread, and taking of wine; and if a man stand before us as an ambassador for Christ—as a pastor over the sheep of Christ, we feel bound to say that we consider that man does but one part of his Master's work, if he do not *obey* Christ's commands as well as *preach* Christ's doctrines.

These six sermons by Mr. Arthur Triggs contain some most precious and truly valuable expositions both of the Word of God as written, and the work of God as wrought in the soul; we have travelled, and read, and relished, and enjoyed these discourses very much; and the only things that seem to grieve us, are these two—first, that the preacher does not honor Christ by practising New Testament ordinances, as well as so delightfully preaching New Testament principles. Then, secondly, we are grieved that so able a minister of the New Testament—a man that has certainly been so extensively honored in the Lord's vineyard, should be constrained to leave Gower Street, to leave the metropolis, and to retire back to the place where he once evidently thought all his work was done. Could Arthur Triggs have practised his own previous New Testament convictions—in a word, could he have stood as fast and as firm, as benevolently and as faithfully, by Particular Baptist *practices*, as he has done by New Testament doctrines and experiences, under God, we believe, he would have been recognised as one of our most valiant, most useful, and sincerely honored leaders and witnesses in these latter days. We must confess, we do not at all like to lose such a man.

But our readers will ask—"What are the sermons about?" Why, about *almost every thing* that a living Christian can delight or rejoice in. These six sermons form a compendium of nearly all that a good man sees, knows, feels, or desires.

There is not in these sermons any systematic, formal, or doctrinal extolling of Christ,

but there is an experimental and declaratory strain running through the whole, whereby our Lord Christ is set above all things. The following quotations are more immediately expressive of the preacher's own feelings and views, with reference to the Person, work, and worthiness of a dear Redeemer: and they are quoted merely as first-fruits.

"How few there are that appear to have a right apprehension of justification! and how very few that profess godliness seem to live, walk, and believe that they are justified from all things; but the church of God will never more be justified and redeemed than they are now. The knowledge of redemption by blood, and being justified from all things, will constrain you and me not only to give God all the glory, but to acknowledge ourselves nothing, and Christ all in all.

"Sweet the peace that's sealed by blood."

I wonder how many know it, and can call God to record to the truth and knowledge of it. If I were asked what it is to have it sealed by blood, I should say to have the conscience purged by the blood of Jesus Christ from dead works; that is, a glorious sealing, in testimony and in blessedness, in the heart of a believer in Christ Jesus; mark you, once sealed, sealed for ever—our feelings in the flesh have nothing to do with God's sealing."

"I tell you freely, you may have all the religion in the world, but let me be in a dungeon with Christ—there is all happiness. In looking at the words of the text, '*draw me*,' we must confess it is living language, spoken by a living creature, and there is vast importance attached to the words. First, it is very singular—it is *me*, as if there was not another besides: such are the movements of the heart, personally, of every one that God hath made a new creature in Christ. It is immaterial to me whether there is another sinner, or whether there are many sinners; it is personally me, and it generally comes in this way in the Divine certainty of it—'Thou art the man.' I love sometimes (and the Lord indulges me with it) to sit and think over by-gone days and by-gone things: there was no gospel preached in the village in which I lived, nor did I ever hear a gospel sermon till God had spoken peace to my soul. I used to mope about; my companions all left me; and the briars and thorns were my only company when in secret to pour out my heart to God; therefore, I cannot cease to speak well of my glorious Lord that it is of grace, and the gift by grace by one Man Jesus Christ. There are a multitude of colleges in our day to make professors and parsons, and they are quite welcome to it; but I will tell you God hath a wonderful school, and a wonderful discipline; and he deals wonderfully, for he takes his scholars and makes everything that was once pleasant complete bitterness; and he will make everything we once delighted in the greatest trouble; and when he brings us to know what we really are, we loathe ourselves in our own sight for all our abomination. Mark you, I do not set this up for a standard for

your experience; for I believe there are some of God's children that have never travelled this path, yet they groan, sigh, cry, and long, and cannot live in peace with themselves; nor can they bring their actions into consistency with the Word of God; for the more they try, the more crooked things appear, that the Lord himself may make the darkness light, and crooked things straight, that no flesh should glory in his presence."

Precious, indeed, are some of the truths which our aged friend advances; and equally perplexing to some of the Lord's tried children are the intermingled sentences. Here is a fair sample of the whole:

"Everything to a child of God is personal; we may articulate the words with sound, but have we had any heart-movement in prayer, and in desires to God? What is all profession if it does not stand in love, and in living union with Him who said, 'Because I live, ye shall live also?' Let me make a remark here: as we are dying daily, and a few more days will close the scene with some of us, I would ask this question—Is it all right between God and the conscience? have we received pardon? for we never rejoice in the Lord before that. The desires and the longings are the same, but rejoicing in Christ is by dear communications from the Spirit of what Christ is, and what he hath done. Even now we have no communion with the Father but through him, and he is living in the presence of the Father for us. There is something that language can never express of the Divine communion and communication between Christ and a broken-hearted sinner. It matters not where that sinner may be, nothing can stop communion between him and his God. You may have thought, when you have been miserable and sorrowful, that communion was stopped; but we have as much communion with God in sorrow as we have when rejoicing; but the feelings of it are very different. We, as creatures, are so apt to judge more from our feelings than from the faithfulness of God. I know I have living witnesses of the truths I am speaking of; nevertheless, though we so often judge from feelings, let it be observed, God never condemns us for it; but he will instruct us, and make us know our own foolishness in these things. And I have never found, for more than forty years, that ever my gracious God frowned on me. Some of you may think it strange; I have had thoughts about it as well as you, but he never frowns on me. 'Ah,' say you, 'are you sure of it?' Quite sure; for only hear what he says—'Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.' And that is not all: 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love;' 'I will surely do thee good;' 'I will be with thee in all places whithersoever thou goest.' This is the Jesus Christ of whom Peter writes of in his second chapter: 'Unto you therefore, which believe, he is precious.' I do not know a time, circumstance, or season, but what Jesus Christ is precious to me. Some of you may want to hear a word or two on the subject. How is it, then, he is always precious to you? Be-

cause he is always what he is to me, and I have faith to believe it; and we live believing in Jesus, and we believe in him in the dark as well as in the light, 'Coming up from the wilderness leaning on the Beloved.'

"In comes another dear mercy, and it is a daily mercy for you and me, and it is well for us that we know it: 'The bruised reed shall he not break.' We do not like it very well, for we want to walk uprightly; but we never saw a bruised reed stand alone, nor could it stand if it was raised up. Then what is the mercy for a bruised reed? Jesus Christ is the Strength of Israel; and 'his strength is made perfect in weakness.' No doubt you have wondered that, though bruised, never broken off from the Root, Christ Jesus. Then, when down, we cannot lift up ourselves; and when up we cannot keep ourselves so, nor walk. Then how blessed, 'It is God that worketh in us to will and to do of his own good pleasure.' These mercies, in the experience of them, bring you and me to love the Lord, to praise him, and hang on him like a vessel on a nail, amidst ten thousand discouragements, knowing that nothing can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. If our precious Lord will not break the bruised reed, who can? No one. What can? Nothing: and yet we fear it. And it is quite right; fear never works any evil towards a child of God, though perhaps it may terrify him. Fear will keep a child from presumption, or trifling with God's Word; fear will keep a child crying, and it will keep him 'looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of faith.' These things are widely different from profession, or from having a knowledge of the doctrine in hearsay, for there never was a sinner that had the fear of God in his heart, and that feared and trembled before God, but what he was a branch of Christ the living Vine, though he cannot believe it; and even may go on to the journey's end, and know not what the liberty of God's children is; but you cannot stop him from panting, breathing, desiring, and perhaps saying, I wish I was like such an one, he seems to go on quite pleasantly. Beloved, every one has his proper standing in Christ. Why is it we are in him? Not because of our believing, but because of God the Father's putting us in Christ; but remember you cannot separate believing from union to the Lamb of God. I would again remark the variety of dispensations the children of God have to pass through—yet in every place, and in every position, whether in Egypt, Babylon, or in the wilderness, it matters not; every one has his proper path, all his steps are numbered, and God is our Guide; and at last we shall be glorified together with Christ. Cheer up, beloved! 'If God be for us, who can be against us?'

"You and I shall be tried, as by fire, but are as safe in the furnace as out of it. This is the experience I love—for it worketh hope, and hope maketh not ashamed; and I love to speak of it to God's tried and exercised children. Do not dream of going home to heaven

in the sunshine of pleasure, with pleasant things here on earth, for if you try to make peace with yourself, you will be very much mistaken; there is no peace for a child of God, but in the peace of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. I have sought for peace in my experience, and I have sought for peace amongst the church of God;—but I never could find real peace but in Christ—of him, through him, and to him who is our peace, and hath made peace through the blood of his cross. Every child of God hath a warfare, for this is not our rest—it is polluted; and the more you seek to shun that warfare the more you will run your head into it. It is marvellous, but all the dealings of the Lord with us, is to bring you and I, in the simplicity of our hearts, by faith, at his dear feet, to crown him Lord of all, to bless him and praise him for all things; for 'we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, and are called according to his purpose.'"

"Perhaps there is nothing that so terrifies a child of God, on the first outset, than the thought of death or dying; but I live as familiar with death as I do with my bed, for I can see no substance in death; and I feel persuaded, according to the Word of the Lord, that death has no sting; for our most glorious Christ swallowed up death in victory; mark the expression! Yea, blessed be his holy name—the Almighty Conqueror, Jesus, conquered sin, death, and the devil; therefore how blessed it is to sing our love-songs to him daily, in the belief of these glorious truths; and, in addition to them, the Holy Ghost tells us, that 'we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.'

"There is something in the name of Father that always comforts, refreshes, exhilarates, and feeds my never-dying soul. *Father*. It is very singular that in the Hebrew it is only two letters, and in the Greek there are two more put to it. In the Hebrew it is *Ab*, in the Greek *Abba*; so read it forward or backward, it is always the same; our Father is the everlasting Father, and he will rest in his love; he never was angry with one of his children. I know this is saying too much for a great many. What! never angry with a child? Never. But I do not mean to say that the child never had an apprehension that God was angry with him; and we will read what is recorded in Isaiah xiii., 'Though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me.' Who turned it away? Jesus Christ, the Father's Servant. Therefore, as we stand in Christ, the adopted of God in Christ Jesus, God has no anger against his children. 'Behold, God is my salvation.'"

In this strain the late minister of Gower Street Chapel passed through his six last sermons. Not one unpleasant sentence seems to have fallen from his lips. If he found fault with any one, it was with himself. The following "*Finis*" bespeaks a loving and a grateful heart toward his London friends.

"Now, let me speak a word or two to you in love. I shall never, while I live on the



earth, forget God's church in London. I have had reason (and I have done it thousands of times) to bless God on their behalf; the Lord brought us together, and it is his good pleasure that we should be separated, as to bodily presence; but there can be no separation to us, as we are all one in Christ Jesus. One said, 'If I go up to heaven thou art there, and if I take the wings of the wind, and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, thou art there also;' and although distance will prevent us seeing one another, it will not prevent intercourse one with another in spirit, when pouring out our hearts before God; and when worshipping God, in spirit and in truth, nothing can intervene there. Then let me add, and may you and me lie submissive in his hands, and wait, and watch; and may the Lord keep us from speaking unadvisedly with our lips; but in oneness of spirit say, 'It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.' I thank many for their great kindness towards me; not only so, but with bearing with my infirmities; and it is a mercy to bear one with another. What can I say more? Only this, 'The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted!' Should we never meet more in the flesh, the time is just come when we shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of our Father—sorrows, sighings, troubles, cryings, afflictions, vexations and temptations will cease, and we shall be for ever with the Lord. Hallelujah!"

### Controversial Correspondence.

[THERE are some deeply mysterious, and some exceedingly valuable points in theology, which have occupied the minds of the best of men, but on which all good men have not been agreed. When an investigation into the character and nature of these Bible-deeps is conducted in a loving spirit, with a desire to edify the church, and to glorify a ТHREE-ОNE-ЖEHOVAS, much benefit may therefrom be derived. In the earnest hope of being instrumental in calling up the attention of the spiritual family to a more habitual contemplation of the glorious Person of ТHE LORD JESUS CHRIST, we consent to the insertion of the following communication, fully persuaded that it will call forth some precious testimonies illustrative of the Bible-record of our "Great High Priest, JESUS ТHE SON ОF GOD." (Heb. iv. 14).—ED.]

#### TRUE FREEDOM BY THE SON OF GOD.

(To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel).

THIS all-important fact was affirmed by the Son himself. (John viii. 36). When he had said this in the 32nd verse, his Jewish hearers evidently felt that it implied they were in bondage; and hence they said, "We were never in bondage to any man: how sayest thou, Ye shall be made free?" But with all their boast of being free, they seem to have forgotten they were then really under the Roman yoke, and to be utterly ignorant of being bound by sin, satan, and the law; and so the Saviour had to teach them their need of liberty by insisting on it, "If the Son make you free, ye shall be free indeed." We

would therefore submit a few plain things to the readers of the EARTHEN VESSEL, first, concerning the adorable SON, and then the freedom of which he is the Author.

JESUS often spoke of himself as the SON, as if to signify the importance of the name he assumed; so that every spiritual preacher and writer has sufficient reason for speaking something about it also. Every man who is a true believer is a *son of God*; but they are not therefore God; and though Christ is God, the word *Son* does not necessarily express his divinity; for a son supposes a father who is before him, superior to him, and on whom the son is dependent for his being; and so Christ, as a *Son*, is after his Father, is inferior to him, and derived his existence from him; but as a Divine Person, he is not after the Father, nor inferior to him, nor derived from him, but is every way equal to him; and so such things are founded in his human nature, and must be understood of it. But we have other Scriptures ready to illustrate this sublime Sonship of our Lord. In Dan. iii. 25 we are informed of four men in the furnace; "and the form of the fourth was like unto the *Son of God*." And with this agrees the centurion's testimony in Matthew xxvii. 54—"Truly this was the Son of God." Thus these witnesses unite in proving he was a Son, a Man, and of God. His human soul is mentioned in Isa. liii. 10, 11, and in Matt. xxvi. 38: and so it was quite clear he had one; and oh, I remember it was exceeding sorrowful for the sins of his people! Both his body and his soul were eminently a Divine production, so that he was the Son of God indeed. These were wonderfully united when he became incarnate; but they existed apart between his death and resurrection—seeing his soul was in Paradise, while his body was in the grave. And why could not his soul exist in heaven before the world began?

The ancient and excellent Son of whom we are speaking, often took to himself the title of the *Son of Man*, as if to intimate, not that he had a human Father, but that he was really and truly Man; and seeing the same title of *Son of Man* was given him in the Old Testament, (Psa. lxxx. 17), why should it not signify the actual existence of his humanity then, as really as it did when he was on earth? It is not likely he should be called what he was not. Besides, we remember it is written, (Heb. i. 6), "When he bringeth the first-begotten into the world, he saith, Let all the angels of God worship him." And so in Col. i. 15, he is called "the Firstborn of every creature." These two testimonies give him a high place, make him the highest and first of all created beings, even as the begotten Son, as the Man, the Firstborn of every creature; and lest it should be thought he had no higher dignity, the Father saith to his Son—"Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever;" and orders all the angels to worship him: and so the saints on earth are right in serving him as their God also.

Now it is clear from the last quoted Scriptures, that the Son is both *first begotten* and *firstborn*. How are we to understand these

phrases? Good men have given various interpretations of them, and we ought not to quarrel when we cannot see alike; nor ought this to be considered an unimportant point, nor should it be neglected because some are saved without believing it; for doubtless a correct acquaintance with our Saviour's Person is the noblest knowledge we can acquire. Let us, then, follow on to know him.

But how is he the *first begotten*? Some say, in his Divine nature; and so they hold the doctrine of eternal generation, which carries in it a contradiction in terms; for that which is eternal cannot be generated, and that which is generated cannot be eternal. Persons of this opinion hold that the Son is equal with the Father; and for this reason they must resign the generation of the Divinity of the Son, as they do not believe the Father was begotten, or generated. If generation, or being born, would be too low for God the Father, so is it too low for the Divine nature of the Son. Generation and birth must then be restricted to his human nature. But even then there arises an insuperable difficulty, unless we allow the early existence of his human soul; for it is evident he was far from being first in the production and birth of his body; seeing many of his brethren, in that sense, must have been born and blessed in heaven before him. Some say he was first in a decretive sense—first in the Divine mind, purpose, and design; but to this I do not consent, as I think all the decrees are alike early, of the same eternal date; and besides, that which is first in an act of the Divine purpose, is sure to be first by an act of Divine power. And so, as it was determined the Son of God should be first, his holy soul was first brought forth into actual union with his Divine Person in the Godhead. And so he says, in Prov. viii. 22, 30, &c.—“The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way, before his works of old;” before his works of creation, as after expressed at some length, in which he describes himself as one brought up with his Father, as being daily his delight—as rejoicing always in his presence; and his delights were with the sons of men. Thus was he “the Firstborn among many brethren;” and he having taken the nobler part of their nature, he joyfully anticipated the period and the places when and where he should actually take the other, and be found among them. Since then the sons of men have seen the beauties of the Firstborn, have rejoiced in his love, and have reason to bless him for a blood-bought liberty. He was not only the first begotten, but for a time the *only* begotten Son of God the Father, as expressed in John i. 14; iii. 16. He alone lay in the Father's bosom till the many other sons were brought into being.

Again, we learn in Matt. iii. 17, he was the beloved Son of the Father. How could he be otherwise—since he was altogether lovely, the brightness of his glory, and the express Image of his Person? And are there not abundant reasons why we should love him also? Who but himself could free us from the wrath to come, or bring us to the realms

of bliss? Alas! my soul! thou hast reason to lament that thy love to him is so little, and so low compared with his. When will it kindle to a fervent flame? Can my reader cordially declare the same faith the Ethiopian eunuch professed—“I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God?” If so, it will be some sign he belongs to the family of which Jesus is the Firstborn. (Acts viii. 37).

Perhaps some one will ask, Of what use is the doctrine of a pre-existing Son and Saviour—that is, as complex, as God and Man in one Person? To which we answer, The single fact of its being a Bible truth, proves it cannot be useless. First, it gives Christ, as Man, the pre-eminent honour of being in heaven before any of his brethren. Second, it gives the Old Testament church a real Mediator, as well as the New. Third, it gives an easy interpretation to many parts of Scripture, which it would be difficult to explain in any other way. Fourth, it gives a spiritual pleasure and profit to those who are favored to preach, and hear, and believe it; and it is quite in harmony with all sound doctrine, experience and practice. For these reasons I scruple not to declare it whenever Scripture clearly requires it. Some good men have made their objections to this view of the Sonship of Christ; but I can only answer at present by saying, I have found none that could give me anything better in its stead—nor have they said anything to prove what I plead for incorrect. I am quite satisfied it is well supported by Scripture authority. Having thus described the great Lord, we must come to the liberty wherewith he makes us free.

“If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.” Men by nature are in bondage to sin, satan, and the law of God; and none less than the Son of God can set them free; and nothing short of the blood, the righteousness, the Spirit, and the power of God, can accomplish this mighty work. But what is it that God, in the Person of his Son, cannot perform? What is impossible to others, is infinitely easy to him. Who but Jesus had blood sufficiently precious to satisfy offended justice? What but the righteousness of Christ could fulfil the law for our justification? What but his blood and righteousness could merit our remission, and the removal of our fetters? What but his Spirit and power can dethrone the devil, and subdue depravity? And who can free us from the dominion of sin and the damnation of hell, but Christ? To be free indeed, does not denote that saints on earth are sinless; for that would be contrary to both Scripture and experience; in which we find the best have cause to complain and lament that sin is dwelling, working and warring within them; but it signifies they are really, richly and irrevocably free from the government, guilt and punishment of sin, and finally from the *being* of sin, both in soul and body; and as for earthly afflictions, though they are often the fruit of sin, they assist in the sanctification, but not the destruction of the soul.

Freedom indeed is a freedom from satan; not from all his temptations in the present

state, but from his tyranny, strength, lying devices, and wicked working, in which we were taken captive by him at his will. And he who has been suffered to bind others shall himself be bound in the bottomless pit, while saints are reigning with Christ a thousand years. (Rev. xx. 2, 4). It is a liberty from the law as a covenant of works, from its condemnation and curse, but not from its mild command as ministered by Christ to all his faithful subjects, who are free indeed to come to God, to his kingdom, and even to the holiest of all by the blood of Jesus. (Heb. x. 19). And thus they shall finally reach the glorious liberty of the children of God. To you who have thus been called to liberty, let me say, "Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free." Gal. v. 1, 13.

CHRISTIAN LIBERTY. L. N.

Now, to the Father's firstborn Son,  
My joyful faith shall rise, and see  
What his almighty grace has done,  
To make my captive spirit free.  
Jesus the Christ, my God and King,  
Came for my sinful soul to bleed;  
Now I believe, rejoice and sing,  
Jesus hath made me free indeed.  
Now I am free from all the curse,  
I can endure a Father's rod;  
Come to his throne, and praise him thus,  
And dwell for ever with my God.  
*Little Gransden.* THOS. ROW.  
June 11, 1855.

REMARKS ON MR. COLES'S  
REPLY

TO OUR REVIEW OF HIS BOOK.

(See *Earthen Vessel* for April and June.)

OUR review of Mr. Coles' book in our last April number is rather an answer to his reply in our June number than his reply being an answer to our review. We are sorry to see Mr. Coles so proof against our review of his book. While his reply, as every one sees, is as weak as his position is useless to the church; and while Mr. Coles seems rather to ridicule, as unscriptural, the idea of a people choosing a minister, and we with painful confidence assure Mr. Coles there will be very few, while in his present position, choose him. But for ourselves, we do not see anything unscriptural in a people choosing a minister. If the people of God are to take heed and beware of false prophets, we do not see how they can do this otherwise than by rejecting those whom they believe to be false prophets, and choosing those whom they believe to be true prophets, or, men qualified by the Holy Spirit to preach the Gospel. And for the people to choose those whom they believe the Lord hath chosen, cannot, we think, be very unscriptural. When, therefore, Mr. Coles tells us that we have no account in the New Testament of the people choosing a minister, he talks without rhyme or reason, or thought, or the sense of scripture on his side. Only let him ply a little thought to this matter, and let him ask if thousands did not,

as far as they could, choose the Apostles to be their ministers; and the people of God, in all ages, have chosen their own ministers. They have sometimes made mistakes upon this matter, and have been disappointed in their expectations, as the church at Old Brentford was in choosing Mr. Coles; let us hope their next choice will be more propitious; for it is still needful, vory needful, for the churches to take heed, and very earnest heed too, that they are not led away by false prophets; for their name in our day certainly is "Legion."

One difficulty in noticing some of the main points in Mr. Coles' reply to our review lies in his contending either for absurdity or else for what no true christian church disputes or calls in question. He contends, he says, for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost in the believer, and in the church for ever — liberty for teaching in the church for all who are qualified by the Spirit to do so — liberty to preach the gospel to the world without human appointment — that the scriptures are the only and sufficient guide in the order and discipline of the church of God. Well, and does not the church at Brentford, which Mr. Coles has left, contend as much for these principles as Mr. Coles does? We believe it (the church at Brentford) does, and very much more scripturally so than Mr. Coles now does.

Again; Mr. Coles appears to us to speak absurdly when he makes the presence of the Holy Spirit in the church set aside ministerial instrumentality. We do not see that Paul preaching even till midnight did by any means take the place of the Holy Spirit of God. No minister of God pretends to be God, or the Christ of God, or the Spirit of God; but only a servant of God. And therefore, we think that ministers may *pastorally* have rule over the people, and, at the same time, the people be very much profited by such rule; for if the pastoral rule (as the word of God shows it is) be a rule which is to heal diseases, strengthen the sick, save instrumentally that which is lost, and bring again that which was driven away, and to bring them into green pastures, and beside the still waters, and bring them by the door into the sheep-fold, and so help them on towards their ultimate rest; we think that under this view the Apostle was quite as much and a little more in order than Mr. Coles when he (the Apostle) exhorted to remember them that had the rule over them, and to esteem them very highly for their work's sake.

Mr. Coles seems to make sure that in his present order, or rather, disorder of things, the Holy Ghost is among them. Well, we shall see if the requisite signs follow; we shall see whether demons are cast out of the souls of men; with what newness of tongue and language they speak; what serpentine doctrines they take out of the pathway of the saints; and whether when they are called to drink of some deadly tribulation they can endure it or not; and how many sin-sick souls shall effectually recover. (Mark xvi.) When men make great pretensions we ought to look for corresponding results; and as Mr. Coles is now nearer to heaven than any body else, he must pardon us if we should judge of his posi-

tion by its fruits; and we believe these will be very few and far between.

But what Mr. Coles thinks so wrong is, that of having one, only one minister in one assembly. He does not like the idea of only one Noah directing in building the ark—only one Joseph to disperse supplies abroad to the hungry—only one Moses to deliver Israel—only one Joshua to be captain—only one Solomon to superintend the erection of the temple—only one Peter to preach the Pentecostal sermon, and also to go to Ceserea and preach to Cornelius—only one angel (in John's latter days) to each church in Asia. And, according to Mr. Coles, the Lord has suffered his people to walk in ignorance of true New Testament order now for almost two thousand years, until this young Cole at Old Brentford was lighted up. Well, we hope he is a live coal never to be quenched; but he certainly is at the present most sadly obscured, making, alas, great pretensions to the presidency of the Holy Spirit being in the midst of the few who meet with him; but to all but themselves the presence of the Holy Spirit seems likely to remain an entire secret, for as there has not been, so we do not expect there will be any shaking among the dry bones.

The God of all grace has established an order of things, which he has—and does—and will—own and honour; but from which order of things Mr. Coles has departed, and therefore ceases to be honoured as he has been. He is now cast forth as a withered branch ceasing to yield fruit. We do not here refer to his state before God as a Christian, but to his present uselessness as a minister. Nor can we but express our regret to see him bordering so nearly upon *presumption* in so confidently (and that without any right reason for his confidence) declaring the Holy Ghost to preside in that confusion of things into which he is now fallen. But in the absence of reality there must as a kind of substitute, high and arrogant pretensions, the hollowness of which is soon found out by the sober and spiritually minded.

But not only does Mr. Coles border upon the presumptuous, but also upon the *crafty* and the *moveable*: for while in his book he professes to conform to primitive New Testament order, he, in his reply to our review, denies contending for all the forms and orders of the apostolic age: so that if he be met at one point he moves to another, and thus making his system say (like an heathen oracle) one thing one time and another thing another time.

We in our review shewed the difference between essentials and circumstantial, and gave as an instance the different mode of holding the passover in the promised land, from that of the original mode of its observance in Egypt. But Mr. Coles says this alteration was not owing to altered circumstances, but was owing to a Divine command. Well, suppose it was *owing* to a Divine command; may not that command have been given on *account of foreseen* altered circumstances? So that our position is left in full strength, while Mr. Coles's objection amounts to just nothing; but we do *not* admit that any Divine command was given to alter the mode of observing the

passover. Mr. Coles refers us to Deut. xvi.; but there is no command there to alter the mode of its observance; some of the details are, it is true, omitted, for the obvious reason that they had been given at large, and in full, in Exodus xii. "But" says Mr. Coles "in Deut. xvi. the staff, and shoes, and posture are omitted." Well, so they are; but so are many other things omitted in Deut. xvi., and yet were strictly observed—such as the Lamb being without spot, and not a bone of him shall be broken; therefore Mr. Coles's argument that the different mode of observing the passover in Canaan from that of Egypt was not by altered circumstances, but from what is said in Deut. xvi., is just ridiculous; seeing that Deut. xvi., omits to mention not only some of the *circumstantial*s of the passover, but also some of the *essential*s. Mr. Coles, therefore, had better have said nothing, than to have said what he has upon this matter.

But while we hold that altered circumstances may alter, and must alter the circumstantial of an ordinance, we do not hold that altered circumstances can alter the *essential*s of any ordinance: the *truth* must be preached in all places. Baptism is immersion in all places—whether in a river or baptistry matters not. We must have the proper elements—bread and wine—in the Lord's Supper; but the *mode* of ministering it is merely a circumstantial part thereof.

Mr. Coles seems to despise the plea of altered circumstances; yet, in his reply to our review, does in effect set up the same plea himself—and that in rather strong language, too; for he says, "Not *dreaming* or contending for all the *circumstances, forms, and orders of the apostolic age.*" Thus speaks Mr. Coles; and yet despises our distinction between essentials and circumstantial; therefore, thou art inexcusable, O man! for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest, doest the same thing.

The further we trace Mr. Coles's reply to our review, the more manifest does the weakness of his present position become. Let us take another instance. It is singular, he thinks, that after persons have stated their experience to the church, to godly edifying, that they are to be ever after silent in the church. Now, what does Mr. Coles mean here? Does he mean that the women are to become preachers in the church?—for many of them bear on entering the church certainly a most honorable and satisfactory testimony. Would Mr. Coles unite these to the public ministry of the Word!—for he says, "It is somewhat singular that they should be in silence after." Well, it may be somewhat singular; but it certainly would be more singular still, if they were all to disobey the apostolic injunction, "I suffer not a woman to speak in the church, but to be in subjection." And after having given a reason of the hope that is in them, they are very useful in taking those unobtrusive departments which decorum, propriety, and every law of nature and of God allot to them.

But as to the brethren who have given a reason of the hope that is in them, we are not

aware that they are forbidden to speak: if they think they can speak, there are plenty of places they can speak in, without meddling with another man's line of things, or interfering with another man's liberty. We again exhort Mr. Coles to distinguish between essentials and circumstantial—between the *use* and the *abuse* of things.

But as Mr. Coles is now, as a minister, dead to the church of God, we must leave him—as the subject in dispute is not worth any very lengthened discussion. The real tried Christian will, without any one informing him, soon find out the poverty, emptiness, leanness and deceptiveness of the line of confusion which Mr. Coles is now following.

Our readers, by reading in our last number Mr. Coles's reply to our review, can judge for themselves whether we have in anything treated Mr. Coles unfairly.

Mr. Coles, in the close of his reply to our review, calls himself a "cast out brother." We are obliged to him for this piece of information; but we should have thought he was not a cast out brother, but a *runaway* brother—a brother offended with his own mercies, and so held by the enemy of his soul, that he is harder to be won than a strong city. A cast out brother!—well, be it even so. The church at Brentford certainly, of the two evils, have chosen the least; for they must either cast Mr. Coles out, or else bring confusion in; and as Mr. Coles chose conscientiously a disorderly course, the church as conscientiously ceased to have any fellowship with him.

But although we thus speak, we should be most happy to find that Mr. Coles had seen his error, and had the manliness and Christian courage to confess the same, and return to that sphere of usefulness which he has so unhappily left; we would be the first to receive him, and the last to reproach him; for we ourselves stand by faith, and are yet in the body, and would not forget that the Lord alone is our Keeper; nor have we spoken of Mr. Coles with any unkind feeling to him, for we have none; but if we are to be counted his enemy because we tell him the truth, we will willingly bear the blame.

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A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF THE  
POWER OF SOVEREIGN GRACE.

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BEING called upon to visit a relative of mine, who was confined to his bed with a dreadful disease (cancerated brain,) I there witnessed a scene truly distressing—a dying man labouring under the strongest convictions of his state as a lost and ruined sinner. He had passed the healthy days of his life, as alas! too many do, forgetful of his Maker, and negligent of the responsibility which rests on man. Thus he continued until his last illness—and when he felt the cold hand of death upon him—when he became convinced his departure was at hand, then did he think of that essential Friend who was only waiting to be gracious. Though his body was racked with pain, he thought of nothing but the pain of his soul;

his agonised spirit strove with its Maker for pardon and acceptance. The writer was sent for, and the first question the sufferer asked, with pallid cheeks, down which tears ran in torrents, and quivering lip, and his whole frame convulsed with excitement, "What *must* I do to be saved? Will the Lord pardon me? Can such a wretch as I have been, ever hope to be forgiven?" The writer directed his attention to those blessed promises scattered up and down God's word:—the readiness of God to receive the returning prodigal—the thief on the cross—the unwillingness of God that any should perish—and that the object of Christ's coming was to seek and to save the lost; those who wanted to be saved, who felt their need, who really and truly believed in him. Under the influence of the Holy Spirit sealing home the truth upon his heart, he grew calm, and rested in child-like confidence on the merits of his Lord. His illness lasted about a month; during that time his whole thoughts were taken up with the realities of an eternal world. His time was spent in prayer and praise; and, except when the pain of his body was too great, his delight consisted in talking of Christ and his love.

One fact we would notice, and that is—that every one that came in, whom he thought loved not God, he exhorted and persuaded to attend on the means of grace.

He continued in this state till the night of the 12th of January, when he departed from this world, rich in faith and the prospect of a glorious resurrection.

In reading this humble sketch, the secularist may sneer at the idea of a death-bed conversion, but all the harm we wish him is that he may experience the same, and that even at the eleventh hour he may feel the power of saving grace as our dear departed brother did.

Many are the lessons to be learnt from a death-bed, especially a death-bed conversion. How fully do we see in all such cases, the power of sovereign grace—of distinguishing, discriminating grace—of almighty power, exercised so manifestly in changing the heart and giving that peace that passeth understanding.

God grant that the above instance may afford delight to all lovers of our Saviour, and that many whose eye may glance carelessly over the pages of this Magazine, when it comes to this humble sketch, may be led to look to their latter end. Amen.

A. S.—N.

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"Who gave himself for our sins!" Mark: he did not receive anything at our hands. He does not demand in exchange, worship, fastings, prayers, almsgivings. For the Lord Jesus hath given—What? Not gold, nor silver, nor a crown, nor a kingdom, nor even paschal lambs—but *Himself!* Hero then is a thunder-clap from heaven against all self-merit. This is the gun-shot and artillery by which the Papacy must be destroyed. Gave *Himself!*—for whom, for what? Why not only for a Paul and a Peter, and God's more eminent saints—but for every poor repentant and believing sinner—for *our* sins.

The greatest things God does for his people are got in communion with him.

## EXPOSITORY

## EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

## LETTER XIII.

MY good Theophilus, this my thirteenth letter to you, together with my next, must be a kind of summing up letters, before entering upon other departments which I have in contemplation. I will then here, under three words, sum up the reasons we cannot, except born of God, enter the kingdom of heaven: and these shall be the three words:—*knowledge, reconciliation, love.*

The knowledge must be *experimental*; there must be both a downward and an upward experience. The one is not safe without the other: where it is all downward experience, all sin, and self, and bondage, and woe, there is great danger of desperation and apostacy—this apostacy arising from a secret *enmity* against the truth as it is in Jesus. This was the case with Cain, and he went out from the presence of the Lord. This was the case also with king Saul; he had nothing but downward experience, but this alone could give him no anchorage in God's truth. Judas had downward experience enough to make him go and hang himself. Felix had downward experience enough to make him tremble, but his downward experience alone did not bring him to God. Pilate had downward experience enough to make him very unhappy, but it did not give him strength to overcome the fear of man, nor prevent his giving sentence against Jesus. Nor, on the other hand, is upward experience alone by any means safe. The stony ground hearer has upward experience enough to make him joyful; but his joy does not, when he is offended, prevent his apostacy. Many have upward experience enough to eat the bread and drink the wine at the Lord's table, and at the very same time lift up their heel against new covenant living truth. There have been thousands who have had upward experience enough to cry to-day, Hosanna! but to-morrow the cry is changed, and then it is, "Crucify him!" Some have upward experience enough to be wondrously enlightened, and become splendid and wonderful preachers, and have *intellectually* tasted of the heavenly gift, and are made partakers (in the *letter* of his testimony) of the Holy Ghost, and have *intellectually* tasted the good Word of God, and in the *natural conscience* the powers of the world to come; and sometimes these hold out in their delusion unto the end, and are signed and sealed for heaven by a most *eulogistic* funeral sermon. But sometimes such apostatize; and if they do fall away, it is generally into such a deadly enmity against the truth, that no remonstrance can renew them again to repentance, but go away into open reproach against the Son of God, and to the uttermost of their power reproach the members of Christ, raking up both their real and supposed faults, joining with the accuser of the brethren, calling them Antinomians, and thus they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame;

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for what is done unto the members of Christ is done unto him. Thus the upward experience of such is merely intellectual; and their downward experience—if they should go down before they die—for the apostle throws an *if* into the matter—"if they shall fall away;"—*if*, then, they should go down, they have no downward experience, but that of enmity and apostacy.

So true, then, is it, that "strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, that leadeth to life, and few there be that find it." It is not always easy to distinguish true experience from false experience; the counterfeit looks so much like the genuine coin, the wild grape so much like the fruit of the true Vine; the apples of Sodom look so much like the apples of gold in pictures of silver, so much like the produce of the true Paradise, the evil figs so much like the good figs, the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal so much like the gentle sound of the bells on Aaron's robe, that many, very many are so deceived, that although they are seeking to enter into the kingdom of heaven, they shall not be able.

There must, then, in order for us rightly to learn that song which none can learn but those who are redeemed from among men—there must be two corresponding parts in our experience—the downward and the upward. If the downward experience be right, there will be an upward experience spring from it; and if the upward experience be right, there will be a downward experience connected with it. You cannot—and if you have only a one-footed experience, you will not, walk far, or rather not at all, in the right way.

The Pharisee's experience was all upward; the Publican had both the downward and the upward; he *felt* that he was a lost sinner; he thirsted and cried for *mercy*. Every one whose petition was granted by the Saviour in the days of his flesh, had in their experience both a downward root and upward fruit—the leper, the blind man, the woman who touched the hem of his garment. So on the day of Pentecost, they were pricked in the heart. Here is the downward; they said to the apostles, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Here is the upward longing, arising out of the downward conviction; and as the downward conviction remains, so the upward longing remains; and while "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," yet, when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life; and as both the downward conviction and the upward longing remain, so such who are thus taught are sure to remain, until they are brought out of the pit of corruption and miry clay, and are set upon a rock; and the more downward experience such have, the more upward experience they will have; the deeper and stronger the root, the sweeter and more abundant the fruit. Their downward experience will keep them from being offended, like the stony-ground hearer; and their upward experience will keep them from going away, like Cain, from the presence of the Lord.

We see in the case of Saul of Tarsus, that when he was brought down, there was at the same time an upward longing—"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

Thus, my good Theophilus, you will see that only a *little right* experience is better than a great deal of wrong experience. Hence some who have boasted of being shook over hell, have gone out by apostacy, and left us reason to fear that they will at last be shook into hell; and others whose joys have been so wondrous as to lift them far beyond poor little faith. But alas! their joys have gone first into the vinous, then into the acetous, and then into the putriferative fermentation; that is, they first become intoxicated with conceit, and then turn sour against the truth, and then their religion putrifies, and they are gone; thus proving that in this case new wine was put into old bottles; those old bottles could not keep the wine in its pure state, but set it fermenting, and destroyed both it and themselves too.

Now, my good Theophilus, do not forget this one thing—that there are both in the wrong and in the right experience; that there are *great* and *little* experiences in both; and thus you will see that the importance lies more in the *quality* than in the *quantity*.

Let what I have here said, then, be a rule to judge by—viz., that true experience differs both from Cain and from the stony-ground hearer—having in it at one and the same time downward conviction and upward longing; and by this two-fold experience you will persevere until the fulfilment of every promise shall be realized in the ultimate salvation of your soul. I might say much more to you here upon this matter, but it will be enough for the present if I have pointed out to you the *beginning* merely of the *right* path.

I wish, my good Theophilus, also to carefully notice that in true experience there will be *heart* work, as well as *conscience* work. Conscience work, without heart work, is the religion and fatal delusion of thousands; though you know that where there is true heart work, there will be conscience work; but conscience work without heart work can never establish the heart with grace. Saul of Tarsus was highly and sincerely conscientious when he verily thought he ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus; but when it pleased the Lord to open up the concupiscence of Saul's *heart*, he became a new man. When there is conscience work only, there can be no right knowledge of God. Hence conversions to *Romanism*, and thousands of conversions to religion, are mere natural conscience work; the heart is neither pricked nor ploughed up; therefore their religion consists more of mere moral right and wrong, than of any experimental acquaintance with the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven; and in leaving these mere natural conscience professors, and going on into the glorious realities of eternal salvation, they will declare you to be an enemy to good works; nor, if you could live as holy as the Saviour himself lived, could you alter their opinion of you: no; for you must be hated by these moral philosophy men; and though your conscience be ten times more tender than theirs is, still, contending for the real liberty of the gospel, is with them the unpardonable sin; and if these natural-conscience men called the Master of the house Beelzebub,

how much more will they, they of his servants! The disciple must not be above his Master.

Here again, then, you will see the two must go together—both heart work and conscience work; and you thus come to an experimental knowledge of the truth; and as none could sing the song of Moses but those who *experienced* the salvation from Egypt, so none can, *acceptably to God*, sing of salvation, but the experimentally saved by grace. Without this knowledge the soul cannot know the way of God, nor *how* he is to be glorified; and this knowledge can be had only by Divine teaching; and where this knowledge is, such are born of God.

*Reconciliation* is another essential in this meetness for the kingdom of heaven; it is a reconciliation both of necessity and choice, and meets first in the mediation of Christ, in the non-imputation to us of sin, and in the imputation unto us of righteousness. To this mediation of the Saviour we are driven of necessity, and yet drawn thereto by the lovingkindness of the Most High. To this blessedness of the man to whom God will not impute sin, the soul sincerely cleaves; it is the soul's first door of hope—the first foot-hold of the promised land—the first and last and only fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness—the first and last and only way to God. Here in this mediation is every thing to reconcile a poor sensible self-condemned sinner to a holy and a righteous God; and when the soul is enabled to add virtue to its faith, and so realize the healing power of this atonement, the reconciliation becomes established. And, being so far rightly taught, the consequence will be, that one testimony after another connected with this mediation will be experimentally received. When its eternity is opened up, the soul will glory therein. Here electing grace is seen, and felt to be an essential part of eternal salvation. This truth by the substitutional work of Christ—becomes interwoven in and with the soul; and, as well may men tell such an one that he has nothing to do with God or the gospel as to tell him he has nothing to do with election. To tell such that he need not trouble himself about election is to tell him a gross falsehood, for they have to do with election two ways; first, with God's election, and secondly, with their own election. They know that there is in reserve a rejoicing for those whose names are in the book of life, which there is for none others. And they have to do also with their *own* election—"Make your calling and election sure;" not only your calling, but also your election.

Now, my good Theophilus, election means choice, and you may be pretty sure of your calling; but then you are not to stop here, but to go on and make a *sure choice* of the truth. See that your choice of the truth be with a full appreciation of its value; then if you make such a choice of the truth as to know its infinite and eternal worth, you will never give it up; therefore, look well to this matter: for if you do not make your election sure, that is, make sure election—that is, a sure choice, then your choice of the truth does not accord with the Lord's choice of his people; for he hath chosen them with one sure and eternal

choice, and intends never to part with them. So, I say, if you are born of God, you will give diligence to make that kind of vital experimental choice of the truth that you shall part with it no more for ever. You know when people marry it is until death do them part; but Jehovah's choice of you will never die, nor will a right choice of him ever die.

Now, this truth must be chosen where it hath chosen you, namely, in Christ Jesus. If you choose it merely as a doctrine apart from the Saviour, you do not choose it rightly. Those, therefore, who profess to hold it, and preach it boldly in one part of their sermon, and make light of it in another part of the sermon, just demonstrate their ignorance of its real value; for, while they profess to hold the truth of eternal election, and preach it merely because it is found in the letter of the word, yet such men are evidently more at home in something much more of a creature kind; and therefore go off to their oxen and lash and goad them along in creature effort; or they are off to a formality farm and going to do a wonderful deal for God; or they are off to a wedding, marrying high and low doctrine churches. These weddings are in our day very numerous, showing that election has not only its determined foes, but also its *hypocritical* friends. But, O thou that art named the house of Jacob, is the spirit of the Lord straitened? Are these *his* doings? Do not his words, without human device, do good to him that walketh uprightly.

Therefore, my good Theophilus, if your religion be right in this reconciliation department, you will earnestly, and honestly, and boldly, and consistently, and throughout all the departments of truth, glory in electing grace.

But the remaining parts of this reconciliation, and of the inextinguishable love of Christ in the true Christian, I must leave until next month. I say but little at a time, as I am but

A LITTLE ONE.

MARVELLOUS CONVERSION  
OF  
A SELF-MURDERER.

FROM John Flavell's old work, entitled—*"Divine Conduct: or, the Mystery of Providence,"* we extract the following striking instance of the amazing efficacy of Divine grace in the real conversion of a poor sinner, who was—as we may say—all but driven headlong into perdition.

Flavell's records of God's various methods of bringing sinners unto Christ, are simple, but wonderfully expressive of Divine Sovereignty. Among them the following occurs:—

"In the year 1673, there came in this port a ship of Poole, in her return from Virginia; in which ship was one of that place—a lusty young man of twenty-three years of age, who was surgeon in the ship. This person, in the voyage, fell into a deep melancholy, which the devil greatly improved to serve his own design for the ruin of this poor man;

however, it pleased the Lord to restrain him from any attempts upon his own life until he arrived here. But shortly after his arrival, upon the Lord's-day, early in the morning, (being in bed with his brother), he took a knife prepared for that purpose, and cut his own throat, and withal leaped out of the bed; and though the wound was deep and large, yet, thinking it might not soon enough dispatch his wretched life, desperately thrust it into his stomach, and so lay wallowing in his own blood, till his brother, awaking, made a cry for help. Hereupon a physician and a surgeon coming in, found the wound in his throat mortal; and all they could do at present was to stitch it, and apply a plaister, with design rather to enable him to speak for a little while, than with any expectation of a cure; for before that he breathed through the wound, and his voice was inarticulate.

"In this condition I found him that morning; and apprehending him to be within a few minutes of eternity, I labored to work upon his heart the sense of his condition; telling him I had but little time to do anything for him, and therefore desired him to let me know what his own apprehensions of his present condition were. He told me he hoped in God for eternal life. I replied, that I feared his hopes were ungrounded; for that the Scripture tells us, 'No murderer hath eternal life abiding in him;' but this was self-murder, the grossest of all murders; and insisting upon the aggravation and heinousness of the fact, I perceived his vain confidence began to fall, and some meltings of heart appeared in him. He then began to lament with many tears his sin and misery; and asked me, if there might yet be hope for one that had destroyed himself, and shed his own blood. I replied, the sin indeed is great, but not unpardonable; and if the Lord gave him repentance unto life, and faith to fly to Jesus Christ, it should be certainly given to him; and finding him unacquainted with these things, I opened to him the nature and necessity of faith and repentance, which he greedily sucked in, and with great vehemency cried to God, that he would work them upon his soul, and intreated me also to pray with him and for him, that it might be so. I prayed with him, and the Lord thawed his heart exceedingly in that duty. He was loth to part with me; but the duties of the day necessitating me to leave him, I briefly summed up what was most necessary in my parting counsel to him, and took my leave, never more expecting to see him in this world. But beyond my own and all men's expectation, he continued all that day, and panted most ardently after Jesus Christ. No discourses pleased him but Christ and faith; and in this frame I found him in the evening. He rejoiced greatly to see me again, and intreated me to continue my discourses upon these subjects; and after all, told me, 'Sir, the Lord hath given me repentance for this sin; yea, and for every other sin. I see the evil of sin now, so as I never saw it before. O, I loathe myself! I am a vile creature in my own eyes! I do also believe: "Lord, help my unbelief." I am heartily willing to



take Christ upon his own terms. One thing only troubles me—I doubt this bloody sin will not be pardoned. Will Jesus Christ (said he) apply his blood to me, that have shed my own blood? I told him, Christ shed his blood even for them that with wicked hands had shed the blood of Christ; and that was a sin of deeper guilt than his. 'Well, (saith he), I will cast myself upon Christ, let him do by me what he will.' And so I parted with him that night.

"Next morning the wounds were to be opened; and then, the opinion of the surgeons was, he would immediately expire.

"Accordingly, at his desire, I came that morning, and found him in a most serious frame. I prayed with him, and then the wound in his stomach was opened; but by this time the ventricle itself was swollen out of the orifice of the wound, and lay like a livid discolored tripe upon his body, and was also cut through; so that all concluded it was impossible for him to live; however, they stitched the wound in the stomach, enlarged the orifice, and fomented it, and wrought it again into his body, and so stitching up the skin, left him to the disposal of Providence.

"And so it was, that both the deep wound in his throat, and this in his stomach, healed; and the more dangerous wound *sin* had made upon his *soul*, was, I trust, effectually healed also. I spent many hours with him in that sickness; and after he returned home, received this account from Mr. Samuel Hardy, a minister in that town; part whereof I shall transcribe:

"Dear Sir: I was much troubled at the sad Providence in your town; but did much rejoice that he fell into such hands for his body and soul. You have taken much pains with him, and I hope to good purpose. I think, if ever a great and thorough work were done *such a way*, it is now; and if ever the like, I am persuaded now it is. Never grow weary of such good works. One such instance is (methinks) enough to make you to abound in the work of the Lord all your days, &c.

"O, how unsearchable are the ways of Providence in leading men to Christ! Let none be encouraged by this to sin, that grace may abound. These are rare and singular instances of the mercy of God, and such as no presumptuous sinner can expect to find. It is only recited here, to the honour of Providence, which works for the recovery of sinners in ways that we understand not. O what a fetch hath Providence beyond our understandings!"

### THE FULNESS OF JESUS.

"In whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." Col. ii. 3.

CHRISTIAN, let this one thought, that God beholds Thine heart's deep centre, prevent thee oft, when Satan, earth and self would thee decoy from That one rule, unerring, wise, and good, which For thy wayward feet the sacred record Draws; and in thy cheerless moments, be thou Cheered by th' contemplation sweet, that He, who Knows thy wants, with pitying heart, and kind Propitious smile, looks down on thee for e'er; And his sure word is, I have enough provided;

Enough for earth, enough for glory too. Your hallelujahs about! ye heirs of God! Enough is in your own sweet Jesus stored For ev'ry want which you will e'er in soul Or body find. Up! then, ye children of The King of kings! and to your Prince your ev'ry Want make known. Yes, tell him all, believing His own word—"No good will I from Israel's Seed withhold." And fear not but from his fulness He'll pour—one blessing! Forbear a thought so Scant of His rich love, who, with all worlds obedient

To his nod, but waits the approach of his dear Favorites, their wants to lay before him; And hath declared that showers of blessings shall On their heads be poured, until, with the abundant

Weight borne down, their voice as one shall cry, Hold,

Lord! O stay thine hand! thy liberal bounties Stay, for human nature can sustain no More! O praise the abundance of your Father's Love! his grace for grace, ye sons of Zion, Prove. Ye have but t' make trial of his love, T' know that in this, as in all things beside, Your Jesus has the great pre-eminence.

Pre-eminence! ah, yes, not only in Vouchsafing from his bounty to bestow E'en more than you can ask, but, in his swiftness, E'en to the faintest cry of Zion's sons to Accede; yea, further still, in granting their Requests, or ere their stammering tongues have Power to speak; nay, ere their hearts (desponding Oft, and dull) conceive the half of all their Numerous wants. And oh, bless'd truth!—more bless'd

[while] Than thought on this side heaven can reach—that Ye speak, he'll hear. And hearing, shall the God Of heaven refrain? No, child of Zion! no! Too tender are his bowels t' remain (as Prophets have by inspiration said) to Remain unmoved when his dear children cry. Their voice is far too precious in his ear To let it die unnoticed on the wind.

Thine heart, poor babe in grace, go, and at his Dear feet unfold its every leaf. Each want That's there, in faith's pure language tell, and doubt

Not, but a sweet response thine every word Shall gain. For doth he say, "My love, my dove, Thy count'nance let me see, for comely in My sight is that sweet face, which doth mine Image bear?" He also saith, "I'd hear thy Voice," which, though it sounds in naught but bitter

Griefs, is, in thine Husband's ear, sweeter than Harps which seraphims e'er played; yea, sweeter Than ten thousand songs, by adoring seraphs sung.

[Extract from a MS. work by Mrs. HELEN MARIA ALLINGHAM, Author of "A Closet Companion for the Daughters of Zion," published by Houlston and Stoneman.]

### THE DYING MOTHER.

WHEN the last sigh that heralds death,  
My feeble lips shall breathe,  
My soul shall with its parting breath,  
Rejoice this world to leave.

To leave its sins, its fears, and pain,  
For Christ's redeeming grace;  
And the bright crown of glory gain,  
To view my Maker's face.

When I am gone—oh! do not mourn  
With unavailing tear,  
The ransom'd spirit that has flown  
Beyond this mortal sphere,

Nor sigh with weary, aching heart,  
Nor droop 'neath sorrow's sway;  
Jehovah wills that we must part,  
And we must all obey.

# OUR BRITISH BAPTIST CHURCHES;

OUR ANNIVERSARIES, ETC., ETC.

As regards the condition of many of our churches, in the rural districts, the Lord has been better to us and to them, than our gloomy fears had anticipated. We had feared that the war—the high price of provisions, and the unusually hard winter through which we have passed, would have very sorely distressed our churches. During the last four months, we have personally visited, and laboured among a great number of them in different portions of the home counties, and, for the most part, they have been greatly helped. Death has been exceeding busy in the churches and congregations,—emigration too, has removed thousands: and poverty has sharply tried the agricultural communities. Nevertheless, the truth has been maintained; the churches have enjoyed some peace, and a small measure of prosperity has here and there been realized. The Lord be praised. We proceed to furnish a few items.—ED.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH AT  
BERKHAMPTSTEAD,  
AND OF THE GREAT TRIALS AND USEFULNESS  
OF THEIR LATE VENERABLE PASTOR,  
THOMAS WOOD.

[Historical reminiscences like the following, are well calculated to encourage the humble followers of Christ to persevere in making known the savour of his name, and the glory of his salvation. Let no man despise the day of small things.]

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—I send you some account of the late Thomas Wood, minister of the gospel, and pastor of the church of Christ at Berkhamstead common, for twenty-four years.

In the year 1830, about June, Thomas Wood, with Jane Wood, his wife, came on to Berkhamstead common, where he placed himself under a cherry-tree belonging to John Bedford, and commenced preaching the gospel; after which John Bedford lent him a shed to preach in. Thomas Wood and Jane Wood his wife, and John Bedford, then formed themselves into a church; and in this old shed several were baptized; and there a little band met to worship him who delivered them from so great a death. I have often heard the old members talk of the happy hours they spent there—of the blessed soul visits they then enjoyed. For about five years, Thomas Wood and his little flock met in the above place; then they proposed buying some ground and building a chapel, which they did; and opened it in 1835. I believe Messrs. Foreman and Milner preached at the opening; and then for nineteen years Thomas Wood preached "*Christ and him crucified*" to poor sinners; then took his flight to the boundless realms of ineffable joy.

Thomas Wood was a man of small talent for preaching; but he aimed at the glory of his Master. His strong convictions, bitter repen-

tance, soul bondage, continual dread of damnation for three years and a half; then his glorious deliverance from such a state, together with the help of his Master, made him not ashamed of the cross of Christ:—he always aimed as much as possible to lay the sinner in the dust, and extol the merits of Jesus, the friend of sinners. He was a man that travelled through the very depths of poverty and bodily affliction; was often driven to his wit's end for want of the common necessities of life; suffering hunger to the extreme. He was the subject of a disease, which a physician told him would not let him live more than five years; but he lived many years after this; no disease could kill him until he had done the work God assigned him. Before he came to Berkhamstead common, he had his goods taken from him and sold; and had no bed to lie on: his children lay dead in the house, and he could not bury them for want of money. I have heard him say he has had nothing to eat for three days together; he has gone forth and preached on a Sabbath morning, then gone into a saw-pit and read his bible for his dinner; and after preaching has had nothing to eat, only as he gathered blackberries off the hedge. I have heard him say he has preached three times on a Sabbath, having nothing to eat; and when he has reached home at night, an empty cupboard, save two or three raw onions, of which at one time he made his evening meal and went to bed. At this time I believe he went from place to place preaching Christ and his cross in the open air,

"——— telling to sinners around

"What a dear Saviour he had found."

But amidst all his poverty, he was a man distinguished for his honesty. He was the instrument of forming two churches, beside the one at Berkhamstead common. He met with much persecution, but none of these things moved him.

When speaking of the worth of Christ to his soul, an holy emotion filled his heart, and caused tears of joy to flow. The name of a glorious Redeemer was his theme! His everlasting love he delighted to dwell upon! The final perseverance of all the followers of the Lamb, and the distinguishing grace by which they were saved, always had a prominent place in his discourses. He was a man of God; and was not ashamed of his Master.

On one occasion, he was called to a certain gentleman's house to clean a clock, where he had to stay that night; and after he had his supper, he said to one of the servants, "*Can I engage in prayer before I go to bed?*" The servant said, "*No: on no account: if they allowed that, their master would turn them all away.*" But he said, before he went to bed, he knelt down, and wept aloud; and that prayer was the means of convincing the butler of his state as a sinner: "*Him that honoureth me, him will my Father honour.*" At another time, I heard him say, one of his children lay

dead, and he could not bury it; he did not know what to do, but thought he could borrow some money of a person who pretended to be his friend, and was in easy circumstances: he went, and was denied: "*He that seeth his brother in need, having this world's goods, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?*" I think in a suspicious way, after he left the door of the (so called) gentleman's house, an inward suggestion seemed to say, "Go to an old miser that lives at yonder house." Away went the poor distressed man to the miser's house, and said, "*Sir, my child is dead, and I have no money to bury it. Will you lend me two pounds?*" The miser directly fetched the money. When Thomas Wood began to tell him when he would pay him, the old man said, "Pay me when you can." And with that he left him.

A short time after this, a gentleman put a watch into his possession for a mere trifle: he hung the watch up for sale; and the man whom he first asked to lend him money, called in and asked the price of the watch: he told him the price; the man bought it there and then; paid him for it: and he said he cleared just enough by that watch to pay the miser; and went directly and paid him with that money. So, after all, the money came out of the first man's pocket.

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

I heard him say once he had the bed taken from him, and was in sad distress; and his wife and him agreed to pray for another; when they arose from their knees his wife said, "*we shall have it.*" He said, "*I know we shall.*" Directly a cart stopped at the door, and a man came up, and said, "Mr. Wood, I have brought you a bed." At another time, he had nothing to eat, but a few potatoes; his wife said she would cook them, and the Lord would send something by the time they were done. Just as the potatoes were done a knock came at the door, when a servant maid appeared and said, "Mr. Wood, my mistress had bought some steaks for dinner, but we have some company just come, and we shall not want them; mistress has sent them to you, if you will accept them." Thomas Wood and his family sat down to their meal, while he and his beloved companion blessed and praised the name of their Lord who provided for them in such a conspicuous way.

He was a humble follower of the Lamb; his manner of preaching was not attractive, therefore, he had not a large congregation, but a few established christians accompanied him, believing him to be a sincere, honest, preacher of the gospel, preaching with the ability God gave him. He was a man rather singular in one respect, as he did not care to be acquainted with hardly any other minister, perhaps this might be for reasons best known to himself; too much company sometimes does us harm. He was a man that held communion with God; had great enjoyments; often spoke of the blessed soul visits he had from his God; showing by his preaching, without him, he could do nothing; and often telling his people, a little

sincere hope was worth ten thousand worlds. His humble labours were owned by him who holds the winds in his fist, though set at nought by the wisdom of this world, which is foolishness with God. He baptised several people both in the old shed, and in the chapel now erected. I was the last he baptised. Oh, may a double portion of that fortitude he manifested for his Lord and Master rest on me. But, O how short I fall.

During his last illness, he suffered much, but was patient, desiring to submit to all his Father's will.

I went to see him a few days before he died. I spoke to him as well as I could, and said, "I suppose you are not afraid to meet death, and the grave?" He instantly began to say, Christ had taken the sting away for all his people; he had gone down into the grave; and had not only taken away the gloom of the grave, but had gone down into the grave, and perfumed it with love. So there was nothing to fear. I said, "I suppose you are desiring to take your flight to your mansion?" He said, "*I'm in no hurry, —I want to wait my Father's will.*" I thought, what a glorious sight! to see an old man in a nice clean bed, just about to breathe his last, expecting in a few days to close his eyes for ever on all things here below, about to leave his children and his people, and all behind, with death and the grave in his face.

"A mortal paleness on his cheek,  
But glory in his soul."

He held his sons around his bed, speaking to them, and praying for them. My imagination thought of good old Jacob calling his sons around him before he gathered his feet up into the bed.

One of his members went to see him, and said, "*Are you happy, Mr. Wood?*" He said he thought nobody on earth was so happy as him. I have not said these things with an intention to make you believe he was a perfect man, as he well knew himself to the contrary, often describing the abominable workings of his corrupt nature, and abhorring himself in dust and ashes. I thought of him this evening, as I was walking across our common. When I saw the sun setting behind the western horizon, I looked upon it, and thought — What a glorious sight! All around it looked calm, serene, and beautiful; not a cloud to be seen; and the golden rays of light that shone forth from it, put a cheerfulness on all creation. So those glorious rays of light that shine forth from a dying godly man, seem to reanimate and strengthen the faith of those that are left behind in this waste howling wilderness.

Mr. Hanshew, of Watford, went to see him a few days before he died, and he told him he should like to have a table, a stool, and a candlestick, to accommodate the Lord's servants with. Mrs. Horne, one of his members, went to see him. She asked him if he felt on the Rock, and with joyful acclamations, said, "Yes! all glory to his precious name!" Another member said, "You are very ill!" He said, "Yes, but well in mind."

A few days after this, he took his flight to

those blissful regions, where sin, his worst enemy,

" Shall vex his eyes and ears no more ;"  
after preaching the wonders of Immanuel on Berkhamstead Common 24 years. He died April 11th, 1854, in the 80th year of his age, and was buried by Mr. Hanshew, who spoke at his grave in a very solemn and affecting manner. The chapel and burying ground was crowded to excess. It was a day by many long to be remembered. The members met the corpse at Berkhamstead, which is two miles from the chapel, and followed him to the grave, as a token of respect. Although they could not raise him but a very small allowance for preaching, I believe they did what they could, as they are a very poor people.

We had supplies for a time, of whom Mr. Moores, the present minister, was one. The first time he came to preach, a few of us were impressed with the idea that he would be the man for Berkhamstead Common. It turned out thus; for soon after this, the people generally felt an attachment to him, and gave him a call for three months; after which they chose him to be settled over the church, and to take the pastoral office. The congregation has greatly increased, and things are going on tolerably well. May the presence of Him who dwelt in the bush be with him, bless his labours, and keep him in all his ways, and enable him in all things and at all times to aim at the glory of his Master, and help him to preach to the glory of his Master, and keep him from preaching to the praise and glory of himself.

About the middle of his last illness, after a state of darkness of mind, those words of Dr. Watts were blessed to his soul—

" The Lord my Shepherd is,  
I shall be well supplied," &c.

So much so, that he wished the congregation to sing them on his behalf, which they did on a Sunday afternoon, with much feeling and pleasure.

Since Mr. Moores has come to the Common, three persons have been baptised; and we trust by so doing have said to the world, Farewell!

" Ye glittering toys of earth, adieu!  
A nobler choice be mine!"

Others are standing about the doors of Zion, marking her bulwarks, and counting her towers, listening to the inmates of Zion, singing from within, " This God is our God, for ever and ever: he will be our Guide even unto death." May Abraham's God help them soon to shew, by a public profession, their attachment to King Jesus.

On the 29th of May, 1855, we held our twentieth anniversary in the chapel. In the morning Mr. Bloomfield preached from the 27th Psalm—" *In the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavillion.*" In the afternoon Mr. C. W. Banks preached from Psa. lxxi. 20, 21, of the rejoicing of many of the poor old pilgrims. In the evening Mr. B. preached from the words—" *Other foundation can no man lay.*" It was a good day: twenty-four

years have the church on Berkhamstead Common enjoyed in peace that their forefathers were denied. May they enjoy many more anniversaries, and gird up the loins of their mind, and be sober, waiting for their Master's appearing, looking with stedfastness for the time when he shall come, with ten thousands of his saints, to fetch all his ransomed throng, even those that think upon his name.

" Soon they will hear him say,  
Ye blessed children, come!  
Soon will he call them hence away,  
To their eternal home."

Thomas Wood was a preacher of Jesus the Lord, His love, blood, and mercy, and truth heado'rd; He mingled his prayers with the people of God, And for twenty-four years, like a pillar he stood, On Berkhamstead Common, proclaiming free-grace  
To every poor sinner that sought Jesu's face.

He delighted to tell to sinners around  
What virtue and mercy in Jesus he found;  
E'en the hem of his garment to touch it was life,  
It healed all diseases, and ended all strife;  
It ends all disputes, turns foes into friends;  
Makes lions like lambs, and to glory them sends.

While here he loved preaching of Christ and his cross,  
And every thing else he counted but loss;  
The name of his Jesus he extolled to the skies,  
And said in his image he soon should arise.

But now he's done preaching, he's passed through the gate,  
Nor trouble, nor sorrow, no more him await;  
Celestial regions his soul now enjoys,  
The song of his Jesus his spirit employs.

With just men made perfect, and Joseph, and Paul,  
And Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all,  
That ever died trusting in Jesus's blood,  
And now singing praises with him unto God.

Berkhamstead Common, C. BRACEY.  
June 13, 1855.

### ORDINATION OF MR. E. THRING, AT HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS.

The public Recognition of Mr. Edward Thring, as Pastor of the Particular Baptist Church, meeting for public worship in the New Chapel, at Newland, High Wycombe, was solemnised on Monday, the 21st of May, 1855.

In the morning, Mr. Robt. Aldis, of Somers' Town, read part of 1 Tim. iv., and offered up prayer; after which,

Mr. James Wells, of Surrey Tabernacle, delivered a short discourse on the nature, design, and constitution of a gospel church, taking as a motto, Psalm cxxvii.

On this subject we have inserted so many discourses, that we do not think it necessary to occupy our space with any portion of Mr. W.'s address. Suffice it to say, that it was short, conclusive, and to the point.

A hymn having been sung, Mr. Wells commenced to ask the questions usual on such occasions; and first he requested that some friend would state how they were led to invite Mr. Thring to the pastorate.

A very brief reply was given by a deacon to the following effect: Mr. Thring was recommended there as a supply in July last,

when he was invited for two Sabbaths, and was so well received by a majority, that he was further invited for a term of six months; during which time his message was greatly blessed, and resulted in a majority calling him to the pastorate, since which twenty-one had been added to the church—ten by baptism, and eleven by dismission from other places.

Mr. Wells deemed this a short, but satisfactory reply, and then called upon Mr. Thring for an account of his conversion and call by grace. Mr. T.'s reply was so long, and detailed so many points of no interest to the general reader, that we shall only endeavour carefully to present such points as bare directly on the subject.

It appeared that Mr. Thring had been reared in very affluent circumstances. He said, that in common with all the sons of Adam, he was "born in sin and shapen in iniquity." When arrived to a suitable age, he was placed in an extensive academy with some hundred of other youths, where he remained some years—the promoter and leader of every mischievous design. At the age of fifteen, he was taken from school, and returned to his father's home, where in idleness, he became an expert hunter, cricketer, and dancer—and his company was courted by all the surrounding families in like station—so that from the age of 15 to 18, he ran madly the downward road to ruin. About this time, it pleased God to have placed in his hands, through the instrumentality of an old lady who he had derided for her christianity, a tract entitled, "How you may know what to do to be saved," by Henry Prince. A glance at this book caused him strange emotions, which he determined to suppress, but could not. An affectionate sister, who was aware of his having received the tract, observed his peculiar manners, and questioned him upon the subject. She told him she had observed his course, and felt that he was fast hastening the downward road to hell. He could not keep from reading the book, and the more he read it the worse he became—so that his feelings were inexpressible. The second effect it had upon him was to deprive him of his appetite—and the only answer he could make to the many enquiries made to him was, that he was not well—but what was the matter he could not tell. He determined to look the book up for two months—and did so—yet eagerly returned to it at the expiration of that time. He read it, and read it again, and again he applied to his sister for her advice. He was compelled, in the face of the most urgent intreaties, to give up all his amusements. One morning his sister took him aside in the garden to talk with him. For the first time she read the Word of God to him. He admitted the book had had a strange effect upon him. She said she hoped that *something good* would arise from it; but he was then so ignorant, he knew not what "*good*" meant, in the sense his sister intended. Again, he read the tract, and now his once most cheerful spirits were entirely broken. One Sunday evening, sitting alone, he for the first time was induced to open the Bible, and compared it with the tract he had been reading; when, by an indescribable feeling, he was com-

pelled to fall on his knees—but he could say nothing. While in this position, his sister entered the room—but for some time he could not move or speak. He begged his sister to tell him what this "*something good*" was of which she had spoken; she entreated him to come with her, and sing a hymn. They went together to the drawing room, where another sister was sitting. She took the music-stool, commenced playing a tune, and the sisters together sang a hymn; he attempted to join, but a choking sensation he had never before experienced, prevented him.

The incumbent of the church where the family attended, the Hon. and Rev. J. Harris, called upon him, and desired some conversation with him. The minister told him he had heard certain things about him—and they discussed some theological points—but could not agree. The incumbent, however, induced him to take the Lord's supper, and for a short time he attended his ministry, but with no satisfaction. He could not get what he wanted, and what that was he could not describe. He was here appointed teacher to the first class of boys in the Sunday school, to which he became exceedingly attached. Time rolled on, and he did not feel satisfied with Mr. Harris. At length, a pious old labourer in his father's employ, advised him to go to a church in an adjacent village where the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Waldegrave preached. He did so, and was perfectly amazed at the difference. He waited on his minister, Mr. Harris, on the following day, and expressed his thoughts to him. He appeared excessively cross, and persuaded him to stay with him, which he did for some two months in great misery—when, against the wishes of his family and friends, by all of whom he was disliked for his obstinacy, he left the ministry of Mr. Harris, and attended the church of Mr. Waldegrave.

His father shewed impatience at his continuing at home without attaching himself to any profession, and consulted with him on the matter; the result of which was, that he commenced the study of the law—but did not succeed at all satisfactorily. He therefore abandoned the law, and returned home to consider what should be his next step.

The morning after his return home, he received a letter from Rector Waldegrave, inviting him to dinner. He went, and from that occasion, formed a most intimate acquaintance with that worthy gentleman. They read and studied the word of God together. Mr. Waldegrave gave it as his opinion, that Mr. Thring was intended for the ministry—and with much hesitation, he consented to go to college for that purpose; before taking his degrees, he was sharply tried as to steps he was taking—but on this head, Mr. Waldegrave reassured him. The 7th of Romans was a very favorite chapter to him, and, as he thought, portrayed his experience.

We have thus far, in nearly Mr. Thring's own words, given an abridgement of what he considered his call by grace.

At this point, Mr. Wells said, that although he could not reject such an experience, he thought he had very much more yet to learn; advised the people to deal gently with the

young man, and called upon him, Mr. Thring, for an account of his entrance upon the ministry. The following is the substance of Mr. Thring's reply:—

After completing his terms at college, he returned home, and visited his friend Waldegrave. He earnestly besought the Lord that he would show him the path he should take. Now he had some qualms of conscience as to the authenticity of the church, and her formal services—but the rector assured him they were correct, and that he was not of age to judge for himself. At length he was induced to accept of a curacy in Yorkshire, for which purpose, he was ordained by the Archbishop of York. He stayed here two years, but not feeling he was of so much use as he wished to be, he left it, and returned to Mr. Waldegrave. He accepted a second curacy in Somersetshire, where he felt that much good was done. But a continued feeling of unfitness for the work in which he had engaged, obliged him to leave that at the expiration of six months. He entered upon a third curacy in Hampshire, where his labours were signally blessed in bringing many souls out of nature's darkness into the marvellous light of the gospel. But his impressions as to the Church of England and her services increased upon him, and made him unhappy. The burial and baptismal services especially appeared wrong to his mind. He acquainted his rector with his views, and determined on seeing the Bishop of the diocese, (Winchester,) and resigning his office in the church. He did so; the Bishop threatened him with imprisonment. He left the church; and then felt a wish to be baptised. He fell in with a member of the Plymouth brethren—but could not agree with him; subsequently he went to London, and supplied for one month at Henrietta Street; but found the deacons so excessively legal, that he could not get on with them. He afterwards went to hear Mr. Bloomfield, Mr. Aldis, and Mr. Wells, whose ministry seemed best to suit his case, which he represented to Mr. Wells, who recommended him to Wycombe, and to day was the result of that recommendation.

Mr. Thring having made a confession of his faith, the members present (about twenty) held up their right hands in token of their call of Mr. Thring to the pastoral office—and Mr. Thring raised his right hand to ratify his acceptance of their call.

Mr. Aldis gave to the pastor and deacon the right hand of fellowship, and Mr. Wells closed the morning service with prayer.

In the afternoon, Mr. Aldis delivered a somewhat lengthy charge to the pastor, from 2 Tim. iv. 2: "Preach the Word."

In the evening, Mr. Jas. Wells preached to the church and congregation.

THE  
ORDINATION OF MR. F. PEARCE,  
AS PASTOR OF  
THE BAPTIST CHURCH AT ROAD, SOMERSET.

On Thursday, May 17, the solemn and truly interesting services connected with the settlement of our brother Pearce over the baptised 1855.

church of Christ, at Road, took place amid a crowded congregation, and in the presence of many ministers from the neighbouring churches.

Our esteemed brother, Mr. John Webster, of Bethesda chapel, Trowbridge, asked the usual questions, which were very satisfactorily answered; and as the account of the rise and progress of this truly gospel church, must prove, we are persuaded, most interesting to our readers, we now give it entire, as read by Mr. Saunders, one of the deacons; reserving all other particulars, such as the charge to the pastor by the aged Mr. J. A. Jones, of Jireh, and the sermon to the church by our brother, Mr. W. Hawkins, of Bradford, to follow on in our August number.

ORIGIN OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH AT ROAD.

Mr. Webster having requested a statement. &c., to be made, the following account was read, as extracted from the old church-book.

My dear brother, and Christian friends,—In answering your questions, it will be seen how our God can bring about gracious and glorious ends by very unlikely means. About 78 years ago, a young man became curate at the old parish church in this village, who, by his preaching, created quite a movement; and amongst others, attracted several of Mr. Wesley's followers, some of whom were said to be of the strongest amongst them against the doctrine of election. But the Lord convinced them of their errors; and they becoming much attached to this young man's ministry, took a room, in which he used to meet them to expound the scriptures. Indeed, so much were they taken up with this curate, that they quite idolized him.

But in the space of a year, he was removed from this place, much to the regret of his friends, though he departed from the faith on leaving Road. The great loss they felt on losing their minister from the church, was made up by the more important labors of *two poor working men*, laboring at the cloth factory, of the names of Joseph and ——— Clift, from Westbury. These preached on Wednesday evenings, and were made a great blessing to the people, and became honored men amongst the churches of Christ, in their day and generation. Joseph Clift was 38 years Pastor of the Baptist church at North Bradley, and departed to his eternal home in a good old age, beloved by many. One who knew him, wrote some humble verses on him—of which the three following may suffice:

Eighty-three years below the sun,  
Through many cares thy journey's run;  
Fifty, and more, thy pilgrimage,  
In travelling o'er this tiresome stage.

Forty-eight years call'd to proclaim  
With joy and tears, the Lamb once slain;  
Ordained here pastor to be,  
Thirty-six years at North Bradley.

The flock was small, (but thirty-nine,)  
When first of all thou didst them join;  
A prosperous gale attended thee—  
Their number now, is ninety-three.

On the Lord's days, three friends from the Tabernacle at Trowbridge used to come over

to Road and preach in rotation; and a goodly number attended the means. After a little while, however, those friends could not continue to supply this pulpit; when amidst great anxiety, Divine providence appeared for us, says the church book, and brought amongst us, Richard Britain and Thomas Hopkins. To Mr. Hopkins the people became warmly united, and much grieved were they when he was called from them to preach at Devizes.\* After many fears and exercises, one of the poor men before named, was invited to supply at Road in turn with a brother at Bradford, John Matthews by name. Both of them were baptists, (adds our old record,) and preached to us several years; but never preached baptism, because they would not proselyte the people to their opinions. But the people were led by the Spirit to see that it was an ordinance of the Lord, and met together and agreed to be baptised.

It was on the 21st of April, 1783, six years after the curate had first roused them, that eleven of these friends were immersed in the name of the triune God.

In the June following, those eleven, with two others dismissed from North Bradley, state as follows:—

“We whose names are above written, separately, jointly, solemnly, and publicly entered into church-relation and fellowship with each other. We were incorporated into a church by our brother Parsons of Bath.”

By the articles penned many years ago, we learn how nobly the first members of this church stood for the glorious truths of the gospel; and as a proof of the same, we quote a short extract from the same book referred to before. They wrote thus: “Evenings and all other opportunities, when not at our labors, we did meet together and read the blessed Scriptures of Truth, and pray the blessed God of all grace, for the precious Redeemer's sake, for to save our wicked souls from all our wickedness, and teach our poor, ignorant minds, blessed truth, and make us obedient unto him, by the blessed God the Spirit taking of the

things of God, and applying them warmly, in the person of Christ, through his precious blood.”

For seven years from its formation, the church was thus supplied; and in the year 1790, Mr. John Matthews was ordained the first pastor of this portion of the redeemed flock. He labored usefully in the Lord for 26 years, owned and blessed by his master, and left earth for heaven, August 28th, 1816, in the 65th year of his age. The church was without a pastor for seven years after this, but found help and blessing in the ministry of several brethren around us, but more especially in the labors of Mr. Benjamin Marshman, the nephew of the celebratd Dr. Marshman, who on his visit to England, occupied his nephew's pulpit. The church inviting Benjamin Marshman to the pastorate, he accepted it, and was ordained February 6th, 1823. Fifteen years the church was under his pastoral care, and grew and flourished—the Lord of the household blessing the provisions of Zion, and satisfying the poor with bread, especially the former part of this time. During the latter period of his labors, Mr. Marshman was much afflicted, and he fell asleep in Jesus, on the 13th day of September, 1838.

A year or two before the decease of our pastor, the church engaged the kind help of two brethren of Westbury Leigh, Stephen Smith, and Samuel Barnes. From that time, until now, our pulpit has been supplied with the valued labors of neighbouring ministers, who kindly came to us from Widburn, Southwick, North Bradley, Frome, Broughton, Bradford, Hilperton, Bath, &c., some of whom are here to day, others have entered into their rest. Seventeen years have passed away since our last pastor, Benjamin Marshman, went home.

It is now nearly twelve years since our dear brother, Mr. Frederick Pearce first entered our pulpit, and then some of the elder brethren of the church thought that he would be the man for us, and desired, if the Lord's will, the way might be plain for his being called to be the pastor over us. But he settling with the church at Hilperton, we could only expect an occasional service from him; though some of our number, some how or other, never wholly gave him up, especially an elder and honorable deacon—now no more below—who would with high satisfaction have hailed this day, had he been in the church militant. Therefore, when Mr. Pearce gave notice of resigning his connection with Hilperton, the old feeling revived in some of our breasts; and having had anxious and prayerful consultation about it, it was introduced to the church, and after repeated conversations, and special and earnest prayers, at length, with fervent hope, we cordially invited our brother Pearce to take the oversight of us in the Lord. His taking considerable time to learn the Lord's will tried our patience, and, under our circumstances, raised deep anxiety, with alternate fears and hopes; but we had, at last, such an answer as led to our being here to day.

We trust that many years of usefulness may bless the union now thus publicly solemnized; that pastor and people may look back to this

\* Of Mr. Thomas Hopkins, some very interesting particulars shall appear in a future number of the EARTHEN VESSEL. This excellent minister became ultimately the Pastor of the Baptist Church at Eagle Street, London. He finished his course Nov. 26, 1787, at the early age of 29 years. His sun went down long before noon! When he left Road to go to Devizes, he was not a baptist; but as soon as he became convinced of believers' baptism, he honestly avowed it, and at once resigned his connection with the Independent Church at Devizes. The paper drawn up by him on that occasion is a matchless performance. I have it; and would print and distribute ten-thousand copies gratuitously, had I the means. It ought to go through the length and breadth of the land. I just now give one anecdote of him as it belongs to Road history. Young Hopkins feeling great depression of mind, under a sense of his inability to the solemn work of the ministry while at Road, and expressing the same to a choice old female, a member of the church; she replied, “We have always the most comfort from your preaching when you groan the most.” The Devizes' Church gave real proof of their high regard for Mr. Hopkins, although his change of sentiment separated him from them, by their sending up on his death, the large sum of £50 to his bereaved widow.—J. A. J.

day with grateful love and thanksgiving; that many now dead in trespasses and sins, may be called by grace into the kingdom of Jesus; and that, with the churches around us, we may glorify the Three-one God of our salvation, and magnify his name together.

#### ELIJAH AT SAREPTA; AND THE KEDDINGTON ANNIVERSARY.

As down the iron rails we run, I thought, and wrote as follows: Paul's "*Woe is me if I preach not the gospel*," seems to lay heavy on my spirit. The immense difficulties connected with the publication of religious works, often so crucify me, that I groan again and again in constantly going forth to serve the poor churches in different parts of our land, leaving home, business, church, and all, to help others, while the whole nation cannot produce a labourer who more needs help than the writer of these lines. "*Why, then,*" say you, "*do you do this?*" Simply because I cannot help myself. Christian friends press me to come and preach to them; and frequently when these letters come, I am under the influence of a grateful remembrance of the covenant I made with God when I solemnly vowed if he would pardon me I would never cease to preach him, and praise him, while I had my being: when such is the case I can no more refuse than I can fly.

I would not presume to set myself beside an Old Testament servant of God; but last evening my attention was riveted for a time to the 17th chapter of the first book of Kings—where, in the time of famine, Elijah was commanded by his God to go and hide himself by the brook Cherith; and "after awhile," when the brook dried up, he was as distinctly commanded to go to Zarephath, and to dwell there, where God had commanded a widow woman to sustain him; and I have a double hope rising out of these facts:—I hope the place and portion of every true servant of God is appointed; and that among that honoured band I shall be found. The Old Testament and the New Testament records of Elijah furnish powerful evidence on two leading points in theology. In the Old Testament Elijah is a remarkable instance of the special and particular Providence of God:—in the New Testament, our blessed Saviour holds him forth as a special instrument in the working out of all the purposes of a Divine Sovereignty. Take your Bible, my reader, and, first, read 1 Kings xvii. Consider the positive directions given to Elijah by his God, and the omnipotent power which attended those directions; and then let them that dare to scoff at a special and particular providence, take heed, for they stand on dangerous ground. "*The word of the Lord came unto Elijah, saying, Get thee hence, and turn thee eastward, and hide thyself by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan. AND IT SHALL BE—thou shalt drink of the brook, and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there.*" When the brook dried up, another place was provided: and again the word of the Lord comes,—"*Ariso, get thee to Zarephath, which belong-*

*eth to Zidon; and dwell there: behold, I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee!*" Here was the place and the provision too; but neither place, nor provision, could be tempting to the carnal eye of flesh and sense; but a living faith laying hold of AN ALMIGHTY PROMISER, is fully persuaded that not one jot or tittle can ever fail. In humble reliance on that glorious and gracious THREE-ONE-JEHOVAH, who hath everlastingly loved us, redeemed, quickened, called, and preserved us, let us go forth wherever he shall call, knowing our work and our reward to be of God.

When the German scholar translates "*Zarephath*," he calls it "*a smelting-house*;" a place where human nature is brought down: when the English collector translates "*Sarepta*," he says, "*It is a goldsmith's shop, where they try the gold, and melt it.*" To this Sarepta was Elijah sent; and four things were connected with his going there, somewhat typical of the work of every true servant of the living God—the barrel of meal did not waste—the cruise of oil did not fail—the living were brought down to the gates of death—and the dead were raised to life: the poor widow's sins were all brought to mind; and the word of the Lord in her soul was known to be true. When ends like these are answered by the ministry of the gospel, we may be sure the work is of God.

The anniversary at Keddington this year, was like the experiences of many Christians; it began gloomy—the morning was very wet: some of the brethren (especially my loving brother John Dillostone) hung their harps upon the willows; but the Lord was in the midst of us; the gospel sun shone dearly; the chapel (and its suburbs) was thronged with anxious hearers, and all the incomings were as good as ever they have been in these parts. Brother Chislett, of Walworth, gave us a clear and valuable discourse from the words—"*Ye must be born again.*" Such a sermon could not but be useful: we had the negatives and the positives standing out in clear relief. I may say with gratitude, the preacher and his preaching was commended to my conscience with a steady conviction and prayer that the Lord would bless such labours even more and more. It was a cheering sight, on coming up to the homely house of God on the morning of the anniversary, to see the pastor, our brother Robert Powell, standing beside his pulpit with his armour on—a face beaming with love—a hand stretched out to welcome us—and an expressive countenance that seemed to say—"Come, brethren, let us unfurl the banner of the cross—let us extol the name of our glorious Immanuel—let us praise our covenant God—let us tell the tale of Calvary's cross again—and while we wait and worship in his house, may streams of heavenly mercy flow." Brother Chislett caught the feeling, and cried out, "*Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.*"

The worship of the Lord having been begun in honest and earnest prayer, it closed at night with glorious praise; for when the



densely crowded assembly stood up at last, and sung,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!" It was indeed a heaven of joy and love. This chapel was built in 1850; the dear people have gone on to gather their pence together every Sabbath; and thus without any begging case or foreign aid, they have brought down their debt to under £10. It would be an honour to any Christian who should clear off the remnant; and thus enable them to cease draining the scanty pockets of a most laborious, poor, but deserving people.

### HORLEY, SURREY.

MONDAY, June 10.—The Sabbath has scarcely passed, before an engagement to preach twice at Horley this day, compels me to leave home, and throwing myself on the mercy of the Lord, proceed on my way to my work. I cannot forget yesterday. The morning was to me very dreary. After spending some time in prayer, and trying to prepare for the pulpit, I rose up, and of myself unto myself I said, "Surely on all this earth there is not a man more unfit in mind and body for preaching, than myself." But the words of Paul, (Rom. iv.), "The blessedness of the man to whom the Lord imputeth righteousness without works," were a great help to me; and I trust the God of Israel helped me twice to speak from them. As soon as I awoke this morning my heart cried out for another portion; and that sweet text in the first to Timothy, met me as I set out on my journey;—it gave me frame of mind and matter for the day—(1 Tim. i. 16)—"Howbeit for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might shew forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on him to life everlasting."

Three points are here—

1. Paul's estimate of himself: he was "the chief of sinners."

2. His grateful, humble, but confidential acknowledgment—"I obtained mercy."

3. The great end which the Lord Christ had in view in shewing mercy unto Saul, of Tarsus, "that in me first, Jesus Christ might shew forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on him to life everlasting."

If in no other case, Stephen's prayer was answered in Paul's conversion. Paul obtained mercy. 1. In the smittings of his heart by the secret workings of the Spirit of God;—for although he went forth more violently than before, this was but his kicking against the piercing of conviction, which Jesus told him was hard. It is a mercy when the Lord will not let a sinner be happy in sin. Satan may rave and war, and endeavour to push the half-convicted sinner on against the smittings of his conscience, but grace will not flow on and flow in, until Divine Sovereignty overcome satanic power, and low at the Saviour's feet the trembling sinner falls. Paul obtained mercy in the coming of Jesus Christ to stop him in his mad career—"It pleased God to reveal his Son in me." What a mercy is this! to see and know, to love and

to live for Christ, is mercy indeed. Paul obtained mercy in being instructed and led into the way of righteousness, usefulness, and peace. Who can measure the mercy that is contained in those five things which Ananias spake to Saul—"The God of our Fathers hath chosen thee, that thou shouldest know his will, see that Just One, hear the word of his mouth, and be his witness unto all men?" These were unspeakable mercies indeed; and as in Paul's experience all these blessings were realised, he could say, "Howbeit, I obtained mercy." As our Lord Jesus Christ was to build his own church, Paul seems to say—"He came from heaven to call me, and to make me a pattern of the material of which, and the manner in which, this temple is to be built. In Paul, as a pattern saint, we see no man can be saved by his own righteousness. Even a Pharisee of the Pharisees finds that neither his moral obedience, nor his strict ceremonial obedience, will do to stand in before a holy God. In Paul, as a pattern-saint, we see that all his blasphemy, his fierce persecutions, nor all the injurious wasting of the church of which he was guilty, could keep the Saviour from him. Jesus comes directly to Saul; life and light enter into his Spirit; he falls at the feet of Christ in repentance; lays hold of Christ by faith; follows after Christ in the way of obedience; preaches Christ out of pure love; suffers for Christ, and now reigns in glory with him. This is a pattern indeed.

Our friend Miller, the pastor of the flock at Horley, is dwelling with the church in peace. He longs to see others gathered in; but the work of numerical increase goes on slowly. We had a good anniversary day. A few of the Horsham and Brighton friends came to see and hear for themselves. Master Hatton, the Smallfield minister, gave us a good sermon in the afternoon; the house was more than full; and we hope the Lord was there to bless.

### HARTLEY ROW, HERTS.

THIS little garden has not been at all times a quiet habitation. It has had its commotions and afflictions; its changes of ministers and deacons; its declinings and revivals; still it lives; it lives, because it is God's cause, God's house; it lives, because Christ has sheep to be gathered in and fed; and because, the Gospel of the kingdom must be preached down to the very end of time.

On Wednesday, June 6th, we had anniversary services in this place; and many gathered together to hear the word. The present church has existed since 1807: it has had several pastors; and consists at present of some decided good christians, to whom the word of life is administered by our brother John Osborn. Another day we hope to give a brief record of the late Mr. James, who was, for several years, one of the pastors of this church.

Mr. John Osbourn's wife—the present minister of Hartley Row—died somewhat suddenly on June 14, but a few days after the anniversary—on that occasion she appeared as well as usual.

## BAPTISING AT BROSELEY:

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

THOUGH long silent, I am neither quite idle, nor unobservant of passing events; but having nothing very pleasant to communicate, I have deferred writing from time to time. It is true I might have written of severe exercises, of gracious help, of deep depression, of timely relief! of weary conflict, of interposing mercy! of sad desertion, and sweet visitation! but as, in this, self must in some measure be the theme, I forbear, and send you a little sketch of a day of mercy enjoyed in this land of coldness and death. Some of your readers in the neighbourhood of Plymouth will doubtless remember a good brother, named Veale, who laboured with some degree of usefulness at Kingsbridge, among the inhabitants for eleven years, and at times rendered help to the friends at Trinity Chapel, as well as other places. Circumstances which I need not enter into led him from that part of the country to Birmingham, where he became known to me before my visit to Plymouth last September. He had often spoken to me on the subject of Baptism, and asked me if I would baptise him. As I am not in much hurry in these matters, desirous of knowing something of those I am permitted to lead into that holy rite, I did not hastily conclude upon doing so; but our intimacy increasing, and opportunity being given, I found my good brother to be what I hoped—a living, walking, christian man, and one calculated to be of some use in the church of God. He occasionally preached for me at Wolverhampton, which led to his being invited to Broseley, where my good brother's labours were very acceptable; and the request was again renewed that I would baptise him, to which I assented. And on Sabbath Day, April 22nd, I attended at Broseley for that purpose. On reaching there, to my pleasing surprise, I had not only to baptise my good brother, but three others also; and I could but remark a singular circumstance. On my first visit to Broseley on Whit-sunday, 1853, to preach the anniversary sermons for the school, I was requested to marry two young couples on the Monday morning, and on this present visit I found two of the candidates were one of these two couples that were then married: the other was a female beyond middle age, who had been waiting for seven years, but at last constrained to yield to the force of truth and conscience. The scene on Sabbath morning reminded me of what I heard of that interest in former days: the chapel well filled with an interesting congregation; the friends delighted that once more they were about to enjoy the Lord's mercy in the scene before them. I trust the Lord's presence and blessing was enjoyed while a few plain remarks were made relative to the subject that brought us together. I aimed to make a few remarks from "*What saith the Scripture?*" and I am thankful to acknowledge the Lord's help. After the service I then related the features of the Lord's dealings with my good brother as the foundation upon which I administered the ordinance, and admitted him to that holy rite—that, not in his ministerial capacity, but as

a believer in Christ Jesus, and one that had found mercy, I gladly and cheerfully complied with his request, blessing God that he had learned to prize a good conscience before the frowns of the world or those brethren who set aside the plainest dictates of the word of God. The scene was solemn. The Lord's presence and blessing was enjoyed; and I trust others were stirred up to ask seriously some solemn questions between God and conscience. There was one thing that seemed a little to mar the day: necessity was laid upon me to reach Wolverhampton in time for the evening service, as I promised to preach to my own people there that eve. I have heard that the church at Broseley have since given our good brother an invitation for twelve months, which he has accepted; and as he is a living, walking christian, I trust the Lord will make him a blessing to that part of Zion. There is a vast field of labour for a man of God and truth. My prayer is that God may pour out his Spirit upon preacher and people, and that the union thus began may be strengthened till the little one become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation.

I subscribe myself, not as formerly, on the Hill-top, but—

LOOKING OUT FROM THE VALLEY.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS AT SUTTON,  
IN SUFFOLK.

We have recently experienced the truth of the good old motto, "Unity is strength," and we realized great pleasure in joining our friends at Waldringfield on Whit Monday, at the Anniversary of their Sabbath School, and on Whit Tuesday, May 29th, they returned the compliment; and it is truly pleasing to see ministers and churches united and living under the influence of him who said "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

Our public service commenced at half-past one o'clock, on which occasion Mr. Pells, of Tunstall, gave us a very appropriate discourse from Matthew xi. 25, 26, "At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." After this some of the Sunday School Children contended for four Bibles, by repeating the 103rd and 116th Psalms, Ecclesiastes xii., and the first fourteen verses of 1 John ii. It was very interesting to hear the dear children (before a large congregation) repeating those portions of Scripture they had committed to memory, and great credit is due to the teachers and others who take a deep interest in these things. It may be that some of the good seed thus sown may by and by take deep root, and under the Spirit's influence, bring forth fruit unto God. The children sang several pieces, and good old father Runnacles, of Charsfield, concluded this service by prayer.

The children drank tea in the galleries, and

it was a very pleasing sight, (the total number of our school is 80) then about 200 friends partook of a comfortable tea in the chapel and school-room, after which the children and friends from Waldringfield assembled in the chapel yard and prepared to start, when the children sang a piece entitled "good night." Mr. Runnacles gave an address, and I engaged in prayer.

The public meeting in the evening was held in the chapel, over which I was requested to preside. After singing Mr. Pells offered up prayer; then Mr. Munro presented the bibles to the children, and gave them a short address; after which we were favoured with addresses by our brethren in the ministry—Runnacles, Goff, Brown, and Pells; and also, an address from a "babe" about 16 years of age. In the course of these addresses were pointed out the discouragement as well as the encouragement the Sabbath School teacher sometimes meets with, and the co-operation of the members of the church, and the parents of the children, was earnestly solicited. Soon after nine o'clock our happy meeting was brought to a close.

Thinking this may be encouraging to others who are interested in the present and everlasting well-being of the young and rising generation: perhaps you will find a place for it in your truly valuable and far-spread periodical for July, which will oblige,

Yours in Jesus,

June 4, 1855. WM. LARGE, Pastor.

#### A "YOUNG TIMOTHY" AT CARMEL, PIMLICO.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Believing a goodly number of the readers of the Vessel, are in the best sense of the term, free-thinkers; and that in some of their frequent cogitations, Carmel is often embraced, with all the fervency of christian desire, to learn somewhat of our estate, I have thought it good, with your permission, to notify unto them through your pages, what our covenant God appears to be doing for, and among us, at the present time; (in one particular at least) he having, as we trust, raised up our dear brother, James Butterfield, as a witness for himself, to bear forth the precious seed of life, the glad tidings of salvation, to poor, lost, and undone sinners; Our brother has spoken before the church three times, with savoury acceptance, divine power accompanying the word, with that benign, sweet, softening, and melting influence, which those that know, and love the joyful sound, long for, and delight to feel; beside which, my brother has been enabled so to speak as to extract the rankling canker of prejudice from one breast at least; and who most rejoiceth therein, my brother, as a proof afforded him of his call to the work, or the poor worm that now writeth, I know not; but trust it is in some sense mutual, for our furtherance and joy of faith. On the 22nd of April our brother supplied at Chadwell Street, for brother Hazelton, concerning which we have received an encouraging testimony. On the evening of Monday, May 14th, a special Prayer

Meeting was hold in Carmel on our brother's behalf, which I trust proved to be a season of sweet refreshing from the presence of the Lord: after which, some affectionate and solemn counsel and advice was given him by our beloved Pastor, from 2 Chron. xxii. 11, "Now my son, the Lord be with thee."

Our brother first spake publicly in Carmel on Wednesday evening, May the 23rd. The text was from the 6th verse of the 126th Psm. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

HENRY SNOTTER.

[The fifteen verses—as a paraphrase on the sermon—require a careful revision. The writer's pastor could do that well. Ed.]

#### THE

#### THINGS A CHRISTIAN LOVES TO SEE

ON Lord's-day, May 27, 1855, five persons were baptised in Bethesda Chapel, Ipswich, by Mr. T. Pooock, and truly it was a season of great joy to many; the sermon was founded on Acts xviii. 8; and a large number heard. May God's blessing attend it.

One of the deacons composed these lines on the occasion:

Oh, how I love baptising days,  
They are sweet times to me;  
I love to see poor sinners round  
From Satan's kingdom flee.

I love to hear them telling out  
Their dreadful plague of sin;  
It proves to me, beyond a doubt,  
That there's God's work within.

I love to see them pressing close  
To him they love so dear;  
Nor rest until they touch his hem,  
And feel their conscience clear.

I love to see them boldly come  
Unto Bethesda's pool;  
And be baptised in Jean's name,  
Though sinners call them "Fool!"

I love to see them rise again,  
To life divinely new;  
And follow on by faith and hope,  
As christians use to do.

I love to meet them in God's house,  
Commemorate the deed,  
Of him who hung upon the cross,  
And there for sin did bleed.

I love to hear them pleading too  
Held at the throne of grace,  
That God would all their sin subdue,  
And shew his smiling face.

I love to see them victors' too  
O'er all the power of sin;  
And proving by an upright walk  
That Jesus reigns within

These are the things I love to see,  
And this I won't deny:  
I love to be with them on earth,  
With such to live and die.

I love to meet them in the sky,  
With every saint around;  
To see the King upon his throne,  
With all our praises crown'd.

I often think upon his love,  
Which flows for ever new;  
Which gives to us a place above,  
To me, dear friends, and you.

Suffolk.

JOHN SHELDRAKE.

**THE LATE WILLIAM SHARP.**

BRIGHTON has sustained the loss of another minister of the gospel in Mr. Wm. Sharp, who died February 24, in his 73rd year. Mr. Sharp was upwards of forty years over a congregation meeting in an upper room in the Lanes, Brighton. Mr. Sharp's views of the ministry were in strict accordance with those of the late W. Huntington. In his early days he gave out the hymns for Mr. Brook, for whom the Church-street Chapel was built, who, for truth and conscience sake, gave up the living of the Brighton Parish Church, St. Nicholas.

Mr. Sharp's pulpit ministrations were not characterized by eloquence of words. He was a Scripture preacher, and spake as the word of God speaks. He shewed no Jezebel's proud face to deceive, nor did he use the arts of such who learn from colleges to preach, nor did he make merchandise of his holy office; for he gave up a lucrative business for a despised ministry, taking his example from the first followers of Christ, Acts ii. 37-47. Scripture authority was his rule—not ecclesiastical. Great simplicity, combined with sterling integrity and an inwrought experience of what he preached, characterised him in the pulpit. And in this strain, without deviation, he continued to the end of his work, which finished with the last Sunday of his life, having spoke on that day from the words, 'The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: thou maintainest my lot.' And before the next Lord's-day, after a few days' illness, he entered into his rest.

As Mr. Sharp was particular and singular, as well as solemn in the pulpit; he was equally so out of it. Brighton has seen in his primitive patriarchal life, a walker with God, and a world-condemning life. The profession of the gospel in the present day, he received as without a Scripture foundation, and opposed unto the New Testament plan and order of uprightness, and as such he walked apart from it. His life exemplified the doctrine he preached—'Faith wrought with him, and by works was faith made perfect.' And his end was honored of the Lord without a cloud; his sun set in joy, security, and peace.

**ANNUAL MEETING OF THE**

**KENT AND SUSSEX ASSOCIATION.**

THE Kent and Sussex Association of Particular Baptist Churches met for conference on the 5th and 6th of June, at Salem, Brighton. The Association sermons were preached by brethren T. Wall, (of Rye,) and J. Saxby, (of Crowborough); the brethren Grigg and Mountford, (the respected pastors of the churches at Dorman's Land and Seven Oaks,) likewise delivered savoury and refreshing discourses. The pastor, George Isaac, with the brethren Atkinson, (of Brighton,) Anderson, (of Potslade,) Alldis, (of London,) and many other ministering brethren, led the devotional exercises. Brother Lingley, the moderator, read an admirable paper on "The Atonement," which was adopted, and ordered to be printed as the circular letter of the body.

There are in the Association eighteen Churches—seven of which are without pastors—the number of members about 1392; during the past year sixty seven has been added by baptism and experience.

CORNELIUS SLIM, Sec.

**BAPTISING AT CHELMONDISTON,  
SUFFOLK.**

ON Lord's-day, June 3rd, 1855, Four disciples were baptised in the river Orwell, in the presence of hundreds of persons, and then added to the Baptist church in this village.

Our minister, Mr. Carpenter, preached in the morning from Rev. xxii. 14. At the water-side, he addressed the multitude from, "Nevertheless what saith the Scripture," After which, he gave a solemn charge in the chapel to the newly-admitted members, in the midst of a crowded congregation.

The day was exceedingly fine; not a breath of wind was stirring; the sun was shining in all its strength; the hills and woods on the banks of this noble river were newly arrayed in their richest emerald. The people standing on the shore, lining the windows, and filling the boats, presented an appearance the most interesting, while tokens of the Divine favour were enjoyed, testifying to the truth in the words of Christ, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

ONE OF THE CONGREGATION.

**ORIGINAL**

**LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA.**

*To the Church of Christ meeting for divine worship in Unicorn Yard Chapel, Tooley Street, London.*

BELoved Brethren and Sisters, whom I love in the Lord,—Grace unto you and peace from God our Father.

Through the rich mercy of our God I have been preserved through the dangers of the great and mighty ocean. O, bless the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together! I feel sure, my beloved friends, that your prayers have often ascended to our heavenly Father on my behalf, because I know that I possess so large a share of your love; and I believe our hearts are knit together with the love of God, which the apostle says, passeth knowledge. I hope, my dear friends, you are still walking in love one towards another, as was manifest to all around when I left you in October last, and that no root of bitterness has been permitted to spring up to trouble or disturb you. O, may he bless you and enable you to walk in love, for he that walketh in love dwelleth in God, for God is love. My beloved, he has been a God of love to me since I left you, yea, ever since I had a being. I sent you word when at Plymouth of the hair-breadth escape I had then experienced in the English Channel; well, my beloved, danger did not so stare us in the face all the rest of the voyage.

I told you I had found a few shipmates who professed the name of Jesus, and we had commenced a Prayer Meeting, at which my soul

rejoiced; but it pleased the Lord to let the great enemy of our souls rob us of our privilege, and greatly afflict my soul, for great darkness of mind set in on me and my wife, who was very ill and kept her bed almost all the voyage, and I could not find one of my companions that understood what soul-darkness meant; and if I attempted to speak to them of these things, they would stare at me and get away as soon as they could. So we were left alone to mourn like doves; yet, bless the Lord, he never left us to sink into despondency, or turn our backs entirely upon him, for he often appeared with some sweet promise, and thus kept us hanging upon him, from whom all our help cometh; and often would a cry escape my heart—"Lord, go before me, and give me again a place and a name among some of thy children." And, bless his holy name, he has heard me and answered me.

It pleased the Lord to grant us a very quick and a very safe passage after we left Plymouth. O, for a grateful heart to him who holds the winds in his fist, and the waters in the hollow of his hand! On my arrival in the land of my adoption, my first concern was to find some of the Lord's people, and after going from chapel to chapel, I found there was not a Baptist cause of the same faith and order which we believe to be Scriptural; but I found a great many Baptists who were strict when in England, had joined an Independent church here under the pastorate of a Mr. Stow. After searching farther, I found a few believers worshipping the Lord in our order at North Adelaide. Brother Ketter (formerly a deacon of the church at Cave Adullam, Stepney,) is on probation of this little church, and the Lord is making it plain that this is his place by blessing his preaching to the people. Truly, I can say, his labours have been greatly blessed to my soul. He is a very humble, faithful, and savoury preacher. Surely there must be a large field of usefulness for such in this place. He was much surprised when I told him his late pastor, Mr. W. Allen, was dead.

Well, my friends, as soon as I found this people after my own heart, I proposed myself and wife as members, and, thank God, they gladly received us; thus my prayers were answered. I find them, though few, a very loving, humble people, and feel quite at home among them.

Is my dear brother Banks in health? Has any of my brethren or sisters gone to glory since my leaving? I must close, wishing you every New Covenant blessing for a precious Christ's sake. Amen.

CHARLES & MARTHA HOOPER.  
Adelaide, South Australia,  
March 6, 1855.

#### SHORT REVIEWS.

"*The Saviour's Touch.*" By ISRAEL ATKINSON. London: Houlston & Stoneman.

This neat little six-penny book contains a running commentary on that interesting Scripture where it records the leper's appeal—"Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me

clean;" with the Saviour's compassionate answer and healing. Mr. Atkinson has taken occasion from this striking event, to pourtray the effects of the Holy Spirit's work in the heart of a quickened sinner, and the healing power of a Saviour's precious blood. This little book may safely be placed in the hands of all who are sincerely asking the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward.

"*The Cause of God and Truth.*" In Four Parts, &c., &c. By JOHN GILL, D. D. Waterford: Printed at the Bonmahon Industrial School; and Published by W. H. Collingridge, 1, Long Lane, London.

THIS volume is one of considerable value to the Churches of Jesus Christ. The learned and zealous Doctor has in this work, taken up all those portions of God's word which the opponents to divine truth urge in justification of their views; and in a simple, yet powerful and conclusive manner has shewn, to a demonstration, that not one of them countenance or teach the Arminian doctrines. Beside this valuable service which the author has rendered, there is the rich legacy bequeathed in Part iv., where the Doctor has given the testimony of a large number of the ancient fathers, in favour of the doctrines of distinguishing grace. There are two kinds of Biblical students that most certainly would do well to give this volume an earnest and prayerful reading. We mean first—those who are opposed to the doctrines of election, predestination, sovereign grace, final perseverance, &c., &c.—and, secondly, those who do believe them, but are often tried in their minds because they cannot reconcile some scriptures with the doctrines they have embraced. We say to both these,—(and especially, to that large class of young men now springing up and coming into the ministry,—) read Dr. Gill's "*CAUSE OF GOD AND TRUTH.*" Thanks to the Lord, and to Mr. Doudney, as his instrument, for producing an edition so cheap. Where ministers are accustomed to hold weekly Bible meetings, portions of this volume might, with much advantage, we think, be read.

"*Biblical Criticisms.*" By the late WILLIAM WALES HORNE. London: Houlston & Stoneman.

THE fourteenth number of the new edition of this book is now before us. The parable of the Sower is laid open in this and the preceding number. We wish in answer to constant enquiries, to inform our readers, that this work is progressing as fast as possible. The four first parts of the work may be had of any bookseller who will order them of his London agent.

"*A Letter to Dr. Cumming on Presbyterianism and Prophecy.*" London: James Manchee, Holborn Bars.

THIS is a striking little tract opening "*the brethren's*" views of the character of the church of Christ, and of the Second Coming of our Lord. The title-page led us to expect more than we found in the contents.

## THE FULNESS OF CHRIST.

How "glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders," is the God of our salvation! And among the wonders he has wrought, it hath pleased him that in the Lord Jesus Christ, our glorious Redeemer, all fulness should dwell. And how blessedly adapted is this fulness to the various needs of his people in the wilderness. From their first entrance in the Divine life, they begin to feel their need of blessings which can only be supplied from this fulness, this inexhaustible storehouse and magazine of all spiritual blessings—"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ." And herein we discover the wisdom of our heavenly Father, and a rich proof of his love to us, that in Him who is "the only begotten Son of the Father," "the Firstborn of every creature," the "Beginning of the creation of God," and the appointed "Head of the Church," this fulness should be treasured up for the use and benefit of all the younger brethren of the household of faith; nor need we fear that as in the case of our federal head, Adam, in whom God placed a fulness of all created good and native innocence, that our covenant Head will ever become bankrupt, and entail upon us disappointment, poverty and shame; his exalted character as the God-Man, his Personal union and Oneness with the Father, secures this fulness, while his entire Oneness with us, by taking our nature into union with his Divine Person, secures this fulness to the family of God; hence John says,— "And of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace." And how adapted to the several grades of this family are the blessings treasured up in him! To the truly convinced and quickened sinner, the Spirit in the Word testifies, that "In him we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace." To the soul whose ceaseless condition is hungering, thirsting, and panting after a sense of pardon, how encouraging this announcement! and when by faith he realises, by the application of the Holy Spirit, that the blood of Jesus Christ can and does cleanse from all sin, then the soul rejoices in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by

whom he receives the atonement. And as the Christian advances in the Divine life, and becomes sensible of his weakness and folly, in meeting many of the circumstances through which he is called to pass, how suitable to his depressed feelings! When the Spirit testifies, that "In him dwells all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," how eagerly he flies to the footstool of Divine mercy, and spreads his cause before this almighty Advocate, as Hezekiah spread the letter of Rabshakeh before the Lord, seeking wisdom to direct, and strength to support, crying,— "Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me." And when he proves that the Lord's grace is sufficient for him, and the Lord's strength is made perfect in his weakness, how joyfully does he call upon his soul, and all that is within him, to bless the name of the Lord!

Sometimes the soul in his journey is sorely beset with the temptations of the enemy; but when by the testimony of the Word, he is led to see that there is a fulness of succour in the Lord Jesus Christ, and that he was tempted in all points as we are; and that having himself suffered, being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted, how quickly does he seek that succour! and having obtained help against the temptation, how does he pour out his soul in gratitude and thankfulness to that great High Priest who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmity, "and was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

And, indeed, through all the varied and chequered scenes of life, and amidst all the different exercises of soul, through which he passes, the believer finds an all-sufficiency of help, strength, and comfort, treasured up in that "fulness which it has pleased the Father should dwell in the Lord Jesus Christ;" and there is yet another consideration, which, when enjoyed by faith, animates the believer, in the midst of all the trials, afflictions, and perplexities, of this present life, that there is treasured up in Christ a fulness of happiness, everlasting joy, and eternal bliss, "In his presence is fulness of joy, and at his right hand are pleasures for evermore." So that when we arrive at our Father's house, in addition to the mansion prepared for us, the Lamb which is the midst of the throne, shall feed us, and shall lead us to living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from our faces; so that, not only in time, but to all eternity, we shall prove, that, of his fulness have we received, both grace and glory. "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift."

W. H. WELLS.

*Mile End.*

THE  
EXERCISES AND THE MERCIES  
OF  
A GODLY MINISTER.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—It is now a long time since I hoisted a signal for your passing VESSEL to take on board a little account of our affairs, and how we do, and of the times that have gone, and are going over us; for, as Solomon says, "in the multitude of words there wanteth not sin," so I am persuaded that in much writing also the same defiling leprosy is not missing, and unless the Divine Spirit direct us, we are prone to extremes, whether we pray, preach, or write. Oh, for grace, that whatever we do we may do in the name and by the help of the Lord Jesus!

I assure you, since I last wrote to you my soul, from many causes, has been so chastened and humbled within me, that I have often been much discouraged because of the way, and I find it is not an easy thing to flesh and blood to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. It seem often to me, that my flesh is more rampant than ever, and more determined to reign and triumph over grace than I have heretofore experienced it; but it is written, "the elder shall serve the younger;" and although the flesh lusseth against the spirit, yet I can say, notwithstanding all the inward conflict and conscience I feel within, "that which I do I allow not," for the fear of the Lord is a clean thing, and by it regenerated men depart from evil.

Oh, my brother, I have indeed been learning lately, not only that there is no perfection in the flesh, but also to put no confidence in it. Oh, blessed thought—oh, sweet declaration—it is written, "Ye are complete in him; yea, accepted in the Beloved." Well might the Captain of our salvation say, "Be of good cheer, for I have overcome the world." Was it not for the humble hope and inward witness of this soul-animating truth, there would be no good cheer for my poor soul; but I do indeed, at times, feel that although I dare not put any confidence in the flesh, yet I am enabled to cast anchor by precious faith in him, who is the confidence of all the ends of the earth; yea, and I may say of such too, though the offscouring of all things now, they shall be one day lifted up for ever as polished stones to adorn the dear Mediator's crown, though while they are passing under the hands of the great Lapidary, the process of trimming and polishing is indeed solemn and severe, so much so, that when the useless crust and rough corners are flying off from the fingers' ends of the moving operator, I wonder whether anything worth his trouble will be left, only he has caused it to be written that he favours the dust of Zion; nor could the larger stones grow together as a temple of the Lord without this dust forming, through the Holy Spirit, a sort of cement, binding the whole together; for the greatest member dare not say to the smallest member of the body, "I have no need of thee."

But to return again to my former subject. It is written, "From all your idols will I

cleanse you." And again, "I will turn my hand upon thee, and purely purge away thy dross, and take away all thy sin." (Isaiah i. 25.) Surely that which is left shall be God's own work; it will be even as corn well sifted, yet not one grain shall be lost. Well, then, if from all our own idols we are to be cleansed, (and the Lord knows, and I know too, we have often many,) then this cleansing work will go on as long as life shall last; and we shall have to say, "We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened." Surely it is a mercy to be chastened by a loving Father after all, rather than be neglected, and to be suffered to pass on and be condemned at last with the world.

Now that God takes pains with us and exercises the patience he does is often a wonder to me; but it is said, "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver, and purify the sons of Zion, and purge them as gold and silver." (Malachi iii. 3.) Surely sitting implies patience. Oh, what a mercy, that God is a God of great patience with us when we have none with ourselves; but he changes not; therefore we are not condemned. Now, whatever be our thoughts of ourselves when we loathe ourselves before him, it shews we are valuable in his estimation, or he would not turn his hand upon us. Afflictions outwardly, and conflicts inwardly, are only as a sort of soft leather after all, wherewith God rubs up his golden candlesticks, or Paul would not have called them light afflictions; still they are all more than we could bear, only Christ's strength is made to appear in our weakness, and the weakest can say with Paul, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Again: we know purging is not pleasant, but it is profitable, and the dear Lord chastens for our profit, and for his glory. He is a jealous God, and says, "My son, give me thy heart;" nor will he allow a rival. It is a rare thing to be helped to say, "Search me, and try me, and see if there be any wicked way in me; and lead me in the way everlasting;" for I assure you I am often so sensible of the stumblingblocks of iniquity which lie in my way to a throne of grace, that I break out and say, "My wounds stink, and are become corrupt, because of my foolishness: yea, my soul cleaves to the dust;" and I should finally depart from the fountain of living waters if the Lord did not, of his mere mercy, rend the heavens and come down, and cause my cold waters to boil with a fresh sense of his eternal and unchanging love.

And now a word about myself as a minister, and I think I may venture to say, that the prayers of my brethren are much fulfilled and answered in my experience, for I often hear them begging of the Lord to keep me very low; and sure enough, what with the cares of a large young family of seven children, and being greatly entangled with the cares of a trying business, and scarcely an uninterrupted hour to read my Bible and study the precious Word of God, and the friends expecting more from me than any mortal upon earth, (situated as I am,) can by way of time, &c. bestow upon them, connected with many other things which

befal most churches, such as some of those who professed great union and friendship turning away; those things, connected with self-pity, of which I have no small share, is enough to keep any one, made of the same materials as I am, very low, especially when the blessed Comforter is, in feeling, so far from me, that I feel to be an ambassador in bonds. Oh, who can tell the labour of my spirit as the Lord's-day draws on, and when it dawns upon me! I do, indeed, know what Paul meant when he said "Who is sufficient for these things?" It seems to me, at times, as though satan is permitted to assail me and come upon me like a whirlwind; yea, he seems to smite my poor tabernacle at all four corners, and it is to me wonderful that I stand at all, either as a Christian or a minister. But

"Our Captain stood the fiery test,  
And we shall stand through him."

Oh, my Brother, what a tale I could now unfold with regard to the conflicts I have had, and even now are sometimes subject to, but I shall not do as Solomon's fool, utter all my mind, but shall try and keep it in till afterwards, or, in other words, shall tell none but God of it, and that too in secret; and he has said, "What thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter." "Now we see through a glass darkly," but in glory's opening day we shall say it was a right way our God brought us.

I shall now say a word or two about Rehoboth, and notwithstanding all the trials which have attended us in our journeying round-about, and up and down in the name of the Lord, we have great cause for thankfulness; and I think by the appearance of the spot of land where we now are, it must be between Mizpeh and Shen, for our enemies have been discomfited, and though the atmosphere is somewhat hazy, yet I can surely descry a very ancient and comely looking pillar, and by the aid of a good perspective glass that I have, I can plainly, at times, pick out the soul-cheering words—"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." And as I have given you some of the dark grounds of my picture I think it only fair to give you a few bright shades:—First, then, every expense that has attended Rehoboth has been over £1200, and more than £800 is now paid; secondly, we are upon the whole well attended, and though some have left us, yet others come in, so that our cattle scarcely can be said to decrease; thirdly, we have often testimonies that God does bless the word—to his dear name alone be praise; fourthly, there are many to whom the dear Lord not only has blessed, but does continue to bless my feeble testimony, and who have been raised up under our little apple tree, who stick by the stuff, and whose presence obeers their willing, but often deeply tried pastor, and whom I love for Christ's sake; and I will say of my people, that they not only love the gospel—many of them—but they do cheerfully, according to their ability, contribute toward its support.

We have had lately a good anniversary day,

and our Brother Newborn, of London, and Hanks, of Woolwich, were well heard by most who seem to love savory meat: and I do heartily thank, on my own behalf, and on the behalf of my friends, those of our brethren and sisters in the Lord who came from a distance on that day to pay us a welcome and friendly visit. And I would here name, that the church has lately given a very kind token of their Christian regards to me and their appreciation of my labours among them. But I have not been burthensome to them as a minister; yet none but such who have and who do travel a similar path can tell what a trial it is to serve God and mammon, and that too among a people with whom, from my infancy, I have been brought up. I do feel to want the whole of my time for the work of the ministry, and yet often have scarcely time to change my raiment and run from business to preaching. The words "No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life," &c. often seem to stand greatly in my way.

And now I must tell you that the Lord in his all-wise providence has removed from us a deacon, our senior one, by the name of Carrick; he died on April 27th, and has left a beloved and believing widow, and young family, to lament his loss. He was a brother beloved; not a faultless man, but a man of God, and one who loved Zion, and who, when living and dying, prayed for the peace and prosperity of our little cause. His whole sickness was under the sweet anointings and sunshine of God's special presence. Surely the Lord made his bed in his afflictions; yea, and abundantly refreshed and strengthened his soul upon the bed of languishing. I never witnessed a soul before, I think, so highly favored; for from his heart and lips flowed rivers of living water. His last words were, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!" He was a laboring man, and he labored hard, so that he might be at the house of God when the doors were open; and it was a rare case to find him absent. He has often told me how greatly the Lord has blessed the Word to his soul. I must indeed say with David, "Who am I, and what is my father's house, that thou hast brought me hitherto?"

But I must now come to a close, or your patience, and that of your readers, will be exhausted; and in so doing, I would say, that I should not even now have written, but have been often requested so to do; and many enquiries there has been, to know what has become of us; therefore, my brother, say we are between Mizpeh and Shen. With my Christian regards to you, and all that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, I remain your fellow-laborer in the gospel,

TIMOTHY THE YOUNGER.

*Rehoboth Chapel, Tunbridge Wells,  
July 17th, 1855.*

P.S. Since I wrote last, we have added eight by baptism to our number; but it really seems that the ordinance of baptism is, to many of God's own dear family, as frightful as a scarecrow is in the fields to the birds;



and I see plainly it is never brought forward at the right time, nor put in the right place, for such as are opposed to it; still, I hope to attend to it, till I have fresh orders from Him who said, (Matt. xxviii. 19, 20), "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Amen.

### THE FEAR OF APOSTASY.

DEAR FRIEND,—Since we have had acquaintance with the religious world, what a variety of vain disputations have we observed about those remarkable texts of scripture in the 6th chapter and 10th verse of Paul's epistle to the Hebrews. I will tell you what I have often felt when I have been reading those solemn and awful descriptions of apostasy—for ever since I began to draw near the Lord, I have felt an opposite disposition; that is, to draw back from following the Lord; "*prone to wander from him.*" Now such has been the effect produced in me in looking into that mirror that I have feared greatly lest I should draw back, and fall off after the same manner; and I have trembled at the Lord's word, and it has caused a cry to be kept pursuing—if ever so slow or ever so faint. And I trust the Lord has heard and answered my cries; for I have been kept pursuing until this very hour; more than thirty-two years: but this morning I felt as poor, as needy, and as vile as ever, and rather more so than usual: and Jesus appeared to my needy soul so desirable, I seemed to stretch forth my hands after him, and to open my mouth and pant for him; and I seemed to gain something; for I presently felt a great desire to praise the blessed Lord, and I tried to do so, and found a real sweetness in trying; for mine is only trying: I can never do it but in a very lamé halting manner:—mine be all lame and maimed sacrifices: and I saw sin enough in them while on my knees offering them, to sink me to hell. Yet I was not deeply distressed, for I hoped Jesus did salt them with his precious merits. Ah! brother; how precious is Christ to my soul! more than I can tell. But, to return. When I look at the Apostle's mind, and drift on behalf of these believing Hebrews, I uncommonly admire his love, wisdom, and grace. He saw some who had gone back; who had forsaken the assembling of themselves together, which was great grief to him; and lest more should do so, he seems to throw his whole soul into the work, to help them to stand against the wiles of the devil and their persecuting foes. As a defence, he sets Christ before them as the true sacrifice, the only sacrifice, the end of the law for righteousness, &c.; and the utter weakness of all other things. He then sets the awful glass before them, that they might see apostasy, and the awful end of apostates. Then he admonishes them to look back to their first illumination, and to what they endured—that great fight of afflictions; entreating them and admonishing them (like an affectionate father) not to cast

away their confidence which had great recompence of reward; also, their need of patience in doing and suffering the will of God—and of the certainty of the coming of Christ to redress and deliver them—that the life of the just is by faith—his grief at those that drew back—but his belief that they, with himself, were of them that believed to the saving of the soul—and not of them that drew back to perdition, as appears to have been the case with those that forsook the assemblies of the saints—*always a bad sign.* Then in the next chapter he brings up a great cloud of witnesses that lived by faith, and suffered as they were suffering, &c. I cannot enlarge; but it is delightful to me to behold that dear servant of Christ (with his Master's mind) helping these afflicted Hebrews against their strong enemies—so that those tremendous descriptions of character were written to the church of God, and to real believers, for their benefit, as a means to deter them from drawing back, and to encourage them to press forward and to hold out to the end—and this is the effect it has on my mind, and it was the effect the Apostle desired and intended it should have on those Hebrews *by the blessing of the Lord.*

I have thought Satan sets men at strife about who Paul meant by the description, knowing if he can set them at loggerheads in that way, he shall eat them out of the benefit arising from the sweet spirit of the matter—what a mercy to be led by the Lord!

I hope this is written with good design.

Yours affectionately in the vale of tears,  
*Ereter, Devonshire.* A POOR MAN.

### PROFESSOR D'AUBIGNE'S WIFE.

ON the 14th of June a large assembly met on the banks of the Lake of Geneva, to accompany the remains of Marianne, the beloved wife of Professor Merle D'Aubigné, to the burying ground at Coligny. She fell asleep in Jesus at 7 a.m., on the 12th, after many months of sever sufferings, borne with that reliance on her Saviour which could alone have brought her through without a murmur, and which many a night resounded in hymns from her sleepless couch. The Lord has been magnified and his servant exalted, for the honor of his own great name. Jesus was the theme of her meditation, whether in the midst of parching thirst, when she said she could fully understand the exclamation from the cross, "I thirst;" or in the parting message delivered by her beloved husband to a circle of weeping friends, "O tell them I love Jesus more; I never knew till now the depths of his love to us." Some days before her death she said, "If I were told I could now be restored to health, I would shed floods of tears." Her husband was her fondest care, and to leave him her greatest pang—but at last she had completely confided him, with every earthly care to her Saviour, being persuaded that he would send the Comforter to him. The exalted faith of her partner and guide desired a stronger demonstration of rejoicing than was at first accorded to her, but even that prayer was answered, and more than once sounds of triumph were heard, blessing the Lord for all his mercies.

## OUR BRITISH BAPTIST CHURCHES.

### ORDINATION OF MR. DAVID WILSON, AT SAFFRON WALDEN,

ESSEX.

On Wednesday, the 4th of July, 1855, Mr. David Wilson was publicly ordained to the pastorate of London Road Chapel, Saffron Walden, Essex; and the account which we have to present to our readers of that interesting occasion, though somewhat lengthy, will prove, we hope, acceptable—especially to such as are acquainted with Mr. Wilson.

#### THE MORNING SERVICE

commenced with singing, after which Mr. Newton, an Independent minister of Bumstead, an adjacent village, read the first chapter of Philipians, and offered up prayer. Mr. John Foreman, in his usually impressive manner, discoursed on the nature and constitution of a gospel church, of which the following is an outline:

Christian Friends: we are not met for the purpose of opening a new chapel, nor for an anniversary—but for a far more interesting purpose. I do not think I have been here since the opening of the chapel in 1822, when our dear departed brother Stevens preached the words, "*I will work, and none shall hinder*;" the truth of which you have lived to prove, and happily so under the ministry of the late Mr. John Dane Player, who departed this world, April 7th, 1850; after near twenty years' ministry in your midst. I pray the Lord may as clearly consecrate our meeting to-day, that the demonstration of heaven's approval may rest upon you another twenty years. Myself and brother Murrell belong to the old fashioned school—who have no sympathy with new forms or notions. We do not see that any of the new forms succeed beyond the old ones—and since we have the seal of God's approbation on the old things—we wish to let well alone—knowing that we cannot do better than *well*. I am aware that some folks say a great deal against our church meetings, and the office of pastor, &c., but they attribute to them what we never intended. We never intended to improve ministers by this service. Nor do we practice the laying on of hands—that the Apostles only did. We do not claim as belonging to succeeding ministers. But what others did we take as a standing ordinance to be observed by us. You ask, then, where do you find your authority for ordinations? Why, Titus you know, was not an Apostle, and to him Paul thus writes, "Set in order the things that are wanting, and *ordain* elders in every city." The words I would call your attention to, you will find in Acts ii. 47, "And the Lord added to the church daily, such as should be saved." There are here two ideas given of the true church. 1. The church by conception. 2. The church by birth. In one respect our text can have no meaning—God's elect are never added to, nor do they know any diminution. But then we have all come into the world sinners—and

1855.

no man can ever go in an unfit state to heaven. Sin fits man to destruction; righteousness only can meeten him for heaven. We look upon election as the conception; and while we look at the church in the unity of the spirit and in the bond of peace—we view it as far superior to any earthly institution—it has but one foundation—one kingdom—its laws one—one flock under the charge of one Shepherd. But in the order in which God has thrown things in time, we have different churches—we read of the churches of Christ in Galatia. So a church is but a little part of the church; and what constitutes truly the church, constitutes a church. None but effectual called ones have properly a right to membership here below. If you look at the 87th Psalm, you will find the progress of order, as recorded by divine inspiration: "And of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her; and the Highest himself shall establish her." There is a book that is made up—and a book that is not made up. The book of election and redemption is made up; but the book of calling and glorification is not made up. It has pleased our Lord to condescend to give us this word of encouragement, "Whosoever two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them, and that to bless them." Our God dwells on no strange property, but resides on his own fee simple; and wherever he has promised to be, there you may expect to find him—and though the numbers be small, we may call that a church of God—an elect assembly. Peter said, "Ye are built up a spiritual house." So, looking at what men must be to go to heaven, we look for the same qualifications for church membership. Dear John Stevens used to say, "They tell us their tale, and we hear them. We cannot search their hearts; and so we are compelled to believe them: but we get sadly deceived sometimes." Simon the sorcerer was baptised, but there was no blame to be attached to those who baptised him; and Judas was another example of the same kind. These teach us how near a man may be a Christian, where truth has no vital root in the heart; and we must expect none to stand, who are not added to the church by the Lord. Those *alone* compose the church, who are saved by the Lord Jesus Christ, "the only name given under heaven whereby we may be saved." Here is where we take our stand. It is not a natural church established by law, but is an assembly of heaven-born souls—stones hewed from the rugged quarry of nature. But while we speak of the materials as united—so the motives and feelings are one—it is from one well they all drink—one great sacrifice as the pleading argument at the throne of grace. And while these are united by no human laws, there is a kind of home to which they are brought,

where, as travellers, they meet together and talk of the journey. Pastor and people are like husband and wife, unto whom children are born; and we love to see children born in the faith. So in this house or home there are ordinances to be observed.

First, the *standing ministry*, or we have no business here to-day. But we have the word of our God for it: "I will give you pastors after mine own heart." And he has promised to be with us, shewing that these things are to continue. Secondly; *Prayer* is another ordinance which the christian cannot treat with contempt. Family prayer has been of the greatest comfort to the tried parent; and private prayer I would not part with for worlds. Social prayer has proved a blessing to thousands. Thirdly; *Baptism by immersion* is also an ordinance, being an open confession of having passed from death unto life. Fourthly; *The ordinance of the Lord's Supper*—"And they continued steadfastly in the Apostle's doctrine and fellowship; and in the breaking of bread."

I am glad that through all these changing years you have remained the same. Then as regards the officers of the churches. There must be a *Pastor*, one who has been taught and anointed by God the Holy Ghost. An unsaved man is not fit to preach salvation to men. Then as there are many secular things to attend to, *Deacons* are necessary, who have these three tables to attend unto—the table of the Lord, the Pastor's table, and the table of the poor. Thus I have given you as far as I can, a brief description of a gospel church; and now I should like one of the brethren to tell us how it comes about that we are met together this morning; how the Lord led you to call Mr. Wilson to the pastorate.

Mr. NICHOLS, the senior deacon made the following reply.

Beloved Friends.—"The Lord who bringeth the blind by a way that they know not, and leadeth them in paths that they have not known," was pleased to enlighten the minds of a few persons into the knowledge and love of the glorious truths and doctrines of the everlasting gospel, together with a sight and sense of their utter ruin and helplessness by the fall, and that salvation is alone of grace from first to last, and that its inward revelation to the heart by the Holy Spirit, is certain, sooner or later, to all the redeemed of the Lord; and did instil into their minds a sense of the obligation they were laid under to serve and honor him; and having nowhere to go where a certain sound of salvation could be heard to their satisfaction, considered it to be both their duty and privilege to meet together to seek direction of the Lord by prayer, with praise and occasional reading sermons—sermons by Dr. Crisp, Dr. Gill, Toplady, Eyles Pierce, and others, which was first began in the year 1818, and then publicly for the worship of God in the year 1819; and as far as he bestowed on them gifts to proclaim abroad that precious finished salvation that was so dear to their hearts; which, though attended with much opposition, they persevered in doing.

In the year 1820 a church was formed, con-

sisting of seven persons, out of which number was our late beloved pastor, John Dane Player, chosen, and with his acceptance set apart to the work and office of the ministry on the 17th January, 1821, continuing zealous therein for about twenty-nine years, and then the Lord was pleased to take him to himself by death, by which providence we were brought to experience a very painful bereavement, and a prolonged one, for the space of four years and upwards, which was attended with some trying circumstances; but Israel's God has oft given us to prove the truth of his promise, that he will not exceed the trial beyond the strength that's needful, and which he has oft done in his great kindness shewn and help afforded in sending many of his dear servants in the ministry to visit us, and ministering unto us the gospel of the grace of God, to the number of about 130 of them, and many of them many times over. May their kindness shewn ever lay near our hearts, and a Divine blessing follow their labors. But the long trial could not end till impatience and discontent brought us into much trouble, and bowed us down heavily; things looked dark to sense, but the Lord's timely aid appeared, granting us deliverance, and restoring unto us peace and unity, and did pour out upon us a spirit of prayer that he would revive us yet again, and send us a man after his own heart; and he was not long in answering our petitions, in a way which I have now the pleasure to relate to you.

In the month of March, 1854, a kind friend and brother who had oft supplied for us, named a Mr. Wilson, of Downham Market, whom he believed to be very suitable for us, and was open to a call; but he was afraid we were too late, as he had recommended him to another people—but he would have us apply directly. We did so, inviting Mr. Wilson for two Lord's-days; and although we were not first in writing, yet, through a want of knowing how to get to the other people conveniently, he would visit us first; at the end of which fortnight the church met, and gave Mr. Wilson a unanimous invitation for six months, which he accepted, and at the close of the six months a unanimous invitation to the pastorate, which also he accepted. We have had, we trust, in all this process, evidence that the Lord is among us—too much so to doubt of it; as also in the unity, peace, and concord, and delight, found in the worship and ways of God.

Thus, dear friends, have I given you a brief outline of the Lord's dealings with us as a church and people, and in our bereavement up to the time of the Lord again fulfilling his faithful word of promise—"And I will give you pastors according to mine heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding."

Mr. FOREMAN.—I never heard a better statement, though not a new one. In the forty-three years of my Christian life I have had to do with many Christian causes over the kingdom; and as I have gone from place to place, how frequently have I heard the progress and uprising of a cause attributed to

a few meeting together for prayer! The loftiest praises of God have grown on this slender root. Now, brother Wilson, will you please tell us how the Lord brought you from darkness into light.

Mr. WILSON replied: Dear Brother and esteemed Christian Friends—In an attempt of this kind, I feel distressed that I cannot give such a full and clear statement as I could wish; not that I doubt my conversion, but because my Christian experience has been marked by so many windings about. As briefly as I can I will endeavor truthfully to trace my earlier years. I was born in Scotland; my parents and relatives all belonged to the Seceding Presbyterians; and it is a rule with that body, so soon as the children are able to articulate, they are taught the rudiments of the Christian religion. So that as soon as I could utter words my dear mother and maternal grandmother instilled into my young mind the "Shorter Catechism," and subsequently the "Assembly's Catechism," thus leading me on to a general acquaintance with the principles of truth. These things made a very deep impression on my mind, which nothing could ever erase. But there was one doctrine against which my heart rebelled even in my younger days—it was the doctrine of election. But to pass by several years spent in folly, guilt and opposition to the gospel—I would say, that when about 20 years of age, I became acquainted with a company of infidels—I became as one of them—by whom religion was held in abhorrence; yet in all this I could not divest myself of the secret impressions wrought in youth; and these would sometimes return with such force that I knew not what to do. At last these convictions worked so fearfully upon my mind, that I feared I should be sent to hell. My despair was so great that I thought and feared the devil would run away with me in the night, and I should wake up in the bottomless pit. My dear father tried hard to persuade me to go to the Presbyterian chapel again—but I could not do so; but wandered from place to place, a miserable outcast, thinking I must do something to obtain the favour of God. Just at this time a party of Ranters came to the city of Carlisle, where I lived, and a friend invited me to go with him to their meeting, thinking it would suit my wishes. I went, and after a short time, cast my lot in with them. I became a through Arminian; and most sincerely did I set to work with all my might to obtain salvation. Sometimes I thought I was wrong, and then I strove the more; sometimes I thought I was a son of God, but some sin would overtake me, and then I feared I was not. This scene continued many years. Sometimes I thought I had propitiated the Divine Being, and again I thought I had sinned away my relationship. All this time to which I have referred I seemed to have no particular concern as to the depravity of the human nature; but one day this passage struck with terror into my heart—"Cursed is every one who continueth not in all things that are written in the book of the law to do them." My knees smote together, and I thought I must have fallen to the

ground. The agony I endured I cannot describe. What to do I did not know; but determined to double my diligence. I did so, but could not satisfy myself; for on all my performances there appeared to be written—"Coming short of the glory of God." This state continued some considerable time; but at length the happy day arrived when peace should be spoken to my soul.

I was in this state of mind when one afternoon I called at a friend's house. After I had sat there some time, my friend said, "Well, now we must have a little prayer," and immediately called upon me to engage in that exercise. With trembling I began to pour out my soul to God; and it was while thus doing that it pleased the Lord "to reveal his Son in me,"—and now for the first time his complete righteousness was presented before me; and instead of praying, I could do nothing but bless and praise his name for the manifestation made unto me. From that day to this I have felt something of the sweetness of that revelation: not always the same, but my joys could never arise from any other source than a view of Christ. I then saw what I was in the sight of God; and nothing but a full, complete, and everlasting salvation would then do for me.

Mr. FOEBMAN expressed his approbation of Mr. Wilson's statement, and called upon him to state how he came into the ministry; to which he replied—

Dear brother: When quite a youth, I had a great desire to be a minister—not from any good or sincere motive—but because I thought they were men of great knowledge and education; and good men, who were sure to go to heaven. After joining the Ranters, the subject left me for a time, but afterwards returned with greater strength. I therefore applied myself diligently to the study of the scriptures for that purpose, and I have now some copies of sermons by me, which I wrote at that time. The Ranters are very pleased to bring any one forward to preach—if they are but lively. Bye and bye they called on me to pray in public—so I began to do so. And I recollect one day as I was journeying onwards to chapel, the minister overtook me, and asked me whether I had not thought of becoming a minister. I declined answering the question. Upon another occasion, he put the same question, when I confessed that I had thoughts of the ministry. Very shortly after, I was appointed a local preacher; and ultimately, an itinerant minister. And now I had some fears as to my fitness, which I expressed to the minister; he told me not to fear, but press on as Wesley and others had done before me.

For seven years, I continued a travelling preacher; and it was whilst in that capacity, that God brought the passage to me that I have named, and it was while going to a village to preach that evening. The difference in my preaching was soon observed, and the cry was raised, "Wilson is become a Calvinist." The next morning, I went to one of the leaders, and he told me that if I continued to preach as I did that evening, I must leave the connexion. I told him I could not help it, certainly I could not preach differently. I therefore left them, and determined to preach

no more; so I went into business at Boston in Lincolnshire. I now began to see "men as trees walking." The ordinance of believers' baptism now began to trouble me; for to nothing had I maintained a greater opposition than to this. But in reading the 6th of Romans, I was persuaded.

As soon as I felt satisfied, I went to the pastor of the church near me, Dr. —, and told him the state of my mind, and my wish to be baptised. He asked me to preach—but I said, "No, Dr., I am resolved never to preach more." Still, I knew not what to do on the Sunday. I was proposed and accepted, and on the 5th of March, 1837, I was baptised. The minister, when announcing the baptising, said, "We shall baptise next Sunday, and brother Wilson will preach his own baptismal sermon;" and thus I commenced preaching again.

I was now taken exceedingly ill; and was not expected to recover. My medical attendant was the minister who baptised me. He, with some others, took a little chapel at Partney; and there and then, unknown to me, —while on my sick bed—appointed me to preach. The Dr. came and told me what they had done. I asked him how he could be so foolish. He replied, "Never mind, I believe you will get better—and well by the time you are intended to go." Contrary to the expectations of myself and all my friends, I recovered sufficiently to be driven down in a chaise, and went, trembling.

I continued at Partney for seven years and a half, and should, according to outward circumstances, have been there till now, could they have supported me. Eventually, I went to Hull, where I stayed some time—and there again I resolved to give up the ministry, and resigned. I was then sent for to preach at Downham Market, where I have been three years. The majority of the people I loved; but there was such a bickering spirit amongst some of them, and the support of the ministry lying so heavy upon a few, I felt constrained to leave. In this state of things, on the 8th of March 1854, I received a letter from this church, inviting me to supply their pulpit—I accepted it, and to-day is the result.

When I went to Partney, I went there a Fullerton; I found the people there almost too many for me. Thinking I should be the more fully armed, I read Fuller's "Gospel worthy of all acceptance," most attentively. In that work, I found this sentence—"None ever did, or ever will believe, but the elect of God." I involuntarily exclaimed, "Then what is all this nonsense about?" I left Andrew Fuller, and went to the pulpit—having no text—they sang the hymns, and still I had no text. But I had these words in my mind—"For he hath not appointed us to wrath," &c. This did not suit me, but I could not find anything else; so I began, and hobbled on; and I had not gone on long, before the blessed Spirit sealed home those blessed sentiments, which have been my meat and drink ever since.

Mr. Wilson next gave a brief review of his sentiments, and the doctrines he intended to advance.

The church then rose, and held up their

right hand in token of their call of Mr. Wilson; and Mr. Wilson held up his right hand, in token of his acceptance of their call.

Mr. Murrell then gave to the pastor and church (through the senior deacon, as their representative,) the right hand of fellowship, and

Mr. Foreman closed the morning service with prayer.

#### AFTERNOON SERVICE.

Mr. Alderson, of Willingham, read 1 Tim. iii., and offered up prayer. The beautiful hymn of Doddridge's was then sung:

"Let Zion's watchmen all awake,  
And take th' alarm they give—  
Now let them from the mouth of God,  
Their solemn charge receive."

Mr. George Murrell, the venerable and highly, and deservedly esteemed pastor of the baptist church at St. Neot's, Huntingdonshire, then delivered in a most solemn and impressive manner,

#### THE CHARGE:

My dear brother Wilson, I occupy this place, at this time, at your own request. I could wish that your choice had fallen on one more competent to fulfil the task. I do not know that any one could have done it with better feelings, or more affectionate desires towards you, than I do myself; but then these qualities do not always qualify a person to perform this solemn task. But then the Lord Jesus Christ has given you your charge; and the apostle Paul has given you your charge. Jesus says to you, and to all his servants, "Feed my lambs." And Paul says unto you—(for what he said unto the Ephesians, he says unto the whole family)—"feed the Church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood." And his letters to his sons, Titus and Timothy, contain your charge. Read them frequently—read them prayerfully—and you will find enough to employ your thoughts as long as you live.

However, I suppose I must try to say a something. I will endeavour to be free, and not great, for that would be the height of folly. I will try to be honest, affectionate, and plain; and would, therefore, lead your thoughts to the words found in 2. Tim. iv. 5.

"But watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist—make full proof of thy ministry."

You will not expect me to dwell on every sentence in this verse; nor shall I attempt to distinguish between an evangelist and an ordinary pastor—but come to the charge itself—"Watch thou in all things: endure afflictions (for they will be sure to come);—make full proof of thy ministry."

My dear brother—your post is a post of honor—which I suppose you will admit—but your post is also a post of danger—I apprehend there would have been no necessity for such admonitions as this in our text, if there were no dangers in the path. Aye, my brother, there are many, very many dangers that will attend thy path, and therefore, the apostle says—"Be on the look out; you have a watch-

ful foe — Satan is ever on your path — and therefore, great vigilance is required on your part." I would in the first place, say—

*Watch the state of your own soul.* Let personal religion be the first concern of your mind. You are not only a minister, but a Christian; and it behoves you to be attentive to your own spirituality. If your own soul be prosperous, your ministry will not be barren; but if your soul be barren, your ministry cannot be prosperous. I do think that you will require a very great deal of watchfulness, seeing that you have such a watchful foe. Satan will not leave you alone; and therefore, it is necessary that you should be exceedingly vigilant against so crafty an enemy. There are two things which render Satan especially formidable. The first is, *his invisibility*. You cannot discover his presence; and secondly, *he cannot weary*—for he is not body, but spirit,—he is all intellect—and cannot tire. If you and I are engaged in arduous work, we may get tired and weary—but Satan is a spirit and cannot tire. And as he is both invisible and a spirit, he will do you all the mischief he can. You are well aware, my dear brother, that you have a depraved nature — this you painfully know; and though God has planted grace in your heart — it has not removed that nature. Grace may counteract its workings—but cannot extract it. This insidious foe will try to work on these depraved principles; and these will undermine your spirituality, unless God be your keeper, and blesses you with a spirit of watchfulness. Let it be your first concern, not to get matter for the pulpit — but to have *the spirituality of your own heart maintained*.

2. *Watch in reading, meditation, and prayer.* God has committed this little flock to your care; and it is your bounden duty to feed them. He has made you a *steward*, and you are called upon to furnish the table with necessary provisions — to feed their faith, and not their fancy—to encourage their hopes, but not their presumption. Now, my dear brother, I would say, do not leave your work to do on Saturday. Be at your business all the week. I reckon our good brother Foreman is in his study all the week long. Try in the course of the week to gather some crumbs for the Sabbath-day. I have known what it is to have thoughts passing in my mind — and not being duly attentive, I have lost them. I can only say, if a pleasing thought should cross your mind, I see no harm in committing it to paper: for thereby it oftentimes becomes the better impressed upon the memory. But be that as it may, catch every gale that seems to blow from Calvary—set your sails so as to catch the wind of the Spirit. Again I say, do not leave your work till Saturday, but be at it continually.

3. *Watch the state of the little flock.* You will find an admonition to this purpose in the Proverbs.

Now God has put under your care a few of his dear children. You cannot tell how much he loves them. No man ever yet could tell the value of a Saviour's blood. Well, a part of those people whom God has set his heart upon — redeemed by the precious blood spilt on Calvary — he has committed to your care—and to

you he says — "Feed my sheep." You will have some strong men, perchance; though they are but few. I often tell my people at home, there is not a strong man amongst us. But there will be a diversity; some are often laboring under powerful temptations; and what tongue can tell what some of God's dear children suffer under such temptations? I dare not tell out, it would not at all times be convenient or advisable to tell out the vile temptations we have been the subjects of. Well, you must pay attention to the tempted soul. Some are weak in faith, and I love to get amongst the little children in the family, to hear their prattling. In such cases, we may perhaps detect some little blunder in theology; but they learn better as they grow older; and it is not wise to notice it. I have known some who would get hold of such a weak one — ask the poor thing some knotty question—to which he could not reply, and then laugh at him. Such things are very cruel, and I believe our heavenly Father will resent such conduct. Speak a word to encourage the fearful and the timid; and I trust God will abundantly help you to give "a portion to seven and also to eight." You cannot do better than imitate your master — he carries the lambs in his bosom; let them have a deep seat in your affections.

4. *Watch your doctrines.* This is a matter of deep importance. A man without a fixed sentiment, is like a ship without a compass, and will do little good. He will build up, and pull down, and pull down and build up. Now some ministers, you will hear preach, at times as high as the clouds, and then as muddy as Arminianism — flashes of grace and truth, mixed with creature ability. But I believe that God has taught you a fixed system. Out with it, brother, do not play at "hide, whoop! catch me if you can!" Consider the beautiful harmony of God's truth. Its beauty stands in its harmony; and so it is with the beauty of God's work throughout creation. Reflect but for one moment on the numberless planets which occupy the ethereal vaults — which are ever rolling, and crossing each other's path, yet never come in contact — no, in all creation, there is the greatest harmony; and there is a blessed harmony in gospel truth, and this constitutes its beauty. The construction of the human frame is a wondrous piece of workmanship — yet the beauty of it consists in the harmony of the whole. Cut off the head, the arms, the legs — and it becomes disgusting; its beauty lies in the harmony of the whole. It is possible to preach the truth so disconnected, as not to appear the truth. But if your mind is led to view the great whole—the vast scheme of reconciliation — its beauty will be apparent: I believe a man may preach predestination as hard as bullets, and he may preach it soft and sweet. I liked the remark of our brother Foreman this morning, that election, when known, was bread to the hungry soul. Yes, my dear brother Wilson, it is light, life, bread and wine, and everything that is cheering to the distressed child of God. Gospel truth is the bread of the family, and the girdle of the Christian's loins, and the fuel

that keeps up the fire of love in his bosom. Take away this gospel truth, and he has no food, no strength, no love.

Again I say, watch your doctrines: see you gather them from the word of God. I do not despise gathering from the works of good men. There are but few authors so savory to my soul, as Dr. Thomas Goodwin. His works have been meat and drink to my soul. Some of his sermons are rather dry in parts; but he now and then turns up some precious diamonds and jewels, which amply repay for the perusal. — But draw your doctrines from the word of God.

5. *Watch against a mere system.* A man may preach in harmony — yet give no salt, wherewith to relish the food. Look beyond system — you want the life and unction of truth — you want the dew of God the Spirit: that is the salt which gives it a relish.

6. *Watch against fancy.* I knew a man some years back, who came into our town, that had so much of this fancy work about him — twisting and turning the meaning of everything in such a way, that I was completely disgusted. Labor, my dear brother Wilson, to obtain the meaning of the Holy Ghost, and guard against the employment of fancy. I know that by watching your doctrines, you will regard the harmony of truth — trace effect to cause, and cause to effect. In the groan of a poor sinner, you will read election — in the sigh of the timid and fearful child of God, you will read election; and in the tear that courses down the cheek of the aged saint, you will read election — all, you will trace up to the eternal throne. And when dwelling on the ancient settlements, you will trace them through the channel of Calvary. Labor to distinguish between the sovereign and equitable works of God. To provide a surety — to impute our sins to that surety — and to impute the surety's righteousness to us, are sovereign acts. But for God to be satisfied, is an act of substantial justice; so that our salvation contains in it the spiritual right of government.

Here allow me to recommend to your notice, a letter by my late dear brother John Stevens, to young R—. R— was a renegade; he left baptism, and commenced sprinkling infants. Well, he went to Colchester, where Mr. S. was to have gone to deliver the charge — but Mr. S. was taken ill, and he sent this letter in his place. If you have not seen it, it is worthy of your perusal. I have sometimes thought that that letter would rise up in judgment against young R—.

I would repeat, watch the state of your own soul — only as your soul prospers, will your ministry be useful. Watch carefully your flock, to give them a word in season.

7. I have another observation to make — and here I feel that I am treading on tender ground — “*Watch your temper.*” I dare say you have got an old man as well as the rest of us. Nearly forty-five years I have been with one people, and I have to bless God for sustaining me. During that time, I have had many things to provoke me; and it has been hard work to govern my temper. You will have many tempers to deal with; and the old man will often be tempted to say, “I'll not

stand it.” Pray much, my dear brother, that you may be able to withstand these things — that you may be able, with kindness to answer every one in the spirit of God. There is one man in this church, whom you will find to be a deal of trouble to you; and it will require all the wisdom and patience you are possessed of, to keep him under. The name of that man is *Wilson*; and I don't think you will find anybody to trouble you more. You will be called upon to give reproof. Let it be your study to reprove persons for their own good, and not, as is too often the case with some ministers, for your own gratification. I could wish that you might be able to govern the church without being seen. We may often attain our ends by yielding to others. If wisdom and tact be exercised, we may maintain our position, and not be lordly bishops.

8. Brother Wilson, *Watch your moral conduct.* How sad it is when a ministers's heels get tripped up. The devil has done more by drawing away one minister, than though he had seduced half-a-dozen members. This heart has often grieved over my own follies, as well as those of others. You had rather die, than live to fall into outward sin. I would rather expire this night, than live to fall into crime to-morrow. No splendour of talent — no gifts, however great, can supply the place of a good moral character. I speak this freely, because I have always heard a good account of you. I am near seventy-two years of age, and I find no improvement in the depravity of the human mind. Watch against sin. I have one more remark to make —

9. *Watch your conversation in intercourse with your friends.* Be cheerful without being light. Decided, without bigotry. Cheerfulness becomes the man who enjoys the pardon of his sin — but if we do not watch, it may sink into levity. I have been pinched and trapped in this matter. A rich man, with whom I was on the most intimate terms, and whose house, I frequently visited — left my ministry, and became a Unitarian — and because I would not give up my Trinity, he tried to bring up against me some expressions I had dropped in his parlour. It behoves God's ministers that their speech be seasoned with salt. Be courteous, without cringing. I hope you will always be decided for the principles of truth. The Lord grant they may occupy a prominence in your ministry. May the Lord the Spirit help your meditations. Watch! endure hardness. Some of the people will give you a deal of trouble; and you will sometimes find it necessary to be deaf, dumb, and blind. When brother Irish went to Warboys, he was asked whether he could swallow faggots, and whether he could bear to be made a knocking-block. It did not deter him from going. He went; and God has blessed him there; and I do hope and believe God has sent, and will bless you here. I pray your union may be a lasting and a happy one. I leave what I have said to your consideration; only recollect, you have your echarge from Christ. The Lord bless you. Amen.

Mr. Foreman preached to the people in the evening, from Eph. v. 2. It was a luminous, experimental, and masterly production.

ORDINATION OF MR. F. PEARCE,  
AT ROAD, SOMERSET.  
(Continued from p. 185.)

On Thursday, May 17th, 1855, Mr. Frederick Pearce was recognized as pastor over the Baptist church in this interesting village, situated in one of the most rural districts of this flourishing and romantic locality.

The services of the morning commenced by brother Webster of Trowbridge giving out the 132nd Psalm, (Dr. Watts,) and by brother Rogers, of Frome, reading part of the 2nd chapter of the Acts, and then engaging in prayer. Brother Blake of Broughton Gifford, gave out the 417th hymn, (Rippon); after which, brother Hawkins of Bradford stated the "nature of a Gospel church," taking his text, 1 Tim. iii. 15, "The church of the living God." The subject was introduced by shewing the *abuse of words*, such as "church" applied to a building, district, or city, as Rome; or to a nation, as England; or to saints, as St. Paul's or St. Peter's, &c. The unscriptural character of a *state church*—the folly of a *secular head*:—no head but Christ.

The speaker then set forth the church as an *assembly of true believers*,—the church of the first born,—God's flock,—the catholic church in every place. He then proceeded to treat of the *members* of the church; as chosen of God in eternal and personal election; as regenerated persons, called out of darkness into marvellous light; as united by bonds of love, meeting and worshipping together for edification and God's glory. As exercising the right to elect their own officers. This led to the consideration of the *scriptural officers* of the church: spiritual, as bishops or pastors; temporal, as deacons. Here the speaker strongly repudiated all "archbishops, or archdeacons;" and then he set forth the *ordinances* of the church of Christ. Christ, as the only lawgiver of the church, was scripturally enforced; and the folly of *baptismal regeneration* shewn. Baptism in relation to its *subjects and mode*, was clearly and scripturally defined; and the Lord's Supper set forth as in remembrance of Christ's sufferings, death, and obedience; strongly adverting to the unscriptural doctrine of *transubstantiation* or *consubstantiation*. The *discipline* of the church was enforced, as in love for the recovery, not destruction, of offenders. The church of *man* was shewn to be a *persecuting church*—the church of Christ needed no sword, magistrate, or prison. The church had no authority to *enact laws*, but to execute those instituted by Christ;—in conclusion, the privilege of *church fellowship* was enforced upon believers.

Brother Webster of Trowbridge then ascended the pulpit to ask the usual questions, &c., and having explained the nature of this part of the service, not as *inquisitorial*, but to receive the personal testimony of the Lord's dealings with our brother; both in respect to his call by divine grace, his call to the ministry, and, the doctrines which should form the foundation of his ministry. Our brother then called upon the senior deacon to relate the circumstances which led to the assembly of

that day. Brother Saunders then read a most interesting account of the rise and progress of the church; and of their being led, several years since, and at the present time, to the person of brother Pearce, whom they had now chosen to be their pastor. Brother Pearce then gave a brief, but affecting account, of his conversion, baptism, and addition to the church under Mr. Seymour, of Bradford; of his severe exercises concerning the ministry, and his call by the church to the work; his subsequent labours, and his reasons for accepting the present call, in preference to others, which presented themselves. This closed the morning service.

In the afternoon brother Rodway of North Bradley, commenced by giving out the 410th hymn, (Rippon); brother Blake of Broughton Gifford, read a portion of Scripture, and offered up in a most impressive manner the Ordination prayer, and brother Preece of Westbury, gave out the 412th hymn, (Rippon.)

The *Charge* was then delivered by the venerable John Andrew Jones, of London. It was a volume of sound, weighty, and rich old divinity; reminding us of the style of the puritan fathers; and was listened to with profound attention by a crowded and deeply impressed audience.† Brother Nerval, of Bradford, then gave out the 416th hymn, (Rippon), and brother Jones concluded with prayer.

The evening service commenced by singing, when brother Bourne, of Grittleton, prayed; and brother Hawkins, of Bradford, then delivered the sermon to the church, from 1 Cor. xv. 58, which he opened up by suitable preliminary remarks, and then proceeded to consider, 1, The relation sustained; 2, The privilege enjoyed; 3, The stability enjoined; 4, The usefulness; and finally, The *love* which should ever distinguish the church of Christ. The brotherhood or relation not hereditary, national, family, or enforced, but originating in eternal election by the Father, in union with Christ our elder brother; made manifest by God the Holy Ghost in the spirit of adoption, ensuring the eternal home of the family: and the instruction, correction, and meekness for the heavenly inheritance.

The privilege.—The church a working church; but, it must be the work of the Lord; scriptural direction, spiritual qualification, constant action from life, entire dependence,—increasing delight,—no work in vain if under divine direction and dependence.

The stability.—To stand fast, to contend, to keep the faith in all its doctrines,—in gospel ordinances. The usefulness of the church, to accomplish the designs of eternal love; to benefit the nations in temporal blessings of liberty and universal peace. The world indebted to the church for all its most valuable institutions. The *love* which should distinguish the church was enforced; 1, Towards *their Pastor* as their choice; as the servant of the Lord, to esteem him, to help him, to pray for him, to support him, (in which some churches are very deficient.) 2, To the dea-

\* This account is inserted in *Earthen Vessel* for July.

† We are promised the substance of this charge for insertion in the *Vessel* of September.



cons, as having a very solemn and responsible office; not to *rule* but to *serve* the church.

3. Towards the members, bearing and forbearing, provoking to love and good works.

4. To the young, in counsel and instruction,—love and kindness to neighbours, and even enemies,—love to constrain in giving,—love to cheer in suffering,—love to silence enemies, “See how they love one another.”

In concluding, the preacher gave some *valuable* hints on the conduct of church meetings; said to be the ruin of our Baptist churches by their secular, polemical, and party-spirit character. He recommended that they should be of a devotional character, of an experimental spiritual tendency; that they should not be protracted, that mere matters of a secular, disciplinarian, or pecuniary character, should be well understood by the *Pastor* and *Deacons*, and that all personal remarks should be forbidden. That these meetings be not too frequent, except for the admission of members, or godly conversation. “How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.”

Brother J. A. Jones gave out part of the 114th hymn, (2nd book, Watts); and the newly ordained Pastor concluded in prayer. Thus ended the solemn services of the day.

The Baptist chapel at *Road*, is a neat building, with a school-room, and sufficient burial ground. It would, with the gallery, hold a good congregation. The church consists of 80 members, with a good Sunday School. In the villages around are thriving Baptist interests; Rudge on the one hand, and Philips Norton on the other; with Beckington on the Frome road. At Southwick there is a flourishing church, and the mother of most of the churches in the neighbourhood. These are now all without pastors, except Beckington. At Frome, five miles distant, there are four Baptist churches; and at Trowbridge, five, including one General Baptist or Arian. Thus it will be seen that the Baptist interest in these favoured parts is predominant. To these may be added the churches at Bratton, North Bradley, and three at Westbury, Westbury Leigh, and Pennapp; all within a few miles. There are two churches at Bradford, one at Turley, one at Simpley Stoke; and preaching stations in abundance supplied by zealous and useful village preachers.

*Trowbridge.*

J. W.

#### RECOGNITION OF MR. F. COLLINS, AT COLCHESTER.

THE public recognition of Mr. Francis Collins took place at the Baptist Chapel, Lion Walk, Colchester, on Monday, June 13th, 1855. The day's services were greatly honoured by the presence of the Master of assemblies; a sweet, holy and cheerful spirit pervaded the congregation, and the ministerial addresses were pregnant with sound, wholesome, scriptural counsel, delivered with great clearness, liberty and power. Throughout the day a cloud of Divine incense ascended from the altar of regenerated and grateful hearts to heaven, for the manifested mercy of God to

his dear people at Colchester, in the high and spiritual blessings of that day and its occasion.

In the morning the service was commenced by singing, after which Mr. Rolls engaged in prayer. Mr. Samuel Collins, of Grundisburgh, then stated the nature of a gospel church in a lucid and graceful manner. He stated the reasons of our dissent from the Established Church of England conclusively, answering certain objections brought against strict communion, both by Churchmen and Independents; and he then proceeded to draw the outlines of the constitution of a gospel church, taking for his model the church formed by Christ at Jerusalem. This was done with marked ability and deep solemnity; it was a statement sound, scriptural, savory, and full of instruction.

Mr F. Collins was then called upon to give a statement of the work of grace upon his soul. He stated somewhat as follows:—My first convictions of the reality of divine and spiritual things were given me when about the age of seven. I distinctly remember, when alone in my bed-room, receiving an overpowering conviction of the wrath of God, a devil, a heaven and a hell, which brought me to feel, in some degree, that something must be done in order to escape hell and get to heaven, for I felt I had sinned and my condition was not a safe one, but how to escape from the one and secure the other I knew not; but my conclusion was that I must pray, for nothing could be done without prayer, and I fell upon my knees to pray for the pardon of my sins. From this time I began to attend with seriousness and sincerity the ordinances of religion, believing that all who did so went to heaven, and that, by such a course, I should be safe of going there when I died. These convictions never wore off, but exercised a restraining influence over my life during the days of my childhood and youth, preserving me from many shores in the which otherwise I should have been entangled. And who can tell the blessings for which a child of special providence is preserved?—as was Joseph to his dear family—as was Moses to the church of God. Nevertheless, at this period, I was ignorant of the gospel, nor were the fountains of my heart's depravity disclosed to my view; but the special care the Lord exercised over me in childhood and youth demands a song of praise. At the age of nineteen, I joined a society of Christians, called Wesleyans, and now I began to pay all diligence to the trimming of my lamp, and of securing, by my sincere and incessant labours, a large and plentiful stock of oil. This brought me soon into notice, and while I grew into mighty consequence with myself, the vanity and deception of my soul was fed by the flattering commendations of others. It is true, I laboured long and arduous, in great sincerity, but in great ignorance, for I as much calculated upon the certainty of my going to heaven by my course of consistency in the flesh, duties to God, and religious attentions, as upon the certainty of the sun's going its diurnal course. Thus I continued regular in attendance upon prayers, fastings, vigils, and zealous prosecut-

ing all possible means for saving myself and those around me. With all my religion, (and I was supposed to possess as good a share as most in that county at that time,) I was in awful ignorance of the plague of my own heart, the nature and extent of the righteous law of God, and the perfect justifying righteousness of Jesus Christ. But the days of my religious importance was numbered; the period was soon to close of the deception of obtaining life by works. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name." The Lord was pleased to allure me and bring my soul into the wilderness, where no water was, a land of drought and of dragons, of blasting and mildew—chambers of imagery was presented to my soul, that was appalling and distracting. I was not to be cheated out of my heavenly inheritance by the machinations of a self-righteous devil. To prevent this, the Lord sent home the law in all its convicting, condemning and ruling powers, which worked wrath and all manner of inward darkness, bondage, and misery—anguish filled my soul, the fountains of my religious pleasures became dry, my malady became incurable—to pursue my duties and regain my confidence I attempted, but all was a failure—sin working, tyrannising, the devil fearfully tempting, guilt and misery indescribable scaring me, in dreams by night and terrific fears by day—restless, discontented, presumptuously wishing for death, even at the risk of damnation—deep was my wounds and sore my distress, ever and anon trying the old remedy for relief with bitter disappointment—my burdened soul was exposed to Divine vengeance, but where to fly for refuge I knew not; sometimes, in a state of sudden despondency, giving up all hope, for the more I tried the worse I became; no soul such a great sinner and so wretched as me, truly the chief I am. At times I was enabled to go into secret places and weep and mourn, and try to pray for deliverance, confess my sin, urge my case, and beg for God's mercy. I was indeed weak, helpless, ruined, and my heavenly Deliverer was pleased still to hide his face—my religious acquaintance stood aloof from my sore, they understood not my case, and I was ignorant myself of the way of deliverance; I had many times exhorted others to believe, to be happy, to enter into the kingdom of heaven, but now I found I could as soon create a new planet as subdue my sins, or command the faith which saves the soul. My freewillism broke down under the rebukes of God, and my religious clothes of self-righteousness were shivered and become loathsome, and now a little remedy would not suit. During these afflictions I was harassed not a little with the temptation to disbelieve the being of God, and to reason myself into the belief that there was no heaven, no hell, no bible of truth, no religion. From this fearful gulph the Lord wonderfully delivered me. Also to the horrid crime of suicide; but here again my Lord foiled the tempter. My deliverance here filled me with surprise of soul—"When I said, my foot slipped, thy mercy, Lord, held me up." It pleased the Lord in the order of his providence in a mysterious way to bring me to

London, where I became settled. Was led to Surrey Tabernacle, where I heard Mr. James Wells; and here it pleased the Lord to break my chains and set me free: it was on a Lord's-day evening, while Mr. Wells was preaching from Psalm lxxv. 5: "By terrible things in righteousness," &c., I was enabled clearly to see and rejoice in the fact, that the Lord God of Israel was my God. Now I felt my heart sweetly melted—my darkness and misery fled—my fetters were dissolved—the thunders of satan were silenced by the precious blood of the Lamb applied; peace prevailed; God became the Confidence of my heart; copious were the streams of joyous exultation. The Father was reconciled; the Son was my Surety and Saviour; the Spirit testified of my election, redemption, and adoption. Now I saw such glories in the face, the Person, names, works, triumphs, word and offices of Christ, that it ravished my heart. Language fails, figures all fail, to express the supreme excellencies of his dear name. O praise the Lord with me, and let us magnify his name together!

Mr. Collins then related his call to the ministry, and also gave a statement of the doctrines he believed and preached. The service lasted from 11 o'clock until about 2. The Lord was present, and the people were glad.

In the afternoon our old tried friend and beloved brother, John Foreman, delivered the charge from Phil. ii. 7, "But made himself of no reputation."

The preacher then proceeded to address our brother Collins in great plainness, affection and fidelity. It was an address worthy of the occasion, and gave great satisfaction to all. May the Lord graciously sanctify it to both pastor and people.

In the evening Mr. James Wells preached to the church from Matt. vi. 22, 23—"If thine eye be single," &c. Our highly esteemed brother was truly alive to his work, and most ably opened up the depths of that interesting portion of God's Word, giving sundry counsels of no ordinary importance to both minister and people. Truly may it be said, "What hath God wrought?" The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad!"

The services were well attended, and the desire was generally expressed for a long continuance of the mercy recognised that day, in increased and increasing peace and harmony, spirituality and prosperity. Amen.

#### ANNUAL MEETING AT

#### UNICORN YARD CHAPEL, TOOLEY ST.

It being just twelve months' on Tuesday, June 24th, since the Baptist Chapel, Unicorn Yard, was re-opened, after being restored, a tea and public meeting was held to commemorate the same. A large party of friends partook of tea at half-past 5; and at half-past 6, the chair was taken by the pastor; brother White supplicated the Divine blessing on the minister, church, and congregation. The chairman then called upon one of the deacons to give the friends present some account of the Lord's dealings with them during the past

year, as a church and people, which was reported to by Mr. Henry Hanks, as follows:

"CHRISTIAN FRIENDS.—This being the first anniversary of the re-opening of this place of worship, we are anxious to give you a short report of our procedure during the past year; and here, indeed, we would raise our Ebenezer of praise and thanks-giving and say, 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.'

"When this ancient church at Unicorn Yard invited Mr. C. W. Banks to the pastorate, the church at Crosby Row then united with them and became one church; their numbers speedily increased from 31 to 181, so that, the chapel having been thoroughly repaired, and the attendance being encouraging, an entire new aspect was evident, and often have we heard the friends formerly worshipping here express their heartfelt gratitude to God at seeing so favourable a result from the union thus brought about.

"The former deacons of this chapel (three in number) wishing that peace and harmony might dwell among us, thought that it would be advisable, as the church had so increased in numbers, to resign their office into the hands of the church, giving them an opportunity of making their own selection of brethren to serve in that office; they therefore voluntarily resigned, and the ballot was taken for seven deacons, two of which were re-elected, as having formerly held office. The brethren are now unitedly engaged in promoting the interest and comfort of the pastor, attending to the wants of the poor, as well as having an anxious desire for the prosperity of the cause and the glory of God.

"The cost of the repairs of the chapel and house, amounting to £400, has been paid within about £40. A Sabbath School has been established; a Dorcas Society is in operation; and the Sick Society revived—all of which, we have reason to believe, have the approbation of God, and are promising to be very useful in this densely populated neighbourhood.

"We have also manifest tokens of the Divine presence; for although our pastor is often, through excessive labor, suffering extreme weakness and debility, yet it is our mercy to have a living, faithful ministry, and there is evidently, at times, great power in the word, and it is greatly blessed to the feeding of the flock of Christ, which he has purchased with his own blood, as well as confirming the wavering, causing them to be decided for God, and arousing the thoughtless; so that we have had to say, with thankful hearts, 'This is none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven.'

"During the past year we have received by experience, 17; by baptism, 5. Total, 22. Loss by death, 5; by dismissions, 5. Total, 10. Making a clear increase of 12. Our present registered number of members, 198. The work of the Lord is still going on, as others have been proposed for membership, and four are now waiting for baptism. Thus, while we are thankful to our Covenant God for that

measure of success which he has granted us, we would say, 'Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity;' and desire ever to cherish a spirit of love and affection, earnestly praying that the Holy Spirit may be more abundantly poured out upon all the churches, and that they may be found 'striving together for the faith once delivered unto the saints,' and that glorious time hastened on 'when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters do the channels of the great deep.' 'Send now, we beseech thee, O Lord, send now prosperity.'"

After the report, brother Messer gave us a very animated, instructive and profitable address; followed by brother Stringer, who found his way to the hearts and souls of many present, who fain would have sung,

"Here my best friends, my kindred dwell  
Here God my Saviour reigns."

Then came our brother Chislett with a sober and solid address: after which brother Chamberlain gave us a few words of advice. The hour being late, the meeting was then closed, which many testified had been the happiest season they had experienced for some time.

In the course of the evening, one of the deacons presented the pastor with a purse of gold, and the following address:

"Dear Pastor—Having been requested to perform the pleasing task of presenting to you, in the name of this church and congregation, a testimonial expressive of the warm attachment they feel to you, both as an honored and faithful servant of Christ, and a sincere christian brother; I now present this purse to you with the warmest affections of my heart, believing that you will receive it, not for its value and acceptability merely, but as an additional proof that, notwithstanding all your trials and afflictions, you live in their affections, their sympathies, and their prayers; and hereby pledge themselves to hold up your hands in every possible way they can; and, although the Lord may not see fit, for wise purposes, to grant you the full desire of your heart in your work, yet it is so evident that the Lord is with you, it is our firm belief, that it is your's to bow to the Sovereign will of God, and in his strength go on.

"My dear Pastor, it is our united earnest prayer, that you may be long spared to us in usefulness, and that you may enjoy much of the sweetness of the truths you preach to others."

#### OPENING OF SALEM BAPTIST CHAPEL, COGGESHALL, ESSEX.

MR. EDITOR.—You will oblige a large circle of Christian friends if you will register some of the proceedings of one of the happiest days we have been favored to enjoy for these many years in this quiet corner of the county of Essex.

The old Baptist Chapel which has stood the tug and tear of many storms during the last sixty or seventy years, had become not only unsound, but unhealthy; and so damp and

dilapidated that many feared to enter the place. Never, we think, was the kind hand of a wise and gracious Providence ever more conspicuous than in the commencement and completion of this new era in the Baptist interest. To all human appearance had no one's heart been stirred up to raise a new altar for the worship of God in this town, the cause of Divine truth, and New Testament gospel practice must—in some measure—greatly declined.

But "the Lord reigneth;" the government of Zion is on his shoulders; the welfare and continuance of the visible church on earth is in his heart, and, her prosperity is too closely identified with his own glory ever to forget or forsake her in her days of adversity and sorrow.

The Baptist cause at Coggeshall had sustained many a shock; and when her old pastor, Mr. Bevitt, died, her weakness caused her best friends to tremble for her safety. But, oh, what an inexhaustible fulness is treasured up in the purposes, powers, and possessions, of our glorious covenant Head! When the Lord sent us our present much-beloved pastor, brother Collins, among us, he sent us a useful and a faithful man; he sent us a ministry which has been instrumental in holding us together, in strengthening our hands, and in increasing our numbers.

Some time since, a legacy of ten pounds was left to Mr. Collins for him to use it in the best way he could for the good of the cause. At a church meeting he simply asked—"What shall I do with this £10?" A brother proposed that it should be laid down as the first instalment towards erecting a new Baptist chapel in the town of Coggeshall. This was agreed to—and a subscription was commenced—a contract was entered into—the building was erected; and on Wednesday, June 27th, one of the most compact and convenient, one of the most modest-looking, yet thoroughly substantial Baptist chapels to be found in this kingdom was opened for the worship of God, by sermons preached by Mr. C. W. Banks, and Mr. C. H. Spurgeon. Some of our friends would be thankful to have a small memorial of the nature of these discourses; but I know your space will not allow. Let me say in conclusion, that early in the morning we had a solemn meeting for prayer; at eleven o'clock, the opening service commenced. The chapel was well filled with a large and attentive congregation, while our friend C. W. Banks preached a sound discourse from the words—"And mine elect shall long enjoy the works of their hands." We found the little earthen vessel filled to the brim; and many of our friends rejoiced in a happy realization of the Lord's power and presence under the first sermon preached. The afternoon and evening sermons by Mr. Spurgeon were truly edifying; and the powerful appeals which he made both to conscience and character were, we hope, attended with the Divine blessing. Not less than fifteen hundred persons listening to his testimony in the Independent chapel, very kindly lent to us, and above £35 were collected. Our friends at Coggeshall need a

helping hand, and that strong Arm which has long helped them, will not, I hope, fail them now.

#### A BAPTISED BELIEVER.

[It may be useful to some churches who are about to build, to state that the greatest astonishment was expressed by all on the opening day, at the comparatively small sum for which so substantial and commodious a place of worship had been erected. Mr. Gibbons, of Ipswich, the builder, was spoken of in the highest terms, as a gentleman that had in every way fulfilled his engagements, and considered the interests of the cause.]

#### WANDSWORTH ANNIVERSARY.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—According to appointment, the anniversary was held on Tuesday. It proved a blessed day to my soul, and I have no doubt to many others. Our dear brother Kershaw preached in the afternoon from Phil. iii. 3. He introduced his subject, in which he spoke of dogs—who they were; he then divided his text into four parts: 1st, What was the circumcision? 2nd, What it was to worship God in Spirit; 3rd, Rejoicing in Christ Jesus; 4th, Put no confidence in the flesh. He spoke of the temporal circumcision of the Jew, then most blessedly went on to shew the circumcision of the heart; how our Father in love to us brings home to our conscience the law of God by the power of his Spirit; and as of old times the sharp instrument was used for the circumcision, so is the circumcision knife a sword of the Spirit, used by the Blessed One. How Saul of Tarsus could prove that! so can the children of God in our day, more or less. The next worship God in Spirit. Our dear brother said that with him, when at the throne pleading with his Father, how often satan annoyed him as to what he was until the blessed Spirit came and directed his mind to the Lamb. He then said there was a time when he set about his own salvation, doing a part, and Christ a part; and oft it is we sew the new cloth (Christ's righteousness) upon our old garments. He told us how God stripped us, and made us worship him in spirit and in truth. Rejoicing in Christ Jesus. He said, does the joy that the poor soul (when brought into liberty) has, spring from the creature? No; it is from a view of Christ's love given to him to enjoy by God through his Spirit to look in himself; he finds nothing but uncleanness. Lastly, have no confidence in the flesh. The dear old man said, we had better be careful that we did not make an arm of flesh, even in those we love; and again, in our own heart, which was worst of all, and not too much in promises. He says he thinks, for forty years, he has not made a vow in his own strength. He has been brought to know what flesh was to depend upon. I trust all that were present that knew the Lord, could enter into these things more or less, that our brother spoke of.

Our dear brother Moyle spoke in the evening from Matt. xxviii. 18. He introduced his subject—the place where the disciples was, was a place of appointment; and spoke more of the power that was given to Christ not to become God, for that he was already; but to be a Mediator. He spoke of the power of in-

fluence, the power of proservation, the power of government. Influence.—He said that an idiot might have great riches, but no influence; Christ has influence with God for his church. Mr. M. said, "Friends, amidst all your sins, beware you do not commit the one of undervaluing Christ's power of influence. He spoke of the power of preservation very nicely, and also of the power of government. He told us at the close that it is a part of royalty to attend to Christ's law. Your's sincerely,  
JAMES BURRETT.

### A REVIVAL AT HOLLOWAY.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—On the cover of the June *Vessel*, notice was given that Mr. Shipway, our late pastor, had commenced his stated labours at the Cave Adullam, Stepney. The question may arise in the minds of some, as to how we are getting on at Holloway since Mr. Shipway's removal. That our position may be known, I send the following brief account for insertion in the *Vessel*, if you think fit to find it a place therein.

Mr. Shipway left us in February last. Previous to his leaving, our congregation had fallen off; some of our members were removed in Providence; the love which had existed among us appeared to be declining, and there was a little murmuring in our camp, so that things with us looked rather gloomy. These circumstances, together with the debt on the chapel, caused my soul to go bowed down, while satan and unbelief suggested that the cause would be broken up, and we should all be scattered. But after much groaning before God, that he would arise for our help, the Lord dropped this sweet portion into my soul, "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shall thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shall be fed." Psalm xxxvii. 3. This caused faith and hope once more to spring up in the soul, and enabled us to cast ourselves at the dear Lord's feet, and watch his hand at work among us; and truly the Lord hath done great things for us, by sending us suitable supplies; also causing the dew so blessedly to rest upon the Word, so that we have been refreshed thereby. Our congregation has now greatly increased; and on Wednesday, May the 30th, five females and two males followed the Lord into the ordinance of baptism, and were added to the church the following Lord's-day with two others, who had been previously baptised. We have been supplied the first Lord's-day in each month, and also on Thursday evenings, by Mr. Isaac Everett. Such has been the power and sweetness attending the word delivered by him, that there was a unanimous call from the church and congregation for him to become our pastor. After much prayer and due consideration, he was invited to that office, which he accepted, and commenced his stated labors among us the first Lord's-day in June. Thus far our God hath helped us, and his name shall have the praise.  
J. BATTSON.

## EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

### LETTER XIV.

My good Theophilus, — I have dwelt in my last letter to you upon experimental knowledge of, and reconciliation to the truth as it is in Jesus, essential to preparation for a better world.

The subject of this letter, as also my next letter, will be the love of God in the heart; and as there is so much love which is not vital, not genuine, not real, we must be careful to see that our matters are right and good before the King. Yet I shall, by which to try both you and myself, take but *one rule*, and that one shall be the word of *truth*. Now let it be with you an unexceptionable rule, that whatever religious love a man may have, it cannot be acceptable to God unless it be the *love of the truth*; therefore, to truly love God, and yet make light of, or disapprove his truth, is impossible. To love God contrary to his truth, is to love a fancied, an imaginary God. For it is only in what he is in the *new covenant*, that he can be, ever was, or will be lovingly endeared to any soul under heaven; and all the parts of this covenant accord, and that perfectly, with its *main part*, and which is that he hath sworn by *himself*. He hath sworn, and will not repent. And now, *remember*, that the love shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, is in perfect keeping with Jehovah's immutable oath, and it is as unquenchable, and as inextinguishable as the oath of God is unchangeable. It is everlasting love to us; it is endless love in the soul, springing up into everlasting life.

Now look, on the one hand, at your necessities, and on the other hand, at the several parts of this covenant — and see if in heaven, or on earth, or under the earth, a substitute for any one part of this covenant can be found; and also, ask yourself the question — whether by those relations and parts of the new covenant, the living and blessed God be so endeared to you, that nothing else can be gospel to you? And ask also another question, namely, whether, if there be any one item in this covenant short of perfection, where penal wrath could reach you, do not the daily workings of a fallen nature assure you, that only one vulnerable point would infallibly hurl you headlong from a covenant having in it one, only one, defect? For what sense is there, in which you are not corrupt, and unclean? What one commandment of the law is there, that can find anything in you as a sinner, but that which is evil? Yes, you feel that as a sinner, your character answers with awful exactness to those who are excluded from the holy city, "And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defleth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie." But what is there pertaining to God, that we can, as sinners, touch without defiling it? And what else, (*pertaining to God's truth*.) can they that are in the flesh do, but work abomination, and make and propagate, concerning God, *falsehood*? Alas for man, how true it

is, that "there is none righteous, no, not one."

Seeing then, things are so, — where is the root, the secret, the mainspring of the difference? For some do enter in; and clear it is, that this root, this mainspring, this secret, was not with man, but with God. Yes, it is thus decided, and decided for ever, that none can enter in but they which are written in the *Lamb's book of life*. Yes, my good Theophilus, "it was grace that gave you to the Lamb, who *all* your sins and sorrows took." And will you say here of our great high priest, as Corah said of Aaron, "Ye take *too much* upon you?" Is there any part of your sin or sins that you would like to have taken yourself? Is there any one burning commandment of a fiery law, that you would have wished to encounter? Is there any one of heaven's thunderbolts that you would like to have braved? Is there one of Sinai's war-chariots that you could take captive, and change it from an iron chariot of sure destruction, into a chariot of salvation—couldst thou have touched its burning pillars, and placed in their stead, pillars of silver — couldst thou have overlaid it with heavenly gold — hast thou a *purple* stream at command, with which to dye a covering to beautify and adorn the same—couldst thou have finished off the same by paving it with purest and perfect love? No, it was Jesus, and Jesus alone, who could contend with horses—roll back Jordan's fearful waves, and make a way for the ransomed to pass over.

Now, if electing grace had not given you to the Saviour, what else could have given you to him? Can the law let its prisoners go by any other than that ransom which Jesus hath paid? And can the precept of the law appear otherwise than with vengeance in its eyes, and thunder on its tongue, except by Jehovah our righteousness? How true then are the words of the Holy One, that "No man cometh unto the Father but by me."

Now the death of Christ is the seal of the new covenant, and it is a seal which from the very nature of it, cannot be broken or invalidated, for his death cannot be recalled; so also, is the seal of the Holy Spirit in the conscience a seal which from the very nature of it, cannot either be broken or invalidated. "Ye were," saith the Apostle, "sealed with that Holy Spirit of *promise*;" this promise is "Yea and amen in Christ Jesus;" therefore, whatever may intervene between the first sealing the promise home to the heart, and the fulfilment of the same—it is nevertheless certain, and the fulfilment thereof sure.

Many years, and many troubles, and infirmities, and sins intervened between the giving and the fulfilling of the promises made unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob; but being not old covenant or conditional promises, but new covenant "I will, and they shall" promises, they all come to pass; and our God is still as willing as ever to reveal, abundantly reveal unto the heirs of promise, the inmutability of his counsel.

This is solid ground, fear not—venture on it, venture wholly, let no other trust intrude—for the *new* covenant parts of the

Bible never place *real* love to God on any other grounds than those upon which we now are: hence, when the Apostle would assure us that to those who love God all things work together for good, he is very careful to shew where and in what relations *true* Christians love him, and therefore immediately adds these words: "Whom he did foreknow, he did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son." Love to God in this fore-knowledge and gracious decree is one most essential part of conformity to the image of his Son, for Jesus testified and said, "Thou lovest me before the foundation of the world." And again, "Thou lovest them as thou hast loved me." For the Saviour to be verily foreordained before the foundation of the world and yet not to love the Father in that decree of foreordination, would be a strange light indeed in which to represent the Son of God, and so with us; for us to be *predestinated* to be conformed to the image of his Son and live with God in an eternity of aversion to and hatred of that same decree that ordained us to life, would indeed be most unaccountable. Therefore if you are taught of God, as God hath loved you in foreknowledge and decree, so you will love him *where* he hath loved you. These transactions of grace are the meeting places of God and man, and these meeting places, or, as the Apostle calls them, heavenly places, are in Christ: these are the peaceable habitations, and sure dwellings, and quiet resting places of the people of the Most High.

Calling comes next: called out of the powers of darkness, so that it is not possible for the gospel any longer to be hidden from our eyes. Justification comes next; and then next to that is glorification. The Apostle, therefore, could not go farther back nor farther forward; so that what the mercy of the Lord was from everlasting, it is to everlasting; and what it was before time, it is in time; and what it is in time, it will be after time; so that the sins and circumstances of time have not lessened it nor altered it, but only made way for it, and subsequently brought about a manifestation of it, bringing us by degrees into possession of it; and this is the suited and beautiful order of this mercy, that it has taken the *curse* out of our afflictions, so that in the *end* they can prove but light afflictions, "working for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Now, my good Theophilus, is this where you are? is it in this light of that Sun that will never go down that you walk? is it these new heavens, and in this new earth that you are in heart and soul one with Jesus? for he is in every one of these, foreknown in him, ordained to life by him, called as one of his sheep by him, justified by faith in him, and that in order to be glorified with him. Now, just as the Israelites were outwardly to be devoted to God by the manna, for they were to eat unto God—and by the rock, for they were to drink as unto God—and by the sacrifices, for they were to come unto God—and by the High Priest, for he was to represent them at the mercy-seat unto God, as they were to live unto God by *his own* mercies; so you are to

present yourself body and soul unto God a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable. But this can be done only by the mercies of the Lord; therefore, just as we are fed with that Bread that strengtheneth man's heart, just as we are refreshed from the Rock, and just as we have access to God, and just as our High Priest is pleased to bless us, just so far, and no farther, can we present our bodies a *living* sacrifice; for when we are not either pushed by hunger, or strengthened by heavenly food, we are *dead*, cold, helpless, and have no life in exercise to serve God with either body or soul with that holiness we have when he brings us to his table, anoints us with fresh oil, and makes our cup run over; but nevertheless the *root* of the matter remaineth in us; for though we sleep we are not dead; and when the voice of our Beloved is again heard, we shall awake, and he will give us light, and we shall live in his sight.

Now, my good Theophilus, you will feel in your heart and soul one with Jesus in all this order of things; yea, one with the blessed God, Father, Word, and Holy Ghost; and you will love him most willingly with all your heart, with all your strength, and all your soul, and the brethren as brethren, as yourself; and thus, as love is the fulfilling of the law, the righteousness of the law will be fulfilled in you; for as your walk is a walk of faith in, and love to, the truth, it is a walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit; and although you have another law in your members, warring against the law of your mind, yet that law shall not so prevail against you as to make you weary of well doing, or weary of the truth. No; you cannot be weary of what you sincerely and supremely love. Yet the law in the members will gain at times great ascendancy, so that you will be made to sigh, and say, my soul is weary because of murderers; and this is bad and trying enough; but it is not so bad as love to the truth waxing so cold that you begin, as many do, to call it *light* bread, and say, our soul loathes this light bread. No; for having the love of God in the heart, you will not, though compassed with infirmity, commit the great transgression of wilful enmity against the truth, and though you are not to sin that grace may abound, yet you are not to lift your infirmities or your sins up, either against or above the atonement of Christ, as though you had sinned beyond his power to save. No, this disbelief of the power of his atonement would be the worst of all your sins—"for to him that believeth all things are possible;" and, besides, he intends that as he loves you much, so you shall love him much; for there will be *much* to be forgiven; and so shall you bear much fruit: that is, you shall praise him not sparingly, but greatly; you shall be indebted to him not triflingly, but infinitely; he will roll in his mercies and pile them up around you, and will himself, as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, be round about you for ever; he is sworn to you in oath sacred, eternal, and immutable. Who that knows him can but love him? Though, alas, in this as well as in other departments, I am but

A LITTLE ONE.

## Memorials of Departed Saints.

THE HAPPY END OF

### CHARLOTTE D. HAWTHORN.

WILL you please to let your EARTHEN VESSEL be the bearer of the dying testimony of Miss Charlotte Dorothy Hawthorn, a timid and fearful disciple, that it may be encouragement for others who possess the like precious faith?

She was one of those three sisters in the faith, whose baptism you recorded in the Oct. number of 1850, and whose letter, together with her father's, who was by the grace of God compelled to follow her example, is in the Nov. number of 1851. She was called of God in her 16th year to "*abide with her Saviour to be in safeguard*;" and is now in her 21st year, on the 27th of June, 1855, called to behold the Lamb of God, to dwell with him, and to sing the everlasting song of redemption through his blood. If the very stones would cry out on refraining to tell out the realization of the Lord's promise, "Lo, I am with you *always*" when she went down to the gates in baptism, would not our own hearts condemn us if we refused to tell out the *full* performance of that promise when she went down to the gates of death, and her blessed soul ascended up on high—when she passed through the valley of the shadow of death, where her dear Saviour, whom she loved, kept his word, by being "*with her even unto the end of the world*," and took her with him to dwell with him for ever and ever, where neither sin nor sorrow can enter—where all ordinances have ceased? Since the event of her baptism, she has had to pass many severe trials, but she knew on whom she had believed, that "*vain was the help of man*." Her delight during life was the same as at its termination, on "*beholding the Lamb of God*." Though often the subject of doubts and fears herself, there was no ground for *others to doubt* her standing in Christ her Saviour. Those gracious words were fully realized and blessedly fulfilled in her, "*The Lord will not forsake his people*," because it had pleased the Lord to make her his own; not depending on her own righteousness, she relied on the finished work and atoning "*blood of the Lamb of God*," knowing that she was saved by grace, through faith, the gift of God; that she was his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God had before ordained that we should walk in them. Oh, what a mercy it is to her bereaved parents, relatives, and friends, that she has left behind her *no doubtful* testimony, and to know that she has *revealed more* than we expected she knew! She was a silent Christian, and often sat at the feet of Jesus to learn of him; it was her constant habit to remain alone in her own room for hours, to meditate and read the Scriptures; and she made it a practice to select some passage to think and talk about whenever she met a dear christian friend, to whom she expected shortly to be invited. But God in his sovereign providence ordained it otherwise, for he sees not as man seeth, and called her up higher to the

marriage supper of the Lamb, where she found that there yet was room for her. It was her pleasure to be a constant attendant upon the ministry of Mr. Wells, from whose sermons she derived much soul-comfort; but the chief comfort was *the secret work of God* in her own soul, and she needed not that any man should teach her, but had the anointing of the Holy One, which abided on her. She found it a truth, and no lie, that the "law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple;" and though her mortal part is laid beneath the clod of the valley, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest, her soul is enjoying that joy and felicity which knows no ending, and of which we can form no conception. In the arms of that dear Jesus whom she loved—in Jerusalem that happy home, on which she delighted so often to meditate and sing—where there is no night, neither the light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth her light, has wiped away all tears from her eyes, and she shall reign with him for ever and ever—where she is "beholding the Lamb of God," and singing that new song which no man could learn, save those who are redeemed from the earth.

Though there may be mistakes in man, there is not any in God; his promises are yea and amen in Christ Jesus to his redeemed ones, therefore he chose, called, and set his seal upon her for his own. The visit of Jesus to her in her dying moments were a great consolation to her own soul, and to those around her; for "he did see her again, and her heart rejoiced, and her joy no man could nor can take away from her," for God that cannot lie has now given her that eternal life promised before the world began, and of which she had such a sweet foretaste while here below. From the first of her illness she had an impression that it was a sickness unto death; this might be gathered from her remarks to those around her. On one occasion, when her dear friend, to whom she was about to be united, asked, "Charlotte, do you know me?" "Yes," she replied, "you are a Christian," as if she had lost all idea of a temporal union, and only recognized the spiritual one. Owing to an excessive pain in the head, it was considered inadvisable to speak much to her, nor could she bear much at a time up to within the night week preceding her death. She made but few remarks respecting her state.

On Wednesday evening, the 20th of June, she turned round to her dear friend who was watching her, and said with great earnestness, "Oh, I now know the secret. I have been deceived, and have deceived others. I am sure to be lost. God will not speak to me. I shall see him in anger; and when the heavens are rolled up as a scroll, he will say to me, 'Depart from me ye cursed, I never knew you: and oh! if my tongue be a specimen of what I must endure for ages and ages; oh, the misery!' Then turning to her dear and affectionate friend again, said, "Pray for me; I cannot pray for myself." This the friend endeavoured to do three or four times in the course of an hour; one part of his prayer being that God in his mercy would visit her and

give her the spirit of prayer. He endeavoured to call to her remembrance times when she had realized the presence of the Lord, and particularly when, after praying at the bedside of a then supposed dying friend, the Lord lifted upon her the light of his countenance, and gave her sweet assurances of peace and comfort, and perfect safety. This friend is still alive now;—one is taken and the other left. This seemed to give her little comfort. Her father likewise spake to her of the way the Lord had brought her.

She continued in this state until about two or three o'clock in the morning, when she suddenly broke out in earnest prayer, praying that God would visit her, saying, "Oh, Lord, do appear to thy handmaid! *Appear; appear; I mourn for thy presence; I mourn for thy love; I mourn for thy salvation.* Oh Lord, do visit me;" and continued to pray for some time, beseeching him to speak to her. Her friend again assured her He would hear her prayer, for, that *his prayer had been answered!* God had given her the spirit of prayer in answer to his, and that God would answer her; which he shortly did, for lifting up her eyes and arms, she said, "Hark!—that voice!—yes—he has come—it must be so!" pausing between each sentence. Then, turning round, she said, "Have you spoken to me? Have you read to me?" Being answered in the negative, she said, "Then Christ has come—he has appeared, and says, 'And yet there is room,' and for me." Turning to her friend, she then said, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Joseph, don't you rejoice? Can't you rejoice with me? Christ is come! 'And yet there is room' for me." Her eyes were fixed to the ceiling—"I was like Samuel; I could say, *'Thou didst speak, Lord; thou didst speak.'*" The sweetness of these words never left her; they seemed to have removed all doubt, and up to the time of death, her remarks shewed that she had little to fear: Christ was her all, and he had seen her again; she felt that for him she could willingly give up all; and though, at times, there was a clinging to the earth, and a desire to get well, yet when Christ did appear, all her natural ties were severed, and she could "see Jesus only." On the night of her death she tried to sing a hymn, commencing—

"Hark, my soul! it is the Lord;  
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word:  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,  
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?'"

She repeated it all throughout, and seemed to realized the sweetness of it; but seemed rather fatigued with the exertion. The ruling passion of her life and soul, clung to her on her death-bed; she loved and sang the "Lamb of God," her only trust and stay. Almost the last words that could be understood were—

Sinners, behold the Lamb of God  
That takes away our guilt;  
Look to his precious, precious blood,  
That Jews and Gentiles split.  
Sinners to Jesus now draw near,  
Invited by his word;



The chief of sinners need not fear :  
Behold the Lamb of God.

In every state and time and place,  
Plead only Jesu's blood ;  
*However wretched be your case,*  
" Behold the Lamb of God."

Spirit of grace, to us apply  
Immanuel's precious blood,  
That we may, till we dwell on high,  
" Behold the Lamb of God."

2, High St., Hoxton, T. H. HAWTHORN.  
June 14th, 1855.

JOHN BROWN,  
THE EDINBURGH CARRIER.

THERE are spots on this earth which most significantly shew the mark of God's anger and disapprobation, indicating unmistakably, what sin is, and what its consequences are, that nature itself seems to groan under its weight.

The ground on which once stood the cities of Sodom, Gomorrah, and three others — the locality which Lot thought so beautiful to the eye, that he called it the "garden of the Lord," is now composed of bitumen, nitre, sulphur, and the tainted waters of the Dead Sea, not a fish lives in its bosom, not a shrub grows on its banks — all life dies — thousands of years fail to wash out the stain.

There are spots in England that can be pointed out, where holy men have been burned to ashes for "the word of God, and the testimony of Jesus Christ," that, it is said, the farmer has attempted to manure, and make productive, but has been unable so to do; and it has often struck the writer that, if in this modern Babylon of ours, there is one place more than another, in which scenes of cruelty, sounds of blasphemy, drunkenness, and violence occur, it is where such godly men as John Rogers, and a little army of martyrs, yielded up their lives as witnesses for the truth as it is in Jesus.

But there is a spot in Scotland shown where the "house in the Muir" stood; it is fresh and green in the midst of surrounding heath and barrenness. The history of this house is very interesting. In the times of sore troubles in Scotland, when her best and holiest men were driven from their churches, and compelled to hide in dens and caves of mountains, John Brown felt it a duty and a privilege to shelter and succour these persecuted ministers of the gospel; one of these had been assisted by the carrier, and when he departed, told him of his hiding place. At that time, Claverhouse, (afterwards Earl of Dundee,) was the persecutor of these servants of the Lord Jesus; he delighted, with his cruel troopers, to scour the country, and hunt to death these his victims. He visited this cottage early one morning, and enquired after one Samuel Aitkin, who was outrageously given to prayer. John Brown confessed that he knew him, but asserted that, of his present place of hiding, he was not free to speak. But Claverhouse was not to be dismissed so easily, and seeing John's daughter, said,

"O, here is a little chip of the old block, she has a better memory, and will save us the trouble of blowing out the old man's brains. Come here, my little farthing rushlight, let us put a question or two to you." He then particularly described Aitkin as "the old man, with long beard, and bald head."

The girl hung down her head after looking at her parents—she refused to answer.

"As my soul lives," says the monster, "I have a sweet nosogay for my little Covenanter, (putting on that fearful instrument of torture, a thumb screw,) which will brush up the memory amazingly, and make you chatty and amusing, I warrant."

The mother seeing the poor girl in torture, rushed up to the brutal tormentor, and both by entreaties and threats, endeavoured to relax the twist of the instrument; happily, however, the pain overpowered the poor girl, and she became insensible to all that followed.

"Ah, I see you have laid your three holy heads together to keep the secret, but we will see what light this little telescope will afford, this frosty morning," said Claverhouse, pointing at the same time to a large holster pistol, suspended to the saddle of his horse. "And so old Mr. Pragmatical, we will take the liberty, for the benefit of society, and honor of the king, to blow out your brains in the most expeditious manner."

John Brown, (perceiving his earnestness, although using jocose words,) dropped upon his knees in prayer to his God. "And now, guid Lord, since thou hast nae mair use for thy servant in this world, and it's thy pleasure that I should love thee better elsewhere, I leave this puir widow with the fatherless children upon thy hands." After praying earnestly for his persecutors, he turned to his wife, and asked whether, "for the love of God, she could part with him thus?"

"Ay, my John, I have had a sweet loan of you. The Lord gave, and taketh away;" and with that, she embraced him as he was kneeling and blindfolded.

"Come, come, no more of this whining," said Claverhouse suddenly—for a deep solemnity had succeeded oaths and blasphemy—"Soldiers, do your duty. Present, fire." But the words fell upon a circle of statues; for, though they all stood with their muskets presented, there was not a finger which had power to draw the fatal trigger. There ensued an awful pause, through which, a "God Almighty bless your tender hearts," was heard coming from the lips of the now agitated and almost distracted wife.

But Claverhouse was not in the habit of giving his orders twice, or of expostulating with disobedience. So, extracting a pistol from the holster of his saddle, he primed and cocked it, and then walking firmly and slowly up through the circle, held it close to the ear of his victim, and shot him dead on the spot.

There was a momentary murmur of disapprobation amongst the men, and some had the hardihood to mutter — "By God, this is too bad." The widow of John Brown gave one shriek, and, as though recollecting herself, turned to her domestic employee.

"What think ye, good woman, of your bonny man now?" said Clavers.

"I had always," said she, "good reason to think weel o' him, and I think mair o' him now than ever: but how will Claverhouse account to God and man for this morning's work?"

"To man," said the ruffian, "I can be answerable, but as to God, I will take him in my own hands." He then marched off and left her with the corpse. She spread a cloth upon the snow, gathered up the fragments of her husband's head, and wound up the body; then sat down and wept bitterly.

The cottage and the stock of the little establishment of John Brown has passed away, but the little spot in the windings of the barn, where it stood, is still green; in the middle is a flat stone, nearly covered with grass, which being cleared aside, the following lines may be read:—

"Clavers might murder godly Brown,  
But could not rob him of his crown;  
In this place, from earth he took his departure:  
Now he has got the garland of the martyr."  
7, Moore Place. E. WHEMPIR.

## THE GOSPEL MINISTRY CAREFULLY CONSIDERED,

IN CONNECTION WITH A BRIEF REVIEW OF

"*New Park Street Pulpit*,"

### INTRODUCTORY PAPER.

WE have now before us several parts of the *New Park Street Pulpit*, very neatly got up in the printing-house of Messrs. Alabaster and Passmore, of Wilson-street, Finsbury; and having pledged ourselves to a faithful review of the sermons contained in this serial, we would quietly proceed to the fulfilment of that promise. This month's number is so pre-occupied with ordinations, and other matters of great interest to some of our churches, that but a small space is left for us. There is, however, sufficient; as we can do but little at a time in work of this character. We wish to avoid any reference to the different correspondents who have favoured us with their thoughts, their threats, and their different suggestions; we would by no means treat them un courteously; but being urgently requested "carefully to read the *New Park Street Pulpit*" for ourselves—to form our own judgment, and to report accordingly; to that task, and that only, would we now, for a few moments turn our unbiassed attention.

The preaching, and the publishing of these discourses, has given rise to much zealous controversy. Whether, on either side, that zeal has sprung from right principles, or has been directed toward the attainment of right ends, it is not for us hastily to determine. In the calm and retired moments of our soul's

prayerful meditation we have been enabled to comfort ourselves with the inward assurance that we *could not* wilfully, intentionally, designedly, or habitually, persevere in any course—take sides with any man—or, instrumentally, strengthen any cause—that would be adverse to truth, afflicting to Zion, or grievous in any measure, to the real christian's tender conscience and peaceful mind. No—no—NO, brethren: some of you have ill-judged us here. Mistakes we have made—but THE TRUTH of the Gospel has been too dearly bought, and too deeply taught, ever wilfully to be sold, sacrificed, or parted with, under any circumstances. Convince us that we have practically done, or written, or said, anything detrimental to truth, we will publicly confess our fault before the many thousands who now read the EARTHEN VESSEL.

We have said something about *zeal*. Let each of us well consider the fact that there is a *genuine*, and there is a *false* zeal, in close approximation to matters connected with the visible church of Christ on earth; and to trace out the source, the nature, and ultimate end of our zeal, is a work worthy of every well-wisher to the real prosperity of Zion. A zeal that is not heaven-born, has not unfrequently produced both a laboured philosophy, and a daring enthusiasm—an enthusiasm, which, for a time, has carried before it thousands and tens of thousands whose minds are never occupied by themselves, but are *let out to*, and *occupied by*, any power that may rise up to demand their attention: while a pure zeal labours on frequently in the face of much opposition, and accompanied by but few to cheer it on in its narrow path. We are here tempted—yea, we yield to the temptation—to adopt the language of a living author, in discriminating between a *spurious* and a *genuine* zeal. The following brilliant words may, under God, set many a man to search and to try his ways. "The passion of Saul, (says the quoted one) at the martyrdom of Stephen was an earthly fire—the earnestness of Paul at Mars Hill was a heavenly flame. The glowing and unquenchable devotion of the immortal tenants of the valleys of Piedmont, was a pure and lofty sentiment—the spirit which moved their persecutors was a foul and malignant fume. The furious onslaught of the maddened populace in the suburbs of Jerusalem, in the days of the Messiah, was a pestilential outbreak from the dark crevices of hell—the spirit which dictated the prayer, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,' was the emanation of fathomless benevolence and love. The features which are impressed on a false zeal, compared with those which are worn by its opposite, are too darkly shaded and too distinctly defined, to palliate the folly of hesitation or of mistake. A spurious zeal anticipates reason, genuine zeal renders obedience to it. A spurious zeal discourtenances enquiry, genu-

ine zeal invites and promotes it. Spurious zeal practises disguises, genuine zeal is the handmaid of uprightness. Spurious zeal may spring from an excited imagination, [like the violent and unholly effusions of certain pulpit orators of late,] genuine zeal flows from a renovated heart. Spurious zeal is unscrupulous in its methods, genuine zeal is conscientious in the means it selects. Spurious zeal aims at the extension of a party, genuine zeal seeks the enlargement of the Church of Christ. Spurious zeal would bind the nations in fetters, genuine zeal would proclaim liberty to the captives."

These are searching words! They throw a light upon the character and spirit of many whose impudence, ignorance, and daring presumption, has been taken for zeal—yea, for godly devotion, for spiritual earnestness, and faithfulness in the cause of truth. This digression must not at present be encouraged: in returning to our main design, we venture to express a conviction that the Gospel Ministry, in our day, considered as a body, *is seriously fallen*: some portion of it lying in the grossest ignorance; other portions of it, absorbed in self-esteem, and a deceitful pride: and a very large bulk of it is beguiled and blinded by errors and perversions as antagonistic to the spirit and genius of the Gospel, as ever the powers of darkness were opposed to the manifestative glories of a Redeeming God. The material for fully exposing this state of things stands thick around us. We may even be driven to such a painful work: we have counted the cost: we are prepared for the sacrifice: but would not advance one step until a dire necessity prevents further delay.

In attempting to review the sermons contained in "*The New Park Street Pulpit*," we have proposed, first, clearly to exhibit all that is decidedly and indisputably good. Secondly, to plainly notice that which is not good: and, thirdly, to suggest inquiries respecting those portions which are not sufficiently expressive of the mind and meaning of the preacher. Now the question meets us most decidedly—"WHAT IS GOOD?" We answer, briefly, for a ministry to be essentially, successfully, and permanently good, *it must be a living ministry*; and the HOLY GHOST himself must be the Author of it: *it must be a truth-expounding ministry*: the SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS himself must shine in it, and through it, throwing pure heavenly light into the sanctified minds of the chosen family of the Lord God Almighty. *It must be a sympathising ministry*: one that can come down, and enter into, the various hard cases, perplexing trials, and heavy sorrows of the living in Jerusalem. It is not enough, for God's exercised children, merely to have truth *thrown at them*; the mere setting up the skeleton of gospel principles, is a two-fold

evil; in the first place it is tantalising to thirsty souls who pant for living bread; and in the second place, it tends to settle down dead formalists in an awful delusion. For a ministry, then, to be essentially good, it must be one that has a Divine power to *take the Bread of Life*; to break it up in suitable and reasonable morsels; and under the unseen but certain guidance of God the Holy Ghost, gives a portion to six, and even sometimes to the seventh—even to those who appear to be at the very ends of the earth. Furthermore, we add, for a ministry to be essentially and permanently useful, it must be a *growing* ministry. Tell us why it is—that one man stands for twenty, thirty, forty years in one place, constantly acceptable, feeding the church of God with the finest of the wheat—while others are always moving hither and thither? We will not allow ourselves to attempt the reply; although in few words it may be given. That the *good* ministry is a *growing* ministry is easily proved. How many have said to us, "I knew So-and-so when he first came out, very many years ago; but, oh, what a different preacher now, to what he was then! He preached the doctrines of grace then; he preaches the doctrines of grace now: he entered into the experiences of the Lord's people then, he enters into their experiences now; he contended for new covenant settlements and New Testament ordinances then, and contends for the same things now; but there has been much thrown overboard; and the ministerial vessel has spread her sails more fully; has hoisted her colours more consistently; has cut her course through the ocean of truth more deeply and extensively; and the consequence has been, she has taken in more than ten times the number of passengers she used to carry." Oh, yes; the ministry is a *growing* ministry: it does never grow *out* of truth, or *away* from truth; but it takes root downwards deeper, deeper, and deeper still. It spreads its thickly-clothed, richly-laden branches wider, wider, and wider still; it rears its exalted head higher, higher, and higher still; it opens up its treasures, and unfolds its heaven-born beauties with immeasurable power; until it leads us sometimes so transportingly into the fulness of gospel glory, that we can but cry out—"He hath brought me into his banquetting house, and his banner over me is love."

Oh, what a treasure is such a ministry! And what a cheat is the counterfeit of it! We bless the Lord with all our hearts that ever we found a ministry that had in it *life*, a seeing, feeling, communicating, growing, *LIFE*—the incorruptible seed—the word of God, that liveth and abideth for ever.

If we go on at this rate, we shall never get into New Park Street. It was necessary—at least thus we have been led—to make a

few prefatory remarks on *the ministry itself*. We are now prepared to obey the command—to read for ourselves, and report accordingly. The Printer says we can have no more space this month. We purpose, therefore, to lay the New Park Street Pulpit Sermons in our bed-room. Every morning, please God, we will read a portion; and next month the result of that reading shall be given.

A FEW

## WORDS ON SABBATH SCHOOLS.

THANKS to the enlightened evangelical Christianity of the nineteenth century, the Christian Church appears to be progressively becoming alive to the importance of training and educating the rising generation in the truths of the gospel of the blessed God. With but a few unhappy, sorrowful and comparatively isolated exceptions, our churches have those nurseries attached to them, wherein are taught those who, in a few short years, will take their place upon the stage of the world, and range themselves either under the banner of the cross, or rank among the enemies of our dear Redeemer; and it may be, become enemies to their own species.

Strange as it may appear, there are still a great number of professors who are opposed to these glory-spots on the escutcheon of our beloved, though sinful sea-girt isle. To pretend or to be able to convince some people, would be too utopian an undertaking for even a Paul, Apollus, a Cicero, or a Demosthenes to achieve. We have tried to find out with almost as much perseverance as the searchers after the philosopher's stone, what are the objections that *fairly* could be raised against Sunday Schools; and like the famed searchers after that memorable stone, our search has been in vain. Let any one whose mind is not blinded by prejudice and bigotry, read the biographies of our most sainted men; and then I ask, can any doubt be entertained of the good accomplished by Sunday Schools? How many devoted men who have, and do now fill our pulpits, and are gone as missionaries to the distant climes of India, Africa, and America, in obedience to their Saviour's command to "preach the gospel to every creature," received the rudiments of their religious education, and their first impressions of the constraining power of the love of God, in a Sunday School!

Look at the incalculable amount of good Sunday Schools accomplish in a moral point of view—to take a low ground of argument! Read the prison reports of England & America; and amongst that lamentably large amount of crime among the juvenile population of these two countries, how few there are who have ever been in a Sunday School! This is a negative kind of evidence, still it speaks volumes. Through the force of unpropitious influences, and under the power of temptation, they have committed their first crime unchecked; no solemn warning of a faithful teacher rose in the mind, no denunciation of the Judge of all flesh against their crime, flashed across their

hesitating, yet sorely tempted spirit; and they fell—fell, in too many instances, to rise no more; commenced a career which has often ended on the gallows. All this, we affirm, might be prevented. Thanks to the efforts of self-denying teachers, it is becoming so. Is not this generation better than the last?—will not the next be better than this? Is it a pre-ordained necessity—a fatality—that our youth are to grow up thieves and prostitutes—that our world is to become morally worse, instead of progressing better? Are not Sunday Schools, in conjunction with the City Missionary, and the preacher, the grand means for bringing about that millenium for the church when every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that Christ is the Lord? We say emphatically, Yes!

We heard one of the *objectors* to Sunday Schools say lately, That he could agree with churches having them, if Christ had commanded them to be instituted. Did not our tender-hearted, compassionate Lord, command Peter to feed the *lambs* in his flock? Were not children brought to him, that he might touch them? and did he not, when his first disciples—*like modern ones*—tried to drive them away, rebuke them, saying, "Suffer little children to come to me, and *forbid them not*?" Matt. xix. 14. Again he said, "Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. *And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me*. But whoso shall offend one of these *little ones which believe in me*, it were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea." Matt. xviii. 3—6. "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven. *Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish*." (Verses 10, 14). Is not this evidence sufficient that our Lord sanctioned the teaching of children—nay, more, enjoined it on his disciples? Has he not condemned that Pharisaical selfishness which would seek to exclude from the benefits of the gospel thousands who might at least receive moral good thereby? Blessed be his name, he is able and strong enough to accomplish all that was entered into in the everlasting covenant; and though the heathen may rage and the people imagine vain things, and though his followers may seek to oppose his truth being spread abroad, yet onward and onward still it flows, like the mighty river, widening as it nears the ocean, till at last the knowledge of his love to a fallen world, and his readiness to receive contrite sinners, shall cover the earth as the waters cover the mighty deep.

"Waft, waft ye winds his story,

And you, ye waters, roll,

Till, like a sea of glory,

It spreads from pole to pole:

Till o'er our ransomed nature,

The Lamb for sinners slain,

Redeemer, King, Creator,

In bliss returns to reign."

Opponents to Sabbath Schools, perhaps, want

to read, "You are to have Sabbath Schools! you are to teach children! I command you to do so." In fact, they want a command for everything they do, in so many words. Well, here is one, which we hope they will obey—"If thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off: if thy eye offend thee, pluck it out." There is a command—obey it. The only command a Christian needs, whose mind is not blinded by prejudice, is that contained in our Lord's words—"Go ye forth into all the world, and preach the gospel to EVERY creature." This is sufficient, even if there were nothing more. The actions of those who are so very particular, or rather, pretend to be so, belie their words. For example, where is the slightest possible reference in apostolic practice, so far as we are able to judge, or where is there the shadow of a command of our Saviour as to the modern practice of singing hymns of *experience*—especially when sung to such delectable compositions as Calcutta, Cranbrook, or Oatlands. Take the hymn beginning,

"'Tis a point I long to know," &c.,

and set to the tune Harts, as it often is, and what an idea it must give to the worldling of religious worship—that words only to be used in the solemn secrecy of the closet, or at the most, only to be breathed into the ear of a bosom friend, should be sung, or rather screamed and bawled out in a congregation of persons met for worship!—the thought is revolting. And yet this is done by those very individuals who pretend to want black and white for everything.

Then again, that which we teach altogether should prevent the followers of our Lord from opposing Sabbath Schools. What is it? Is it the traditions of the Father? No: it is the *Word of the living God*. Is it vain philosophy? No: it is that which is able to make men wise unto salvation, through Christ Jesus. The *Bible* is our text-book; our lessons are drawn from thence; our illustrations are found there; we teach out of that Word which is a fire to subdue the stubborn will, a hammer to break the stony heart; which is sharper than any two-edged sword; that Word which is perfect, converting the soul; that testimony to make wise the simple; those statutes to rejoice the heart; those pure commandments to enlighten the eyes; that Word which Moses commanded the people to *teach diligently unto their children*; to talk of when they sat in their houses, when they walked by the way, when they laid down, and when they rose up; that Word which is described by one of old as "more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold;" as "sweeter than the honey and the honeycombe;" that Word which David hid in his heart, that he might not sin against God; a lamp to his feet, and a light to his path; that Word which has been a comfort to millions on a dying bed; which has not only been their meat and drink while living, but the recollection of which has consoled them, and cheered and helped them, when passing through the valley of the shadow of death; and the recollection of which will be a source of joy in the happy world to which those are going who love our Lord Jesus

Christ. *Here* is where we have our warrant for teaching; *here* we find everything we want to help us; we need not the sympathy of man, though we need not despise it; we have One above who looks down on the faithful Sunday School teacher, surrounded by a group of young immortals (ragged in appearance, it may be), with looks of infinite complacency and approbation, and says to him, "Work on, faithful steward! work on! Let not your heart be dismayed at the roughness of the materials with which you are brought in contact! my Spirit shall be with you; my Word shall not return to me void, but shall accomplish that whereto I sent it. And though no success may apparently attend your labours, yet work on! sow the seed in the morning, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, and I will give the increase. It is in my hands—the hands of the only wise God; who is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind." With such a commendation, and such incentives from our Father, we can go on with our work, looking to Him who is faithful for a blessing, who has promised that he will be wherever two or three are met in his name; not as a Looker-on merely, but as a Helper, an Encourager, a Sustainer, and a Friend. Brothers and sisters in this glorious work, this is no romantic picture, but a reality. Let us, then, gird up the loins of our mind. Let us on! let that be our motto. Look neither to the right hand nor to the left; keep the goal ever in view, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Giver of all good; and though we may be assailed by persecution, wounded by the hands of friends, and treated with contumely and contempt by the world; and alas! by professors of religion; yet let us still try to be wise to win souls, recollecting what the Word of the living God declares, that "they that be teachers, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever." Dan. xii. 3.

ALFRED SCOTTEN.

#### BRIEF NOTICES.

THE LATE MR. JOSEPH RUDMAN.—We have received a request from a Christian minister, notifying that Mrs. Rudman (the widow of the late Joseph Rudman), has two or three hundred copies of the "*Memoirs*" of her late husband on hand. They are neatly bound; and have been selling for 2s. each copy; but are now reduced in price to 1s. 6d. Any person sending eighteen penny postage stamps to Mrs. Rudman, Bookseller, Drake Street, Plymouth, can have a volume forwarded to their address, free; and will thereby help a little to cheer the widow's heart, and strengthen her hands.

A SMALL six-penny volume has reached us, entitled, "*Sketches from the Burial Ground: or, Professors and Possessors.*" By Elizabeth. Published by J. Gadsby, Bouverie Street. It appears that "Elizabeth" has had unusual opportunity of witnessing the "*latter end*" of many persons; and from these various scenes and circumstances she has drawn the features of different characters; and a very solemn book she has made. The perusal of it is calculated, under God, to lead to close searchings of heart.

# THE FULFILMENT OF THE MINISTRY.

## THE SUBSTANCE OF A CHARGE

DELIVERED TO MR. F. PEARCE, AT HIS ORDINATION TO THE BAPTIST CHURCH, ROAD, SOMERSETSHIRE, MAY 17, 1855.

BY JOHN ANDREWS JONES.

“Take heed to the ministry which thou hast received in the Lord, that thou fulfil it.”—Col. iv. 17.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND FELLOW-LABORER IN THE GOSPEL.—At your request I am placed in a situation of great responsibility; and in addressing a few remarks to your consideration, I would aim to combine truth with love. You have been engaged in the ministerial service of the sanctuary for some years; but *to-day* you have entered upon the arduous and all-engrossing employ of a settled pastor over a church of Christ, walking in gospel order, upon New Testament principles.

Of the general intrinsic value of this Epistle to the Colossians, I shall not now descant, but confine myself to my text. Nearly forty years have ran their eventful round, since I stood up in similar circumstances with yourself. On *that* day (March 13, 1816) a most solemn and weighty charge was delivered to me from these words, by that eminent man of God in his day and generation—the late Mr. John Stevens. His holy injunctions fastened as *burs* on my mind, and the substance of his solemn remarks I not only never forgot, but have aimed, in my poor feeble way, to reduce to practice in the long course of my ministry, amid many infirmities, and sore ministerial trials; but, having obtained help of God, I continue to this day. I would attempt to gather up some fragments of thought, and offer them to your prayerful consideration. I shall soon cease from my work, and enter into my rest; but, if it please God, may you, my brother, be continued for much usefulness in this part of our Lord's vineyard, doing the work of an evangelist, and making *full proof* of your ministry; and doubt not but in the Lord's time, you will receive your laid-up crown.

In addressing you from the words of my text, I shall notice three leading ideas.

1. *The ministry*—Of what it consists.
2. From whence that ministry is obtained—It is received *in*, or *from* the Lord.
3. The solemn *Charge*—Take heed that thou *fulfil* it.

First, *The ministry*. It comprises the glorious gospel of the ever-blessed God, in all its parts, branches, bearings, connections, and relations. It is *the ministry of the sacred Word*, which you are to “give yourself continually to,” (Acts vi. 4), and *fulfil*, (Acts xiii. 26), and never leave, until you have “*finished your course with joy*.”

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Acts xx. 24. It is in and by the work of the ministry that the church, which is Christ's body, is *edified*. (Eph. iv. 4). The ministry comprises *all Divine truth*; the *whole circle* of the great and glorious doctrines which are contained in the Bible, that great storehouse and spiritual treasury, wherein you are to *dig*, and from whence you are continually to “*bring forth things new and old*.” Matt. xiii. 52. Go you, therefore, my brother, constantly to the sacred Word, and, acquainting yourself with *all truth*, come forth, and boldly declare it to the people. “Through desire, a man having *separated himself*, seeketh and intermeddled with all wisdom.” Prov. xviii. 1.

I would just *hint*, be very explicit and clear in your ministry, on, 1, The great and glorious doctrines of the Trinity; 2, On the everlasting love of God, and his sovereign choice of the church in Christ before the foundation of the world; 3, On Divine predestination to the adoption of children by Christ Jesus; 4, On justification by Christ's imputed righteousness, apprehended by precious faith; 5, Of full and complete redemption through Jesus' precious blood; 6, Be very particular on the momentous doctrine of regeneration, as the alone work of God the Holy Ghost, on and in the soul of man; shew its evidential effects in effectual calling and conversion; and set forth its sure results, as discovered in what the regenerate character finds and feels; such as his holy mournings for sin, groanings, and cryings for mercy; of Christ believed in, relied, and depended on, loved and followed. Continue also the subject, as enjoining all holy practical obedience. Enforce gospel ordinances: *permit no innovation here*. “Show the house to the house, and let them measure the pattern.” Ezek. xliii. 10, 11. Tell the people that they are not entitled to call Christ “Lord, Lord,” unless they *do* the things that he has commanded. (Luke vi. 46.) The great Shepherd of the sheep was baptised; and when he putteth forth his own sheep, he says, “*they follow him*.” Insist upon it, that an unbaptised believer has *not put on Christ*; (Gal. iii. 27); and, until he has done so, he should not be admitted into the church of Christ. “The same day, they were added to the church.” *They!*—*Who?* Those that had been baptised:—*none other*.

Well, then, the work of the ministry consists in preaching, in proclaiming the great doctrines of the gospel, and setting forth Christ *all in all* in the sinner's salvation, with all the matters of vital experience, and all holy practice. *Free grace* calls for *full duties*. Love to God, his Word, his worship; separation from the world, consorting with the people of God. What saith the apostle? "As He which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation." 1 Peter i. 15. Take you a pattern from the apostle, who saith, "I have not shunned to declare unto you *all* the counsel of God." Acts xx. 27. But,

Secondly. Are you a good minister of Jesus Christ? If so, from whence have you obtained that ministry? 1. You have obtained *grace* from the Lord. A *graceless* man professing to be a gospel minister! O, 'tis dreadful! What! preach the love of God, and not have that love shed abroad in your heart! To proclaim salvation by Christ alone, and yet not *know* him as your Saviour! The very thought is appalling! But my dear brother, you *have* declared that which you have tasted, and handled, and felt; so you can

"Tell to poor sinners all around,  
What a dear Saviour you have found."

But, 2nd, it is not enough for a man to have *grace* only, in order to qualify him for the ministry. He must have *spiritual gifts*, in addition to *grace*. Dr. Owen says, "If the Lord Jesus Christ should cease to give out spiritual gifts unto men, he need do no more to *take away the ministry itself*: the ministry then must *cease*." Christ by his Spirit doth pre-furnish a man with *spiritual gifts*, in addition to *grace* in his heart, so that he becomes *qualified* to feed the Church of God, over which the Holy Ghost hath made him an overseer. "Having *gifts*," says the Apostle in Romans xii., and he *specifies* those gifts in verses 6, 7, 8. Gifts are from Christ, and are bestowed by the Spirit of Christ; see Eph. iv. 7—11; and these *gifts* are for "the work of the ministry, the perfecting of the saints, and the edification of the *body of Christ*," verse 12.

Enquire, then my brother, and learn what gifts the Lord has bestowed on you, and then industriously employ the same in the service of your Master. It is your Lord's property, even the talents with which you are intrusted; see, therefore, that you put *his* money to the exchangers. Matt. xxv. 27. Let head, hands, and heart be all employed. *Wear* out, but do not *rust* out. Take you the apostle's advice to his son Timothy, "Give attention to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine; meditate upon these things, give thyself *wholly* to them; that thy profiting may appear to all." 1 Tim. iv. 13—15. *Boil every doctrine to the bran*; so shall you bring

forth *fine meal*, winnowed with the shovel and the fan, (Isa. xxx. 24,) that the Lord's people may be fed with *clean provender*. It is a great, a most precious gift bestowed on a minister, whereby he is enabled to *understand* what God means in his holy word; for *that alone* will God bless to the souls of his people. If you treat on *doctrines* be *scripturally* doctrinal, and prove the *truth* of all you advance from the oracles of truth. Test *experience* also by the same unerring standard; and when you inculcate *practicals* let the Bible be a *light* to your feet, and a lamp to all your paths.

Do not let the people run before you; but you aim to go *before them*, and lead them on: that "they may *grow* in grace, and in the *knowledge* of Christ." 2 Peter iii. 18. Yea, "that they may grow up *into Him* in all things." Eph. iv. 15. It is for this purpose, that the members of a gospel church grow, and increase in gospel knowledge, that *Pastors* are given; whose province it is to "*feed* them with knowledge and understanding." Jer. iii. 15. Such men being *well taught of God*, and able to teach others also, and who also lay themselves out to do so, are styled "*faithful men*," (2 Tim. ii. 2.) and are "*Pastors* after God's own heart." When the school-boy is able to instruct his teacher, it is high time for the parent to place his lad in a superior school. Ponder well on Moses' prayer in behalf of Joshua his successor. "Let the Lord, the God of the spirits of all flesh, set a man over the congregation, which may go out *before them*, and which may go *in* before them; and which may lead them out, and which may bring them in: that the congregation of the Lord be not as "*sheep which have no shepherd*." Numb. xxvii. 16, 17. Dr. Owen says, "To lead the people out, and to bring them in, requires a *degree of eminency*, or else we shall be *useless* to a great part of our people."

Well then, my brother, bear you in mind, that all your qualification for the ministry you have "*received from the Lord*:" you have therefore, no room to boast, for even an Apostle could say, "*I know nothing by myself*." 1 Cor. iv. 4. And here permit me gently to hint, (I borrow it from the apostle) *In preaching* the gospel, be careful not to "*boast in another man's line of things, made ready to your hands*." 2 Cor. x. 16. "Alas, Master, for it was borrowed." 2 Kings vi. 5.

It will be a great mercy for you to feel continually, that you are a poor, weak, empty, nothing-creature in and of yourself; frequently going *yourself* to school, to obtain divine teaching, that you may thereby be qualified to teach *others*. May you enter into Paul's rich experience, and glory in your *infirmities*, that the *power of Christ* may rest upon you. 2 Cor. xii. 9. Let Christ be *all in all*; and be you content to be *nothing at*

all, but as you are in Him. I would apprise you, that my first sermon scarcely lasted five minutes; but I learned a lesson by it, which has lasted me nearly half a Century! Again, aim to be a plain Bible preacher. Never try to embellish the sacred Word, or to put fringes on the garments of salvation. The gospel needs no meretricious ornament. God's truth appears best in its naked beauty, its native simplicity. Remember, that as you received your ministry at first from the Lord, so be you sure to go to Him when you stand in need of fresh supplies. Always asking, and always receiving; and this because you will find the people among whom you labour, are always needing. When your people assemble under your ministry with a keen gospel appetite, pray don't "amuse them with a clatter of empty platters," (as dear John Stevens said to me,) or they will be ready to eat you. Talent is now the order of the day. Good Mrs. Greenwood, of Reading, after hearing a fine polished sermon, all prepared, and well read, said to one of the deacons, "It was a fine bill of fare, composed principally of fricassee's and made dishes, but no nutritious, well roasted gospel meat." Let it be your concern to hunt in the field of the Word for good venison; and having obtained it, then mind that you roast it well before you place it on the table. This will prove you not to be a "slothful man." I refer you to Prov. xiii. 27. But,

Thirdly, I would address you, in a word or two, most solemnly, "Take heed that you FULFIL your ministry." I have had this in my eye all along; so that I need not very much enlarge here. But this is far more important than you or I can possibly conceive. I have often pondered on Acts xii. 25—"They had fulfilled their ministry;" and on Acts xiv. 26, they had been recommended to the grace of God for the work which they had fulfilled. O, be an out and out man! Tell out the whole truth of the gospel. Be instant in season and out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine; for the time IS come when men will not endure sound doctrine, but, after their own lusts, they heap to themselves teachers having itching ears; they turn away their ears from the truth, and are turned unto fables." 2 Tim. iv. 3, 4. "But watch thou in all things: endure afflictions: do the work of an evangelist: make full proof of thy ministry."—Verse 5. Dr. Gill says, on my text, "Defend truth; detect error; reprove vice; comfort the feeble-minded, and feed the whole church of God with wholesome food: as a wise steward, giving to every one their portion of meat in due season."

O, let your loins be girded, your light constantly burning, your lamp-oil pure and well beaten, so as to cause "your lamp to burn always," or "to ascend up," as the

margin has it. (Exod. xxvii. 20). Let your lamp also be well trimmed. Have continually shoes of the preparation of the gospel of peace on your feet; and, your staff in your hand, ready to depart; so that when the Bridegroom cometh, you may "go out to meet him." Matt. xxv. 6. You are an under-shepherd; take care to look well after, and feed the sheep and the lambs; and, "when the chief Shepherd shall appear, thou shalt receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away." 1 Peter v. 4.

To the Lord I commend you, my dear brother; even to Him who is all-sufficient to supply your every need, and to crown your labours with a Divine blessing.

And now, just a word at parting, accompanied with a folded-down leaf in my memorandum book, which consists of many pages. You will frequently find the work of the ministry to be a heavy burden, pressing sorely on your mind, and weighing down your spirits; and you may resolve with Jeremiah, "I will not make mention of the Lord, nor speak any more in his name." Jer. xx. 9. I have been there, my brother, and I came to the same resolution. I left the dear people of my charge at Hartley Row, in the month of February, 1814, (now more than forty-one years ago,) I travelled to London on foot, resolving to give up the ministry, and to speak no more in the name of the Lord. In the great Metropolis I was as a wandering out-cast. The Lord's-day arrived; I went to a place of worship in the morning, and to another in the afternoon, but nothing for me. I had heard of John Keeble, of Blandford-street, and I thought I would go there in the evening; I did so; the place was much crowded; I went up into the side gallery. Mr. Keeble, in prayer before sermon, interceded with the Lord on behalf of his own ministers; he said, I think, verbatim, as follows: "Thine own labourers, Lord, I pray for; I do not pray for loiterers; but, if there should be here to-night, one of thy labourers who is loitering, or rather, has run away from his work, O, send him home again, though it be with a cat-o'-nine-tails at his back." I trembled; I wept; I was found out! I mentally cried out, "Lord, I will return home to my work; only go thou with me, stand by me, and bless me, and mine ear shall be bored through as with awl to the door-post of thine house, and I will serve thee for ever." Deut. xv. 16, 17. I left London the next day, and on the following Lord's-day I preached from Isaiah lxi. 1, 2. I realised the presence of my Master, and he blessed the word on that very day to two immortal souls, who afterwards joined the church. "What hath God wrought!"

Well, my brother, look you to the Lord; cast your burden on Him, and He shall sustain thee. O, may He give thee to fight the good fight of faith, and to lay hold on eternal life. Amen.



In conclusion. *My race is almost run.* I am nearly seventy-six years of age. I have been for forty-seven years in the highly-honoured employ of a forgiving, and most indulgent Master. He has covered my head in the day of battle. Psalm cxlvii. 7. He has stood by me in bygone years, when nearly all have forsaken me. He has greatly blessed my labours to hundreds of immortal souls; and, having obtained mercy to be faithful, (1 Cor. vii. 25.) I am resolved, in his strength, to be faithful unto death. My dear brother, "Go thou and do likewise." Trust him when you cannot trace him; and fully rely on him for the word of his grace. O keep that which is committed unto thee, according to the commandment of God our Saviour. Titus i. 3. May God Almighty be with thee; may he bless thee, and keep thee; make his face to shine upon thee, and give thee peace. Numb. vi. 24. I add no more.

I place the following as an appendix to the above charge, being in my view, of vast importance. It is extracted from a Charge delivered nearly one-hundred years ago. If my reader is a professed gospel minister, I then beseech him to read it prayerfully, and that frequently too, as long as he lives:—

"Let me caution you that you never declare anything as a part of God's counsel for which you have not a divine warrant in God's word. And what you declare, let it be in such a manner as to excite no suspicion that you do not fully believe it in your own soul; and allow no room for any of your hearers to accuse you of unfaithfulness in keeping in the background, or in anywise shunning to declare all the counsel of God. Be much upon your guard as to this at all times, but more especially so in seasons of trial and temptation; and look well to your own steadfastness in the "present truth:" (so styled by the Apostle, 2 Pet. i. 12.) that is, any truth of Divine revelation may be so termed "the present truth," when it becomes a matter of dispute, and is made the controversy of the day. O let me earnestly beseech, and solemnly charge you, my brother, in the presence of the Lord Jesus, and in the midst of this church of the living God, that you constantly watch and pray that you may never in any instance, or upon any occasion, desert or balk [i. e. omit] the truth; no, not through the flattering smiles of the dearest worldly friend, or the threatening frowns of the most avowed and bitter enemies. While you live, shun not to declare any one truth of Divine revelation. O with what insulence and boldness do some contradict the Scripture-doctrines of the Deity of the Lord Jesus Christ; of the infinite merit of his atonement, and the imputation of his righteousness; together with the Personality and Deity of the infinitely blessed and Holy Spirit. They deny the absolute necessity of his discriminating, efficacious, and omnipotent grace, by which the hearts of sinners are turned to God, and precious souls are re-

deemed. How many are there who dispute against the sovereignty of God's grace, the immutability of his love, and openly deny the doctrine of the saints' certain and final perseverance in grace to glory; with other grand articles of the Christian religion, in which the glory of God, the comfort of believers, and the power of true godliness are most nearly concerned!

"O watch and pray that you may with all holy boldness, as well as meekness and patience, always 'speak the truth as it is in Jesus.' A marked declaration of the truth, is of the essence of all ministerial work; but, the fashionable Sibboleth of the day, is charity and moderation. Let it be our chief concern to contend earnestly for the faith which was once delivered to the saints. 'He that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully. What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord?'"

J. A. J.

## THE REDEEMED CHURCH

### THE FULNESS OF JESUS.

WHILE we rejoice that, "it hath pleased the Father that in Christ all fulness should dwell," for the use of the church both in grace and glory, we cannot but rejoice also with the apostle, that the redeemed church which is His body, should be "the fulness of him that filleth all in all." Eph. i. 23.

How rich the grace and favour of our covenant God and Father, that he should constitute us, who are but worms of the earth, and by nature "children of wrath, even as others," the fulness of Jesus. We are made the fulness of Jesus by covenant relationship, constituting Christ the head, and the Church the members of His mystical body; here the word fulness gives us the idea of completeness and perfection; as the head is not complete without the members of the body, so our Lord Jesus Christ, as far as covenant relationship is concerned, would not be complete without His body the church, "For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body, so also is Christ." 1 Cor. xii. 12. And thus by covenant relationship the redeemed church becomes "the fulness of him that filleth all in all;" and being created anew in Christ Jesus, "For we are God's workmanship created anew in Christ Jesus unto good works," Eph. ii. 10; and being "established together, by God, in Christ Jesus," 2 Cor. i. 21; "we all come, at length, in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." Eph. iv. 13. To constitute the redeemed church "the fulness of him that filleth all in all" "Christ dwells in our heart by faith, that we being rooted and grounded in love, and strengthened with might by the Spirit in the inner man, being enabled to comprehend what is the length, and breadth, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, experimentally, which passeth

knowledge; comprehensively, may be filled, in union with Christ, with all the fulness of God." Thus the redeemed church being made the fulness of Jesus, and filled in union with Christ, with all the fulness of God, we shall be prepared for that glorious oneness, which our Lord Jesus Christ, when addressing His Heavenly Father, reveals as the final destiny of the redeemed church, "That they all may be one; as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one." John xvii. 21-23. To raise us to this high and glorious dignity, our covenant Head sanctified himself, that we might be sanctified through the truth, and has given us the glory which the Father had given him, that we may be one, even as Christ, and his Father are one, (22 verse).

Now from this truth, that the redeemed church is the fulness of Jesus, we infer, first, The greatness of God's love to us. How vast and incomprehensible must that love be towards us, that could conceive and purpose so high and glorious a dignity for the church. Well might Jesus say, when addressing our heavenly Father, "Thou hast loved them as thou hast loved me, and thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world;" and how great must the love of Christ be towards us, to unrobe himself of his glory, that he might redeem us to God, that we might enter upon the enjoyment of this high destiny, to become poor for our sake, that we through his poverty might be made rich." Beloved "behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God; Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not appear what we shall be: but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is." And how unspeakable the love of the Spirit to us, that he should come in the name of the Father and of the Son to fit and prepare such vile, ill and hell-deserving sinners, for such an exalted position in the coming kingdom of Christ's glory. "But God who is rich in mercy, for the great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ, (by grace we are saved); and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." All glory to a triune God of love.

Secondly. We infer the divine security of the redeemed church. Will Christ lose a part of himself? Christian forbid the thought; cast it back in the holy indignation of your spirit to the father of lies, from whence it comes. No, the Saviour loves his Father's glory and his own honour too well, to lose one of his little ones: "He shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied." "Fear not little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Poor, trembling, weak believer, know you not that Christ gives unto his sheep, (all of them), eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of his hands." Take courage then, go forward, but let your first visit be to the throne of mercy,

pour out your heart before God, hold nothing back, tell your Father all your doubts and fears; the footstool of mercy is the only place where you can meet the devil with advantage, and secure the victory. Take the weapon of all prayer, and you will then be strengthened to take the sword of the Spirit in the hand of faith, and weak and feeble as you are, you will be able to make some home thrusts at his hellish power. "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

"The feeblest saint shall win the day,  
Though death and hell obstruct the way."

And the time is fast coming when the enemies you meet with now, you will meet with no more for ever." Amen. W. H. WELLS.

*Mile End.*

## THE SOMERSETSHIRE GIPSEY.

DEAR BROTHER,—On Lord's-day evening, July 29th, I was requested to visit a poor aged gipsy, who was lying in a dying state, in a tent on the common near this place. I went, and found him to be an old man, worn out with sickness, just dropping into the grave: he was too far gone for me to read or pray with him, therefore I was obliged to content myself with asking him a few questions. I first asked him if he had ever felt himself to be a lost and ruined sinner. He replied, with great earnestness, "Oh, sir, no one knows what a sinner I have been, except myself and God." I then asked him if he knew the way in which poor guilty, helpless sinners, like himself, were saved. He answered, with a most enquiring look, (which plainly proved to those who saw him that he was most anxious to be rightly informed,) "Jesus spilt his blood, didn't he, sir?" I told him yes, and explained to him the way in which God was a just God, and yet the justifier of the ungodly. He listened with great attention; and upon my asking him if he had any hope in the mercy of God, he clasped his hands together, and with joy beaming in his eyes, said, "Yes, mercy I shall have, mercy I shall have." I saw he was too much exhausted for me to say more to him, I therefore left him for the night, and was enabled in secret to commend him to God in prayer.

The next day I again visited him, and found him a little revived; he seemed very happy, and told me that I did not come to see him of myself, but that it was his sweet Lord Jesus who had sent me. I cannot now remember the particulars of the conversation I had with him that morning, but I know he spoke most blessedly of Jesus, and expressed a desire to depart to be with him.

On Tuesday one of my congregation told me a very interesting circumstance respecting him. It appears that about five years ago he obtained permission to sleep in a barn belonging to a house near the spot where I found him lying. The owners of the barn being fearful that he might set the place on fire by smoking, went out about half an hour after he had gone into the barn to see if all was right; they found him upon his knees in prayer, and

he continued to pour out his heart in prayer to the Lord for more than an hour. I was much pleased to hear this account of him, and on the next day, when I visited him, I asked if he recollected the circumstance. He said he did not, but that it was nothing new to him, for he had never been able to live without prayer ever since the Lord convinced him of his state as a sinner, some five years ago; and the other gipsies told me that as soon as they had encamped in any place for the night, he would go away, and behind some hedge pray to the Lord, although, for doing so, he had to bear a great deal of persecution. He requested me to read to him the 3rd chapter of John, which I did, and also the 103rd Psalm, explaining it to him as I read. He seemed to drink in every word, and did frequently, whilst I was reading to him, break out in praising God. What he said came with such sweet savour and power, that my soul was quite refreshed, and we could praise God together for what he had done for us.

When I parted from him, he seemed as though he could hardly let me go; he took my hand and kissed it with his dying lips, as though he thought it would be the last time he should ever see me here below, and so it proved to be, for on the following morning he slept in Jesus. From what I could gather from those who saw him die, it appears that he had a most glorious vision of heaven just before his departure, and died without a struggle or a groan. He had never learnt to read, but, from what he had heard read, had obtained a good store of divine knowledge, which seemed to be his meat and his drink.

On Monday last his remains were interred in the burial ground at Tatworth; upon which occasion there were upwards of 1,000 persons present. After the procession had returned to the common, I spoke to them from John iii. 14, 15. They were very attentive, and I trust the seed sown will, in God's own time, spring up and bear fruit. Oh, my brother, what a company shall we meet in heaven, taken out of every nation, kindred, tongue and people. May we both meet there, and

"We will sing more sweet, more loud,  
And Christ shall be our song."

I am, dear brother, yours in Jesus,  
BENJAMIN DAVIES.

South Chard, August 13th, 1855.

## THE GOSPEL MINISTRY CAREFULLY CONSIDERED,

IN CONNECTION WITH A BRIEF REVIEW OF  
"New Park Street Pulpit."

SECOND PAPER.

IN our first paper we proposed to ourselves a certain course;—that course we wish steadily to pursue: consequently, to make a fair and faithful exhibition of that which is decidedly and indisputably good, is the first branch of our work.

For a ministry to be essentially and practi-

cally good, we have said, it must be a *living—a truth-expounding—a sympathising, and a growing* ministry. What evidence, then, have we from the "New Park Street Pulpit," that there is *divine life, heavenly illumination, spiritual sympathy, and a well-guided progression*, in Mr. SPURGEON'S ministry? This is the first point. With us, it is a vitally important one: let it be proved to us—as far as it can be proved—that these elements are to be found in the ministry referred to; then, we are justified in the hopes we have entertained respecting it; and are persuaded that in kindly, carefully, and faithfully dealing with any of its discrepancies, we shall have the blessing of the Master attending our labours. To criticise, to cast reflection upon, and to condemn any ministry that comes NOT out boldly AGAINST any vital part of the Gospel of Christ—is to tread on dangerous ground. "Touch not mine anointed; and do my prophets no harm:"—"He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of mine eye:"—these are solemn Scriptures; and by them our minds have been awed: and we hope ever to be careful in either speaking or writing, violently or harshly, against any man who professes to be—who appears to be—and, who, in the consciences of many witnesses, is declared to be,—a servant of the living God.

We know well enough, that many of the Lord's deep-taught children have gone to hear Mr. Spurgeon: and they have said,—"*his ministry will not do for me:*" but this is no argument against the vitality of his commission. What in the world would become of all our preachers and pastors, if all God's dear people could profitably and comfortably hear Mr. Spurgeon? Infinite wisdom is most beautifully displayed in the provision and adaptation of ministers, suited to the varied experiences, and conditions of the believing family;—and wonderful, indeed, are the *diversities* of gifts, graces, abilities, and experiences, even of the most eminent of the Lord's servants.

It was a nice word of Richard Sibbes's, when he said, "the office of a minister is to be a wooer, to make up the marriage between Christ and Christian souls:" and we will plainly speak our mind;—we have hoped, that C. H. Spurgeon's work, in the hands of the Holy Ghost, is to woo, and to win souls over unto Jesus Christ; and we have an impression—should his life be spared, that, through his instrumentality—all our churches will, by and bye, be increased. God Almighty grant that we may be true prophets; and then, to all our cruel correspondents we will say—fire away—cut up, cast out, and condemn THE EARTHEN VESSEL, much as ye may, ye will do us no harm. The temple of the Lord is being built: the workmen are in all parts of the building—some outside, and some in: some in the lower parts, some in the higher; some can hardly be seen or heard at all, others make a tremendous noise, and a most conspicuous show; still, the work goes on: the blazing beauties of Zechariah's speech shall shine in full perfection soon, when of Christ, that prophet said—"He shall build

the temple of the Lord; even he shall build the temple of the Lord; and he shall bear the glory."

We set out by declaring, that we have no grounds for suspecting the genuineness of Mr. Spurgeon's motives, nor the honesty of his heart. We are bound to believe that his statements respecting his own experience are just and true. We are bound to believe that in prosecuting his ministry, he is sincerely aiming at three things—**THE GLORY OF CHRIST—THE GOOD OF IMMORTAL SOULS**—and the *well-being of Zion*; and that in all this, the love of Christ constrains him.

If—in thoroughly weighing the sermons before us—proof to the contrary appeared, we would not hide it up, but we sincerely trust, no evidence of that kind can be produced.

Now, then, for the proofs of *life, illumination, sympathy and growth*: and the first proof which we derive is that of

*A spiritual appetite for, and internal relish of gospel grace and gospel glory.* This shines most conspicuously in many parts of these sermons. Whenever the preacher touches upon any string that is directly connected with the eternal glories of a Three-One Jehovah, on the one hand; and with the salvation of sinners on the other, then his very soul appears to wrap itself in all the energy, and love that it possesses, and plunging into the very bowels of the truth in contemplation, he revels there with great delight, with almost unbounded zeal, and evidently labours to throw this energy, love, and holy fire into the souls of all who are now listening to his voice, and hanging on his lips. A specimen of this, appears in the following sentence.

"Nothing will so magnify the whole soul of man, as a devout, earnest, continued investigation of the great subject of the Deity. And—while it is humbling and expanding, this subject is also *consolatory.*"

Now, see, how the inflamed feelings of the preacher's soul break forth in ideas which powerfully bespeak a deep acquaintance with the theme in hand. He says—"Oh, there is in contemplating Christ, a balm for every wound; in musing on the Father, there is a quietus for every grief; and in the influence of the Holy Ghost, there is a balsam for every sore. Would you lose your sorrows? Would you drown your cares? Then, go, plunge yourself in the Godhead's deepest sea; be lost in his immensity; and you shall come forth as from a couch of rest, refreshed and invigorated." [There may be extravagance here as regards words; it is true, it may be said to be the language of free-will; implying that the creature can thus plunge into the deep mysteries, and bathe in the ever-flowing mercies of a covenant God; but it is not so: it is the fervency of the preacher's soul earnestly pressing home upon the spirits of his hearers the necessity and the value of close communion with, and of holy meditation upon the purposes, promises, and mediatorial performances of our immortal and invaluable Immanuel. He follows it up with a testimony hot from his own heart, and says]—"I know nothing which can so comfort the soul; so

calm the swelling billows of grief and sorrow; so speak peace to the winds of trial, as a devout musing upon the subject of the Godhead."

We cannot but most deeply sympathise with the preacher in these expressions. We have, for years, been favoured to enjoy, at different times, soul-revivings and the purest comforts from meditation on the Person, gospel, grace, and kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. We could not throw ourselves into that holy sea—we could not plunge ourselves into that river "the streams whereof make glad the city of our God;"—but *in waiting, in seeking, in meditating,*—how frequently has the door of the mercy-seat been opened! The dark clouds have fled—the true light hath shined—our cares and our sorrows have rolled into the valley beneath our feet; while Naphthali-like—as "a hind let loose"—we have mounted high in holy joy, rejoicing in our Saviour-God, and praising his thrice holy name.

This sacred, this spiritual, this Divine realization of the Redeemer's promise—"Out of his belly shall flow rivers of living waters,"—can never be frequently, powerfully and blessedly known, but in the souls of the adopted sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. In the course of Mr. Spurgeon's ministry there are frequently to be found such gushings forth of love to God—of ravishing delights in Christ—of the powerful anointings of the Holy Ghost—as compel us to believe that God is in him of a truth. We must confess this is the deep-wrought conviction of our spirit; and we dare not conceal it. Why should we? We may be condemned by many; but, whatever it may cost us—whoever may discard us—we must acknowledge that, while in these sermons we have met with sentences that perplex us—and with what some might consider contradictions—still, we have found those things which have been powerful demonstrations of the indwelling of **THE LIFE** and **THE LOVE** of a triune God in the preacher's heart.

In thus giving—without reserve—an *unbiased verdict* respecting the main drift of the Sermons contained in "*The New Park Street Pulpit,*" we do not endorse every sentence, nor justify every mode of expression: our first work has been to search for—(that which in every new work that comes to hand, we search for; that which we search for in every candidate for membership;—it is) **LIFE**: and if we have not found evidences of a divine life in the ministry at New Park Street, we are deceived—yea, we are blind; and the powers of spiritual discernment are not with us.

In our next, we shall endeavor to set these evidences of a heaven-born, and of a God-sent ministry clearly before our readers. And in closing this, our second paper, we earnestly beseech all Christian people who long for a revival in the midst of our churches, to pray for this young man, whom we do earnestly hope **THE LORD HAS SENT AMONGST US**. Let us not be found fighting against him, lest unhappily we be found fighting against God. Let us remember, he has not made himself—he has not qualified himself—he has not sent

himself; all that he has, which is good, God-like, and gracious, the Lord has given him;—all that he is doing, that is of real benefit to immortal souls, the Lord is doing by him. Therefore, brethren, be careful. Let us remember, also, that infidel *Reasoners*, Jesuits, Mormonites—and hosts of open enemies are working hard to deceive men, to lead them on to the gates of death, and to cast contempt upon the glorious gospel of our lovely and thrice blessed Elder Brother, IMMANUEL, GOD WITH US—but this young man comes forth to *expose error*; to *defend truth*; to *expound the mysteries of the gospel*; to *exalt THE SAVIOUR*; to *warn the wicked*; and, as far as in him lies, to *feed the Church of God*.

We do not now take upon ourselves to deny the many assertions antagonistically made: we will do that; not one stone shall be left unturned. We feel a determination, God helping, to sift this ministry—and the general state of the ministry now standing in our churches, to the very bottom; and we believe our labour shall not be in vain.

The pages of "the EARTHEN VESSEL," are impartially open to every good man to speak his mind on matters of vital interest to the church of Christ. We therefore give the following communication, which is one among many on this subject, recently come to hand.

DEAR SIR.—It has been my intention for some time past to write you a few lines relative to the manner in which you have been treated by parties from whom we thought better things, for the independent course which you have hitherto pursued in regard to Mr. Spurgeon and his traducers, but I have delayed it to the present time. I have not the pleasure of personally knowing you, beyond through the medium of the VESSEL; nor am I personally acquainted with Mr. Spurgeon; whom I have heard preach twice—once at Exeter Hall, and once at his own chapel. Having heard so much of Mr. Spurgeon, I thought I would go and hear him for myself. I did so. The first time he spake from these words—"Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." And I must say, that although I did not exactly like his *attitude*, yet I had nothing to say against those sacred truths which he then so plainly and forcibly proclaimed. I thought I beheld a future great man, and able defender of the doctrines of Divine grace. On the second occasion I went with a country friend to hear him at his own chapel; but I heard but little, the chapel being thronged. On this occasion I thought he was rather legal, by his stating what they, as a church, could do, and intended to do, in the neighbourhood; and I was also rather surprised when he mentioned something about Mr. Sherman having been there; or more strictly, what that gentleman in his sermon remarked. Still, I would by no means condemn the stripping. He is young, soldier-like, full of zeal for his adorable Lord, and apparently desirous to spread abroad his mighty acts.

Now, to tell you the real truth, I do not approve of the ministers of a free-grace gospel admitting into their pulpits men who preach

sentiments which cannot bear to be tested "by the law and the testimony;" it being, as the highly respected minister of the Surrey Tabernacle not long since said of the Welsh Chapel, Bartlett's Buildings, a marriage; of which, he also said, there is too much now-a-days. However, the youthful pastor of New Park Street Chapel is not the only minister who is guilty of these matrimonial connections. How frequently do we see advertisements announcing that Mr. This, a preacher of Calvinistic principles, and Mr. That, a rank Arminian, are going to attend some Sunday School tea meeting! or going to preach at some anniversary! This latter fact I saw posted about this very month; it being announced that the worthy pastor of Ebenezer Chapel, Camden Town, was going to preach with a rank Arminian at Willesden; and it is not many weeks ago, when the aforesaid minister allowed sermons to be preached in his own chapel by professed Arminians; and I believe the good pastor of Ebenezer is not the only inconsistent—or, as the pastor of the Tabernacle says, *marrying* parson. It is as notorious as the noonday sun, that some of our would-be sound churches have connection with what I call unsound societies. Look at Keppel Street. There they have an auxiliary to the General Baptist Missionary Society; which society, it is well known, holds doctrines inimical to "the truth as it is in Jesus."

Dear sir, excuse my warmth; but I do not like to see people who dwell in glass houses throw stones. Now, I have thought for some time past, that many of those men who are so very forward in pointing out what they call errors in Mr. Spurgeon, are far more faulty than he is; and that it is (do pardon me for so saying) nothing but envy which makes them so spiteful as they are against the young man—his pulpit talents being so great. I should not wonder that if those gentlemen were narrowly watched in their preaching, that we should at times, at least, be shocked at their *unsound* sentiments. It is not very long since that I heard the pastor (a well-known pastor, too) of a large and noted free-grace church, make a sad, a very sad blunder about the *inspiration* of "the Scriptures of truth;" endeavouring with all his might to shew that that precious volume was variously inspired—viz., *superintendence*, *elevation*, and *suggestion*: whereas, God's own Spirit tells us that "*all* Scripture is given by inspiration of God."

Trusting you will pardon this somewhat long letter, I remain, your's in the best of bonds,  
B.

ALL true believers are picked out by God's own hand for himself, "Know that the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself." The tongues of men and *angels* cannot prevail on one soul to renounce the chains of Satan and sin. The strongest rhetoric and most moving eloquence alike fail here. For the hand of man is too weak to pluck any soul out of the crowd of the world, and to set him amongst the company of believers. It is only God the Holy Ghost that can enter the *heart*, when all other speakers must stand without.

## EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

## LETTER XV.

In my last I have shewn that all true love to God must be in accordance with *truth*—viz., “the truth of an everlasting covenant, even the sure mercies of David.”

Now, mind it is *not* after the *flesh* that you are made meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light; no, for flesh and blood cannot, in their mortal state, inherit the kingdom of heaven, neither can corruption inherit incorruption. “The body is dead, because of sin; but the *spirit* is life, because of righteousness.”

There are four things under which you will often sigh and groan, and at which you will often stagger and rebel; and these are, first, the plague of the heart, filling you with anything but the fruits of righteousness. You will be a pestilence to yourself. The second is the crooks and stumbles you will make by the way. Yes, the very things you would not, you will sometimes do; so that your mouth shall be stopped here also; for there shall not be such a likeness between your life and the righteousness of the Saviour as to cause you to mistake the one for the other. No; for your own righteousness, when brought before God, will be at the best but filthy rags. The third is the dealings of the Lord with you in providence. Some of these dealings may be such as to cause you to curse the very day in which you were born. The fourth is death. This will sometimes try you. Death is a dread to some all their life time. Now, then, with your old man of sin, with your often infirmities, with crosses in providences, and the occasional fear of death, you will not be without your troubles; so you must not look to any of these for that meanness which you have for eternity. Your love to God rests on better grounds than these.

Nor can I in this part forbear reminding you of the greatness of the difference between the opposite qualities found in the true Christian; and I do this the more readily as some people think there cannot be—at least, ought not to be—anything bad about a real Christian; while on the other hand, the true Christian sees and feels so much evil about himself, that everything good is often hidden from him. There is no contrast in nature sufficiently strong to set forth the contrast between the mind that serves the law of truth, and the flesh which serves the law of sin; and these two irreconcilable armies are found in one and the same Christian man—fire and water; darkness and life; health and disease; death and life; mortality and immortality; corruption and incorruption; earthly and heavenly; spiritual and carnal; holy and unholy; the finest gold and the basest dross; inextinguishable love to God, and deadly enmity against him; the lowest and the veriest dregs of hell, and the highest and noblest dignities of heaven; all the infidelity and atheism satan could wish, and yet all that faith and godliness that shall bring the soul off with boundless triumph at the last.

Thus, you will see, that when you come to die there will be a great deal to part with. You have parted with a great deal already, only just to make room for that small portion of truth which is to be received on this side Jordan. But you will have bye-and-bye to part with mortal life itself to make room for a better life.

You know that our worst, as well as our best qualities, are parts of *ourselves*. The one belongs to *old self*, the other to *new self*; and to both these we have a strong liking; old self likes itself, and new self likes itself. You cannot get old self to dislike itself, and new self has no occasion to dislike itself. How clear it is, then, that “that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit.” And if ever the truth was spoken in this world, it was spoken when it was declared that these are *contrary* one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would. This last clause is true both ways; for the true Christian cannot sin as he (according to the flesh) would, nor can he serve God as (according to the Spirit) he would.

Seeing, then, we have so great, so thick, so dark a cloud of witnesses *against us*, as well a great, a bright, and true cloud of witnesses for us, is it any wonder it should so often be so difficult to find out our signs and evidences of belonging to the Lord? for although these dark-cloud witnesses are in one sense false witnesses, having by what the Saviour has done lost their right against us, yet they do truly demonstrate what we are, and often confuse us, and hide everything else from us. But still these witnesses, having lost their right against us, cannot ultimately prevail. This troop may overcome Gad at the first, and at times, but Gad shall overcome at the last; for the testimony of Christ can never lose its right to speak for us: and if God be for us, who then can fatally be against us?

Now, my good Theophilus, it is only by thus knowing your own heart, that you can become a true lover of true holiness. Every evil which you see and feel in your heart will be to you a reason why you should love that holiness which the truth is unto you; and the more evils you see and feel in your own heart, the more and greater will be your reasons to love true holiness—that true holiness which is by the Word of truth. “Now ye are clean,” saith the Saviour, “through the *Word* I have spoken unto you.” That holiness which is by the blood of the Lamb; the blood of Christ giving a pardoned conscience, that you may in living affection and love serve the God of love; that holiness which is by the truth of eternal election. This truth taking you from the reprobate and the fatally hardened and uniting you in thanksgiving to him who hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit—that is, the Holy Spirit roots in your soul the truth of eternal election; and this chooses you out of the world, and makes this eternal election one of the essential ties which unites your soul to God, making you see and feel that you cannot be saved without it; therefore,

election has not only chosen you, but becomes also an essential part of your *sanctification*. Your sanctification is *not* complete without election; for as election is good in the sight of God, so it must be good in your sight; for your eye must not be evil, where he is good. It is in this way you become a true lover of true holiness.

Now, your present participation in holiness is but partial; you know only in part; and your love to God in all that perfection of holiness and beauty by which he shines out of Zion, is but *comparative*. There are many Scriptures that can be understood only by the doctrine of degrees of comparison; not *degrees*, mind, of comparison; but the doctrine of *degrees* of comparison.

"If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." Psalm lxxvi. 18. Again, "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." 1 John ii. 15. Now, how are we to understand these Scriptures? Must we interpret them in direct opposition to actual facts? for it is a truth beyond all dispute, that every believer does regard iniquity in his heart; and it is a truth, too, that every believer, as well as unbeliever, loves the world. Yes, he who knows his own heart well knows that when in a carnal state of mind, many things are cherished there which he would tremble to be seen of men, and for which, when in his right mind, he loathes himself in the sight of God; and he who denies that he has this sinful love to sinful self, does thereby prove that he does not know his own heart; and as to the love of the world, where is there the man, even among the most favored, who does not shew some symptoms of love to the world, and to the things thereof—which do not sometimes linger among the graves in the congregation of the dead, and shew some attachment to swine's flesh? Isa. lxxv. 4. "For if we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." How, then, shall we make these things straight? for we must not leave them thus crooked. "Ye are complete in him" is a most delightful truth; but this is not the department upon which we are now dwelling; we are not now dwelling upon that relative perfection we have in him; but we are here dwelling upon *personal* fitness for heaven. Let us, then, see if the doctrine of degrees of comparison will not set these matters right and straight. "If any man come to me, and hate not his father and mother," &c. Now, what does this mean? Why, not what it seems to mean. It seems to mean hatred to parents, but it does not mean so; for it is in another place explained by the doctrine of degrees of comparison. "He that loveth father or mother *more* than me." Here, then, is the key to the whole; and the meaning of the above Scriptures will run thus; if I so regard iniquity in my heart, as to turn away from the truth, or sell it as Judas did; if I so regard iniquity in my heart, as to prefer, to choose, to follow iniquity, rather than follow the Lamb of God, then the Lord will not hear me. There is therefore nothing in this Scripture really to discourage you; for with

all the fleshly attachment to and regard for the iniquity in your heart which you feel, yet the blood of the Lamb, the Word of his testimony, and that eternal life which is by him, are dearer to you, precious to your soul, by which you can truly say that you do love him *more* than you love the downward tendencies of mortal flesh. David, supposed to be the author of the above Psalm, certainly gave as clear a proof as any of the Old or New Testament saints, that he *did* at times regard iniquity in his heart, and was from this regard, as circumstances shew, capable of anything to which he might be left; yet he supremely loved God's truth, and could and did in his old age say, "I have stuck unto thy testimonies;" and could and does in this same Psalm, wherein he says, "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." He does, I say, in this same Psalm bear testimony, saying, "Verily, God hath heard me; he hath attended to the voice of my prayer. Blessed be God, which hath not turned away *my* prayer, nor *his* mercy from me." Now, do mind this; his prayer was for *mercy*. Now, as the word *iniquity* most generally in Scripture means *error*, so, the special allusion here seems to be to error—error against the Lord. So, if I regard false doctrine, satanic falsehood, in my heart, against God's truth, then my prayer, like the prayer of the pharisee, or the rich man in hell, would not accord with God's truth; it would not accord with his covenant of mercy; it would not accord with the perfect mediation of the Saviour; therefore *could not*, from the very nature of things, be heard or answered.

Thus, by the doctrine of degrees of comparison, and by looking at the word iniquity here to have a special allusion to error—even that kind of error which makes empty the soul of the hungry, and causes the drink of the thirsty to fail. Isaiah xxxiii. 8. Taking this view of the matter, I think we get hold, pretty nearly, of the Psalmist's meaning.

This degree of comparison must apply also to the words of John, "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." Now every christian, as we have said, does love the world; and this, as well as the other department I have just noticed, are departments wherein we need reproof, admonition, exhortation, and expostulation: and, above all, grace to profit thereby. Otherwise, like Demas, we should soon be so in love with this present world, evil as it is, that we should apostatize from the truth, and be drowned in perdition; but this, sin shall not have such deadly dominion over us, as we are not under a galling, condemning, unendurable law; for then we might be glad to run anywhere to get away from such a law:—but we are under grace. This is the best thing we can be under; and there can be no just reason why we should wish to get away from it; "Its yoke is easy, and its burden is light;" and however sin has abounded, grace has *much* more abounded: it does not say *how* much more—only let me say that this is the *Everlasting God's much* more. Sin with the saints can go no further than death; but grace will go on when sin and death

are dead, and that, unto eternal life. What! my good Theophilus, you born of God, and yet so regard iniquity in your heart, and so love the world, that you wish to get away from him who has loved you eternally, provided a city for you to dwell in, an inheritance for you to range in, a rest for you to repose in, a river for you to bathe in, a righteousness for you to appear in, riches for you to roll in, a name for you to glory in, eternity—yes, eternity for you to breathe in? Jesus lay down a life of infinite value for you—obtain redemption for you—gain victory for you—open heaven for you—bear all your sins for you—bear the curse for you—swallow up death for you—plead before the throne for you—make all things subserviently work for you—dedicate heaven itself with his own blood to and for you—create the world for you—govern it for you—will end it for you—will raise up into his own likeness your mortal body for you, having established endless perfection for you? He is meek and lowly in heart for you—and that he might live with you, his heart will never be lifted up above you.

The Holy Spirit with you by the Father's love—by Immanuel's name—by the covenant of peace—by his own testimonies! and will be with you for ever, to keep up the health of your countenance—the life of your hope—the strength of your faith—the purity of your love—the sincerity of your desires—the progress of your experience—the increase of your knowledge—the clearness of your eye-sight—the firmness of your steps—the decision of your soul—the certainty of your race—the conquest after conquest of your march—and, at last, command the gates of heaven to lift up their heads, and the everlasting doors of truth so to open that you and the King of Glory and the Father of Mercies in and by him, may meet on eternity's hallowed ground; with every tear for ever wiped from your eyes. You comforted on every side—the banner of eternal love rejoicing over your head—and everything in all that world to make you welcome and happy there? What! leave such a God as this? We might then indeed say, "Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Ashkelon." "But I am persuaded better things of you, though I thus speak."

And, although, "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it," yet we are not (in our correspondence), left quite alone. A kindly word was given for us on the wrapper of the July number of the VESSEL: not that I for a moment think my humble attempts to be a help to you can be really entitled altogether to such encouraging remarks, so sincerely and feelingly made by our unknown christian well-wisher; yet that I hope again next month you will hear from

A LITTLE ONE.

SWEET Jesus, the Hair of all, prayed with tears and strong cries once, "O, my Father!" again, "O, my Father!" and the third time, "O, my Father!" and he was heard. So, wait on, dear soul! faint not, but store thy heart with the sweet love of Jesus. It is Christ, he will hear thee, though it be not at first.

## Controversial Correspondence.

REPLY TO MR. ROW,

OF LITTLE GRANDSEN.

(See page 152, Vol. XI.)

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—There is in your last July number (page 152) a piece by a Mr. Row, of Little Grandsen, advocating the doctrine of pre-existence. I did hope that some one of the sons of Zion, well able to handle such subjects, would in your August number have given us a little light upon this disputed matter. Mr. Row is an entire stranger to me; but from the manner in which he has written, I am rather prepossessed in his favor as a well-taught Christian man; and though I differ from him in the doctrine of pre-existence, and shall speak out that difference with decision, yet not an unkind word, if I know it, shall escape my pen.

Mr. Row, if I rightly understand him, would have us believe that Immanuel God with us was a complex Person before the world was created. Mr. Row would not have us believe that the body of the Saviour existed before the world was, or that the law was then fulfilled, or that atonement was made for sin; or that his body did exist until made of a woman, nor salvation wrought until the fulness of time; but that the *soul* of Christ was begotten and born before the world was; so that by having, not body and soul, but by having a soul—a human soul—in oneness with himself as God, he was thus a complex Person; and that this is the reason that he is called the First-begotten, and the First-born of every creature, and the Beginning of the creation of God; and that he was, as shewn in Prov. viii., possessed in the beginning, set up from everlasting—meaning, of course, a limited everlasting; and that he was in heaven many years, or at least a long period before his brethren. This, I think, is the substance of what Mr. Row wishes us to believe; but if I am wrong in this statement, Mr. Row, or rather you, Mr. Editor, can correct me; as it will be your place to watch over us as your correspondents; and perhaps before we close you will have to give us a little sugar candy to quiet us, or else to give us a good flogging, to make us behave ourselves. Well, I will escape the rod if I can.

I will then shew, first, that I, for myself—and I am but one, and a very insignificant one, too—therefore I speak only for myself, leaving others to do the same for themselves; but I myself can understand (at least, I think I can) the above Scriptures, better *without* than with the doctrine of the pre-existence of the human soul of the Mediator.

Now, Mr. Editor, I wish you to take notice of this one thing—that every *rule* of interpretation ought to be *plain and positive*; for if the *rule itself* be *obscure*, how can the interpretation be plain or clear? The fact, for instance, of what man became by the fall, is full and clear; they became sinners—*dead* in sin; and by this clear, positive, and definite rule, we judge of the state of all men by nature. Here is a



clear rule to go by. But is it anywhere in the Bible clearly declared that God created the human soul of Christ before the world was—or is there any Scripture to shew that that holy Thing born of the virgin, and called the Son of God, had not an *infantine* soul, as well as an infantine body? Is it anywhere said that he did *not grow* in wisdom and in stature? And can we with propriety say of a man whose rationality has been neutralized, when he regains his reason, that he is *growing* in wisdom? Should we not rather say that he is regaining his reason? And if the human soul of Christ existed in a perfection of knowledge, and that for thousands of years, and all at once became deprived of the same, and yet not the slightest hint given in the Bible of such a circumstance; does the Bible anywhere say he emptied himself? I trow not. I again, then, say, that if the *rule* of interpretation be so obscure, what must the interpretation itself be? Who can walk with certainty by an uncertain rule? Thus, to interpret First-begotten, First-born, by a rule nowhere found in the Bible, does appear to me to be anything but safe.

Why not be content with the rule, or rather rules, laid down in the word of God, in relation to the meaning of the above scriptures? One of those rules lies in these words, "The *only* begotten Son of God." Mr. Row asks how he can be the first-begotten and first-born, if so many were born *before* him? My answer is, that he is the first-begotten and the first-born, by just the same rule that he is the *only* begotten Son of God. Were we to ask how can he be the *only* begotten Son of God, when it is so clear that God has millions of sons besides? Were we, I say, to ask such a question as this, we should at once see our error; and yet Mr. Row's question of, How can he be the first-begotten if so many were before him? carries in it the same impropriety; for even Mr. Row himself must admit that Christ was born in Bethlehem; and yet a great many of his brethren had been born from above, and gone to heaven before that time. Well, then it follows, that if he were the *only* begotten Son of God, he must be first, and the last; for if he be the *only* Son, then there could be none before him; consequently, he must be the *first*—the first-born and first-begotten. The first chapter of Matthew will shew how he is the *only* begotten, as well as how he was the first-born: "Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise," &c. None other was, or ever will be, what he was, and is. He was and is God; and as man, was begotten and born in a way no other ever was: "That *holy* thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." God has no other such Son as he is, he being equal with God. Mr. Row may assume the pre-existence of his human soul, as a reason for his being called the first-begotten; and I on the other hand, will be content with truth's own testimony, that he is the *only* begotten Son of God—the only first-born—the only begotten from the dead.

But not only must the words "first-begotten" be explained, or rather, as explained by the words "*only* begotten." But there is *another* reason assigned for his being called the

first-born, and that is *dignity of position*:—"Predestinated to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the first-born among many brethren." (Rom. viii. 29.) Now, it is not any antiquity here attributed to his manhood as a reason for his being called the first-born; no; it is the conformity, or which is the same thing, the reconciliation of his brethren to God by him, is the way in which he is to occupy the position of heir of all things. For this clearly is the meaning of the words "first-born." Here I can somewhat understand how dignity of person, of relation, and of place, constitute him the rightful heir of all things, and give him the title of "first-born among many brethren;" for of them all, not one is naturally like him; but they are all to be conformed to his likeness: so that, as he accepts them, they will receive him; and he will be among them as the first-born, or rightful heir of all things. Thus he is their king higher than the kings of the earth. But his human soul being born, nobody knows when, and his human body born some thousands of years after, how this unknown distance between the two births, the one birth of his soul and another of his body—how this unknown distance of time between the birth of the soul and the birth of the body constitute him the first-born, I know not; and the Bible nowhere informs me. I then again repeat that, the reason the Bible assigns is, that he is the *only* begotten Son, and therefore, the first-born; and his brethren are conformed to him, that he might be *to them*, or among them, the first-born, or heir of all things; that *by him* they also may come into the inheritance: for they are joint-heirs with him, and are therefore called by the same name—"first fruits and first-born." (Rev. xiv. 4; Jer. xxxi. 9.) They are included in the term "first-born," and yet many of them are born long after others of them are gone to heaven. Will Mr. Row contend that their souls pre-existed? I should think not.

And what *reason* does the apostle assign for calling him the Firstborn of every creature? Not the early existence of his human soul. No: the apostle assigns quite another reason, or rather other reasons. The reasons he assigns are the constitution of his Person as the Image of God; and secondly, his Creator-ship; for "by him were all things created." Thirdly, his self-existence: he is. Not, he *was*—but, he *is* before all things. The first chapter of John further explains this matter, wherein John shews that when the Divine Word created the world, he was God, and God only. And then in the 14th verse he shews that this Divine Word became Man, and dwelt among us, as only begotten Son of the Father.

And thus again I can understand how he is the First-born (or heir, for this is the meaning,) of every creature. But how the early birth of his soul before his body, could bring this about, I cannot see; and the Bible does not say. Nor was he literally the Firstborn from the dead; but certainly none other was personally heir of the resurrection as he was; none other was ever raised as the first-fruits of them that slept. Thus, by simply taking

the Saviour in his own order, I can get a little light upon the truth of his being the Firstborn from the dead; and so, when he was brought into the world by birth, and as the *only*, therefore the First-begotten, he was worshipped as God and Man; as we see when the angels appeared to the shepherds of Bethlehem. And he is, in more senses than one, the Beginning of the creation of God. He was the cause of the creation; all things are for him, and he was the Creator; and he is (and so the original there means) the *Head* of the creation of God. He is creation's Head, as well as salvation's Author. I therefore think that these Scriptures speak out better, very much better, without the doctrine of the pre-existence of Christ's human soul, than with it.

But Mr. Row seems to lay great stress upon Proverbs viii. But is the Lord Jesus Christ the Speaker in that chapter? *I think not.* I may be wrong, but I cannot see that he is the Speaker. The speaker there is not a man, but a *woman*. "*She crieth at the gates,*" &c. And this woman speaks as a mother, and as having her origin with God. How, then, here in this 8th of Proverbs, can the Saviour be the speaker? To make him the Speaker is to make the chapter accord neither with his Godhead nor his Manhood, nor with his complexity; for you cannot say of God that it was *set up*, nor of Manhood or complexity, that it was from everlasting; nor am I sure by what rule this chapter should be interpreted. But with a hope of some one throwing a little light upon this chapter, I will, with all humility and deference to those of superior judgment to that of my own, offer an opinion upon it. Well, then, it appears to me that the wisdom here personified, and given in the *feminine* gender, is not the Person of Christ, nor a Divine attribute; that it is neither of these, yet both are relatively included. Now, as the new covenant is *allegorically* called a woman, (Gal. iv. 24), taking this as my guide, I find all the parts of the chapter (Prov. viii.) accord therewith. But the space here allotted me, does not, of course, allow me to *demonstrate* this by going through the whole of the chapter; I must, therefore, at present, be content with giving merely a sample of the same. Take first the 22nd and 23rd verses—"The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way, before his works of old. I was set up from everlasting: from the beginning, or ever the earth was."

Now, did not the Lord, in the beginning of the economy of mercy, possess this covenant? Did he not set it up from everlasting? And were not thereby his goings forth from of old, even from everlasting? And hereby is not the mercy of the Lord from everlasting from the beginning—the foundation of the world, or ever the world or the earth was?

Again, take the 30th and 31st verses—"Then was I by him as one brought up with him." Here is the new maiden covenant spoken of as a favourite child; and this maiden child of a new covenant a God of love has ever cherished; and ever will until she becomes the mother of thousands of millions. (Gen. xxiv. 60). Therefore she bears testi-

mony, and says, "Then was I by him as one brought up with him; and I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him; rejoicing in the habitable part of his earth." The word *earth* here, is, I should think, used *metonymically*—the container put forth for the contained. Then it will mean the habitable part of the people of the earth. First, the Manhood of Christ, the covenant, would rejoice because by him all her honors are for ever established. Secondly, the whole church, as consecrated to God by the blood of the Lamb, by the word of their testimony, and by their love supreme to God. Her delights were thus with the sons of men; and as a kind mother she thus speaks to her own children—"Now, therefore, hearken unto me, O ye children; for blessed are they that keep my ways: hear instruction and be wise, and refuse it not. For whoso find me, findeth life, and shall obtain favour of the Lord." Here there is a laying hold, a finding of the new covenant, which God hath promised to shew to them that fear him. And such shall obtain favour of the Lord; he will bring them to his holy hill, and make them joyful in his house of prayer.

"But he that sinneth *against me*, wrongeth his own soul." And so it is, that even the children of the free woman often remain long in legal bondage, sinning against this new covenant; and thus blindly labouring to wrong their own souls; and do so as far as they can.

"All they that hate me, love death." Yes, the dead professor loves a dead religion, and hates the covenant of life. Yet this covenant, this mystic woman, is a kind and careful mother, for "she hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars," &c.; for the first six verses of the 9th chapter of the Proverbs are evidently a continuation of the subject of the 8th chapter.

And now, let me ask, which is the more consistent of the two—to *assume* that Christ's human soul pre-existed, and then make this doctrine of pre-existence the rule by which to interpret this 8th chapter of the Proverbs? Which, I say, is the more consistent of the two, to make mere and gratuitous assumption the rule of interpretation, or to take the word of God as its "own interpreter." The *gender* in which Wisdom is here spoken of, shews the language to be figurative. The next thing then is to find some scripture by which to interpret the same. As the New Covenant is, as I have shewn, (Gal. iv. 24.) personified and called a woman, or which is the same thing, given not in the masculine, but in the *feminine* gender; have I then any right to *alter* the language of the Holy Ghost? Here then I have a mystic woman, and she is a tree of life to every one that layeth hold upon her, and happy is every one that *retaineth* her. Well then, if I am to be happy in retaining her, I shall be unhappy in dismissing her. I would then retain her, and by her be instructed into the meaning of all parts of this chapter; and in retaining her, I retain what God himself has given: and I do then think it much more consistent to take the bible's own rule of interpretation, than to be guided by the disput-

able assumption of the pre-existence of a human soul. And, as to the doctrine of pre-existence giving to the Old Testament saints a real Mediator, were it not that Mr. Row writes like a serious man, I could hardly believe him to be serious in such inconsistent remarks.

Just as though, on the one hand, he could be complete as a Mediator without his body, his life, his death and resurrection; or as though, on the other hand, a Divine person could not appear in human form, and carry on, until the fulness of time, communion between heaven and earth. This would be limiting the Holy One with a witness.

And as to the advantages of the doctrine of which Mr. Row speaks, if the doctrine of pre-existence be not of God, it must be more hurtful than healthful.

NAPHALI.

## THE ROD DIPPED IN HONEY.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—The trumpet sounds to arms; we may therefore break silence at once, arise, buckle on the armour, and prepare for action, and fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life: we have obtained eternal victory already in our Lord Jesus Christ, the Captain of our salvation, who hath obtained eternal redemption for us. Now we want him to fill our hearts with holy bravery, skill, zeal, power, grace, truth, faith, prayer, righteousness, and decision, that we may press toward the mark for the prize of our high calling. Cheer up, my brother; God is your refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Draw out the glittering sword of the Spirit, dip its point in the blood of the lamb, and go forward!

I see that you are surrounded with some heavy clouds of smoke, and some blazing gas lamps; and one, lord Free-will, looks very formidable: fear not, a few puffs of angry breath can't blow you off the rock, nor drive you from the cross of salvation, from the music of calvary, from the banner of election, from the springs of living water, nor from the shadow of the tree of life. But lord Free-will says, "What is this that thou hast done, Jonathan?" "I did but dip the top of my rod in honey; and, lo, I must die." "God do so to me and more also, for thou shalt surely die, Jonathan." These are great stout words; but how soon they crumble to dust. See, see how every soldier's bosom burns whilst Gabriel, flying from the throne of God, dashes through the cloud, and with a countenance like lightning, and a voice like thunder, proclaims through the host, "God forbid; there shall not an hair of Jonathan's head fall to the ground." Be of good cheer, my brother, thou shalt not die but live, and declare the works of the Lord. You will find plenty of honey in the rock, and in the word you will not fail to dip your rod in it; and it will enlighten the eyes of your understanding to know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints, and what is the exceeding greatness of his power to usward, who believe. I expect to dip my

rod to-morrow in Moses' honey-comb in the book of Exodus, and in Paul's honey-comb in his epistle to the Hebrews. God Almighty help you to stand under the banner of eternal love, casod in truth and rightness;—so prays your brother in tribulation,

G. G. KELLAWAY.

## Poetry.

### A VOICE FROM THE DYING CHAMBER.

[WHEN the writer of the following lines was in the arms of death, we knelt by her side, and pleaded with the Lord. She was calmly waiting to depart. We know the verses are genuine, therefore believe they will do good.—Ed.]

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—The enclosed lines were composed by my beloved sister a few months previous to her departure into a better and a brighter world, and I can truly say, her end was peace; she fell asleep in her precious Saviour the 20th of last June, in her twenty-first year. She had been a hearer of Mr. Wells, at the Sarroy Tabernacle, for some years; under whose savoury ministry I have every reason to believe she was first awakened to her state as a sinner before God; and in her last moments, she felt the sweet influence of pardoning love and mercy from a Trine Jehovah. She was buried at Nunhead Cemetery, there to await the resurrection morn, when Christ will come in the clouds, and the trumpet will sound, and the dead (in Christ) shall be raised incorruptible—immortal. Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, "Death is swallowed up in victory. O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?" Many friends had a desire to see the lines appear in the Vessel; and should you think them worthy a place therein, I should be pleased. Yours respectfully, E. APPELTON.

### ON DEATH.

SHOULD death invade this mortal frame,  
And lay me in the dust,  
O, could I in that hour proclaim  
God's sentence is but just!  
Could I look on my nothingness,  
And see I'm nought but sin,  
A guilty wretch of filthiness,  
Vile, debased, unclean!  
Stand on the brink of Jordan's flood,  
In such a frame as this,  
And hope to live in realms above,  
In everlasting bliss.  
Yes, I could look on death's grim face,  
And greet him as a friend,  
To bear me to that heavenly place  
Where tears and sorrows end.  
For though in self I'm poor and weak,  
In Christ I'm rich and strong;  
He came, the lame and blind to seek,  
And lead them safe along.  
He found me in my lost estate,  
Polluted in my blood;  
I looked on him—'twas not too late,  
For oh, the time was love.  
I stood beneath his searching eye,  
Trembling, ashamed, undone;  
"Fear not!" my Saviour gently cried,  
"For thee I've pardon won.  
Instead of you, on me was laid  
The curse of sin and death;  
On Calvary a tree the debt I paid,  
With my expiring breath.  
The monster death then lost its sting,  
Its power the soul to frigit,  
That lives in me, and I in him,  
In everlasting life."

My rage of filthy righteousness  
He threw them in the dust,  
And clothed me in his saving grace,  
And made me in him trust.  
With such a Saviour on my side,  
Death's toy hand I woo;  
For oh, through him who loved us,  
I'm more than conqueror too.

#### ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE GIRL.

Oh, weep not for that pallid form !  
For she can hear no cry !  
Weep not for her, for she has gone  
To live beyond the sky.

She's taken from a world of care ;  
Her happy soul is blest ;  
She's saved from sin's bewitching snare,  
Her spirit is at rest.

But oh, I could not check the tear  
That dims a mother's eye,  
To see her only child, that's dear,  
Senseless before her lie.

But oh, remember, He who gave,  
Has right to take away ;  
There was no darkness in the grave  
To her, it all was day.

#### ON THE DEATH OF MY COUSIN.

Our life is like a slender web,  
It snaps when scarce a breath is blown.  
Youth cannot keep us from the dead,  
Nor love, when once the arrow's thrown.

The noblest heart, the fairest form,  
Must sleep, at last, in death's embrace ;  
The gayest soul shall feel forlorn  
While gazing on its pallid face.

Impartial is the hand of death ;  
The young, the aged, all must fall ;  
Careless of those he has bereft,  
And deaf to their lamentous call.

Then what's the life of mortal man ?  
His body is but mould'ring clay ;  
The longest life is but a span,—  
We flourish—with— in a day.

Then look beyond the grave, my soul,  
And seek for fairer worlds on high ;  
That when your body's in the mould,  
Your spirit lives beyond the sky.

HANNAH LOUISA APPELTON.

Old Kent Road.

#### A VISION.

"For God speaketh once, you twice, in a dream,  
in a vision of the night; then he opened the ears  
of men, and sealed their instruction."—Job xiv.  
14--16.

Now sickness, toil, and doubt depress me,  
Dark forebodings fill my breast ;  
And dreams of sin and death distress me :  
Sin doth mar man's rosy rest.

Methought true happiness was pleasure ;  
And 'mid scenes of gay delight  
I sought her, as men seek for treasure,  
Through the day and dewy night:

To danger lost, and deaf to warning,  
Still I trod sin's flowery way ;  
Stopt by a dream that hell was yawning  
Near, I shuddered with dismay :

I saw lost spirits—heard their crying,  
Moaning like a funeral knell :  
I trembled, fainted, and was dying  
At the very gate of hell.

I cried, "O Lord, I have rebelled !  
"Lord, save me, or I perish !  
"Let thy just anger be expelled,  
"And mercy only cherish."

Heaven open'd ! the silence was profound,  
As, from clouds of silver light,  
Cheering words rolled forth ! and each sweet  
sound,  
Told that love was heaven's delight.

With high gratitude and praise inspired,  
(Grace taught me true submission,)  
My tongue sang forth, for my heart was fired—  
I woke—it was a vision.

G. J. STRONO.

#### Memorials of Departed Saints.

#### THE SINNER SAVED AND CHRIST GLORIFIED.

DEATH is still doing his work. He is executing the high commission of heaven, by taking one and another home to their eternal rest. Thus he has done with our brother, Thomas Girling, who departed this life on June the 20th, 1855.

He was many years a consistent member of that branch of the church of Christ, meeting in Meard's Court, Soho, under the pastoral care of that distinguished, and pre-eminent divine, Mr. John Stevens, but now under the pastoral care of Mr. John Edgar Bloomfield, whose labours are not in vain in the Lord.

Our brother Girling was a plain, straightforward, unpolished, but well-meaning man, and not only so, but "The root of the matter was found in him ;" in other words, the principal of divine grace was implanted in his soul, or, Christ formed in his heart, the hope of glory. He was a tried man, but his heart was right with God, who sustained and supported him, amid all his tribulations, and though not enriched with the riches of this world, he was rich in faith, hope, and love, and an heir of the kingdom of glory.

His mortal remains were deposited in the Norwood cemetery, on Wednesday, June 27th, attended by his relatives, in a respectful and solemn manner, who, though they mourned and wopt at their loss, yet did greatly rejoice at his eternal gain. The address delivered at the grave by Mr. Aldridge, was serious, instructive, and impressive, and comforting to the bereaved widow. The funeral was well conducted by brother Phillips, of St. Martin's Lane, who favoured us with his good company ; and I trust the Lord was in our midst.

The following is the copy of a letter I received from him a short time before his decease, which will show in whom he trusted, and on what his hopes were founded for life and salvation :—

"Dear brother and sister after the flesh ;  
but I hope and trust that we are brothers and

sisters in the everlasting covenant of love and mercy, made with the Father, Son, and Spirit, before all worlds; made known in the fulness of time in the coming of our Lord and Saviour, and made known to the church by regeneration, by the promise of the blessed Spirit the Comforter, that he should take of the things of Christ and reveal them unto the heirs of grace and glory. Of which we have now for many years been made the partakers of the grace of God; and have, through the mercy and goodness of our heavenly Father, been kept on in the King's highway, and in the promised way to heaven-bound travellers. Through much tribulation they must enter heavenly rest. I know that you both have had great and sore troubles; but the Lord has been faithful to you, and has worked salvation for you, both in his grace, and in his good providence; and now you are both far advanced in age, and are looking, after a few more rising and setting suns, to be taken from this land of imperfection, to a heavenly rest promised to all them that love and long to see our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The Lord has seen good to lay his Fatherly rod upon me this last six months, for some wise end and purpose; but since Christmas I have been heavily afflicted. The Lord has thought fit to bring me near to the valley and shadow of death; but he has dealt very tenderly with me, "for whom he loveth he chasteneth." Those afflictions are not joyous but grievous, but hope they are working for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Since you called at my house to see me, I am sorry to say, I have been somewhat worse; but my medical attendant gives me hopes of recovery, that the coming warm and fine weather will do me good, if I can get out—if it is the Lord's will to restore my health. I am happy to say that the Lord has given me a willing mind, that what he does is all for the best. He has promised me grace according to my day, whether to stop in the desert, he will take care of me, or to put off this mortal frame, then he has promised to be with me in the valley and shadow of death, that I shall fear no evil: thanks be to our heavenly Father. I have nothing to boast of in and of myself, but a great many things to reflect over and be sorry for; but the Lord has favoured me to believe that all my sins are pardoned and forgiven, and blotted out, from my cradle-days, henceforth, and for evermore, through the great atonement once made on Calvary—through the blood of the everlasting covenant. Here is where I fix my only hope for eternal life and happiness. Our heavenly Father knows whether I shall ever be favoured to see either of you in this time-state any more. When it is well with thee, remember me. I am sorry to say my poor wife is very poorly; she has had plenty to exercise her these last few months; but the Lord has dealt kindly with her. We conclude with our Christian love to both.

THOS. GIRLING."

April 6, 1855.

Such is the testimony of a dying christian. It is worth while reading some of those passages of Scripture that speak of the righteous,

for we shall find they are blessed from beginning to end—through life, in death, and after death. See the following passages; they may serve, reader, to strengthen thy faith and confidence in God.

Blessed are they that trust in the Lord. Ps. ii. 12.—Blessed are they that know the joyful sound. Ps. lxxxix. 15.—Blessed is the man whom thou chooseth. Ps. lxxv. 4.—Blessed are the poor in spirit. Matt. v. 3.—Blessed are they that mourn: they shall be comforted. Matt. v. 4.—Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness. Matt. v. 6.—Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord. Ps. cxxxviii. 1.—Blessed are they who dwell in thy house. Ps. lxxxiv. 4.—Blessed are they that do his commandments. Rev. xxii. 14.—Blessed are they that keep thy ways. Pro. viii. 32.—Blessed are they that wait for him. Isa. xxx. 18.—Blessed is he that keepeth my sayings. Rev. xxii. 7.—Blessed is the man that endureth temptation. Jas. i. 12.—Blessed is the man whom the Lord chasteneth. Ps. xcii. 12.—Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven. Ps. xxxii. 1.—Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity. Ps. xxxii. 2.—Blessed with all spiritual blessings in Christ. Eph. i. 3.—Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Rev. xiv. 13.—Blessed is he that hath part in the first resurrection. Rev. xx. 6.—Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper. Rev. xix. 9.—Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom. Matt. xxv. 34.

You will observe, these are all characteristics. It is said so of the man who trusts in the Lord; not of the man who trusts in an arm of flesh, or in his own righteousness. It is said so of the man who fears, obeys, and waits for the Lord; not of the man who disregards, disobeys, and turns his back upon the Lord. God always approves of, commends, and honors a godly man, because, in him he sees something of the image of Christ, who is the express image of himself. Therefore it is said, "The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot." Prov. x. 7.

F. FRANKLIN.

19, Harrington Street—  
North Hampstead Road.

"Had the gospel been filled with flowers of rhetoric, chemical experiments, philosophical acumen, maxims of policy, how greedily many would have embraced it! But it hath a mystery, too, which none but those who are taught from on high can fathom. Hath God revealed it to thee? Oh! be thankful, it is more than he hath done for thousands around thee. Galen may teach you how to preserve your health, if you will follow his rules—Lyttleton and Coke and Brougham, perhaps, how to save or recover your estate—Plato and other philosophers how to be applauded amongst men. But it is the gospel only which can teach you how there is to be salvation for your soul. But God never laid it upon any man to do this. No, they are to preach and to publish his everlasting gospel, and this is all that man can accomplish. Flesh and blood cannot reveal it, nor enter the kingdom of heaven." Major Rowlandson.

## OUR BRITISH BAPTIST CHURCHES.

### THE OLD BAPTIST MEETING AT CARLTON, BEDS.

THERE are thousands of ransomed souls—some in glory; and others scattered abroad on the face of this lower world, who have worshipped God in this venerable house of prayer. We know it to be a meeting-place for God and sinners. We have found Him there; and in His service there we have been blessed. Tidings of good from such a quarter are sweet and refreshing to our spirits; and we sincerely hope that the present minister—John Evans—will pray down, live down, and walk down, all the attempts made to hinder him in that work to which it does appear the Lord hath called him: in proof whereof we give the following letter, which has been kindly handed to us, by our esteemed brother James Lloyd, to whom it was originally sent:—

MY DEAR BROTHER,—We have had a baptizing here again. I think a more solemn one than on Christmas-day last. We began our service at eight in the morning of Sabbath-day, the 29th of July. Our large meeting was filled by a vast number of godly persons, and by some who had been companions of those that were that morning to tell what great things the Lord had done for them. We began by singing; after which one of our deacons, in a solemn manner and with much enlargement of heart, drew near the throne and mercy-seat of our great High Priest; sought the Lord's blessing and presence; and pleaded much for those that were coming to tell out the Lord's goodness towards them: many of us could say that it was good to be there. After prayer, we sang a verse, then one of the females came forward who, after looking up to the Lord, began by saying that rather more than eighteen months she came to meeting in the afternoon, when it fell to my lot to preach a funeral sermon for one of our aged members: the text was, "*For we must all die, and are like water spilt upon the ground, which cannot be gathered up.*" it pleased him who hath said, "Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther," to send text and sermon into her heart, and to give her such a sight and sense of her sinnership in and before the Lord, that she was laid down low in her soul's feelings; her distress of soul on account of sin and the worth and safety of her soul, appeared more than her body was able to bear up under. She became a constant visitor at the house of God; the Spirit taught her to cry for mercy; most sweetly did she tell out how she had heard different sermons; the castings down and the liftings up; the hopes and fears, till a sermon from this text—"*I will lead the blind in a way that they know not: and in paths that they had not known.*" this sermon was much blest to her soul; she was brought into liberty; and had peace and joy in believing. The second female began by saying, the first thing that led her to

think about her state was the Lord taking away from her a sweet child; and one of the young men that was baptised on Christmas-day last went in to see her, and she said to him, "Would you like to see my child?" and saying he had no objection, she took him into the room where the babe lay, and while he stood looking on, he said, "*Ah, the child is happy.*" After our good brother had left, she began to think of what he had said; after some time it came to her mind like a clap of thunder, that her child was in heaven, but if the Lord had taken her she should have been in hell; she saw and felt herself to be a great sinner in the sight of God; and stood filled with wonder, that the Lord had borne with her so long, and expected every moment that either the earth would open and swallow her up, or God would strike her dead. Well do I remember the sorrow of her heart the day that I had to commit her little one to the grave; and while at tea with her and her husband; but I did not know the state of her mind; the anguish of her heart. She continued in great distress of soul about her sinnership: some little after she came to meeting, when I spoke from the words of Paul, "*I die daily.*" She has often told us how she did cry and pray to God that he would but permit her to hear a something that day that would do her poor soul good, and soften her hard heart; how she sat in the pew that afternoon and wept under that sermon: the Holy Ghost by that sermon made such an impression that time, trouble, or death, will never efface. From that day she came to meeting constantly: to use her own words, she came praying—"*Lord, let this be the time, the day, that I shall hear something to do my soul good.*" It was a melting season to hear both the females speak of the love of Christ before such a congregation. Then came one of the men, who had been one of the greatest drunkards that could be; he had been more like a beast than a human being; but now is proving the truth of God's word, "*The lion is turned into the lamb.*" he gave a pleasing and correct account of his conversion, and how he was met with under a sermon I preached from the words—"*And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, saying, Lord Jesus receive my spirit.*" It was a solemn sight to see him stand just like a little child! to see the swearer become a praying man; who once had nothing to wear but rags, now with a good suit of clothes on his back and Christ in his heart. It brought to my mind what the late Matthew Wilks said to a young man that I then knew, as we both attended the Tabernacle; this young man had but one arm, and he was settled in life, and he went to Matthew to speak to him about joining the church; and seeing him with such a good suit of clothes on, after hearing what he had to say, said to him, "Young man, where and how did you get that good suit of clothes?" He gave this firm an-

swer—"I got them, sir, from and by religion." the reply brought tears from the eyes of that aged servant of Jesus Christ. The fourth person that had to come and speak was the companion of the young man just referred to; who had given in his experience before us, and of whom it may be said, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" About eight months ago he was living in sin of every kind; he is the husband of the first female spoke of: he was brought to attend our meeting through his wife feeling so concerned about her soul, and was met with under the sermon that I preached from the words—"I will lead the blind by a way that they know not." I would just say that one and all spoke well and clearly of a work of grace upon their hearts; their present conduct and conversation also prove it true. My brother, time fails me to tell you all the good things they said. In the evening I baptised them: when, I suppose, there were not less than nine hundred persons present; some say ten hundred. Many went away weeping; two out of the four was man and wife. Making, in the whole, added to us this year, twelve persons. JOHN EVANS.

#### HALSTEAD ANNIVERSARY.

I SIGHED in my soul, and looked to heaven for help, as I hurried from the printing office on the morning of August 8, to catch the train which promised to carry me near to Providence Meeting, in Halstead, Essex. My poor brains were sore with mental labour—my mind was burdened with anticipated difficulties; and my back bent a little from long-lasting struggles, and reproaches on all hands; still, when I thought of the interesting work to which I am called, the help that has been given, the many blessings conferred, I entered a little into the very spirit of the poet's holy challenge,

"Let cares like a wild deluge come," &c.

After engaging to preach the anniversary sermons, letters came to hand to prejudice my mind against the people to whom, and the pastor for whom, I was to preach. This cast me down a little; but something said within—"Pray God to help you this day to give them a Bible remedy for imperfect preaching, and a gospel cure for unholy living. If thy labour shall be blessed of God, all then shall be well." But where shall this Remedy be found? Plenty of work for prayer, and persevering thought, was now cut out, and to these things I now endeavoured to give myself.

I found the remedy in 1 Cor. i. 7, 8,—*"Purge out, therefore, the old leaven, that ye may be a new lump, as ye are unleavened. For even Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us. Therefore, let us keep the feast, not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth."*

Four things gave rise to these words—and their condition: 1—Among the Corinthians sin existed; 2—It did not cause that mourning and sorrow which the apostle rightly expected; 3—The Corinthians were puffed up, proud, and boasting; 4—They had not

removed the transgressor from their midst. Now, it is not for me to speak of special cases; but I will first shew that among our ministers, deacons, and churches, there is an old leaven existing. 2. I desire Scripturally to shew how it is to be purged out.

First, to shew that in the midst of our churches, pastors, officers, and people, there is an old leaven existing, which spreads and makes itself known in various ways. For instance, in the first place, there is the old leaven of a fallen humanity; so that you can find no one man that is perfect; bad tempers, bad principles, bad prejudices, and things not to be named, are often to be found among them that that are going to heaven, if they are not awfully deceived. Secondly, there is the old leaven of cold formality. In the preaching and prayers of thousands, what a cold, empty and lifeless formality doth exist. Bless my heart, you'd never think that the Word of God was a fire in them; or that rivers of water ever flowed within the compass of their narrow souls.

Then there is the old leaven of carnal pride and jealousy; and no small measure of covetousness and carelessness as regards the peace and welfare of Zion. But now for the remedy—and this lays, 1, In the charitable administering of New Testament laws. 2, In a zealous and holy maintenance of New Testament ordinances. 3, In a faithful contention for gospel doctrines; and 4, In a discriminating, distinct, and decided declaration of the work of the Spirit in the heart, whereby the election of grace is manifest to themselves and others.

The argument wherewith the apostle urgeth this exhortation was in my soul very powerful—"For even Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us." As though Paul should say, If God the Father spared not his own Son, but called on Divine justice to smite him, because the sin of the church was imputed unto him, how much less shall we spare that idol, that unholy passion, that sinful principle, which may distress or disgrace the church of God! These thoughts so filled my spirit that I could but give vent to them; and I have hope that even a message so unpalatable might be useful under the blessing of heaven.

The weather was unfavourable; but our sober, honest brother, Thomas Warren, of Braintree, preached well, and I did what I could. The cause in Providence Chapel, Halstead, has certainly suffered severely, but "there is hope of a tree if it be cut down;" that old tree has been severely shaken, if not cut down; and now there is hope it will revive. We were favoured to meet some of the excellent of the earth on this anniversary day; beside many of the Lord's seeking children, there were pastors Howell, Collis, Robert Powell, &c. Some pleasant conversation we had by the way. Brother Thurston's ministry was found useful; and we may anticipate a revival in this long drooping cause. The Lord grant it. Amen.

The following communication has since been received,—

FRIEND BANKS,—I send a brief outline of

the cause of God at Providence chapel, Haldsted, Essex. You are aware the church has been for some time without a pastor; the Lord inclined the hearts of some of his servants to come and break unto the few poor despised ones the bread of life; so the doors of the sanctuary have been kept open. Many have been the cries and groans of his living ones there, that he would in mercy send them a Man of God, to go in and out before them. The Lord has heard the sighing of the poor prisoners, and has come down to deliver us, in sending of us a servant of the Most High God, in the person of Mr. John Thurston, late of Harwick, who, I am happy to say, is the means in the hand of the Eternal Spirit, to feed the church of the living God. Blessings for ever on his dear head, he hath not left himself without a witness, inasmuch as he doth so bless the message that our minister is enabled to deliver from time to time; that there is a goodly number assemble in the house of the Lord, to hear the ever blessed gospel of our Lord and Master Jesus Christ; I can say without fear of contradiction, saints are comforted, and sinners are warned. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name." We desire to be kept low and humble at his foot stool; not to be too much excited, but to say, and to feel it too, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy great and precious name, must and shall be all the praise." We desire to rejoice with trembling, not to idolize the man, but to act upon the principle laid down by the Apostle, to esteem him very highly in love for his work's sake, and to be at peace among ourselves. We would pray, "Send now, we beseech thee, O Lord, send now prosperity."

Our minister administered the ordinance of believer's baptism last Lord's Day, the 19th of August, to three individuals,—one brother and two sisters, who, previous to that solemn ordinance, gave a clear and satisfactory statement before the church, of the Lord's dealings with their souls. He baptised in the river, and truly we must say, the divine and heavenly presence was manifested towards the minister, and in the souls of the candidates, and in the souls of the living ones in Jerusalem, who were present. O, that this may be the first fruits of a great harvest.

Yours for the Truth's sake,

THOMAS ROOT.

#### BAPTIST CHAPEL, SOMERSHAM.

THE friends of the cause held their annual tea festival for the Lord's-day School, on Thursday, the 9th of August, in the barn kindly lent by Mr. Robert Childs, which was very nicely decorated with overgreens and appropriate mottos, by the fairy fingers and zeal of teachers. About 300 friends and 95 children partook of tea.

In the evening a public meeting was held in the barn. The chair was taken by Mr. Joseph Flory, pastor, who, after prayer by his venerable parent, said he felt especial pleasure in meeting his friends again so numerous, after the lapse of twelve months' labour in the pulpit, and he trusted no less attention and

interest in the school. This meeting he was desirous should again erect an Ebenezer to the honour and glory of God, who had sustained and blessed them as a people through varied scenes, and now we had met to congratulate and stimulate in behalf of the rising generation, in the use of means, looking to God for power to make them effectual; and, lastly, we meet on the eve of the harvest—the waving crops and yellowing fields called for devoutest praise.

Mr. Alderson, of Willingham, was then called on to address the meeting. He spoke of the beneficial effects, morally and spiritually, of Lord's-day Schools, and of the evident sanction of the Most High—adducing proofs of the elevating power of the gospel wherever proclaimed; and as with a preached gospel, signs and wonders followed, so with kindred institutions good must and would result.

Mr. N. Horsley, of Chatteris, next addressed the friends, expressing his firm attachment to Sunday Schools, and was glad the day had passed away of doubt in reference to the utility and scriptural character thereof; and he could but desire such persons who doubted, and put their doubt in antagonistic position, safely landed in the fair realms above, but their number was very small, and a few obstacles might tend to make us careful and not go too far in our zeal for the training of the juvenile; for while he gave place to none in attachment to the cause, we must ever guard against latitudinarianism, that Jehovah would be disappointed if such and such results did not ensue. We could not ensure the conversion of the child though many had been, and doubtless many more would be, converted by that consecrated medium. Let our motto be—"It is our's to labour—God's to bless." He could instance a case that had recently come to his notice of the conversion of a child who had been divinely illuminated at the Sunday School in connexion with Mr. Lyons of their town, and was now departed to an eternal world with evident proofs of grace's lasting work in the soul, but which was brought about by Sunday School labour. Hoping these things would tend to stimulate, he wished the friends and teachers every blessing.

Mr. Whiting next addressed the friends, remarking that he need not attempt one word in defence of their object, the education of the seed of our race. He should direct their attention to one of the many beautiful mottos he saw around him: he referred to—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." This crown far outweighed all others, however valuable; this has no death in its connexion; it is the crown of life eternal, and which will be given unto all the dear people of God, whether the Christian minister, deacon, member, or teacher. Kept unto the crown, and then the crown bestowed. The prize always had stimulating effect in God's cause.

The meeting closed by singing—

"All hail the power of Jesu's name,"  
and the Benediction, after a vote of thanks for the barn and kind friends.

ONE THAT WAS THERE.



## TUNSTALL ANNIVERSARY.

At our anniversary, August 19th, 1855, my dear pastor, brother Poock, of Ipswich, preached the sermons. In the morning we were highly favoured with a blessed discourse from Exodus xxiv. 12, "And the Lord said unto Moses, Come up to me into the mount, and be there." I believe many precious souls were highly favoured, whilst listening to the glorious truths the proacher was then enabled to advance, under the immediate guidance and teachings of the Holy Ghost.

The language of the text itself was applied with Divine power to many hearts, so that they were enabled, by the influence of the Eternal Spirit, to come up from their distresses into the mount of "communion with God, and fellowship with Jesus Christ his Son." Many wept for joy.

In the afternoon, after I had read a portion of Holy Writ, and implored the Divine blessing upon the word spoken, &c., the man of God again ascended the pulpit, and read as a text, Psalm xlviii. 2, "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is mount Zion." Some excellent and soul-profiting remarks were made from the place referred to—the situation, the beauty of the situation, and the blessedness of those who are interested in it. Bless the dear Lord, I have reason to infer from what I heard, that not a few were privileged to realize their interest in the everlasting covenant engagements of the Eternal and Sacred Three. The congregations were very large and attentive, and the collections good; and I do hope that both time and eternity will develop that much good was effected in the name of the holy child Jesus. 2, Park Terrace, Yours in Christ, J. PELLIS.  
*St. Margaret's, Ipswich.*

P. S. I am still residing in Ipswich, though regularly preaching at Tunstall.

## CLARE, SUFFOLK.

You would like to hear a little about how we are getting on at Clare as a church. We must not talk loud—only whisper; for they say we should not tell tales out of school. I know you like to hear a little word or two. Well, we have no settled pastor yet. We have had some good supplies. One good man from Bury—a man sent of God, too, I hesitate not to say. The savor, the sweetness, the power, and the melting influence that accompanied his testimony, proved him a right Jerusalem-blade. And they say he is at liberty to serve any destitute church. But "Snell" is not the man for Clare. No, no. "For truth is fallen in the street, and equity cannot enter." The last two Sabbaths we had dear Mr. Edgecombe—bless his dear soul! The first Sunday the text was, "And I will bring the third part through the fire," &c. And you may depend upon it, he preached the people right out of their knowledge. Some of the poor little things kept saying, "This is different—isn't it?" Aye, and would God we could always have such! The dear old servant said, when he goes into a fresh church he always likes to feel the pulse, then he could tell in a measure how the body is—

viz., the prayer-meetings; but alas! he found the pulse beat very faint; "For truth is fallen in our streets, and equity cannot enter." We call ourselves a *Particular Baptist Church*; but the cry of some churches around us is—"Ah, they are only half Baptists at Clare." And in some measure it is true; not that we admit any to the Lord's table without baptising; but, in my opinion, a Particular Baptist Church is not comprised in that one thing only, but a holding fast those blessed doctrines of God's truth without wavering. But alas! alas! those precious doctrines that are the meat and drink to my poor soul, some people (aye, professors) seem strangers unto. Bless the dear Lord! there are a few whom he has taught to know, and to love, and to embrace salvation-truth in all its fulness, freeness, purity and suitability. My dear sir, I have experienced the truth of God in my soul in such a way, that I cannot endure anything contrary to the truth. Your's most sincerely,  
THE DAMSEL.

CAVE ADULLAM BAPTIST CHAPEL,  
NEW LAND, HIGH WYCOMBE.

WE, as a Church, have great reason for gratitude for the Lord's great goodness towards us; we have reason to pour fresh oil upon the old monumental pillar, and say, "hitherto God hath helped us."

Since Mr. Thring, our present pastor has been with us, we have baptised seventeen persons;—one the first Sabbath in last year, nine on the first Sabbath in May, 1855, and seven on the first Sabbath of this present month, August.

All the above were baptised, as aforesaid, after witnessing a good confession first to the minister, and then to visitors appointed by the Church, and last of all, before the assembled Church. I believe three out of the last seven were over sixty years of age, and three others over forty, one only about twenty.

One of the females was brought up in high life, at an Inn near London, acquired an independency, and retired from business. Her husband, a very gay man, after all the amusements and vanities of this world. But the dear woman being, a vessel of mercy, was suddenly stopped in one of her rambles. Something like a dart from heaven struck her, brought her to a dead stand, her conscience was accusing her; she did not know which way to fly, the fire of hell seemed to burn around her, and Satan accusing her. In this state of mind it seems she went home: her husband thought her mad; and she said, it was a great wonder he had not confined her in a mad-house. This dreadful state of mind continued a long while; her husband used her very ill because she would not accompany him in his play-going. She then tried the Wesleys; they set her to work, and she worked willingly and very hard for a time, but could get no ease from her burden, and ultimately her husband turned her into the street, where she wandered about, and at last, by an unseen hand, she was led to hear Mr. Isaacs, and the Lord made his preaching like a hammer, which knocked off her chains

and set her at liberty, and now she is found near His feet, clothed, and in her right mind. Her husband allows her a maintenance, but will not let her live with him; and she lately came to hear Mr. Thring, whose ministry proved profitable to her soul, and was baptised last Sabbath.

W. STEERS.

### BAPTISING IN THE RIVER, AT ROADE.

ON Lord's Day morning, Aug. 5th, at half-past eight o'clock, after singing and prayer, an interesting and appropriate address was delivered by our esteemed brother Rogers of Trowbridge: after which, our beloved pastor, Mr. F. Pearce, baptised in the river at Roade, Somersct., seven persons, namely, two males and five females, on a profession of their faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, in the presence of fifteen hundred or two thousand spectators. In the afternoon of the day, the baptised were added to the church, in accordance with Acts ii. 42. Our chapel each time during the day was crowded with attentive hearers; and truly the Lord was in our midst.

C. SAUNDERS.

### GRAVESEND.

At Zoar chapel, on Wednesday evening, July 25th, 1855, Mr. Stringer baptised nine believers—four males and five females, one of which was at the good old age of seventy-four. All made a good profession (and confession) before many witnesses.

The Lord enabled me—a poor worm—to defend his own appointed ordinance faithfully and scripturally, at the head of the pool, from John i., part of 31st verse; from which two things were dilated upon: first, the servant's mission; secondly, the Saviour's manifestation. Much was said on both departments. The Lord was there; the word was blessed; many were edified and comforted—while some despised and reviled. What a mercy to be able to say, "None of these things move me," but in all we do, to aim at the glory of our God, and the good of his people. Gravesend abounds with error, form, and profession; so that we at Zoar, both preacher and people, are branded with the appellation of "DANGEROUS," and we form a target for all the rest to shoot at; but, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" And he has said, "Them that honour me, I will honour." And so he does, and shall have all the glory.

On Monday, Aug. 13th, we had our anniversary. The place was crowded, we hope with living hungry souls; our brethren, J. Foreman and J. Wells, preached blessedly to us the word of life. We were fed with the finest of the wheat, edified, and refreshed. The Lord was with us indeed, and of a truth. A great number of friends took dinner and tea with us; the collections were excellent; the friends cheerful; and at home, it was a real good day, both in temporals and spirituals. To our gracious God be all the glory. T. S.

### SHEERNES.

MR. EDITOR.—The royal prophet of Israel said in a Divine ecstasy, "Come, and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul:" in another Psalm he says, "For my brethren and companion's sake, I will now say, Peace be within thee: Because of the Lord our God, I will seek thy good." Old Testament saints had a blessed religion. Like David, we are glad to tell you, and the readers of your valuable Vessel, our *spiritual David* is still blessing our little Zion, at Sheerness. On Lord's-day, July 29, three sisters and one young man, who had given evidence of a new birth, were baptised according to the plan laid down by Jesus. These young believers stood happily before a very large congregation; as I looked at them, it seemed to say, "*Lo, I am with you.*" It was a solemn, but heart-cheering day.

Our friends were baptized by Mr. Wightman, who supplied for us the July month.

Mile Town,

ED. MUNN.

July 30, 1855.

### UCKFIELD.

OUR little cause is in a peculiar state—our pastor is not able to do any thing, but administer the Lord's Supper, he being *ninety-five* years of age; the church numbers about twelve—pastor, deacons, and all. We are necessitated to have supplies to conduct the services of the Lord's Day; this begets itching ears and fluctuating congregations. Those who speak are all men of sterling worth, as far as we know; but not being all gifted alike, do not obtain the same popularity. We are very poor—none of us much beyond the capacity of servants. We have a nice little chapel that will seat about 200 closely packed. This we hold a lease of, at one shilling a year rent.

### THE HOLY TRIUMPHS OF A DYING SAINT.

PETER DRUMMOND—the publisher of the Stirling Tracts, in Scotland, has put, as we think, the crown upon the head of all his efforts, by issuing an original and beautiful edition of "*The Life and Experience of Margaret Bruce, a Scottish Peasant Girl.*" We have commenced a thorough notice of this ancient but inestimable piece of biography in our little "*CHEERING WORDS,*" but THE EARTHEN VESSEL must not be silent.

The "*Prefatory Note*" by Peter Drummond himself will better introduce what we have to give of this "*Scottish Peasant Girl,*" than anything we can write. First then our friend Peter says—

"The following narrative of the religious experience of other days may appear to some rather antiquated, and in need of something in the shape of notes to modernize it, and to make it more generally understood. But on reflection we have concluded that it is better to let it tell its own story, and produce, under

the influence of the Holy Spirit, its own effect. If the reader will only peruse it with calm, prayerful desire to profit by it, and not *shy* at even the most peculiar of its *doctrinal* or *experimental* statements, it will prove, as a whole, to the soul "a feast of fat things." Its high-toned spirituality and deep Christian experience will, doubtless, prove a solemn rebuke to the formality and shallow religion of many, and may thus, by the quickening grace of God, lead to great searchings of heart, much brokenness of spirit, and deep humiliation before God. There is in our day an alarming amount of *surface* religion,—a lamentable want of "*experimental*" godliness; and we earnestly pray that the Lord would bless this effort to bring the *piety of the past* to bear upon the *profession of the present*, so that his own great name may be glorified.

"PETER DRUMMOND."

This Margaret Bruce was born in 1723, and died soon after she attained her twenty-first year. In her younger years, she watched her father's flocks, and in those retired seasons her mind was wrought upon to a great extent. Her life and her experience were peculiar. The true grace of God came to her in early life; and deeply chastened her heart, purified her affections; and led her soul up to God. One specimen of her experience, as taken down from her own lips, we here give. After speaking of her more childish days, she says—

"I can say little more of myself till I was about thirteen years of age. When I was one day reading my Bible in the fields, that word, 'As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.' (1 Cor. xv. 22) made great impression on my heart, and at reading of these words then, and many times after, I got a sense of my lost condition by the fall in Adam; and again, after that, when I was reading on a Sabbath-day in the Bible that word, 'Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you.'—John vi. 53.) And several other expressions in that chapter made a deep impression on my soul; but especially what Christ says in the sixty-third verse, 'The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life,'—at the reading of which I thought spirit and life were first put into my heart, at least in a sensible way, so as to feel my heart sensibly drawn up to heaven, and drawn out in love to Christ. At the same time I had great longings to go to the communion-table, which I accordingly did the summer thereafter. But before the sacrament occasion came about, one Sabbath-day that I did not go to church, I went out to the fields alone, and falling to read my Bible, and reading in the thirty-sixth chapter of Ezekiel, I felt an inexpressible sweetness and power come along with many of the promises in that chapter, and light came along that explained the meaning of them to my heart, and applied them to me in particular, especially these words in the twenty-fifth verse, 'Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean;' &c.; and from that to the twenty-ninth verse. I was now made to

recollect that my parents had devoted me to the Lord in Baptism, and was well pleased with what they had done. I was sensible that it was now full time for me to take these engagements on myself; and I accordingly entered into covenant with the Lord that day devoting myself to God in Christ, and engaged myself to him in the strength of his own grace, and essayed, by faith, to embrace the Lord Jesus Christ in all his offices, as my Prophet, Priest, and King. I then resolved to renew my engagement at the first communion occasion, and could have been content that I had opportunity to do so just at that time. I continued frequently praying from day to day, pleading that I might be prepared for that holy approach to God. And I was allowed in particular with freedom to plead that word, that God would 'revive his work in the midst of these years.'

"When that solemnity came on, I was made to hear the word with much sweetness and delight on the several days, and thought by the marks I heard of those who had a right to come, that I was among the number of those invited to the Lord's table. I did, however, conceal all that I had met with so closely, that I scarce told anything of it to any body at all. But though I had a strong inclination to come, I wanted not some doubts and fears about myself at some times, and on Saturday after sermon, was once thinking to have gone away home without asking a token in order to my being admitted to the Lord's table. But when I was turning away, I was quickly made to return again by that word darted into my mind with power, 'It is surely good for me that I draw near to God, for all that are far from him shall perish.' But after I had got a token, I fell into a great disorder and confusion: my heart turned very dead and hard. Going home, I went off the way a little to secret prayer, but could hardly get a word spoken to God. A terror fell on me lest satan would appear and devour me, and I continued hard-hearted all that night; when I essayed prayer I could get no liberty or access to God. I thought myself very unfit for a communion, and continued in that sad condition lamenting my case."

The death of this peasant girl was strikingly solemn and profitable. We give the following paragraphs, because we are persuaded many will read them with much enlightenment of mind as regards the valley through which we all must pass; and with some comfort of soul. In the account of her death, the following occurs—

"The following is only a few imperfect notes of that discourse gathered together, a little after her death, from some of the best memories then present, precisely in her own words, or as nearly as could be recollected:—

"'Come here, come here,' said she, 'all ye that fear God, and I'll tell you what he hath done for my soul. Is this the death I was afraid of? This is not death,—it is wrong named; this is not death, but life,—life to my soul, life for evermore. Oh! I am in the suburbs of glory,—I am in heaven already!

Oh! I do not know whether I be in Christ's arms, or he in mine. Christ, my beloved, is mine, and I am his. Oh, the love, the loveliness of Christ! Heart cannot conceive, tongue cannot utter how lovely he is. Oh, that I had all the parish here to tell them how lovely he is! Oh! he is the salvation of God; he saves from sin, satan, the world, death, hell, the grave, trouble, pain, sorrow; he saves from all evil; he is manifold salvation to my soul. We are not only enemies naturally, but enmity itself. But oh, the love of Christ! When I was a mass of enmity itself, he loved me, and with his love he broke my enmity, and conquered my heart.

"Oh, how good has the Lord Jesus been to me! He took an early and gracious dealing with my soul; when I was a child he took me by the arms, and taught me to go; he led me in the way I knew not; he drew me with the cords of love, and allured my heart to himself, when I scarce knew that it was he that was dealing with me."

"Among other things, she said, 'Oh, the benefit and profit of this everlasting gospel, this pure gospel!—when others were wavering and running away from it, I was even fed, and led on, and feasted at it.'

"One who came to see her, asking her how she was, she answered, 'I am healthier than any of you; I feel no pain or sickness at all in my body, no more than if I were on a bed of roses. Is this what they call death,—the pains of death? This is not death, but life; it is life to my soul.'

"One offering her a drink, she said, 'Oh, no! I have the water of life to drink, living waters.' One bidding her spare herself, and telling her she would quite exhaust her natural strength and spirits, and hasten her death by speaking so loud and so long, with such fervour and vehemency, she said, 'What serves this body for but to be spent in the service of Christ? If I should hold my peace, the very stones would cry out. It is not I that speak, it is not I that live; no, it is not I, but the Spirit of Christ speaking in me; it is not I that live, but Christ liveth in me. And the life I have lived in the flesh has been by faith in the Son of God.' And lifting up her eyes with great reverence, she said, 'God is love. Oh, the love of God, the love of Christ! Oh, if ye knew the love of Christ!' and turning her eyes to one beside her, she said, 'Thou knowest this as well as I. He is altogether lovely, the chief among ten thousand: and turning to the company, she said, 'Has any of you seen his glory, and tasted his goodness? Oh, if ye knew how lovely Christ is, how excellent and matchless!—oh, if ye saw his glory!—oh, if ye saw that heavenly company, saints and angels, with his glory shining on them as I do!—if ye saw his glory, it would ravish your hearts,—you would think nothing of the world. Oh, his love has a height, it has a depth, it has a length, it has a breadth that passeth knowledge. Oh, what will it be to be filled with all the fullness of God! Oh, the happiness of the glorified company above! There his servants shall see his face, and serve him without wandering, weariness, or interruption, or any sin for ever.

There they sing a new song of praise to God and the Lamb; their notes will still be new to all eternity,'—adding, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. They all cast their crowns at his feet. Oh, I would far rather get into heaven by Christ, the second Adam, than by the first, though it were possible.'

"She expressed a fervent love to all friends about her, and an earnest concern for their salvation. 'Oh,' said she, 'that you would all come to Christ! If you saw his loveliness, and knew his love as I do, you would come to him, and he would make you all happy. Do not say Christ will not receive you, though you should think of coming.'

"One said, 'Do not waste yourself so fast with speaking; you will have an eternity in heaven to praise, admire, and adore him.' She replied, 'Aye, but I will not have an opportunity there to extol and commend him to this company here on earth. He has bestowed much on me, and I have not laid it out as I ought in communicating to others. David says he would praise him, continuing all day long, and I have not praised him half a day; yet death is at hand, and I must lose no time from magnifying him.'

"Another said, 'You are not afraid to die now?' She answered, 'No, not now; the terror of death is now taken away from me through Christ's dying for me, but I know not how it may yet be with me ere I get through death, for all this. Oh, the love and loveliness of Christ! Oh, if I could praise him! I cannot praise him according to his loveliness. I cannot praise him at all; I have not a tongue to praise him; I have not strength to praise him. All his works praise him, and his saints bless him. Ye angels that excel in strength, praise him! Oh, see the glorified company about the throne! I cannot express the glory that shines forth in their faces, but the sun shining in his strength is not to be compared with it. Oh, the comeliness that Christ has put upon them and upon me!—he has made me comely by his comeliness put upon my soul.'

"And now, feeling herself to be fast dying, she called her relations and friends present to come to her one by one, naming them, and tenderly embracing them, took her leave of them. One mentioning, indirectly, the near view she had of an earthly marriage, but saying she was unspeakably more happy in her spiritual marriage to Christ, she said—'If that dear man were here, (meaning the person to whom it was designed she would have been married in about a month after this), I would tell him how lovely Christ is.'

"Then she called for the young women, members of that meeting for prayer with whom she used to join weekly, and desired them one by one to come to her and kiss her, which they accordingly did. Hearing some of them weeping at her taking leave of them, she said, 'Weep not for me, but for yourselves.' In giving them her last advice, she said, 'Ye used to complain at your meetings, some of you, that ye are all sin, full of sin; but fear not ye, fear not ye, (frequently re-

peating those words), ye seek Jesus; oh, beware of frothiness and lightness; beware of worldliness and carnality. Oh, dreadful carnality!" "To be carnally-minded is death." "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together." "If ye go forth weeping, bearing precious seed, ye shall rejoice, bringing back your sheaves with you." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." "In due time ye shall reap, if ye faint not."

"In this time of great bodily pain, nothing of discomposure appeared; patience seemed to have had its perfect work, as far as this imperfect state can admit. She now and then, amidst her pains, dropped several weighty and edifying sentences. One said, 'Oh, that is a sweet word, and I doubt not you have known, and just now knowest, much of the meaning of it, —Whom having not seen, we love; in whom, though now we see him not, yet believing in him, we rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.' She said, 'Yes, I have known the sweet meaning of it. But now I am suffering—oh, you do not know what I am suffering.' One said, 'Remember that word, that once was made so sweet to your soul: "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."' She said, 'It is true—but that glory is out of my sight now; oh, the pain I feel!' The other said, 'Your light afflictions are but for a moment, and they will work for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory: your sufferings are sharp, but they will be short.' At another time she said, 'O, but these old companions, the soul and body, are loth to part! Oh, what pain at the parting!'

"Amidst these pains of death, she desired a portion of a Psalm might be sung, and named the 73rd,—25th verse, and downwards; in singing of which she bore a part now and then cheerfully, and no doubt joined fervently in the short prayer put up to God at her desire; immediately after singing that psalm.

"Under the great pains of death, she said once, 'Some doubting thoughts arise.' One said, 'Oh, why will ye doubt? you were a little ago rejoicing in God as your God, and could say, God had made with you a well-ordered and sure covenant, and that this was all your salvation and all your desire.' She replied, 'Yes, I can say that yet, but I cannot hinder these doubting thoughts from breaking in. 'Oh, the pain I feel! Oh, if the pains of death be so sharp to me, though I can lay claim to a covenant-interest in God as my God, what will these pains be to the wicked,—to all that are out of Christ? How will they be able to endure them? They will be the beginnings of hell to them. Oh, sirs, ye may see the evils of sin, even in a temporal death. "The wages of sin is death." But that is but small wages.' Again, she said, 'He hides his face a little, but he has said "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."' Afterwards she said, 'I see clearer now,—I know whom I have believed; or rather, I may say, who has enabled me to believe.' Sometime after, looking up with

kind and compassionate looks to the company, she said, 'Oh, my heart is pained for you all, when I think that ye have all these pangs of death I am under to go through.'

"She sometimes cried out, 'Oh, vile sin; oh, to be cleansed from all sin; oh, to be freed from this body of death!' When she turned very low, and was expressing her desires to be away, one said to her, 'Christ now says, Behold I come quickly.' She replied, 'Even so, come, Lord Jesus; into thy hands I commend my spirit.' And at several times, at some small distance of time, she said, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.'

"Some little time after this, her pains abating, she first fell a slumbering, and then composed herself for sleep, and slept on for about an hour and a half, and was not observed by those about her to awake again, except that about two o'clock in the morning she lifted up her eyes once, and in a few minutes after one had prayed, she expired without any struggle or sign of uneasiness, and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

## THE GOLDEN CITY.

THERE is a Golden City  
Beyond the bridgeless river;  
And all the blest who find its rest  
Shall live in joy for ever.  
Its walls are all salvation,  
Its gates are high evangels,  
Come to the Golden City  
And share the bliss of angels!

Within the Golden City  
Our white robed friends are walking:  
All happy hearts are meeting there,  
All of the old ways talking;  
And God hath hushed their weeping,  
Beyond all human pity;  
And parted hearts are greeting,  
Within the Golden City.

On earth all things deceive us,  
All lovely things are dying;  
Love only comes to leave us,  
Our singing turns to sighing.  
Poor frail and fainting mortals,  
We seek each others' pity;  
We long to see the portals  
Of our own Golden City.

And so each shape of beauty,  
But tells us not to love it,  
Because it veils the something  
More beautiful above it.  
On earth in tears we wander,  
And all our best loves grieve us:  
In the Golden City yonder,  
They'll love us, and not leave us.  
Come to the Golden City!  
O! friends I must be going;  
I hear my Lord's own voice, I hear  
The sounds of music flowing:  
World, flesh, and devil, let me pass,  
What care I for your pity;  
I'm going to the sea of glass,  
Within the Golden City.

E. P. HOAD.

## THE FRIEND THAT LOVETH AT ALL TIMES.

"A FRIEND THAT LOVETH AT ALL TIMES."—PROV. xvii. 17.

BUT such a friend can seldom be found. In the days of prosperity, when the sun shines, and no dark cloud obscures the horizon, it is easy to find friends. They gather then thickly around us—they join hand in hand with us—they cannot do too much for us—they cannot give us too many manifestations of their regard. But, by and bye, the heavens become dark and lowering—the thunder rolls over our heads—the storm falls, and the tempest rages—and we seek some shelter from the terrible blast—*then* where are our friends? This is the hour of trial, and we seek, therefore, for sympathy and consolation; we want help; where shall we fly? We *try* our friends, and then we find how much their friendship is worth. They who would have gone with us to prison and to death, when neither appeared in view, now stand aloof when most we need their aid, and favour us with a frown, when most we need their smile. How often has not this been the case? How often have not those whom we have thought to have been our best friends in the day of prosperity, given us the hard word and the callous countenance in the day of adversity? At first this surprised us—we could not understand it—it seemed not to be according to the order of things; but ere long we learned what it was to trust in an arm of flesh, and this led us to look for true friendship somewhere else. And where was that? Where did we look? Ah! reader, we looked above man—we looked above every thing earthly—we looked above the sainted spirits, or the angelic throng; none of these could suit us. With the eye of faith we gazed above, and saw ONE seated on the throne in majesty and might. Before him fell the mightiest archangel, and on him every ministering spirit waited for commands. Sinners washed in blood, and clothed in raiment pure, worshipped at his feet, and sung hosannas to his name, and as they sung their immortal songs, heaven's arches reverberated again and again with their melody of sovereign grace. All eyes were directed to one object, and that was to "him that sat upon the throne," whom they acknowledged to be "King of Kings and Lord of Lords," and in whose smile they found their heaven. We gazed upon the face, and found that it beamed with mercy and compassion, and therefore were encouraged to draw near unto him. As we drew near, trembling and fearful, lest we should be turned away, he smiled upon us, received us with open arms, bade us be of good cheer, and welcomed us to his table. We told him that we were unworthy, that our

sins were our burden, that our case was black, and our hope had well nigh perished. We confessed our sins of omission as well as our sins of commission, and told him that we could not find language strong enough to express our vileness. But still, though we thought that our long tale must carry an evil influence with it, to our surprise, the smile remained, and the welcome look told us that we had room for hope. When we had done, he pointed us to his brow, and there we saw the imprints of nails once driven through. He pointed us to his side, and there were the marks of the knotted whip. He pointed us to a cross on Calvary's mount, on which once he had shed his vital blood, and as we gazed with astonishment and awe, he declared, "I suffered thus that you might live." We saw then that though our sins might be deep,—deeper, deeper still, was the Redeemer's PRECIOUS BLOOD. We saw then that though black as hell, we could be made white as heaven. We saw that though we might be full of *demerit*, there was merit enough in Jesus and his blood to carry us right on to the land of glory. We saw then, that though heaven's arches rung with the praises of the heavenly host, still that did not prevent him bending his ear to listen to the heartfelt cry of the poor and needy. O, how this encouraged us! What consolation for our weary souls! There was a friend indeed—a friend for time, and a friend for eternity. There was one who would never leave us; one who would be with us in this world, and also in the world to come. It was what we wanted, and we were happy.

But, reader, this Friend—this great, heavenly, lasting Friend—loveth at all times. If he loves you now he will ever love you. He is engaged never to leave or forsake you—earthly friends *may*, but Jesus *never*: they who have trusted in him have never been confounded, and they never will be. When earthly friends have turned their backs upon us, Jesus has still shown us his face; when earthly friends have left us completely, Jesus has stood by to cheer and help us; when earthly friends have broken their promises, Jesus has always proved faithful, and in the hour of need has supplied us with all our wants. Thus he proves himself to be a Friend that loveth at all times: when the sun shines or the dark cloud gathers; when we stand on the mount or be in the valley; when we sing the song of praise, or hang our harps upon the willows; when prosperity gladdens our days, or adversity saddens our nights; when we are in health, or in sickness

and pain; when we are rich, or when we are poor; when we have friends, or when we have none—Jesus has always remained the same—the Friend that loveth at all times—the Friend that cannot change. When we could not pour our complaints into a fellow-creature's ear, we have gone to Jesus, and found him ready to listen; when we have not dared to look for sympathy in any mortal, we have looked for it in Jesus, and have never looked in vain. Jesus, and Jesus alone, is the Friend that loveth at all times, and therefore in him alone we hope. With such a friend we have no cause for fear: with the eye of Omniscience he can detect all our foes—with the arm of the Almighty he can guard us from every attack—with the strength of the Omnipotent, he can bear us safely through our journey—and with the compassion of Infinite love, he can bear well our frailties, and comfort us in our sorrows. What then will it matter if the world may oppose us? What then will it matter if earthly friends forsake us? What if all the powers of the vast universe should be united against us?—Jesus, our glorious Friend, is stronger than all, and therefore we shall not despair. To have Jesus ever standing by us, through all the changing scenes of this eventful life, is a mercy indeed, for then we have always at hand a ready and willing Friend, whose friendship cannot fail, which is without beginning and without end.

Then, reader, there is the hour of death; and at that period we shall need a friend. If it were possible for our earthly friends to remain true to us in every changing scene of this life, death will come at last, and part us, and then their friendships will be of little avail. If Jesus is not our Friend, then all beside will do us no good. But Jesus, who manifests his love to his people in life, forsakes them not in the hour of death; but stands by them when heart and flesh faileth. When attendants shall wipe the death dew off the brow—when the countenance shall wax paler and paler—when the voice becomes weaker and weaker, and the breathing shorter and shorter—when the spirit struggles to burst the trammels that bind it to the clay tabernacle, and longs to soar on high, Jesus will stand by his people, and watch and support them all through the painful process, and prove their never-changing Friend. And when death is past, and the last struggle over, and the spirit finds its way to God, and the body mingles with the dust, Jesus will still be their Friend, to plead for the spirit's entrance to the world of light, and will not be satisfied till body and spirit, reunited, shall rest for ever in the mansions of peace. O, what a Friend is Jesus! With such a Friend we have hope in life—hope in death—and hope for the life to come. He lifts up our heads with joy; we fear not what shall come to pass. Reader, if Jesus is your

Friend, crowned heads may envy you; and the great and the wealthy may long for your lot; for though a little trial and conflict may fall to your share while travelling here below, it will not matter; for your home is in heaven, and your Friend is on high. Let whatever may happen, he will never forsake you; because his faithfulness is sure. Why, then, should you flee to anything of an earthly or transitory nature? Is Jesus not enough? Rather join with the poet,

" Ah, no, though life itself depart,  
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;  
And liping this, from earth I'll rise,  
And join the chorus of the skies.

" Ah, no, when all things else expire,  
And perish in the general fire,  
This name all others shall survive,  
And through eternity shall live."

Liverpool.

H. W.

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MARGARET BRUCE;  
THE SCOTTISH PEASANT GIRL.

WE have felt a holy pleasure in receiving the grateful testimonies of some of our readers, who were comforted and blest in reading the small notice we last month gave of Peter Drummond's excellent pamphlet, entitled, "*The Life and Experience of Margaret Bruce.*" This Scottish lassie was, most evidently, a saint of no mean order. Her unadorned testimonies came forth from a heart richly associated with, and sanctified by grace divine. The Spirit of Christ was in her soul; and under his solemn teachings she spake. The Bible furnishes many such testimonies; but if you would choose to read the pure language of a heart softened by heavenly love, made honest and humble by God's eternal truth,—if you would wish to look carefully into a mind beautifully taught by the ETERNAL COMFORTER himself,—then with much patience and earnest prayer, examine the written out Life of Margaret Bruce, from end to end.

Oh, what are cold controversies when compared with such warm and welcome oozings out of a heart pressed close to the Saviour's breast? We are glad when good men earnestly contend for the faith—but the unpremeditated, the unbiassed, the unadorned breathings out of a spirit baptised in the love, blood, truth, and unctious knowledge of a Three-One Jehovah, are more to us than all the folios of sermons, the quartos of commentators, the philosophical duodecimos of modern times, that ever this world did possess.

Another piece or two from the record of this peasant we here subjoin. Mark, reader, this one thing. Stop! before you dash into a scene so sacred. We have one thing to say. If you only know the truth by a certain stereotyped phraseology, then, with Margaret Bruce you cannot walk; but if you can recognize the life of God—let that life breathe

forth how and when it may; then with us, you will say, the following portions are precious indeed.

"One Sabbath, about the beginning of February, 1742, I found myself much more dead and hard-hearted than I used to be for some time, and after I went home, going to secret prayer, I could not for a considerable time get any liberty or access to God in that duty; but continuing, I at length got great freedom and enlargement in it, and going on, I greatly urged and pressed after assurance of heaven; but while I pressed earnestly and too importunately after this, without due resignation to the will of God, I immediately found myself deprived of that freedom and liberty I had attained, and I came away from that duty much dejected. Next Saturday I got, through grace, a very desirable frame, and was made to long after the Sabbath; but, alas! when it came, I awoke with my thoughts running after vanity; and notwithstanding all my attempts at duty that morning, I could not get free of them. I went to church, hoping matters would be better there, but found myself disappointed. I returned home in great uneasiness of mind, and essayed secret prayer, and other duties of God's worship, but still my bad frame continued: and I was beginning to question whether I had ever met with a saving change or not, and my doubts and fears were increasing upon me, when that word, as I sat by the fire, came into my mind with power, 'Other foundation can no man lay, than that is laid, which is Christ Jesus.' And immediately my heart was changed from sorrow to joy, and love to Christ, being made to believe in him, and to know that I *had* believed in him before, and was resting on him as the alone foundation of my trust and hope.

"I continued in this frame till next Thursday night, when the great awakening broke out at Cambuslang. That night, when I heard of it, I fell a trembling, hearing so many were crying out. I knew not what to think of it, having never seen anything of that kind, but on thinking further of it, I was exceedingly glad of the news. I had long been praying for the outpouring of the Spirit, but could scarce hope that ever I would see such glorious times. When I heard of such deep convictions and distresses, and of such outgates, joys, and comforts they were getting, I took my Bible and searched if I could find anything of that kind there. I trembled at one time for fear, and rejoiced at another in hope, fearing I was not in the right way, and yet hoping it might prove a gracious work of God. And I could scarce eat, work, or sleep, for two days, through anxiety about it. Next day, being Friday, I went to Cambuslang manse, and saw a great many in deep distress there, which greatly affected my heart. I was made frequently to burst out into weeping, partly through joy and partly through sorrow and fear. When I saw what great distress many of them were in, I was greatly afraid that all was wrong with myself, since I had never had such strong and piercing convictions as they; and yet, apprehending they were in the right and

promising way, I was made greatly to rejoice, and my secret joy was increased by seeing and hearing the behaviour and speech of those that had got outgates from their distress. Saturday, however, proved a good and comfortable day to me, partly by seeing the good effect of this work on others, and partly by God's dealing graciously with my own soul; and that night I went home rejoicing, and my sleep was sweet to me. Next day being Sabbath, in the morning I fell under doubts and fears that nothing was right with me, and that I had not yet been born again, because I had not felt the pangs of the new birth in such a way as those I had seen at the manse the day before, and this continued with me all along as I came to the church, and as I drew near it, I was ashamed to be seen among those I had been talking with the day before at the manse. And that word, 'The fearful and unbelieving shall have their part in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone,' seemed for some time as levelled against me. But I was supported against that by that other word, 'God hath not cast away his people whom he did fore-know,' &c. A minister preached that day on these words, 'You who were sometime alienated and enemies in your minds by wicked works, yet now hath he reconciled.' In his first sermon on that text, he insisted on the former part of the words, concerning our natural alienation and enmity against God. During all that sermon I was in the greatest confusion and distress, apprehending myself to be cast out of God's sight, and in deep darkness. Sometimes I thought I had an interest in him, but that he had hid his face from me, and sometimes I lost sight of my interest in him altogether: a sense of my misimproving the Gospel, and sitting with a wandering heart under the ordinances, was very heavy upon me. And by the time the sermon was done, I was like to despair altogether, and I thought some one whispered me in the ear, 'Thou mayest give over that work, for which thou wilt never be the better.' But while I was hearing the next sermon, he preached on the latter part of the text, 'Yet now hath he reconciled in the body of his flesh, through death.' I felt every word of that sermon clothed with power; He going to bring me out of all my difficulties; a new and heavenly light sprang up and shined brightly, like the sun breaking through the clouds (I know not of a better comparison), and dispelled my fears, doubts, and darkness. I looked up to the sun, and thought, oh, that is a dark, lowering thing, compared with the Sun of Righteousness that is now shining in my heart with the light of the knowledge of his glory. My heart was as it were overcome with the love of Christ. I felt also a most fervent love to all the people of God, and even those among whom I was a little before afraid and ashamed to appear. Now my heart was drawn out towards them, so that I thought I could put them all in my bosom. That glory, which was as the sun shining in his strength, shined more brightly into my heart than the natural sun did on my body, and, which I thought was just love, so filled my soul that



there was no room for doubting, no place for the world, or the vanities of it; and oh, then I thought suffering reproach for Christ, suffering the loss of all things, even of life itself for him, would have been my greatest honour and privilege!

"In the interval, after these two sermons, a minister asked 'if I met with Christ?' To whom I cheerfully answered, 'Yes.' He asked, 'In what mean?' I told him. He answered, 'As you have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him,' and pray for me and your sisters. In the afternoon or evening, I heard a preacher discourse concerning receiving of Christ, which I found exceedingly sweet to my soul, and my heart as it were said amen to every word of that sermon. In the evening I went home rejoicing in Christ Jesus and his love. And as I walked on, that word came with power into my heart, 'Thou sore hast thrust that I might fall; but my God helped me; God my salvation is become; my strength and song is he.' And when I came home, I was in a manner swallowed up in admiration of the love of Christ. I thought, with ravishing wonder, on the height and depth, and length and breadth of the love of God in Christ. I panted after the further knowledge of it; but while my eager soul thirsted more and still more to know the love of Christ I saw that it still remained incomprehensible love that passes knowledge

"A great deal of this blessed frame continued with me till Friday thereafter, that I went to the manse, and coming into the minister's closet, and hearing him, with another minister, examine one of my acquaintance that had been in distress, and had newly got an outgate, and being asked what was the means of it, she said, it was that promise, 'daughter, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee.' Many other questions were asked of her, but this was what stuck with me, she had a promise as the mean of her outgate from distress, and I had not been brought out of my distress in such a way. She had got the pardon of all her sins, and I had not, and my sins might yet be unpardoned. Upon this I fell into my former doubts and fears again; and thereupon I thought God was looking upon me in anger and wrath. I had lately found his favour to be better than life; now I felt his frowns to be worse than death; and under the sense of this, I had almost fallen down dead; and yet still I found my soul laying claim to God as my God, for all that. I then began to ask myself what might be the cause why God, whom I took to be my God, was looking upon me in wrath; and while I was searching into the cause, it was impressed on my heart that it was my unbelief that was the cause. Upon which I got a very humbling and affecting sense of the sin of unbelief, and how highly dishonouring it was to God. And hearing a minister discourse that evening in a lecture concerning Jacob's ladder, and showing that the ladder was Christ, or representing him in several respects, my soul was made by faith to take hold of that ladder, and by him to ascend to God in holy desires. I got not, however, that joy or assurance I had, but only was strengthened to believe and hope; and thus also it continued with me next day."

## EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

### LETTER XVI.

My good Theophilus, I now attempt to set before you some of those things which form that inheritance, into the full possession of which you will ere long come.

There can be no evidence of your fitness for eternity that can surpass in excellency that of the *oneness* of your soul with the truth as it is in Jesus: and you know that the truth is in Jesus as it is nowhere else. It is called "the truth as it is in Jesus," to distinguish it not only from the traditions and devices of men, but also to distinguish it from Edenic truth, which truth was merely *legislative* truth; also to distinguish it from Levitical truth, which was after the law of a carnal or temporal commandment; and also from killing truth—for the law is, in consequence of sin, the ministrations of death; but the truth, as it is in Jesus, hath in it, in all its parts, eternal life; for whatever the Saviour is in his mediation, that is his blessed truth. He is a Priest for ever, after the power of an endless life; therefore no promise in him can die, nor one of his brethren come finally short of entire conformity to any one precept of his holy Word. They shall by him all shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father; and when and wherever the truth is truly known, there will be a serving the Lord willingly, with the whole heart. And the Lord often meeteth him that rejoiceth, and worketh righteousness; as Abraham did when he shewed his willingness to part rather with his son Isaac, than to part with God's truth; as Rahab did, when she ventured her life for the messengers of Jehovah; as Moses did, when he chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin, which pleasures could be but for a season, and that a very short one, too. Yes, he meeteth him that worketh righteousness, as Jesus did when he was baptised in Jordan, and the heavens were opened unto him with, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; the Holy Spirit also descending like a dove, and lighting upon him."

Yes, he meeteth him that rejoiceth, and worketh righteousness, as he did Paul and Silas, (Acts xvi.) who had righteously preached a righteous gospel, and were unrighteously cast into prison. But the God in whom they rejoiced shakes the prison's foundations, breaketh asunder the bands of the prisoners, threw open the prison doors, called the jailer by his grace, and thus overturned the powers of darkness.

Gospel workers are free and willing workers. They would not, even if they could, leave the Master whom they so cheerfully serve. These are they that remember the Lord in *his ways*. Every man more or less remembers God; but none but his own rightly remember him in *his ways*. "Those (saith the prophet, Isa. liv.) that remember thee in *thy ways*." Here lies another vital distinction between the man who is born of God, and the man who is not born of God; and one of the features of those ways is, that in them

there is *continuance*. Yes, love, and choice, and mediation, and regeneration, and preservation, and resurrection, and glorification, continue for ever, world without end, or we could not be saved; but in those ways is continuance, and we *shall* be saved.

Now, my good Theophilus, follow me into some of the parts—some of the fields of your inheritance; and you will, I am encouraged to hope, get at some of the evidences you have of interest in so great salvation; for the evidences are laid down very clearly.

“Thou art wroth, for we have sinned.” Here, then, is a consciousness of the wrath of God against sin; these same were led by the Holy Ghost to say, “*We shall be saved.*” Here, then, is a consciousness of three things—*sin, wrath, lost*; but salvation changes the scene—sin is put away for ever; wrath is turned away, and favour eternal in its place; and instead of being lost, you will be saved, and no returned prodigal will be more happy than you.

But we are all as an unclean thing. What, then, is the remedy for such, but this—that “The blood of Jesus Christ, God’s dear Son, cleanseth us from all sin?” As one unclean you can have no other hope, no other plea, and the Holy Spirit will keep up in you by various means such a conviction of your state, that he will take care you shall have no other hope; your life, your soul, will be safe nowhere else. But all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags. Well, then, all that these righteousnesses can do, is to bear witness against us, and just demonstrate how far we have wandered into the regions of corruption, and how entirely we have lost our original conformity to God, and to his holy and righteous law. Well, now, my good Theophilus, can you be otherwise than loathsome in your own sight? and can you be otherwise than delighted with that part of the truth as it is in Jesus, which declares him to be the end of the law for righteousness unto all them that believe—that is, unto all them that *rightly* believe this, that he is the end of the law for righteousness? You know that in the Word of God wondrous things are spoken of those who are believers in and receivers of this Divine righteousness; that they are justified; that they are without blame, without spot, and without blemish; that they are complete in him; that they are by this righteousness united inseparably with eternal glory; that they shall inherit the land for ever; that they walk in the light, even as He who justifies is in the light; that Jesus being unto them *Jehovah* their Righteousness, we cannot think or speak too highly of such a way of acceptance with God. It is indeed the best robe, which gives an exaltation which the highest angel can never reach. No one who does not receive this wedding garment, will be allowed to remain at the marriage supper of the Lamb; and no one who is truly seeking it will be denied either the possession or advantages of it; for it is unto and upon all, that, from a sense of need, believe in it. Now you, my good Theophilus, have found out what your own righteousness really is; that it is at best but like yourself—carnal, sold under sin; so that I am sure you

will be glad to read in the Word of truth of being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus. It was because the Jews were ignorant both of what their own righteousness really was, and of what the righteousness of Christ was, that they went about to establish their own righteousness, and did not submit themselves unto the righteousness of God. We here see what an essential thing it is to be convinced of the majesty, and spirituality, and integrity, and severity, and certainty of every jot and tittle of the law of God; for there can be no right receiving of the truth of the Saviour’s righteousness, until, by the Holy Spirit of God, we are so convinced of sin as to know, that whatsoever is not of faith is sin. Now, the works of the law are not of faith; for the law is not a law of faith, but of works; and as we are carnal, sold under sin, we cannot be justified by works; therefore “it is not to him that worketh,” but to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted to him for righteousness.

You will observe that there is a constant tendency among men, even those who profess to be justified in no other way, to make very little of this righteousness; they seem not to enter into the blessedness of the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin—the blessedness of the man to whom the Lord imputeth righteousness without works; and yet we can have and enjoy peace with God in no other way. I want you, then, to be as the Psalmist was, and where he was, when he said, “I will go in the strength of the Lord God: I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only.”

But not only are we as an unclean thing, and all our righteousness as filthy rags, but we also “all do fade as a leaf.” Well, then, we need something which will not fade—and what is that something? That something is the incorruptible Word of truth, of which we are born of God. This root of the matter will keep us alive and fresh in our souls, even when the outer man shall perish; and so the promises and assurances of the Word run. And I wish you to look well to this part of your inheritance—for your inheritance it is; for being one with the truth as it is in Jesus, you cannot walk in counsels which are opposite to that truth, nor can you stand up to defend a way which leads from that truth, nor can you scorn to be saved by grace without works. Thus, as you cannot walk in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stand in the way of sinners, nor sit in the seat of the scornful, you are happily one of the blessed of Him who made heaven and earth. Now, as you have the law of life within you, so, from this possession within, you will delight in the law of life; you will, through prosperity, and through adversity, meditate therein; you will see that this law of life is by the Priesthood of the great High Priest of your profession; and you will read the Word, especially the Epistle to the Hebrews, upon this great matter of Jesus being a Priest—not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life. Here you will be delighted to see

how death is swallowed up in victory; and to see how it is you will be as "a tree planted by the rivers of water;" and these rivers can never run dry. Therefore, you will not cease from bearing fruit; you will never cease to believe the truth; you will never cease to love the truth; you will never cease to understand and know the truth; neither shall the leaf of your profession wither. No: you shall still go on to own his name, never being ashamed thereof, nor weary thereof; "and so shall you prosper, and bring forth fruit in old age." You shall even be fat and flourishing, to shew that the Lord is upright to his promise, that he is a Rock immovable, and that there is no unrighteousness in him to forget your labour of love, and patience of hope.

Thus it is, that just as the Lord of life and glory is to you as a Tree of Life, bearing precious fruit from the beginning of the year, even unto the end, and as his leaf, shall not fade; but as he has owned you, so he will never cease to own you; but the leaves of the tree, the words by which he overshadows and owns you, shall heal whatever diseases you have; "So that you shall be fat and flourishing, and for an everlasting sign, that shall not be cut off." But I must not forget here to remind you that our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away. Here you see the simile used in the preceding clause continued. There we fade as a leaf—here, as dried, faded leaves, we are by a violent wind taken away. What a testimony is this of our helplessness, worthlessness, and utter ruin by nature! And Isaiah is not the first who bare testimony of this truth; it is a testimony the truth of which you will be made more and more to feel. "Wilt thou (said Job to the Lord) wilt thou break a leaf driven to and fro? wilt thou pursue the dry stubble? for thou writest bitter things against me, and makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth." Job xiii. 25, 26. Yes, your experiences and trials will often be very bitter, and seem very much against you, and you will truly learn what a poor broken leaf, what poor dry stubble you are, liable to be set on fire by every temptation which may come nigh you. Here it is you will sigh and cry to God for help; but from being in and of yourself but a broken leaf, and dry stubble, he will not (until death) deliver you. It is what you are, and this must be known and felt. His grace is sufficient, but the thorn must remain. "But (you will say) what will this profit me?" Much, every way; but chiefly in making you to glorify God, that you have an oneness with the Mediator of the new covenant, from which you cannot be taken away; for as no man taketh your joy from you, so none can pluck you out of his hands. You cannot be separated from his love; no, here Jehovah's immutable oath, with all the immutabilities of the gospel, bind you eternally fast; and as a prince, you have power with God and with men, and must prevail—that is, whatever power the Prince of peace has with God and with men, and to whatever extent he prevails, that will be the measure of your success; for you walk in his name, are called after his name, and have the victory, and are saved in his name; and those your iniquities which in the first

Adam and in yourself took you away, he hath taken them away from you for ever, that you may never be taken away from him. Here is the love of God to you; not that you loved God, but that he loved you, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for your sins; so that now you love him, because he first loved you.

But not only are you thus by his blood cleansed from all sin, not only are you accepted in his righteousness, not only are you constituted an unfading tree of righteousness, and not only are you sealed unto the day of redemption; not only have you in oneness with him this personal dignity, but you have a glorious inheritance to possess, of which I can give you, in concluding this letter, but a very few hints; for we must get on in our next into other departments of truth.

Your inheritance, then, will be just the reverse of what is said in the 10th and 11th verses of this 64th of Isaiah. The holy cities of the earthly Canaan are a wilderness; Zion is a wilderness, Jerusalem a desolation. Therefore it is that there is a city which never can become a wilderness; a Zion where the Lord hath commanded the blessing, even life for evermore; a Jerusalem which is great, glorious, and free; nor shall there be any complaining in her streets.

The holy and the beautiful house of the earthly Canaan, was burned up with fire; "but we have an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," and where our pleasant things can never be laid waste.

Now, my good Theophilus, the natural man receiveth not these things, neither can he know them; for they are spiritually discerned. Thus it is that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love him; but God hath revealed them to us by his Spirit." It is true we know but in part; but still, we do know a little, and that little is the earnest of our inheritance. May we, then, still be steadfast and unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, as our labour is not in vain in the Lord; for we shall reap a full reward; so says the Word, and so believes

A LITTLE ONE.

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## CONVERSATIONS BY THE WAY.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MENTOR AND TYRO.

TYRO.—"What! my old friend *Mentor*? how glad I am to meet with you this morning. It's a long time since we met together, and the last conversation we had left such a powerful impression on my mind which time has not yet effaced."

MENTOR.—"Welcome, my dear brother; and if any benefit arises from our mutual intercourse at any time let the God of our salvation bear all the glory, who is alone worthy of all soul-felt praises through time and eternity. But say how is the cause of God and truth progressing in your parts? Is there anything like a shaking among the dry bones? Is conversion work going on? And are the refreshing showers from the celestial

hills reviving the drooping plants of the Lord's right hand planting?"

T.—"Would to God it was so indeed! but I fear there is very little energy, life, and liveliness among us, except in *one* quarter, which I confess, from the contrariety of feeling among some good men respecting it, leaves me in doubt whether to rejoice or tremble."

M.—Do both *Tyro*, and rejoice with trembling; the extraordinary ministerial success of our brother *Apollos* may well produce trembling anxiety lest such splendid gifts and the mischievous plaudits of universal popularity should overturn the equilibrium of one so young, and bring him into a snare; but he who raised up and anointed his youthful *Samuels*, *David's*, and *Timothies* for his service, will keep and preserve the feet of all his saints. Let us rejoice unfeignedly that so large an amount of vital and practical truth is diffused through his ministry, that its savour is experienced by many who listen to his discourses, and that multitudes of thoughtless ones are brought to real soul concern by the painted flashes of such thrilling eloquence."

T.—"You seem to know very clearly the distinguished person I allude to. But how can you account for the strong opinion entertained and expressed by some ministers against the matter and manner of his preaching?"

M.—"Well, as I have been looking out on my watch-tower, and making my silent observations lately on passing events, you shall have the result of my cogitations.

"It appears then to me strangely out of place, and hardly decent, for the servants of God, who are doing a great work, to be trifling their master's time away, by quibbling and criticising about each other, whether young or old, however popular or obscure;—certainly they *are* sent of God or not—if they are, their service and spirit will determine whose they are, and whom they serve, see 1 Cor. iii. 11—13. But if they are *not* sent of God, our duty is plain, '*Let them alone*, they be blind leaders of the blind,' Matt. xv. 14. And the sage advice of Dr. Gamaliel—Pharisee though he was—is not to be despised, '*Refrain from these men and let them alone*, for if this counsel or this work be of men it will come to nought, but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found to fight against God.' Acts v. 38."

T.—"Excuse me,—but are we not exhorted to 'Try the spirits, whether they be of God?' and does not our Lord commend the church in Rev. ii. 2. when he saith, 'Thou hast tried them which *say* they are apostles and are not, and hast found them liars?'"

M.—"Certainly, *Tyro*—by all means, the characters, principles, and practice of all must indeed be measured by the *only* Gospel standard, and every one weighed in the balance of the sanctuary; for 'If they speak not according to *this* word it is because there is no light in them.' But then, principles not men are the legitimate subjects of free remark. 'We wrestle not with flesh and blood.'

You know there was one very curious to pry into his fellow-servants motives and destiny; but his Lord rebuked him, and said, 'What is that to thee? Follow thou me.' Surely we shall be more wisely employed, as laborers in the vineyard, in minding our own business, and keeping our own vineyard, than meddling with others. The Master says, 'Occupy till I come,' and God knows, and every earnest, humble servant knows full well that, there is enough to occupy his thoughts, heart, head, and hands, his tongue and pen, time and talents, and indeed, *more* than enough for mere human intellect, for 'Who is sufficient for these things?' I have been in the King's service for many years now, and have seen a great number of fellow-servants called home. 'The fathers, where are they?' and the prophets, do they live for ever?' How frequently have we looked around and sighed for an Owen or Goodwin, a Gill or Brine, and anxiously prayed the mantle of these *Elijahs* might fall upon some *Elisha* in our day, and that a double portion of the spirit of these *Pauls* would rest on our youthful *Timothies*! But—Tell it not in Gath, lest the uncircumcised triumph. Prejudice, envy, jealousy, those brats of hell, would hinder our prayers, and stupify our most ardent desires, by whispering within. '*Not in our day, Lord; not in our neighbourhood.*' As though our little selves were afraid of being eclipsed by the eloquence of an *Apollos*, some thundering *Boanerges*, or any consoling *Barnabas*, the Master might see fit to raise up. He was a burning and a shining light, who once said of a contemporary greater than himself, 'He must increase but I must decrease.'"

T.—"Well, I can truly say, I would not be among the traducers of God's ministers for worlds; but would rather fear him who hath said, 'Touch not mine anointed and do my prophets no harm.' Who would not tremble to injure them in name, reputation, or ministry, when the Lord himself declares that, no weapon formed against them shall prosper, and every tongue that rises up against them in judgment shall be condemned? It's pleasing, however, to see the Lord keeps our brother *Apollos* close to his work, notwithstanding

'From friend and foe  
He meets with many a blow.'

Some say, 'He's a good man.' Others say, 'Nay, he deceiveth the people.' Some write angrily and spitefully against him, while others (I should say far more dangerous) would laud him up to the skies."

M.—"Yes, indeed; he seems to have neither time nor inclination to answer his calumniators, nor bow to the unseemly praises of his flatterers: the worthless smiles of the latter in no wise elate him, nor does the frowns of the former discourage him. He would 'Salute no man by the way;' but, happy in his Master's service, he appears to be borne

————— far above  
The reach of *these inferior things*.'

I trust that those who are the Lord's remembrancers will give him no rest, but pray earnestly and continually that he would send forth laborers into his vineyard, for the harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; and may the happy day soon dawn and bless our world when Zion's watchmen shall see eye to eye—when 'Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim.' Farewell to the present; and if we may be allowed to meet in the VESSEL again, I hope our interview will be profitable."

Hailsham, Sussar. CORNELIUS SLIM.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF

MIXED COMMUNION.

BY THE LATE JAMES CASTLEDEN,  
OF HAMPSTEAD.

LAST Monday was our twenty-second anniversary, and a charming meeting we had of the royal family. I am sure your father would have wept for joy had he been there, and your mother would have laughed like her ancient mother Sarah of old. Oh, it was precious to hear our brethren relate the Lord's dealings with their souls; it was a melting season to hear of brands snatched out of the burning; of jewels dug out of the horrible pit; of pilgrim's prayers being answered; of some of the heirs of heaven being reduced to the last sixpence, and then abundant supplies sent; of old believers telling of the faithfulness of a faithful God; and of the babes in grace drinking in of the sincere milk of the word. I firmly believe that more real spiritual advantage is often derived from friendly meetings of this description, than from many sermons that are preached. In such meetings as these, the under-shepherd can ascertain the state of his flock; and the rich and the poor, the strong and the weak, yea, young and old in the ways of the Lord, can rejoice together. Psal. xxxiv. 3.

I therefore dearly love *mixed communion*. I love it from my very soul. When the children of God mix together; when aged and experimental Christians mix with young converts, with a desire to do them good; the pastor mixes with the people; and when the exalted Head condescends to mix with, and is found in the midst of, his dear church and people, oh that is blessed indeed!

But, alas! there is too much *distance* among church-members; too much of a party spirit; the rich with the rich, the respectable with the respectables: in some churches even the *deacons* won't speak to each other; and are there not pastors who know but little of the spiritual state of their flocks, whether they are fat and flourishing, or go lean from day to day. Oh for more *mixed communion*!

But you sent me word that you was to have a tea meeting. Was the Bishop of soule there to bless you; and did the sun shine upon you? Was it a long *speechifying* meeting, or, on the contrary, did each strive who should be *least* in order to be the greatest? Luke xxii. 24—27.

Oh for more heart-pantings after spiritual

mixed communion in the *militant* church; it will be *entirely so*, by-and-bye, in the church and assembly of the first-born, which are written in heaven.

There *all* the Lord's chosen together shall *join*,  
And *tell* of the wonders of mercy divine;  
No *parties*, no *quarrels*, the saints *then* divide,  
All free from all *shyness*, and free from all *pride*.

THE INTERCESSION OF THE WIFE  
OF JOHN BUNYAN.

It has been observed by some one, that there is only one instance in the whole History of England, of a woman making her appearance at Westminster Hall, and before the Judges of Assize, in order to make a formal defence in favour of the unfortunate. That woman was the young and interesting wife of John Bunyan, who had become a sacrifice for conscience sake.

She first of all had the courage to appear before the House of Lords, to ask that Supreme Court of Appeal to relax the rigours of a persecuting law. Their Lordships rudely told her to go to the Judges of Assize who had condemned her husband, and without fail she did so. Sir Matthew Hale presided, accompanied by Judge Twisden. John Bunyan says—"Judge Twisden snapt at my poor wife, Elizabeth, and angrily told her that her husband was a convicted person, and could not be released unless he promised to preach no more."

But Mrs. Bunyan, however much she loved her husband, was more enamoured of the gospel, and she gave the court to understand that her husband could not purchase freedom at the expence of keeping silence about the mercy and compassion of God.

"It is false (continued Elizabeth) to say that he has done wrong; for at the meetings where they preached they had God's presence with them."

"Will he leave off preaching?" roared Twisden.

"My Lord, (said Elizabeth), he dares not leave off preaching as long as he can speak: but, my good lords, (she proceeded, with tears in her eyes), just consider that we have four small children, one of them blind, and all of them have nothing to live upon while the father is in prison, but the charity of Christian people. O, my lords, I myself smayed at the news when my husband was apprehended, and being but young and unaccustomed to such things, I fell in labour and was delivered of a dead child."

This was too much for Sir Matthew Hale, who now interposed with the ejaculation, "Alas! poor woman." He then inquired what was her husband's calling?

"A tinker, please you, my lord," said his wife, "and because he is a tinker and a poor man he is despised, and cannot have justice."

Law is stronger than tears, and Elizabeth became convinced how vain it was to expect justice and mercy from an earthly tribunal, and with a heroic glory, she pointed to her tears as she departed and uttered words which never should die as long as the English language exists—"See these tears (said she,) but I do not weep for myself: I weep for you, when I think what an account such poor creatures as you will have to give at the coming of the Lord."

This scene took place, we need only add, not only before John Bunyan was known as the author of a book, but before he had even conceived the outline of his "Pilgrim's Progress." He was kept in goal in order that he might not preach, but by this persecution he was enabled to write a book in his prison cell, which has been preaching to England for many generations, and which will edify and enlighten the world to the remotest posterity.

ENQUIRY UPON  
BAPTISING WESLEYANS.

MR. EDITOR,—Being, I humbly hope, a seeker and a lover of the truth as it is in Jesus, and having some personal knowledge of your theory, I venture to ask a question, upon which my mind has been very much pained; and should feel grateful if you would find space in your EARTHEN VESSEL to answer it.

Being permitted to attend one of the Baptist causes, my surprise was great to hear two persons belonging to the Wesleyan cause, also one to the Established Church, were to pass through the ordinance of baptism, and upon only the ground that they saw immersion the proper mode of baptism, after which they would return and submit to the discipline of their respective churches. I am no critic in these matters, but it really seems sad, very sad, to see so much error creeping into our churches. Is it possible a Baptist minister can believe in the possibility of falling from grace, or is willing to make our Divine Redeemer only half a Saviour? Or can mix up the salvation of an immortal soul with any creature doings? These are matters which require careful investigation, especially when we see men of talent handling them, and, in my humble opinion deluding hundreds of people. I certainly could not, under my present ideas, deny any humble follower of the Lamb communion at the Lord's table; there are many little minor points upon which we differ, but as we progress towards the heavenly Canaan our Heavenly Father will graciously lead us into the way of all truth: but for a person to pass through the ordinance of baptism, they are considered to renounce all creature effort toward their salvation, and are made willing, through grace, to be saved in his own appointed way—alone through the *finished work* and *righteousness* of a crucified but risen Saviour. Such is the way I have been taught to read the Word of God, and I trust the Spirit of God has been my teacher; but, in these instances, there seems such a clashing with the cross of Christ, which makes me think I must be wrong, or there is a fearful delusion arising in our midst.

If you will favor me by noticing this in your next month's much esteemed VESSEL, I trust it may be instrumental, in the hands of God, in bringing men out of such error, and all the glory will redound to our Triune Jehovah.

*Fleet-street.*

MARY.

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

IN reply to the above, we wish it to be distinctly understood, that we do not know of any one word in our language that conveys fully to the mind the meaning of the word *baptism*. As we cannot express its meaning by one word, we must use *two* words; and those two words shall be *immersion*—*emersion*; or burial—resurrection. Let the reader, then, be careful to notice this—that baptism

does *not* mean simply immersion, or burying; but means also, and equally, emersion, or rising up again.

Baptism sometimes signifies washing, as when Naaman was commanded to baptise, (for so reads the Septuagint), in Jordan seven times. But although baptism always means immersion, and emersion, yet it does *not* always mean washing.

Now, there are some good people who are not Baptists, and they have several very (to them) strongholds against us; and in these their strongholds they are pretty sharp upon us, and quite enjoy their victory over us; and we, no doubt, should do the same, were we in their place. We will here just notice one or two, or three of their strongholds. One is that of the Red Sea. They follow us here very smartly; for if we say that the Israelites were baptised unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea, (1 Cor. x. 2), they smile at our simplicity, and say to us, "Well, if baptism mean immersion, why, then the Egyptians, and not the Israelites, were immersed." And if we say baptism means burying, "Well, (say they), this comes to the same thing; for the Egyptians, not the Israelites, were buried." And if we say baptism conveys the idea of death, "Well, (say they), granted; but it was not the Israelites, but the Egyptians, that died." And if we say the ordinance of baptism belongs to believers only, they again smile at our unaccountable short-sightedness, in not seeing that all the Israelites—men, women, and children—were baptised in the cloud and in the sea. And so they walk off with the laurel, and wonder at our obstinacy; not but they themselves do meet with some little difficulty here; for they clearly see, that if there were to the Israelites no immersion in water, so there could be no sprinkling—seeing that the depths were *congealed* in the heart of the sea; (Exodus xv. 8); and the waters were a *wall* unto them, on their right hand and on their left. (Exodus xiv. 22). Thus, if we get no immersion in the Red Sea, so our good friends, the Pædobaptists, can get no sprinkling for themselves; so that it becomes a *dry* affair on both sides. For neither can get either much water or little water; and so of necessity it must here, at the Red Sea, be a *dry* Baptism.

Well, then, what is to be done? If we could say a word to help our good friends, the Pædobaptists, we perhaps ought to do so; but we really do not see how we can; for we still think that the Israelites were immersed into the *way* which was made for them in the mighty waters; and this way being in the sea, there is strict propriety in saying they were baptised, immersed, in the sea, but not in a way that the waters could touch them—no, not even to *sprinkle* them; and we still believe that their baptism was *completed* by their emersion from the sea. We still believe they were immersed in the cloud, and emersed from it into open day, and were thus baptised in the cloud and in the sea; and as we believe they were a typical people, and as they were baptised men, women, and children, so we believe *all* true Israelites are baptised by the

Holy Spirit of God into the cloud of God's truth, and into the death and resurrection of Christ; and as they are immersed into his death, they will emerge by his resurrection into newness of life; and as the Israelites emerged from the cloud into open day, so will all true Israelites emerge from the cloud of Biblical testimony here below, into the open day of eternal glory.

Now, if baptism consisted in immersion only, without emersion, then it would look as though the Egyptians, and not the Israelites, were baptised in the Red Sea. But we beg to assure our friends that the Egyptians were not baptised, but *drowned* in the Red Sea. There was, it is true, immersion, but no *emersion*: therefore it was *not* baptism.

Another stronghold of our good friends, is the household question, that whole households were baptised; but we would not insinuate that they would not, were they to look into it, see that all the households who are said to be baptised, are said also to *believe*. This is so self-evident, that we need to say nothing upon it.

Another of their strongholds is, that the baptism of John ended with John's personal ministry. Yes, so it did; as much as the gospel of the evangelists ended when their mortal life ended. Though it was called John's baptism, it was no more his, otherwise than by Divine authority and command, than Paul's Epistles to the Romans is his. Therefore it is that the Saviour himself was baptised; and he commanded his apostles to baptise, and they did as he commanded them to do; and though the apostle Paul was not sent so much to baptise, as to preach the gospel, yet he did occasionally baptise; but when he saw them charging him with baptising in his own name, (for God had given him a great name in the church), rather than his own name should stand in the way of that cause which, through grace, he so earnestly served, he determined to leave that department to others.

But perhaps the strongest hold which our good friends the Pœdobaptists have, is *charity*. We appear to them to be very uncharitable; and yet we do only just what they themselves do. Well, what is that? Why, *abide by our own principles*. We believe the ministration of the gospel to be the first ordinance in the church, and that the ordinance of baptism stands next; that is, immersion and emersion are the proper mode, and believers the proper subjects. Now, "to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin: and whatsoever is not of faith, is sin." Now, how can infant or adult sprinkling be of faith, when there is not one Scripture to authorise it? Therefore, as it is not of faith, it must be sin.

And again, what authority have we to alter that order of things which the King of kings has commanded. Are we wiser than God? Are we stronger than he? And is it uncharitable to insist upon a right and Scriptural way to the Lord's table? And is it no sin to set aside the Lord's own command, to accommodate even one of his own children, in that which violates the beautiful order of his house? We do not keep any one from the

Lord's table; it is the Word of God does this: at least, whosoever it is allowed to speak, and where it is practically carried out. Nor do we see how anything can be said against believers' baptism, that will not apply with equal force against the Lord's Supper.

We do not believe any ordinance to be essential to salvation, but we believe that all three ordinances preaching (and we include in this part prayer meetings also), baptism, and the Lord's supper, are essential to gospel church order. And again we say, "Whosoever is not of faith is sin;" therefore, to us open communion is sin. It is the sin of setting man above God. From this sin our correspondent, "Mary," does not seem altogether free; for she says, she "would not deny any humble follower of the Lamb the Lord's table;" so that she would partly remove one of the bulwarks of Zion, to let some creep in in an unscriptural way.

Now, as to the Wesleyans and Church people being baptised by professed Calvinistic Baptist ministers, we can hardly say anything against this. We do not see why they should not do so; their principles are of that docile and varied character, and so heterogeneous, that in accommodating everybody they are merely carrying out their own accommodatory, high or low, broad or narrow, hard or soft, severe or submissive principles. Men are known by their fruits. If people will take ministers for what they are not, they ought to blame themselves, for want of judgment. The minister, whoever he is, (and we have not the slightest idea who it is), who baptised the two Wesleyans, and member of the Church of England, does thereby merely tell out what he is. Why should our correspondent find fault with him? we find no fault with him; we take him altogether for what he is. And we think that the children of God in such cases have but two things to do: one is, to come out from such; and the other is, to let them alone. But of course, our advice in this will have no weight, as most are like the blind, or rather, seeing man in John ix.; labour to put the Pharisees to rights until they themselves are cast out.

And as to error creeping into our churches, this is from the simple fact that, most churches are made up of such materials as very much prefer the blind charity of the flesh to the truth of God.

The *new covenant ministry* of the Holy Ghost and Wesleyanism, differ as much as things can well differ. Men labour to *hide* this difference, and to make light of it; but there is the difference, and a solemn difference it is; Our space does not allow us to give more than one sample of this solemn difference. The Wesleyan comes to the cross of Christ, and there in the presence of his Maker, is at war with the record God hath given of his Son. God says, the redeemed shall come to Zion; the Wesleyan says, there are millions in hell for whom Christ wrought redemption. God says of his Son, that he shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied; and yet, according to Wesleyanism, he loses the majority of those for whom he has travelled and suffered. The Saviour says his sheep, for whom he laid

down his life shall never perish; but Wesleyanism says, this is not true, for thousands for whom he laid down his life do perish. The Holy Ghost says that, Jesus hath by his one offering perfected for ever them that are sanctified; but Wesleyanism says no, for thousands for whom the one offering was made are lost. Wesleyanism ronds the words world, whole world, and all men, asunder from the subjects to which they belong, and joins them to its own fancies, and so gives a meaning to them the Holy Ghost never intended. Thus is Wesleyanism at deadly war with the Eternal Three, and that at the very cross of Christ. Wesleyanism is then as opposed to the *new* covenant ministry of the Holy Ghost as anything well can be. No right taught man could without a most awful sacrifice of truth and principle baptize a Wesleyan, and he who is prepared to sacrifice truth to the will of man, is, in our opinion, prepared to sacrifice both Christ and his members, and his own soul also.

Now, as to the member of the Church of England, to which our correspondent refers, that person should have been informed that, according to the canon law of the Church of England, every member of that Church can demand of the rector to be immersed, for that is the *unrepealed* law of the Church of England to this day. Why, then, trouble dissenters for what they can demand of their own ministers? Besides, had not the said member of the Church of England some scruples about being baptized upon *unconsecrated* ground, and by an unconsecrated, ordained minister? — But this we must leave.

We cannot close without saying, that we hold that every one has a right to carry out his own principles, but not so as to deprive others of the same liberty which they themselves enjoy. We may admire the boldness and the honesty of the man even where we decidedly dissent from his doctrines. Let then every man boldly speak out his own convictions, then there will be no occasion for hypocrisy; we shall then the more readily get at what and where men are. We, therefore, do not undertake to condemn or even censure the man who baptised the two Wesleyans; we simply turn from such, and as much as possible let them alone; following to our uttermost, "peace with all, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord."

## Memorials of Departed Saints.

MEMOIR OF

MRS. MARY BANNISTER,

OF TROWBRIDGE, WILTSHIRE.

DEAR FRIEND.—The Word of truth says, "At eventide it shall be light;" and so my dear mother proved it. For in the arms of death she could bless the Lord. Yea, she could say,

"Hail! blessed time! Lord, bid me come,  
And enter my celestial home;  
And drown the sorrows of my breast,  
In seas of unmolested rest."

I little thought, when I saw you, that the Lord was about to remove from us a dear mother. But the nearest and dearest friends must part; the ties must be broken and separated; and the happy spirit take its flight to join the heavenly throng above.

How gently and kindly did the dear Lord deal with my dear mother, to take away the fear of death, and ease her of pain; to give her patience and resignation to his will. Yea, we can truly say she felt and proved his loving-kindness in death, and our loss is her eternal gain.

My dear mother died May the 12th, 1855, aged 71 years. She was a member of Mr. Warburton's chapel for 24 years, and was beloved by many who knew her as a sympathising friend, a beloved partner, a kind and affectionate mother, a peace maker, and a lover of truth. In her youthful days she was led to see the vanity of all here below; and for many years desiring to be a follower of the dear Lord, in 1831 the way was opened, and she attended to the ordinance of believers' baptism; as I have heard her remark, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." And,

"Hinder me not, ye much loved saints,  
For I must go with you."

The text that first arrested her was Isaiah xiv. 9—"Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming." While passing under a law work, she was often afraid to walk in the streets, fearing the tiles from the houses would fall on her, and the vengeance of a just and holy God pursue her. For some considerable time she continued in great distress of mind, writing bitter things against herself, and begging the Lord to have mercy on her never-dying soul.

One day, while walking, these words came to her mind—"The wind bloweth where it listeth; and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." And that "Whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "And if ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give unto them that ask him? For if ye ask bread, will he give a stone? or if ye ask fish, will he give a serpent?" In such a feeling manner have I heard her speak of what she had seen, tasted, and handled of the good Word of life; and that she could receive nothing except it was given her from above; and that every good gift, and every perfect gift, cometh down from above. "Yea, (she would say), it is all meted out in weight and measure. For

"Our sorrows in the scales he weighs,  
And measures out our pains."

And those words were precious to her—"Shall not God avoengo his own elect, who cry night and day? Yea, he will avenge them speedily." For many years she was much exercised with crowds of fears; and with the poor woman she thought, "If I may but touch the hem of his garment, I shall be whole." And one evening she entered the



chapel full of doubt, and sinking with fear; but there kept coming to her mind, "Who can tell?" While sitting in her seat, she felt herself so vile, and so unworthy of meeting with the saints of God, that she quite thought a dear old disciple of Christ, who was sitting near her, would come and send her away. But no—the dear Lord appeared; for the time was come that he would shew favour and mercy. Mr. W. took for his text, Luke viii. 43, and following verses. The Lord blessed the Word home with power to her soul—"Daughter, be of good comfort: thy faith hath made thee whole: go in peace."

Promise after promise the Lord applied home to her mind, so that she could feelingly say, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." He was "the Chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely" to her soul.

But my dear mother knew well the plague of a depraved heart, which made her sigh and groan, being burdened; and she had oftentimes sorrow upon sorrow, both temporal and spiritual, which caused her many sleepless nights and sorrowful days. She would say, "There is never a hill but there is a dale; there is the day of prosperity and the day of adversity; and she had blessings as well as afflictions. I have often heard her say how much Proverbs xv. 16, 17, had been blessed to her. Yea, she said she would rather be alone with a dry morsel, and quietness, than in a house full of sacrifices, with strife. She was one that talked very little; but when she did speak, there was a savor in her words; and I have often been melted with a word from her dear lips. I remember nearly twenty years ago, when we had been singing a hymn such as,

"There is a Fountain filled with blood,"

she would remind me of the solemnity of the lines; but I was looking more to the tune than the words. Her prayer to God for years was, that he would bless one of her children with the riches of his grace; and the Lord in his own time granted her her request. She would be often speaking of this world being not her rest; she was looking for that city, whose Maker and Builder was God. How many times she has said of the 94th hymn, (Gadsby), "That is my hymn." Precious language is used in that hymn; and it was the breathing of her heart, and her desire, to prove the Saviour in her heart. She was one that, at times, was beset with fears, whether she should be found at the last among those to whom the Lord will say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you." And then she would say,

"When thou, my righteous Judge, shall come,

To take thy ransomed people home,  
Shall I among them stand?"

Here is personal religion. But now she is realizing and enjoying the presence of the Lord with joy unspeakable.

My dear mother suffered much at times during the winter, from the difficulty of breathing, and often spoke of feeling her time

on earth, would not be long. On May the 5th she attended to the business of the day, but taking a cold that evening, it caused a trying cough. The next day, Sunday, she filled her seat, and partook of the Lord's Supper, and engaged in the services of God on earth for the last time. The last text she heard our dear minister preach from, was Luke vii. 20, 21. Three blessed characters are there spoken of that should inherit the kingdom of heaven. There she could come in with a hungry desire, poverty of spirit, and a weeping over her many shortcomings. But after she was sighing and groaning, fearing after all she should prove to be a castaway.

"And though with a sweet confidence,

She seldom here could talk,

For unbelief and diffidence

Would interrupt her walk."

On Monday and Tuesday her cough grew worse. On Wednesday she seemed better, and we did not think her seriously ill; but on Thursday the disease of the lungs increased so rapidly, that medical aid proved of no avail. Though her pain was very acute, she was not heard to drop a murmuring word, and when hot flannels were applied to her side, she said, "Tis good," and she felt the Lord to be her strong hold in the day of trouble, and he knoweth them that put their trust in him.

On Friday morning she appeared gradually sinking, and further advice was called in; but all was of no avail. I asked her, if there was any one else she wished to see? Her answer was, "No, no, for no man can do me any good." "Do you wish to see father?" She said, "Only to tell him we shall soon part," and then, as soon as her breath would permit her, she added, "The will of the Lord be done." "Ah," she said, "it is hard to part!" I said to her "Mother, I do not think you will be long in the world, I hope you will be enabled before you leave us to sing,

'Yes, I shall soon be landed,

On yonder shores of bliss;

With all my powers expanded

Shall dwell where Jesus is."

She did not answer for a moment. I said, "Mother, you have a hope that you 'will dwell where Jesus is?'" She said, with much emphasis, "Yes, yes." Her breathing now became very difficult. But her standing was upon the rock, Christ, who had said unto her, "I will never leave nor forsake." Her lips were often moving when unable to speak. She seemed, for the most part, to be engaged with God in prayer. A friend who called to see her, took her by the hand, and said, "Mrs. Bannister, you are in the river, and tis painful at present. She raised herself up, and though with difficulty, she said,

"'Twill cease before long,

And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song."

To another friend she said, "The Lord has brought home many precious promises to my soul." I said to her, "Mother, if you are happy in death let me know." She said, "I will try." If Mrs. E. left the room she would

inquire for her, and said to her, don't leave me. Mrs. E. said, "It wants great patience to bear with affliction." She replied, "I hope I am not impatient." "You are not," replied her nurse, "for it is a pleasure, and I count it an honour to wait upon one of the Lord's children." She was quite sensible to the last, and afraid of giving trouble, and so thankful for every little thing done for her. About four o'clock, my eldest sister arrived, and my mother said to her, "can you see death?" My sister replied, "Yes, I can mother." My dear mother then exclaimed, "Bless the Lord." Here my mind was struck with the goodness and faithfulness of the Lord. Though we believe not, yet he abideth faithful, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; that he will guide even down to death, and afterwards receive us to glory. How sweetly has my dear mother spoke of those lines,

"Never did angels taste above,  
Redeeming grace and dying love."

A few hours before her death, I asked her if she was in pain? She answered, "Not in particular," and then wishing us to take a little rest, in her anxiety for us, though she had no rest herself, and would ask for her medicine till eleven o'clock, and then she said, "It is time but I cannot take it."

After putting up her dear hands, and her lips moving as if pleading with her God, just before she died she put up her hand, and said, "He never, no never forsakes!" Then leaning her head upon her pillow, her lips moving, and looking first at one and then at another, with a heavenly smile, and a pressure of the hand, three times repeated, she said, "Happy! happy! happy!" and breathed her last without a sigh or a groan. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." M. A. B.

### THE CHRISTIAN'S WARFARE.

MY ESTEEMED BROTHER,—You wished me to write soon; I, therefore, take the present opportunity of so doing, though like the correspondents in the East, whilst a great siege is going on, and continual sorties are being made, yet "have nothing of importance to send." I need not comment on siege operations, nor on the enemy's sorties, for I presume a similar work is going on on the Southern coast. There is a great talk about the novelty of going into an enemy's territory, and constructing a railway for the express purpose of facilitating the object of destroying his power, just as though this was a new invention.—Why, you will remember how a certain king long ago constructed a "Highway" through an enemy's country, (and, by the bye, this territory was usurped by this foe), and how all the powers of the lower regions were brought into the field, to hinder the progress of this highway, and yet, though every possible difficulty offered itself, the work went on, and was completed. Something of the greatness of this work you will see, when you remember the way marked out was over mountains and through valleys, which every

common engineer will admit is not very easy. You will remember (for I know you have travelled it) this way leads through a place called "the garden," not for its pleasure, for such was the heat of a torrid sun, that the Prince sweat blood as he passed it;—there it leads through a place called "scorn," rising by way of Calvary—for it leads to the top of that mount; there by way of "motionless valley," better known as the "valley of death," but owing to the present mode of construction, for the tunnel is found in the valley, and not through the hill;—thence this way leads to Olivet, and onwards, till at length its terminus is found in the great Metropolis of the high regions, called by some "the Celestial City." The great foe being foiled he is never pleased at the work, but continually tries to prevent or annoy the passengers. But as you know, my brother, the mode of travelling is far in the advance of steam, he can do nothing really to stop the progress, for, "In spite of all the cause goes on." Many other things about this matter I should like to name, but time forbids, yet I must indulge a moment to notice the "telegraph," for this is such a mystery to "them that are without;" they cannot understand how a separate wire can be attached to each traveller, yet such you know is the case, and it being of a flexible nature, the traveller can, when wishing to do so, use it to effect at any part of the way. This mode of communication, is far in advance of electricity also, for not mere letters and signs, but words and sentences travel by it;—and further still, when the communicant cannot woud his desire, even groans and sighs, are conveyed perfectly intelligibly. A further advantage is still realized—for as each sends his own message, it is perfectly secret; this I have found no small blessing. But perhaps some will say, "Since all is so complete, how is it there is any conflict or warfare?" The reason, my brother, is this, as you are aware,—though all the way is complete, yet all the *designs* for which it was constructed are not yet completed, for as you cannot but be aware, our King has determined, to take out of, and bring away from, the kingdom of the enemy, many thousands, who at present are his vassals; and as this foe is, in his way, always determined not to lose another, he is daily enraged at the loss of many;—and as he is thus foiled in the securing his slaves, he does all he can to annoy them he has lost, even though they be in the King's highway. And to this purpose, he has, you will please observe, a company of sharp shooters, to shoot at the passengers on their way from his dominion to that of our Lord's. In reading the records of the way, I find many have been shot, but no wound has been fatal, so none have died. For your further consideration, I will instance a case or two. You remember one noted traveller, by the name of David, well, I must tell you he was shot, and though not fatal, if I remember rightly, he went limping all his way—though it did him no fatal harm at last, for he got safe—and was "satisfied." Perhaps you will ask me, how he went "limping" if in a carriage? But I must beg you to dispossess your mind of carriage idea, for you

remember it is a "highway," not "railway." and the mode of travelling, in a certain sense, is on foot—as your sore feet sometimes remind—though all travel by the strength and at the expense of the King. And he has an invincible mode of communicating a drawing and a propelling power, called grace, by which he, the traveller, is moved along. I will also call your attention to another traveller mentioned in the records, whose name by interpretation was a stone—though he was not without feeling—well, he was one day shot, but the King being at hand, who is an excellent Physician, and wanting Peter for a particular duty, at once healed him, by which fall and recovery, he was a better soldier than before; for he was useful to the strengthening his brethren, and if you believe me, I think the Black Prince repents to this day of shooting Peter, for it is always cast in his teeth with a sneer. I may go on and tell you of many such cases, both at home and abroad, but I will forbear. I am often, my brother, astonished that, as you know it is so, the King has been pleased to give me a place amongst his gunners, or, if you would rather have the figure, his bowmen, and so I have had a little knowledge of the working of the warfare. I suppose many others have been astonished at this, seeing my sight is so good. But I am glad to inform you, we fire our guns, or draw our bows at a "venture," having only to be particular as to the shot and arrow; and as we can tell their quality by feeling, my short sight is no impediment, for the King directs the arrows himself. I have, it is true, sometimes tried to take aim, but have failed. I, therefore, spend the greatest time in selecting my shot and arrow, now finding it best to leave the aim-taking to my Omnipotent Master. You are aware such a situation is rather exposed, but being defended by bulwarks, I continue until this day, speaking of, living in, and pointing to the "highway," saying, "Behold the way to God."

Excuse my ramble; with Christian love to you and yours, I remain, my dear brother, yours in Christ,

JOSEPH WILKINS.

*Linslade, Leighton Buzzard, Beds.,  
March 30th, 1855.*

## ENCOURAGING WORDS

FOR A DISTRESSED SAINT.

MY DEAR COUSIN, AND SISTER IN THE LORD.—Being favored with a little of that precious nearness of access and communion with the Lord this morning, and to enjoy sweet communion and fellowship with him through a precious Redeemer, which makes a little heaven below in my immortal soul, while here in this time state. O, this precious nearness of access to God, through a precious Mediator—how it does humble us in the dust before the Lord, to think he should thus ever look upon us in his dear Son—even upon us lost and ruined rebels! Feeling the Lord has thus blest my soul with that precious grace through his dear Son, I now attempt, in the fear of God, to drop a few lines to you, in answer to your letter of honest confession be-

fore God. Glad am I, dear cousin, to discover you to be under the deep and mysterious teaching of God in your immortal soul. It seems the enemy of your soul has been very hard at work with you, to keep you in the path of sin, death, and destruction. He cannot bear to lose one out of his kingdom; hence he commences war, where the Lord commences a work of grace in the soul of a lost sinner. Henceforth he begins to hurl his fiery darts into the poor soul, to stop, if possible, the life of God in the soul; but what a mercy to have our dead consciences made alive by the Lord, that we should not be left to run into the condemnation or destruction of the wicked. O, I see a great mercy, my dear cousin, in your conscience being kept alive when satan hurled you on to sin with a high hand against the pricks of conscience. Ah, my dear cousin, 'tis hard for us to kick against the pricks." So we proved it truly, as the dear apostle did when he was going to Damascus with a high hand to persecute the saints of God; satan would indeed stop the breath of prayer if he could; for he hates that which is implanted in the soul by God—a form of prayer he is well pleased with the more, the better because he knows them. The soul and heart are both far off from God and Christ; but when it comes forth out of a broken and contrite spirit for mercy, he will at once oppose that, and if he possibly can, stop it—

"For satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees."

I am glad to hear, dear cousin, you have been made to weep, while you write over your conduct towards your Lord, and to hear this cry burst forth from your heart of sorrow—grief, and pain, "O Lord, have mercy upon me." Who could create that cry in your immortal soul? You could not; nor man could not; nor satan could not. Who could, then, do it? None but the Lord could do it; and he has done it; and—blessed be his holy name!—he only can and will answer it to the full joy and rejoicing of your heart and soul in him. Satan has created many forms of prayer for those that are in his own kingdom; has put many words in their mouths to compliment the Lord with; but they are a stench in his nostrils—a thing which he hateth. But there satan will let them rest in their own deceivings, unless the Lord, by his infinite grace, prevent them. Then, O what double and treble mercy it is to have that cry in our soul, which is of the Holy Spirit's inditing; that secret prayer which lies closely between the Lord and our own souls, from a true felt necessity of our need of spiritual things. These are the cries which the Lord loveth to hear; these are the prayers which the Lord has declared shall be rewarded openly; for he has declared positively, that "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Then they are as much blessed in God's account as those that have been blest with his pardoning love, blood and righteousness, to remove their sin, guilt and shame. But the quickened soul longs to have it applied home—to have the blessed re-

alization of it in their souls. Nor can they be satisfied till they have it; and the Lord says they assuredly shall have it; that is, they assuredly shall be filled; for both the longing desire, and the gift of heavenly food and righteousness, comes from the same source and living Head, even Christ Jesus; for he is made of God unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption. O, that you and I may be ever blessed, dear cousin, with a tender conscience, to keep us from running into any evil.

Your letter did not frighten me as much as you might expect or think; for I do know by experience what some of this deep teaching of God is. If the Lord did not make us to feel and know something of the desperate evils of our heart, we should never prize a Saviour's blood, nor should we ever flee for refuge to lay hold of the hope set before us in the gospel; but in sin we should live, and in sin we should die, and enter upon an eternal death; but, through grace, I hope and trust, dear cousin, we are as brands plucked from the fire, and shall be saved with an everlasting salvation through a precious Redeemer, wherein we shall not be ashamed or confounded, world without end.

Please to excuse this very imperfect scrawl, and may the Lord bless this very feeble attempt, for his name's sake. May the Lord in mercy keep, defend, and uphold you, is the sincere and earnest breathings of my soul for you in hope of the gospel of the grace of God, through a suffering Saviour. E. KILICK.  
August 26, 1855.

## HARVEST THANKSGIVING

MEETING AT CHESHUNT.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—Will you be kind enough to give space in your weather-beaten VESSEL to the following brief account of a most interesting meeting held at our chapel on Tuesday, September 4th.

Our friends were called together by the announcement, that we should hold our annual harvest thanksgiving meeting; several of our female friends set to work in real good earnest, decorating the chapel with some of the most choice flowers that the hot-house of a neighbouring gentleman could afford; others provided the wheat and oat sheaf, clusters of fruit with their branches, being displayed most tastefully in different parts of the chapel; other friends provided us with some good wholesome cake; tea was on the table at five, by which time a goodly number had gathered, who gave evident proof that they felt at home amidst the plenty of good fare. We now raised our voices in praise and thanksgiving to God for his kindness, and then prepared for the evening meeting.

Our pastor, Mr. Bland, commenced by giving out a most sweet and appropriate hymn; he then called upon one of the deacons to implore the presence of the Lord of the harvest, after which our esteemed friend, Mr. Murch, of Waltham Abbey, was called upon to address the meeting, and most sweetly did he dwell upon the goodness of God to us as a nation.

Mr. Bland next called upon friend Bevan, of Enfield Highway, to engage in prayer, remarking at the same time, that we ought at such meetings, to talk to God as well as talk to each other. We were then gratified in seeing our friend David Male come forward, after giving out one of Addison's beautiful hymns, upon which he made some striking remarks, he addressed the meeting in a most solemn, though cheerful, manner, a little too sermonizing perhaps, however we won't find fault. Our pastor then spoke for a few minutes only, in consequence of indisposition, and then came the parting hymn, and truly it might be said, that a shout of joy and gladness went up from that little camp. Thus ended one of the most happy meetings that ever it was our lot to attend at the little Baptist Chapel, Water-lane, Cheshunt.

My chief reason, Mr. Editor, for sending you these few particulars, is that many other churches may be induced to unite together in praise and prayer to God for his goodness in not only sending us such a golden harvest, but also for such a delightful season for the ingathering of the same.

I am, dear Editor, your's sincerely,

JOHN COLLINS.

Cheshunt, Herts.,  
Sept. 10, 1855.

## Poetry.

### WHEN WILL THIS STRIFE AND WARFARE CEASE?

WHEN will this strife and warfare cease!  
Lord of the Universe, we cry;  
When shall we learn to live at peace,  
As brethren dwell in unity!

Assert thy sway, O righteous King!  
Beat down the weapons stain'd in gore,  
And madmen to their senses bring,  
And social harmony restore.

Dry up the widow's starting tear,  
Bid drops like those for ever cease;  
In thy best character appear,  
And we will hail the "PRINCE OF PEACE."  
L. M. THORNTON.

THE

### CRY OF THE YOUNG CONVERT.

O God of mercy, hear my cry,  
And on me turn thy pitying eye;  
Dispel the clouds that veil thy throne,  
And deign to make thy presence known.

For sins I loved, and could not leave,  
My aching heart doth deeply grieve;  
Pleasure hath prov'd a poison'd shaft,  
And folly's cup a deathful draught.

Have mercy, Lord, and spare my soul  
For Sinai's thunders round me roll;  
Wretch as I am, deserving death,  
Let Calvary's sufferings calm thy wrath.

By all thy glorious deeds of old—  
All that thy promises unfold,  
By Jesus' stainless life and blood,  
Avert from me the avenging rod.

Saviour, who pluck'd from sin its sting!  
Close to thy cross I humbly cling;  
I plead thy love—plead thou my prayer,  
That I thy saving grace may share.

G. J. STRONG.

## OUR BRITISH BAPTIST CHURCHES.

### BAPTISING AND

#### ANNIVERSARY AT SOUTH CHARD.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—As I know you rejoice in the prosperity of Zion, I send you the following particulars of a good season we have had at South Chard. Last Lord's-day I baptised six persons, who having been brought to know the Lord, desired to follow him in his ordinances. At ten o'clock the members of the church and those about to be baptised met together for prayer; seven brethren engaged in that solemn exercise, and truly the Lord was there, and our souls were refreshed and strengthened; for we found that in keeping his commandments there is a great reward. At a quarter to eleven we went to the water-side, where a goodly number had already assembled. After singing a hymn, our dear brother Kellaway, from Leovil, read part of the 3rd chapter of John, upon which he made some very appropriate and striking remarks. After he had engaged in prayer, I spoke from Matt. xxviii. 19, 20, endeavouring to shew our authority for baptising, the proper subjects, the mode of administration, and the meaning of the ordinance,—I then, according to the old-fashioned way, went with the candidates down into the water, and baptised them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. I would just say here, that one young person I baptised, the Lord has very graciously given me as a seal to my ministry; thus proving that "in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." But oh, how hard it is for the minister of the gospel to wait for the *due season*; he wants to see the fruit as soon as the seed is sown; at least this is the case with me, for since I have been here, I have continually feared that (with regard to conversion work) I was labouring in vain, and spending my strength for naught; but, bless God, such has not been the case,—two souls have been brought, through my feeble instrumentality, out of nature's darkness,—although one has not been able yet to suck the breasts, and consequently is in a low state, yet I am confident that he who hath begun the work will carry it on, even to perfection. A young man, I was told, had pledged himself to cause a disturbance at the water-side, but the Lord graciously prevented him, and the congregation were quiet and attentive.

After the afternoon service, the dear friends who had been baptised in the morning were received into the church, and together we commemorated the death of our precious Lord—it was a sweet season, a time of rejoicing, that will not soon be forgotten by us. In the afternoon and evening our brother Kellaway gave us two solid, substantial, and soul-animating discourses upon the following subjects:—Afternoon, Eph. i. 7, Redemption by Christ.—Evening, 2 Tim. i. 9, Salvation, Effectual Calling, and Eternal Election. Upon

these subjects our brother seemed quite at home—his powerful imagination enabling him to illustrate them in such a way, that the attention of the congregation was riveted, although each discourse occupied more than an hour in delivery. I feel sure that I speak the sentiments of the church when I say, that last Lord's-day was the best day we have had for some length of time, for we feasted in the banquetting house, and the banner over us was love.

On Tuesday we held our annual tea meeting, which also passed off very well. The day being fine and warm, we had tea provided in the orchard adjoining the chapel. After the tea a public meeting was held, at which several neighbouring ministers were present, and spoke of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God; they told forth what they had experienced in such a blessed way, that we felt willing to forget our difference of sentiment, and unite in blessing and praising God for what he had done for our souls. I feel convinced, my dear brother, that there are many who differ from us in points of doctrine who have experienced most blessedly the work of God upon their souls; and did we but know more of them, there would be a great fellow feeling existing between us, instead of that cold and bitter animosity which too often exists where there is a difference of sentiment. I do not say that persons holding opposite views should be admitted as members of our churches, for such a course would bring discord and disagreement amongst us; but what I contend for is, that *charity, which suffereth long and is kind*, and which ought to be shewn towards all those that love the Lord Jesus Christ, and acknowledge him as the only way of salvation. I am thankful to say that our congregation still continues good, and the Lord graciously blesses the word to the comfort of his saints. There are others whom we hope to baptise before winter, in whose souls the Lord hath wrought a work of grace, unto his dear name be all the glory. I am, dear brother, your's in the Beloved,

BENJAMIN DAVIES.

Sept. 5th, 1855.

#### BLACKBURN.

A TEA was given to the Sabbath School in connexion with this old established cause of truth, on Monday, August 27th. We are happy to state, that our school, of late, has been attended with great prosperity, and a great increase in numbers. Between 200 and 300 children and friends sat down to tea; and a cheerful and deeply interesting meeting was held after the tea; when addresses were delivered by Mr. Horbury, our esteemed pastor, Mr. Bates, Mr. E. Littleton, our Superintendent, and other friends favourable to Sunday Schools. The evening was spent profitably and to purpose, and a spirit of love and attachment was manifested toward these institutions, and their aim and end.

## ORDINATION OF MR. WILLIAM CAUNT,

AT EBENEZER CHAPEL, EAST STREET, GREENWICH.

THE Ordination of Mr. W. Caunt, as Pastor of the Particular Baptist Church, assembling in Ebenezer Chapel, East Street, Greenwich, was celebrated with the usual solemnities on Tuesday, Sep. 11th, 1855. The day being fine, a great number of our London friends were there, and we were pleased on entering the little chapel, to find it full.

The morning service commenced by singing a hymn, after which, Mr. Henry Langham (now supplying at Squirries Street, Bethnal Green,) read a portion of Scripture and offered prayer.

Mr. Henry Hanks, of Woolwich, delivered a lengthened discourse (from Eph. v. 32, "I speak concerning Christ and the Church,") on the nature and constitution of a gospel church.

A verse was sung, and Mr. Hanks called upon one of the deacons to give a statement of the way in which the church had been led to call Mr. Caunt to the pastorate, to which Mr. Duly replied as follows :

The church meeting for worship in this place having moved on for some three or four years in Christian union and fellowship in the doctrines of free grace, was at length brought into some slight confusion in consequence of the resignation of their pastor, who, in the order we hope, of Divine Providence, was then removed from us. This led to some serious thoughts as to whether we should hold on our way, being a little in debt, and the cause somewhat divided. Consequently, the church was called together, when it was resolved that the church should be re-formed, and with the assistance of the Lord the doors should be kept open. In the mean while we had to think where our supply for the pulpit should come from. Our late pastor, sent two from London, Mr. Bird and our present pastor, Mr. Caunt, who supplied alternately for two or three months; and though we had very much to discourage us, still we were enabled to *go on*. And here we must now say, that much praise was due (instrumentally) to some of our female friends, belonging to the church, whose zeal was much exercised for the worship of God still to be carried on in this place. They were determined that with God's assistance, the place should not be closed; and we have found it not to be in word only, for they have cheerfully helped us to meet every demand. The church was again called together, when it was resolved to invite our brother Caunt to supply the pulpit for three months; to which he consented, there being signs that the word was made useful. The congregation increased, and the finances seemed to improve. This led the church to call another meeting in the month of August, 1854, to give our brother a call to the pastorate, which, after much prayer, he accepted; and to the praise of the Triune

Jehovah, we can say that, we have no cause to regret the union. Since then there has been ten added to us in church fellowship, and others are expecting to unite with us in church fellowship.

Our congregation has much increased, which we look upon as a great mercy of our covenant God; and when we consider the very great discouragement under which we went forth—viz., the cause in debt—the people in a measure divided—and an uncertainty as to how the pulpit would be supplied, it clearly shows, that it was an entire work of faith. But still we have every reason to believe it was of the Lord. We are going on, we trust, in harmony, and there appears every prospect of success. We must again say that, the Lord appears to bless the labours of our brother, and we believe that the choice the church was led to make, has met with the Divine sanction. We may say, that we are now but very trifling in debt, which we desire to record with a feeling of gratitude, looking up to the Triune Jehovah for future direction. Our finances since brother Caunt has been with us, have nearly doubled what they previously were; and although we have not yet been able to reward our pastor, believing that it is our duty to provide for him carnal things, we hope next quarter to raise him a remuneration, though not large. The Lord has so far enabled us to keep these doors open, and now that he has given us a pastor, we pray that his blessing may in still greater abundance rest upon him and us.

Mr. Hanks having thanked Mr. Duly for the very satisfactory and lucid statement just made, called on Mr. Caunt for a short narrative of his call from darkness to light.

Mr. Caunt replied :

Dear Brother, and Christian Friends: I feel somewhat overwhelmed in my feelings this morning; but I will, in as brief a manner as possible, relate how the Lord called me to a knowledge of himself, and myself. Without detailing all the follies of my youth, I shall come at once to state that I was born of poor parents, and at the age of nine years, I was put to work at the shoe-making, and I shall not forget the pride and dignity with which I put my first stitches, and how eagerly I looked forward to the time when I should be a man, and work for myself. But as I grew towards proficiency, my work became tedious; and at the age of about 19 or 20, I covenanted with my father for a holiday; and the way in which I wished to spend my holiday was at the theatre. This desire was granted. I think I went six times altogether; the sixth time I went, accompanied by a friend, to the Coburg, now called the Victoria Theatre, in the Waterloo Road. After I had witnessed one act, I was seized with a sudden conviction that the theatre would fall. I looked around, and to myself I said, "As sure as I

am born, this building will fall and crush me." My feelings may be better imagined than described. My eyes wandered round the place, anxiously looking for a spot where I might fly for safety; and seeing a large pillar or column that supported the building, I thought if I could get there I might be safe. I could not, from courtesy, leave altogether, so I pressed through the people, and eagerly clutched the pillar. Neither my friend, nor the people, knew what was the matter with me. I was exceedingly glad when it was over; and hurried out with my friend. My mind was so filled with terror that I could not converse with him; but as I walked up the Waterloo Road, I secretly vowed that I would never more enter a theatre; which vow I kept, and with God's assistance believe I shall keep. I returned home in a deal of trouble. The Sabbath was coming, and I was delighted at the thought; before it required the whip and scourge to get me there—now I went cheerfully. The Sabbath came, and I walked to Beresford Street Chapel, where the late Dr. Andrews then preached. I seated myself in the transept. The Dr. took his text, which I forgot, and all the sermon, with one exception. After reading his text, he laid his book down, as was his usual custom, and said, "My dear friends, it has been asserted that I am a man favourable to theatrical amusements; I recommend all such to read my sermon on the Destruction of Wellclose Square Theatre." What! thought I—you a minister, and encourage the play-goer! "Allow me to say, (continued the preacher), once for all, that I think the theatre is the golden gate of hell." I heard no more of what the preacher said—but thought some one had told him concerning me; and as soon as the service was over, I retired in great distress of mind. I afterwards learned that the parents of a young man, who in spite of their wishes would run to the theatre, had requested the Dr. to say a word or two on the theatre. Thus the minister meant it for one; but God designed it for another. He went home reviling, but I went home sorrowing. In this very remarkable manner was I arrested and convinced of sin. I returned home and began to think what I must do. I tried hard to reform myself; but my anguish of mind was beyond description. My sleeping place was bedewed with tears. I feared to go to sleep, lest I should awake in hell. I would often in the night call lustily to my parents; when they came to me to see what was the matter, I would not own to the truth, and replied—"Nothing: nothing." I now tried hard to amend my life. The chapel was regularly attended; the Bible read; and old associations broken up. But alas! I got no better; I could obtain no relief. In this state of mind, while passing a bookseller's shop, I saw a book advertised—"Helps for Soul Devotion." Oh, thought I, that's just what I want; and with eager impetuosity I ran up the steps of the shop, to purchase the book. I got it, and read it attentively. But with all this crutch-like service, I grew no happier. At last, however, I was told of a very singular man who preached on Sabbath afternoons in the Borough Road, by the name

of Wells. As I went I found many people flocking together from all quarters. I heard him, and the Word well suited my case. When I returned home, they asked me how I could go there? didn't I know he was a Baptist? I said I didn't know what he was, but I did know he preached Jesus Christ, and that it just corresponded with my feelings. Still, I could find no liberty. About this time I got hold of *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*. I read it with avidity. I found that Pilgrim started out in search of life. So had I. He carried a heavy burden on his back. So did I. Pilgrim met many and sad obstacles in the way. So did I. By-and-bye Pilgrim comes to the cross, where he lost his burden, and went on singing, "Thus far did I come laden with my sin; Nor could aught ease the grief that I was in, Till I came hither: what a place is this! Must here be the beginning of my bliss? Must here the burden fall from off my back? Must here the strings that bound it to me crack?"

Blest cross! blest sepulchre! blest rather be  
The Man that there was put to shame for  
me!"

That (said I to myself) is the very thing I want. I immediately experienced a sweet liberty of soul, which notwithstanding innumerable doubts and fears, has never entirely left me. Thus, as far as time would allow me, I have given a brief, and as far as my recollection assists me, a correct account of how the Lord called me by his grace.

Mr. Hanks.—Thank you, my brother. There is one part of your statement which particularly affected me—for it was in that very same place, the Coburg Theatre, that the Lord met with my soul. Will you now please to relate how the Lord called you to the Ministry:

Mr. Caunt.—After I was brought into the liberty of which I have been speaking, I was led to form some connections among the hearers of Dr. Andrews—and was sometimes called upon to engage at the prayer-meetings, and occasionally opened the service. I then got engaged in the Sabbath-school, and used to address the children. One morning a person came to me, and said, "Mr. Caunt, I want you to go and speak to a few poor people at ——— next Sabbath." I immediately replied, "I cannot do that." He said, "Yes, you can, you must." I again told him, "I really could not." He said, however, he should leave me to think of it, and call again on the morrow. As he left me, I walked down the shop where I am now employed; and in the spirit of prayer these words came from me, "O Lord, if it be thy will for me to go next Sunday, let that man come again; if not, keep him away." I considered this would be a test to prove whether the Lord intended me to go or not. The next morning, at about half-past eight o'clock, the same person entered the shop. He did not commence by asking if I would go; but, as though assured I should be there, began to tell me where and how to go, and other particulars. I viewed it as the Lord's hand, and hesitated not to say, "I will be there."

I went, and preached my first sermon from "Father forgive them, they know not what they do." I went to this place again and again—until they found I was too high for them; so they gave me my discharge. I then lay quiet some two or three months, when I was again led to speak at one place and another, until, in the providence of God, I was introduced to Greenwich by my brother Bird. In the statement given you by the church, you have the result; and I do feel it to have been God's act. I have enjoyed more liberty while preaching here than anywhere else; and often have I been led to exclaim, "Lord, it is good to be here."

Mr. Caunt then made a statement of the doctrines and ordinances he should advocate.

Mr. Hanks called on the Church to ratify their call, and Mr. Caunt his acceptance. The venerable J. A. Jones then rose to give the Pastor and Church the right hand of fellowship, which he did in a most affectionate manner.

Mr. Hanks closed the morning service with prayer.

In the afternoon Mr. J. E. Bloomfield read and offered the ordination prayer, and Mr. James Wells delivered a most able charge to the pastor.

[We have the MSS. of this charge, but from its length we are unable to insert it this month. We hope to do so in the Nov. number.]

In the evening, Mr. J. A. Jones preached a sermon to the church. It was certainly a day of rejoicing to the little church at East street, Greenwich.

#### UNICORN YARD SICK VISITING SOCIETY.

THE friends of this truly useful society held their first annual meeting, on Tuesday, 14th August, when several of the Lord's ministering servants kindly gave their presence and labours to strengthen the hands and encourage the hearts of the committee in their endeavours to do good among the poor and afflicted of the Lord's family.

A comfortable and refreshing tea was partook of, and although the company was not numerous, yet the friends found there was a union of heart among those that were present, so that there was both enjoyment and encouragement realised.

About half-past six the public meeting commenced by our pastor, Mr. Banks, who presided, calling upon our esteemed brother, Thomas Jones, late of Chatham, to address the throne of grace, which he did, in solemn, earnest prayer and supplication.

After which, our pastor addressed the meeting, expressing the nature and objects of the society, also some of the circumstances of trial through which the church and the Lord's people generally had been called to pass during the past year, and which had been calculated to impede the progress of its labours, notwithstanding which, the friends had been

helped of God, and brought safely through, with encouragement to proceed in so good a work.

The Secretary then read the report. From which it appeared that, during the past year forty-six cases had been visited and relieved; upon which the sum of £15 8s. 2d. had been expended. The amount received by donations and subscriptions was £16 2s. 2d., leaving a balance of 14s. in the hands of the Secretary.

It further appeared from the report that, the committee had been actively employed during the whole year, as far as their means would allow, in endeavouring to soothe, comfort, and relieve the poor of the Lord's flock, by visiting them at their own habitation, taking the Word of God for their spiritual consolation, and the temporal help afforded by the friends of the society for their pressing wants; and more especially, in those trying seasons long to be remembered with solemnity, when the pestilence was walking in darkness, and taking thousands away at the noonday; and also during the severe and trying season when the earth for many long weeks was frozen, chilly, and bare.

Several cases of deep distress had been met with, in which it had been found that the poor saints were without food, without fire, without sufficient clothing, and passing through sufferings which none but themselves could fully enter into. Yet it had been found that grace could and did sustain, support, and in some instances, cause them to rejoice in that portion which is incorruptible and that fadeth not away. While several that had been visited and relieved by the committee, had been called to their heavenly inheritance, where their sufferings were now at an end, and no further opportunity of doing them good afforded, the committee had worked together during the year in perfect union and peace, and the blessing of God had attended their labours, for which they desired to praise and bless his sacred name. The meeting was addressed by Mr. Thomas Jones, Mr. Williamson, Mr. James Blake, Mr. Messer, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Garritt, who savourily and sweetly opened up the truth of God's blessed Word, and the experience of the living family, causing many present to prove it was not a barren season, but that according to his promise, "where two or three are met together, his power and presence shall be found to be."

The meeting was concluded by singing the doxology, and by prayer.

Reader, can you help us? The work is a good one—the poor saints need it. Christ calls you to it, and promises it shall not be forgotten, but that every cup given his children in their tribulations on earth, shall in no wise lose its reward. BRADLEY.

#### BAPTISING IN THE SEA.

At Chelmondiston, five persons were baptised by our pastor, Mr. Carpenter, in the river Orwell, on Lord-day morning, September 9th, 1855, in the presence of a very large congregation. The address delivered by him was heard with much interest, and the whole



service was evidently attended with tokens of Divine favour; no congregation could be more orderly. The ordinance was shewn to be of Divine authority, exemplified by the practice of the apostles and all the churches of Christ for nearly the first 300 years, about which time infant sprinkling was introduced, with other deadly errors, by the church of Rome; since which time baptismal regeneration, so called, has been maintained by that church and the church of England, as contained in the book of Common Prayer. The Baptist denomination was then vindicated from the charge that it consisted of a few poor illiterate and despised people, by declaring that Jesus Christ himself being baptised is the Apostle and High Priest of our profession; that our practice is admitted to be apostolical; that as a denomination we had more uniformly adhered to the truth as it is in Jesus; that we had led the van in the crown of martyrdom; that we were even now more prosperous than any other division of the church, having increased the last year more than 8000; and finally, that we practice the only "ONE BAPTISM" that can have any gospel signification. In the afternoon of the day our chapel was thronged, to witness the newly baptised party being received into church-fellowship, in the hope of obtaining eternal glory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

"LESS THAN THE LEAST."

#### SUTTON, ISLE OF ELY.

ON Tuesday, August the 21st, the ordinance of believers' baptism was administered in the river, by Mr. J. Wilkins, of Cottenham, to four persons—three for Sutton, and one for Ely. The weather was fine, and a good concourse of people assembled from the neighboring villages. At half-past two, Mr. Markwell gave out a hymn; Mr. Fish, of Gidding, engaged in prayer; and Mr. Whiting, of Needingworth, delivered a most appropriate address on the nature and rite of believer's baptism, and their obedience to the Saviour's command, when Mr. Wilkins led the candidates into the water, and immersed them, upon a profession of their faith.

In the evening a public service was held in the chapel; Mr. Horsley, of Chatteris, gave out the hymns; Mr. Thomsett, of Somersham, read part of Acts viii., and engaged in prayer, and Mr. Wilkins preached an admirable sermon from Rev. xiv. 4—"These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth;" noticing, 1st, The Lamb and his position; 2nd, His followers and their characteristics; 3rd, Their privileges and obedience. The services of the day were solemn and deeply interesting; and we believe the impressions made, the sweet savour enjoyed, and the presence of the dear Master realized, will not soon be forgotten.

#### BEDMONT, HERTS.

DEAR BROTHER,—I wish to say we have just had another addition at Bedmont, Herts. I baptised two believers at Redbourn, (as we have no baptistry in our own place, we go to

Redbourn to baptise, a distance of seven miles,) on Lord's-day morning, August 19th. I attempted to preach from the words of our great Head—"By what authority doest thou these things, and who gave thee that authority?" (Matt. xxi. 23.)—attempting to shew from Scripture what authority we have for administering the ordinance of baptism to those that desire it: and I trust the Divine presence was with us on the occasion. We spent a very happy day, and returned after the evening service. Several of our Bedmont friends were present; and there seemed but one mind existing among us. They were united with the church on Lord's-day, Sept. 2nd, when a goodly number sat down to partake of the emblems of the body of eternal life, even "Jesus, who is our life." He is the spiritual life of every believer—all our life centres in Christ—it is all treasured up in Christ, "for it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell."

H. HUTCHINSON.

#### THE BAPTIST CHURCH IN CLARE.

MR. EDITOR,—In justice to our Baptist cause at Clare, we are compelled to notice an article in your September number; being a communication from this neighbourhood, anonymously signed the "Damsel." We envy not the feelings of the writer, nor shall we attempt to analyze the insinuating character of the statement, but as the deacons of the church, we should be chargeable of neglecting a positive duty, did we not reply. The charge is grave, serious, and solemn: viz, "*Truth is fallen in our streets, and equity cannot enter.*" There is a very strong feeling amongst the members of the church here against this statement, as well as with ourselves, and we are quite prepared to deny the statements, and should not have thought that any one of its members could have been capable of promulgating such an untruth. We feel ourselves called upon to remove those false impressions from the mind of the public, which it is likely to produce.

Our cause here has existed 54 years. The Articles of which are the distinctive doctrines of grace, our practice that of a *Strict Baptist* church, and that to the fullest extent of the term. Our pastors have, in every instance, been men of truth.

We, as a church, have had our seasons of trial, similar to every other church, but we have never had to deplore any acrimonious differences in sentiment or usage; never has there been any attempt made at any of our church meetings, or elsewhere, to alter, depart from, or give up, any of those blessed doctrines or ordinances as given to us in the volume of Divine truth, and as at first received by this church more than half a century ago, consequently exempt from divisions. The whole truth, and nothing less than the truth in doctrine, experience and practice, will satisfy us as a people; and we have endeavoured to have supplies (being now without a pastor) who will not compromise the truth, but, at the same time, to avoid those of a bitter and

ensorious spirit. The motives of the "Damsel" to us are evidently not peaceful, and we certainly think it would be much more consistent with a diffident grace-taught young woman, as we hope her to be, to avoid being the means of originating the seeds of dissension by communications of this kind,—we did hope that her time had been better occupied, instead of assailing a church that has been honourably preserved in the truth for so many years. As a young girl, it would have been much more commendable had she been thinking of what she might do in promoting its peace and prosperity; but we leave her to reflections that may prove salutary. Trusting that these few remarks may suffice: the insertion of which, in your October number, will oblige the church here. Your's in gospel bonds,

CHARLES HALE, } Deacons.  
WILLIAM INCE, }

[The "Damsel's" letter was inserted on account of its spiritual tone: the objectionable sentences ought to have been erased. We are glad the deacons have furnished so able a negative. We do not hold ourselves responsible for every sentence which our correspondents may write; but we do consider ourselves bound to refute any errors that may creep in through ignorance on our part. Upon this principle we insert the letter as above.—ED.]

## THE GOSPEL MINISTRY CAREFULLY CONSIDERED.

IN CONNECTION WITH A BRIEF REVIEW OF  
*New Park Street Pulpit.*

THIRD PAPER.

It is two o'clock in the morning, of Sept. 21, when we rise from our sleepless couch to commence this further notice to which we have been pledged. In externals, "deep hath called unto deep" with us; and we are more fitted for silent contemplation, than critical reading; we are more disposed for solemn and earnest prayer to God, than we are for penetrating the works of men. But we must proceed.

We promised to set "*The evidences of a heaven-born and of a God-sent ministry,*" clearly before our readers.

It is plain enough to be gathered from JOSEPH HUSSEY'S Preface to his work, entitled, "*God's Operations of Grace, but no Offers of Grace,*" that he—in the earlier stages of his ministry—"laboured to varnish his faith with human testimonies;" he thought he had done but poorly if he did not quote a whole string of the fathers, from "*The Two Clements,*" down to "*Chrysostum, Aus,*" and, says he, "*I do not know how many more.*" This system—this fetching fire from old forges, this garnishing the mind with the testimonies of men—and, in a measure, attempting to be independent of God the Holy Ghost—he found to be deceitful, unprofitable, and unaccompanied with that blessing which maketh the soul of the minister, and the hearts of the living people, rich; adding no sorrow there-

unto. How powerful is Joseph Hussey's testimony respecting the ministry which God gave him! He says—

"As my ministry was to be of Christ, and not of myself, therefore this grace hath been sufficient for me. When one temptation had blown over, another beat upon my soul; that was respecting my own insufficiency to keep off from the Arminianism of my natural mind, without which all Calvinism and orthodoxy is but form and notion: I felt that the power of grace was necessary to possess and fill up, in the soul, all sound notions of it. Without this vital principle, all orthodoxy or dry doctrine, is but a dead burden."

Joseph Hussey doth here hit two nails on the head which, during the last quarter of a century, hath often pierced and plagued our own spirits; and that severely too. The first is, "*a labouring to garnish his faith by the testimonies of the fathers.*" The second is—"*The Arminianism of his own natural mind.*" To be thoroughly beat off, and brought off from these two things, which will stick to us like a leech, is no small mercy; but rarely will you ever find a young minister whose training has been under religious influence, and connected with a liberal education—free from them, until fires, floods, flames, and hard fightings, have proved them to be like broken reeds and deceitful bows.

Much of the correspondence with which we have been favoured, adverse to the views we have taken, raises objections upon these two grounds. "It is a *second-hand* ministry, deeply tainted with an *Arminian spirit.*" This is the conviction of many. But we require proof. A minister is to be highly commended for research and reading. There never was a man of *extensive* and of *permanent* usefulness in the church, who was not an extensive and a constant reader: the material they gather, is of great advantage in a *stated* ministry; to call such a ministry "*second-hand,*" is no more correct, than it is to attribute the bursts of an anxious heart to do good, to an Arminian spirit. But we are wandering. Our business is to *produce the evidences of LIFE*—DIVINE LIFE—in the ministry at New Park Street; and we increasingly hope that those evidences will be more and more prominent, and so *influential* that the fears of our fearful brethren may be removed, and a happy, a holy, a useful union formed; a union embracing *all* who, in principle and in practice, in doctrine and in discipline, carry out the great essentials of that dispensation which JESUS of Nazareth established; which his immediate disciples perpetuated—which the New Testament enjoins, which the Holy Ghost has honored and confirmed in every age. A union between the living and the dead, never can exist: between those who *know and love* THE TRUTH, and those who are unacquainted with and haters of THE TRUTH, there never can be an association. It is a union founded in LIFE, cemented by LIFE, and maintained by the unceasing flowings and undying powers of LIFE, that we so much desire to see established, and flourishing, for the mutual edification and

prosperity of all Zion's faithful watchmen, of all Zion's new-born sons.

One of the evidences of LIFE—the life of God in the soul, is “*a crying out against ourselves*,” as Paul doth in the seventh of the Romans. The law in the members, warring against the law in the mind, caused the apostle to cry out most bitterly, “*Oh, wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?*” What was the real cause of Paul's thus crying out? Let him answer for himself—

“I (saith Paul) was once alive without the law; I thought myself a brave man, I was somebody, my conscience never troubled me, I knew not my disease, while the law stood aloof off, and I was without the law. (Not that Paul had not the law both written in his heart, and in his book: for as a Pharisee he was bred up among the commentators of the law) but he was without it, or, he was but at the out-side of it (though I give it not for the proper meaning of the place, yet in that sense also), he was without the law, he had not travelled through the length and breadth of it: ‘But (saith he) when the commandment came,’ when it came in the spiritualness of it, and I saw in some measure what holiness was couched there, I was then in a woful condition, I saw myself a lost man, ‘then sin revived, and I died;’ and ‘sin by the commandment became exceeding sinful;’ that is, when the commandment was cleared to me, then I saw that I was extremely sinful, or felt the violent motions of my sin. My sin being discovered by that light, began to spit out its venom, either provoking me with fresh and unwearied assaults to commit it, or terrifying and vexing me for what I had committed.”

This “*crying out against ourselves*,” from a deep and painful sense of “the plague of the heart,” is, indeed, an evidence of two things: THE LIFE OF GOD IN THE SOUL, and THE LAW OF GOD IN THE CONSCIENCE. Is there anything of this kind in “*The New Park Street Pulpit*”? There certainly is. Speaking of one thing that is a source of grief to all real Christians, more or less—their proneness to forget the Lord—Mr. Spurgeon says,

“We forget him, because we carry about with us the old Adam of sin and death. If we were purely new-born creatures, we should never forget the name of him whom we love. If we were entirely regenerated beings, we should sit down and meditate on all our Saviour did and suffered; all he is; all he has gloriously promised to perform; and never would our roving affections stray; but centred, nailed, fixed eternally to one object, we should continually contemplate the death and sufferings of our Lord. But alas! we have a worm in the heart, a pest-house, a charnel-house within, lusts, vile imaginations, and strong evil passions, which, like wells of poisonous water, send out continually streams of impurity. *I have a heart, which God knoweth, I wish I could uring from my body and hurl to an infinite distance; and a soul which is a cage of unclean birds, a den of loathsome creatures, where dragons haunt and owls do congregate, where every evil beast of ill-omen dwells; a heart too vile to*

*have a parallel—deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.’ This is the reason why I am forgetful of Christ.”*

We will fetch out another expression, proving acquaintance with sinful self. The preacher is on “the smoking flax.” Says he,

“To me, no odour in all the world is so abominably offensive as smoking flax. But some say, ‘How can you speak in so low a style?’ I have not gone lower than I could go myself, nor lower than you can go with me; for I am sure you are, if God the Holy Ghost has really humbled you, just as offensive to your own souls, and just as offensive to God as a bruised reed would be among the pipes, or as smoking flax to the eyes and nose. I often think of dear old John Bunyan, when he said, he wished God had made him a toad, or a frog, or a snake, or anything better than a man, for he felt he was so offensive. Oh! I can conceive a nest of vipers, and I think that they are obnoxious; I can imagine a pool of all kinds of loathsome creatures, breeding corruption, but there is nothing one half so worthy of abhorrence as the human heart. God spares from all eyes, but his own, that awful sight, a human heart; and could you and I but once see our heart, we should be driven mad, so horrible would be the sight.”

A perfect knowledge of what we really are as sinners in the fall, is one powerful demonstration of life and light in the inner man. A minister without this is deceived in himself, and will deceive others; a minister without this, can never trace out the experience of quickened souls, nor can he comfort poor tempted saints. We know this is the dark side of the ministry, but it is a necessary side: this may be called a negative and a questionable evidence; nevertheless, it is one that has many promises for its consolation, for “the Lord is nigh to them that have broken hearts; and saveth such as are of contrite spirits.”

When the enlightened eyes are turned within, three things are then discerned;—*enmity, impurity and infidelity*, or unbelief. When the enlightened eye of faith is led to look to the LORD CHRIST, there is LOVE to melt away our enmity; there is BLOOD to cleanse away our impurity; and there is the promise of the Spirit, so to reveal Christ as to assure our consciences of their part in the Redeemer's sacrifice. And when these two paths are daily and hourly trodden in by a minister, his labour will not be in vain. We are too much borne down with trial to go any further this month. We must abruptly close our third paper; but in some future numbers we wish to embody the sentiments of Hussy, Huntington, Toplady, Gill, Goodwin, Owen, and others, respecting the ministry. Our impression still is, that to a very serious extent, the true Gospel ministry is on the wane. Ministers have been more numerous than ever—but they have not waxed more valiant in fight, nor more fruitful in service. The Word is beautifully styled, “*the sword of the Spirit*.” May the blessed Spirit again unsheath that sword, and wield it in the hand, and mightily nerve the arm of all his servants. Then shall the glory of God in the Gospel ministry be seen.

## REVIEWS.

## A CHRISTIAN'S DYING TESTIMONY :

THE LATE MR. GUMBRELL, OF WILMINGTON, KENT.

A SERMON preached by Mr. T. Stringer, at Zoar Chapel, Gravesend, and published by J. Nichols & Son, is now before us.

The late Mr. Gumbrell was for many years a hearer of the gospel at Zoar Chapel, Great Alie Street, London; but at the end of July last, was called to his final home. As we glanced over the discourse referred to, we truly rejoiced at the noble, the scriptural, and the experimental manner in which our esteemed brother Thomas went through his work. The preaching of the Gospel after this manner must be useful: it is the Holy Ghost that gives the ability, the faith, the knowledge, and the freedom; and he will make powerful and precious the testimony thus delivered. Go on, Thomas Stringer; go on, good brother, ploughing into the deep things of God—penetrating the hearts of sinners and saints—pleading much and unceasingly the precious promises at the mercy-seat—publishing the salvation which is in Christ Jesus—obeying the Master, and feeding the people; and truly thy reward will be great. Shut in, as we are, in London smoke, and Berrymondsey perfumes, we quite envy the bishop of Gravesend the sweet air he breathes, and the freedom he enjoys. "The Lord knoweth the way we take, and when he hath tried us, we shall come forth (we hope,) like gold." The closing portion of the sermon is all we can give. The preacher said

Our brother Gumbrell sleeps in Jesus; he is at rest; he has done fighting and fearing for ever. He has 'fought a good fight, he has finished his course, he kept the faith;' and now in the sunshine of Jehovah's everlasting and blissful presence, he wears his immortal crown. May it be said of us when we exchange worlds, as we may say of him, "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." The Lord bless you, and his truth to you, for Christ's sake. Amen.

Most of you know our brother Gumbrell lived in this locality for many years and through that grace which made him what he was, (a Christian) he was a kind, social, liberal, commiserating man towards his fellow men, always ready to every good work, an honest, humble, upright follower of the Lamb, whose character and conduct corresponded with his christian profession.

I have known him several years, and in conversation with him, it generally amounted to this, 'I am ready to halt,' but he never did halt—he was "faint yet pursuing." I had the pleasure of visiting him on his death bed, I found him gloomy in his mind, perplexed, and dismayed, Satan's darts flew fast at him, and he concluded he should be lost. I conversed with him on the faithfulness of God—the truth of the promises—and the sufficiency of the atonement of Christ. The Lord blessed it to him; he was cheered up, revived, and strengthened in mind, and comforted in soul.

He said to me, "Christ is my All; his blood and righteousness is my soul's dependence." This was spoken with faltering lips, but with a cheerful countenance, and a believing heart, before his departure. Some few things were spoken by him, that assured those then with him, that he was gone to be with Him whom he loved and served here below—even Jesus. "Peace be with you all." Amen.

*"The Pathway of Providence; or, Recollections of my Pilgrimage." By ELIZABETH SEARLE, Authoress of Noon-day Meditations.* London: W. H. Collingridge, Long Lane.

THIS is another volume produced at the "Bonmahon Industrial Printing School," in Ireland. The frontispiece gives a most pleasing representation of the person of Miss Searle; and indeed any one may see she was a Christian—a cheerful, a contented, a patient saint. It is a singular circumstance that Miss Searle left this world for the better one on the very day that her little volume was completed. This Christian lady was truly a monument of great mercy: her memoirs comprehend much that will be of lasting benefit to the churches—not only of an experimental, but also of an historical kind. In the October number of "CHEERING WORDS" (a half-penny Magazine, to be had of Houlston and Stoneman, or of any bookseller,) we have given a beautiful extract from this work, entitled "The Pathway of Providence;" a work, we think, no Christian lady will rest content without possessing. Its contents are sweetly varied and thrillingly interesting.

*Memoirs of Augustus Toplady, A.B.* London: W. H. Collingridge, City Press, Long Lane.

MANY of our readers will be glad to learn that a good number of the original editions of Toplady's choicest works have lately fallen into the hands of Mr. Collingridge, the Gospel-Divinity Publisher of the City Press, in Long Lane, West Smithfield. Some of them are the genuine editions published by the late Walter Row, well and extensively known as the faithful editor of "The Gospel Magazine."

Copies of all these works are now in our hands; and, as some of them were never issued but in the editions now in Mr. Collingridge's hands, they are but very little known; nevertheless they are exceedingly choice, pure, and likely to be of considerable value to those members of the Christian family whose conversation is in heaven; who are looking unto Jesus, while in thorny paths they tread. We purpose to notice these works specially and separately; particularly his "Devotional Retirement," his "Contemplations on the Sufferings and Resurrection of Christ," his "Doctrine of Predestination," &c.

It is, to us, a pleasing fact, that some hundreds of copies of Walter Row's original edition of "Memoirs of Augustus Toplady,"

the edition from which all the other Memoirs have been copied—are now in Mr. Collingridge's hands. This octavo and complete edition was published for 4s. 6d.; but is now reduced to 1s.

#### Reformation Hymns.

EVERY one has a hobby of some kind or other, and we have ours. By "a hobby," we mean something that we are very much pleased with. There are many things which please some people, that we care nothing for; but there are three things which please us exceedingly. First, in a silent, retired, and solemn manner, we love and are well pleased with a spiritual feast on the full glories of the gospel when to our souls they are revealed and applied. Secondly, we love in the pulpit to be so filled with heavenly matter, and to be so free, that like David, we can leap over the walls of unbelief, and all sinful and earthly things, and preach and praise the name of the Lord. Then, thirdly, we do exceedingly like a nice book, a work written by a Master mind, and printed by a first-rate hand. We have now before us a neat specimen of printing, entitled, "Hymns of the Reformation, by Dr. Martin Luther, and others, from the German;" to which is added his Life. This half-crown volume is reduced to one shilling; and may be also had of Mr. Collingridge. We give from this volume two poems on "The Marriage Supper," for which, such of our readers as have any taste for genuine poetry, will be thankful enough.

#### THE MARRIAGE SUPPER.

##### MATTHEW XXV.

##### PART I.

Soon shall the voice resound—

It is the Bridegroom's call;

Then at his bidding come!

He summons all

The guests that shall with him partake

The marriage festival.

Help us, oh God! Nor let our eyelids sleep

The sleep of death;

Nor sin her vigils keep,

With poisoned breath:

But may we rather, in thy presence stand,

Each with his lamp in hand,

Well trimmed and bright;

Nor seek to wander thence, nor leave thy

gracious sight.

Then shall our eyes with joy,

The Saviour's face behold,

Who, through his blood and grievous death,

Doth heaven's wide gates unfold;

Where all the patriarchs dear,

And prophets do appear,

The martyrs and apostles of the Lord:

With him they there are found,

On that celestial ground,

Unnumbered are their hosts which close his

presence round.

Then each with gladsome heart,

The elder brother's part

To us with ready purpose, shall fulfil:

Nor shall they blush to own

The bond that binds is one,

Our spirits mingling there, before the eternal

throne.

Exalted thus on high,

Bright tenants of the sky,

Through the Redeemer's perfect righteousness;

Our one delight shall be,

To him to bow the knee,

Who here our vestments wore, our garb of

poverty.

Then with a look of love,

With mercy's cheering face,

Will God his kind compassions move

Towards Adam's race;

And with some shining token, own  
Each ransomed spirit near his throne:  
With love paternal he will smile,  
Acknowledging the Saviour's work,  
Lost man to reconcile.

Then every golden wire,  
Each harp of trembling string,  
With all the full seraphic choir,  
Shall celebrate their King,  
Who deigns a listening ear to bend,  
Whilst through the vaults of heaven, angelic  
anthems blend.

##### PART II.

Then he, the Lord, shall guide us  
To Paradise above;  
Where blessings shall betide us  
For ever in his love.

There shall we stand preparing  
The bridal of the Lamb,  
And, in his triumph sharing,  
Sing praises to his name.

Whilst strains of purest pleasur,  
And well-springs of delight,  
That know no end nor measure,  
Engage the ravished sight.

From God's own fount of blessing,  
From Zion's hill they rise;  
His saints are there possessing  
The treasury of the skies.

For ever, ever flowing,  
The stream of grace runs on,  
Whilst each new day is showing  
That new delights are won.

Thus shall our God deliver  
From every evil thing,  
And satan's loaded quiver  
No fatal shaft will bring.

From time's dark night of sadness,  
From anguish, grief, and pain,  
He lifts our souls to gladness,  
With him in bliss to reign.

#### CAVE ADULLAM, STEPNEY.

A VERY large number of persons assembled in the chapel, on Tuesday, August 28th, to a tea and public meeting; held to welcome their recently chosen minister, Mr. C. Shipway, and to raise subscriptions for repairing and cleaning the place of worship. The pastor occupied the chair at half-past six o'clock; when, after singing, reading, and prayer, one of the deacons stated the manner the church and congregation had been kept together since the death of their late beloved minister, Mr. W. Allen; also shewing the unanimity that prevailed in favour of his brother in the chair becoming the pastor of the church; there being only four hands held against him, and none other minister proposed; although himself in the minority, he was bound to say, he believed it to be the voice and finger of God; and his prayer is, that peace and prosperity might attend the labours of his dear young friend in that place. After remarks by the chairman, the meeting was addressed by brethren, Bloomfield, R. Edwards, Banks, and J. Wells, when, after prayer by brother Dearsley, the people dispersed.

The chapel was filled with eager listeners. As many as sixteen ministering brethren were counted on the platform or other parts of the chapel.

## A FEW NOTES FROM THE EDITOR.

SATURDAY morning, October 13th.—My dear Friend, I promised you some few notes of my last Lord's-day labours in London. Very early this morning I left the great Metropolis, and having 250 miles to travel by rail, I feel willing—the Lord permitting—to fulfil my promise.

You know how much of late I have feared that I should be entirely overthrown in circumstances. So deceived have I been, that I concluded nothing could save me. I have had trouble indeed; and I have been a sad trial to some of my friends;—but, as I have for years had a persuasion that no deliverance could be wrought for me until I flung myself more entirely into the Lord's hands, leaving him to employ me when, where, and how he pleases, I have desired this morning to give myself up to two particular and special objects. First,—to visit destitute and distressed Churches; and to labour to revive them. Secondly,—to endeavour to circulate the huge pile of books I have been laying in stock, and with the proceeds to clear off all incumbrances; satisfy all just demands; and, as a honest man, to lift up my poor head and heart in thanksgiving and praise. None of my friends think that deliverance will come this way—and I may be deceived; but I hope I am not. My inward, earnest prayer to the Lord is, that he would verify in my soul and in my circumstances, that beautiful cluster of precious promises written at the end of the 91st Psalm, and which promises were laid to my soul in the early part of 1849, one night as I was kneeling in prayer in friend Smith's upper room, at Grittleton in Wilts.

I am leaving London with a bad cold and hoarseness; with many inward sad forebodings and castings down; yet, hope—hope of a full deliverance—hope of safety in the hands of a covenant God, and hope of full salvation—a hope of being useful while life shall be continued—a hope of perfect rest, of entire conformity to the lovely and glorious Person of our Immanuel, and of being favoured to find acceptance and happy employment in our Heavenly Father's house, where there are many mansions;—for I could no more be idle in heaven than I can be lazy on the earth: a hope of these things bears up my soul, while the fire and the water are carrying a mixed multitude of us onward to the Western point of our dear little isle. I have left my church, my children, my wife, my friends, and some of my foes behind, while I go forward secretly beseeching the Lord to prosper my way. Hard

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things have been said of me—and some indeed have had reason to fear—but when I think of Jesus coming and speaking life into my soul, when I lay dead in sin, when I reflect upon the most merciful dealings of a gracious God towards me for many years; when I call to remembrance his wonderful restoration of me from the deeps of darkness and defilement; when I ponder over my path for the last twelve years of heavy labour in preaching and publishing the truth;—when I weigh up these things—my feeble soul breathes out this oft-repeated query,—

“And can he have taught me  
To trust in his name,  
And thus far have brought me  
To PUT ME TO SHAME?”  
Oh, never, never, never, Lord,  
My weeping soul would say;  
I'd rather toil and travel hard  
Until my dying day.

But I will get away from this gloomy place, if I can; and go back to last Lord's-day. I was requested to speak a little in the morning's service, on the death of a departed and aged saint—a member of our fellowship—a mother of one of our deacons, a Mrs. Clark by name. I remember how I sat musing that morning in my little study, when the idea of the harvest came into my mind, and I looked back upon the very many of the Lord's aged children who had been brought under my ministry for a few years, and then taken home to glory. The words written in the twenty-second chapter Ruth, twenty-third verse, were fixed on my mind. There are four harvests in the Scriptures—there are four harvests in the history of the Church—there are four harvests in the experience of a soul quickened, sanctified, and made ripe for glory. There is grass harvest—barley harvest—wheat harvest—and fruit harvest. The Church's grass harvest began when Adam fled from Eden, and was cut down under a sense of sin. “All flesh is grass,” and must be cut down; and death gathers all into the grave, except a sheaf or so, which as first-fruits are gone into the great garner above. Barley harvest commenced on the feast of the Passover; wheat harvest began on the feast of Pentecost; and fruit harvest was somewhat allied to the feast of Tabernacles. Saul of Tarsus is a pattern of God's dealing with his own people. Let us look at him for one moment. What a pompous, pestilential, pharisaical plant he is! The ancients represent him mounted on a high horse. To be sure! Look you at him. He is going to Damascus. He has letters of authority.

M

He is quite determined to lead to prison and death those believers in Jesus. But before he reaches the place, he is cut down. There he lays deep in the dust! Two ancient Scriptures look favourably upon him: one says, "*There is hope of a tree if it be cut down:*" and, none question the fact. Saul of Tarsus, the perfect Pharisee is cut down: but not as Jude was, nor as Cain, or Pharaoh, or Balaam. No! This tree that now lays low as the dust, had a clothing which the fall had put upon it—but its root, hidden though it be—is fixed deep in the immeasurable mysteries and mercies of the everlasting covenant; wherefore another ancient witness comes looking upon this low-laid sinner, and looking, and pointing to the Lamb upon the throne, this ancient witness says, "*He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass.*" And in Saul's case how very true that word became. Saul was taken into the garner of godly sorrow and true repentance. Then the Passover Lamb was revealed to him; by faith he viewed the once cut-down, slaughtered and suffering Lamb—the scales fell from his eyes—the light of truth broke in upon his mind.

He saw the Lamb that once was slain,  
Exalted high in heaven to reign:  
And cried,—“He loved me.”

After barley harvest, Paul came to wheat harvest—the Pentecostal Paraclete, the Divine Spirit—led him into the wells of salvation, into the waters of life, into the glorious doctrines of grace, into the land of our spiritual Canaan; there Paul wept and rejoiced, repented and believed, prayed and preached, suffered and triumphed, while he gathered the fruits of the Spirit, and called Gentile sinners to the feast.

You may see the drift—I have written amidst the din and smoke and mixed mob of a third class conveyance, until I begin to feel I must be brief. Thus far I wrote on the line; and am now in Ivy Bridge, on my way to Bigbury, to preach the Harvest Thanksgiving sermons; of which, some day, I hope to give you a few words.

I have a good ministering brother with me, by the name of Heath, a real son of our friend Arthur Triggs; this brother Heath has been giving me some account of his call to the ministry; and that I hope I shall not forget—but now I cannot stay. May the Lord on his new mercy power; and pardon all our sins.

How Street Baptist Chapel, in Plymouth, is a commodious and substantial place of worship; but its situation is somewhat resembling the posture which the Lord Jesus exhibited when on earth, of whom they said—“*This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.*” How Street is not what the world would call an aristocratic division—it is narrow, almost out of sight, and the people who inhabit its cots and crazy tena-

ments look upon you as though they wondered *why* you go to chapel at all. But there—in the midst of weakness I was made strong—and I have no doubt whatever but the Lord has a people there who know his voice and follow after him. Plymouth is as well stored with ministers as London: but there is one—a plain, spiritual, promising servant of Christ; and he has recently issued a little book bearing the following title—“*A Few Brief Thoughts on the Ordinance of Baptism, and its Use and Place in the Church of Christ*”—which we may further notice some day.

[To be continued.]

## STRENGTH AND BENEFIT OF UNION.

PSALM CXXIII.

MY DEAR SIR, AND BROTHER IN THE LORD, grace and peace be with you:—The night is far spent, the day is at hand, let us commune a little together, as it is written, “They that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard; and a book of remembrance was written for them that feared the Lord and that thought upon his name.” The God of providence hath set us apart locally from each other in this wilderness, so that we cannot converse locally with each other. consequently we must use the quill. God Almighty supply me with matter, manner and power—give the holy, heavenly unction in those divine realities which make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High. How is it, I ask, how is it that I feel the union so strong at this moment? My little heart burns toward you and is enlarged—my eyes weep sealing drops upon these dear words, viz., “Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.” Oh, how firm the union; its immutability gives it such firmness, strength and durability. Is it not like those pillars which support that house which Wisdom hath builded? How high, how grand it looks; and makes our hearts cleave together, so that time nor distance cannot separate what God hath joined together—not tribulation, with all its attendants, cannot move it, cannot pull it down—manifold tears it has drawn forth, but these are all bottled, and kept in remembrance until we get home; then for the old wine of the kingdom. How terrible is tribulation to the flesh when the last farthing goes from the pocket, and the last crust from the cupboard, and the last earthly friend departs from our right hand, and then those attendants, nakedness, peril or sword, attack us at various points; and, in addition, the height of satanic policy and power; then the depth of human woe beneath; and we have groaned and sighed heavily, and wetted our couch with tears; yet in the midst of all we say, “Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?” Nothing!—no, nothing! Here then let us erect our Ebenezer, and sing our

songs "unto him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood: to him be glory forevermore. Amen."

Surely it is good for us to dwell together in communion with each other, though in a foreign land and an howling wilderness; for "wisdom's ways are pleasantness, and all her paths are peace,"—they lead to that grand arena of redemption and salvation, where we find eternal stores of wisdom, power, grace, love, mercy, truth, faithfulness and righteousness all harmoniously united, which just brings to my mind those holy truths and glorious doctrines which flowed from your heart, lips and tongue in years for ever gone, when they dropped into my heart like dew from the leaves of the Tree of Life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God. But some people say, "Oh, these doctrines are so high and so dangerous!" Such people are so hell and devil nervous that they cannot endure sound doctrine; but should they be sent to hell for despising them, they will have a long while to reflect on it.

But, hark! hark! what is it I hear? Oh, its the bells of salvation sounding from the cross: its the signal of victory, victory—victory through the blood of the cross! Listen, oh listen to those heavenly sounds, mightier than the voice of many waters. Look! see! it is our glorious Aaron with his bells of salvation sounding from the hem of his garment, which the poor woman in the gospel so much wanted to touch, and she did touch. Hark! listen still to those melodious peals of salvation, what melody, unity, sweetness and power! Oh, listen! what certainty, what glory, in this musical thunder from the voice of Excellency! My heart leaps for joy, and goes forth in the dances of them that make merry, while those bells are ringing salvation. Oh, how good it is for us to dwell together in unity in heavenly places in Christ.

But just look, how nervous the enemy. How he shakes and trembles while these bells are ringing—how indignant is he—what rage in his eyes—what malice in his heart to hear the sound of the fame of our great Immanuel and the victory he has won!—and listen to that firebrand plucked from his grasp crying, "God me merciful to me, a sinner." It frightens the devil, for

"Satan trembles when he sees  
The feeblest saint upon his knees."

See, he lies raging in agony inexpressible from the wound received upon the cross, where the sword of Justice was thrust in the Shephard's heart, and then his head was bruised.

Oh, Mr. Bidder, would it not be a rare thing if John Wesley could make a plaster of his universal heal-all and cure poor Mr. Satan's head. But, to leave this, what a good thing it is for you and I to dwell together in unity, because we dwell so close together our hearts get warm, and then the oil flows from one to the other, and the odours of Sharon's love perfume our bosoms, and flows from heart to heart. Oh, 'tis precious—more than ever. There are some marrowless, oilless, grisley professors of religion who, were they to read what I have

written, would doubtless sneer at it, being out of the secret; but if they scorn, they may have to bear it. Good night. Yours affectionately in the Beloved,

GEORGE KELLAWAY,  
West of England Baptist Itinerant.

Yeovil, Oct. 12th, 1855.

## EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

### LETTER XVII.

My good Theophilus, you have, through grace, gained some experimental knowledge of, and possession of the truth. Now it will be for you to look to yourself that you lose not those things which you have wrought, but that you receive a full reward. (2 John viii). "We ought (saith the apostle) to take the more earnest heed to things we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip."

And you well know that such delusions are to abound, that would, if it were possible, deceive even the very elect. I hope, therefore, to see you *stand fast* in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free; that you may not only not go back again to Egypt—that you may not only not go back to Sinai—that you may not only not call the manna of truth light bread, which your soul would refuse—that you may not only not bring up an evil report of the promised land—and that you may not only not say a confederacy, to all to whom so many so-called free-grace men say a confederacy—that you may not only not give up one inch of the ground you have gained, but that you may say to every compromising professor, as your father Abraham said to the king of Sodom, "I have lift up mine hand unto the Lord, the Most High God, the Possessor of heaven and earth, that I will not take from a thread even to a shoe-latchet, and that I will not take anything that is thine, lest thou shouldst say, I have made Abraham rich." Gen. xiv. 22, 23.

The enemy will not care to attack you with bare-boned Arminianism; this would be laying the snare too openly before you; and he knows that you are too old a bird to be caught with such chaff as this. No, no; he is too old a fowler for this; he takes care to come to you as an angel of light; he will, by his ministers, hold out a good portion to you of undeniable truth; and if he can get you to approve so far of truth intellectually held out to you, and can get you to lose sight, even where doctrinal truth runs mountains high, of the *vitality* that is lacking, then he has partly gained his end; for remember, it is not enough for a man to have the truth—the question is, *how* he came by it, and *how* he holds it; for if he come by it by *Divine* teaching, he will hold it in absolute *supremacy*; everything in heaven, and in earth, and in hell, *must* bend and bow before it; for if an angel bring another gospel, he is to be accursed; and woe unto any apostle that dared to preach any other gospel! Kingdoms and men must be subservient to it. Legions of fallen angels may take possession of a Gadarene, but when the *I will*, and *they*



shall gospel comes for the said Gadarene, devils must instantly fly. No parleying, no bringing anything against the Gadarene as a reason they should keep possession of him. No; the one short sentence, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all sin*," will bring satan and all his hosts down like lightning, and let them get up again if they can. The Captain of our salvation has got the devil down under him, and he will keep him down, too; and the Lord will in due time tread satan down under the feet of his saints, also.

Truth occupies every inch of the ground of our salvation; and it is this that makes all the ground good. Your heart could not be a good ground heart, were not living truth rooted therein. This made the Psalmist say to the Lord, "Thou desirest truth in the inward parts, and in the hidden parts thou shalt make me to know wisdom." Jesus hath established the truth of the law, and the truth of the new covenant, and this truth endureth; let it have what it may to endure, it endureth for ever.

Now the enemy will, in order to get you to first sanction, and afterwards receive something that is not truth, try to work upon your fleshly sympathies, by pointing out to you the supposed or real natural excellencies of certain smooth, easy-going professors; and whatever yea and nay sort of gospel they hold, you must not in any way insinuate that you do not feel quite sure that they are right in the truth, or the truth rightly rooted in them; for if you do, you will be immediately reported as a man of bad, bitter, bickering, bigoted, censorious spirit; anything but like the meek and lowly Jesus; (a cant phrase for *slim* professors;) and you must be avoided; and thus will they cast out your name as evil. Well, be it so; your comfort is, that you know their judgment of your spirit is as wrong as wrong can be. The bitterness, though covered with great softness of manner, is on their side, and not on your's. You love the truth well enough to contend for it throughout, nor can you do otherwise. Such was the spirit of the Saviour himself, that the fashionables of the day said he had a devil; and your decision for God's truth, though in the spirit of all humility and sincerity with God and man, will not be looked upon in a more favourable light; for "if they called the Master of the house Beelzebub, how much more they of his household." You will, in the face of these false accusations, need great grace to keep you firm, and yet in a right spirit; but our God is able to make all grace abound toward you.

But that cover under which, with the most feasibility, the secret approvers of a yea and nay gospel will shelter themselves, is that of insisting upon good works, a blameless life, and filling up your place at their table of nothings. But none of these things must move you either from the truth of the gospel, or from the tried and true disciples of Christ. No, you must still choose afflictions with the people of God, rather than suffer for a yea and nay gospel, for which false gospels many have suffered many things; but they have suffered in vain, excepting, of course, those who have so suffered by them as to learn their need of

the true gospel. But no thanks to them that they have thus profited; for if they could have settled down with physicians of no value, they would; but their wound is too deep to be thus slightly healed.

You, then, I say, must be still willing to suffer affliction with the people of God, rather than enjoy the fleshly and sinful errors of men for a season. Nor must you forget this one thing—that six months' morality in a yea and nay man, is thought more of by men than a life of seventy years' irreproachable devotion to God, by a real Christian. They (the yea and nay) must therefore needs go well, because against them there is no rising up. Why, a Simon Magus was the wonder of his age, to whom all gave heed, from the least unto the greatest, saying, "*This man is the great power of God*;" (Acts viii. 10); while of Paul they said, "Away with such a fellow! it is not fit that he should live." You must not, therefore, I say, be moved by this old practise device; there is no reality in it; the men who make such ado about it, are as infirm and faulty as other people, and do not practise one half of what they preach: if they were as ready at practise as they are at pretension, we might almost be tempted to take them as our examples. "But we have a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto we do well to take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place."

The Saviour was looked upon by the Scribes and Pharisees as no friend to good works; John the Baptist, they said, had a devil; and the accusation against Stephen was, that he spake blasphemous words against the *holy place, and the law*. (Acts vi. 13).

Beware, then, lest any man in the garb of pretended superior sanctity, deceive you, and by imperceptible degrees draw you away from the simplicity that is in Christ; for there are men who *sanction* such a yea and nay gospel, which they do not dare to preach in their own pulpits, simply because the people are more honest than the priest. Such are deceitful workers; yes, *workers*, of course *transforming themselves*—not the Holy Ghost transforming them, but *transforming themselves* into the ministers of Christ; and no marvel, for satan himself is transformed into an angel of light; therefore it is *no great thing* if his ministers be transformed as the ministers of righteousness, whose end shall be according to their works (of deception). (2 Cor. xi.)

These delusions are very powerful; this superior practical sanctity devise has a very powerful effect upon the awakened conscience of a regenerate soul; and feeling as such do, what poor creatures they are, and that, as saith the Apostle, "in many things they all offend;" and thirsting, as they do, for more of the spirit of holiness and of God, it is not to be wondered at, that great *talkers* about doing, should appear (until the *devise* is discovered) to be the very persons who possess what the living soul thirsts for. So powerful, old as it is, is this good work's dodge, that here and there even a Barnabas is stupidified, and led away by this well mixed opiate, and so bewildered are their eyes, and so benumbed

their former right feelings, that they have fallen into a ditch, and do not see it. They do not feel altogether easy or happy, but they are determined still to go on, though in so doing, some of them have already "pierced themselves through with many sorrows." They seem like the man of God of old (1 Kings. xiii.) who, after faithfully delivering his message, suffered himself to be decoyed by a false prophet. The command given to the man of God was very significant. He was not to eat bread nor drink water, neither was he to return the way that he came. So it seems with some now; they have hitherto faithfully delivered their message, and did for a time run well; but now they are making one table of yea and nay; and they are turning back the way that they came; yes, advocating the very bondage from which they professed to be delivered. And who reproved the man of God? Why, the very prophet by whom he had been deluded into a disobedience of faith, (see verse 21.) So that the man of God made himself despicable in the eyes of the very prophet whom he had so kindly obliged. "And a lion met him and slew him." As he, the man of God, had ceased to vindicate faithfully God's truth, a righteous God stepped in and vindicated his own truth; and thus shewed, that he would rather have no prophet at all, than have an unfaithful one, or one ready to listen more unto man than unto God. Beware then, my good Theophilus, of men. Let no man deceive you by any means, let the means be what they may. And you will need great care upon this matter, and especially as the greatest deceiver of all is within you; yes, your own heart is the most dangerous of all. If you be truly sensible of what that is, you will be kept very low in the dust before God, and will carefully see, and as carefully feel your way along; for you must not believe even all you see, much less all you hear. Your growing necessities and the Word of God will be a great means in the Lord's hands of keeping you right.

And, notwithstanding deceitful workers and misled Barnabases, you will find a few poor and afflicted people, and ministers too, who are firm as rocks; their hearts are fixed; they fear not man, but God; and all their springs are in God, and in God is their boast all the day long.

Many of these faithful men of God, from straitened circumstances, and the opposition everywhere more or less manifested to vital truth, suffer much. One with a pharisaic, covetous, iron-hearted deacon; and another, from some great supporter, who threatens to withdraw his family from the chapel, if the minister do not preach differently, or if they do not get another minister. Another suffers from some officious member, who is never happy but when he is poisoning all the comforts of the church, by his ceaseless and senseless harangues at church meetings, and getting up a party against some one, or perhaps against the minister himself; so that he who has laboured with all his might for their welfare, becomes the object of their bitterest invectives. What are all these, but the *orig-*

*glings* of the old serpent to hinder the Gospel of Christ? "But their folly shall be made manifest" in due time, while honour will also in due time crown those, who, whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear, stand fast and immoveable in all the departments of eternal truth, in all the counsel of God. They will enter at last into the joy of him whose they are, and whom they serve.

But there are some good ministers, who have, happily, none of the troubles above named; but are at peace among themselves; and the Word of the Lord being magnified and glorified by them.

Now, my good Theophilus, I wish you to consider this letter as a few preliminary remarks to some things I hope to bring before you, concerning the "*sin of unbelief,*" the responsibility of man, and the faith of God's elect. And if this intended path should call up a few outcries against us, we must not be alarmed, for rain or shine, the Lord being with us, we must go on; and if going on in this direction be the beginning of sorrows, we must not be troubled, for the end is not yet. So hopes,

A LITTLE ONE.

THE WARFARE WITHIN;

OR

MARGARET BRUCE, THE SCOTTISH PEASANT GIRL.

How pure and unadulterated are the expressions of a soul when under the Divine teachings of the Lord the Spirit! The voice of Christ in a heaven-born soul, is sure to be heard by those that know his voice. Very few do speak from the heart where CHRIST is;—but when such an one doth speak, all the little lambs, and all the bleating sheep, take special notice of what such an one doth say;—and not only so, but the savour which attends the same, causeth their hearts to feel a blessed union to that dear saint in whom the Saviour lives and speaks.

MARGARET BRUCE was such a saint. Her inward trials were many; her testimonies left behind are full of sacred sweetness. Consequently, all our friends are thanking us for giving them a few morsels from Peter Drummond's account of her; and being so much encouraged, we give another page this month. We have a persuasion, that a more distinct and certain record of REAL CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE has not lately been found in all the Scottish isle.

We beseech godly persons, who are acquainted with souls in deep waters, and who are much tossed to and fro concerning their own interest in Christ, to induce them carefully to read the extracts we have given; and especially the following.

Margaret is here describing the effects of the Word on her soul, when seeking to know Christ. She says—

Next day (Thursday) going to Cambuslang

Brae, and hearing a sermon on that text, "He shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper." *Ps.* lxxii. 12. I was greatly affected and alarmed with that rousing sermon; my heart was like to leap out of its place with grief for sin; but at the same time I found my soul shouting and cleaving to Christ, when that word (though not uttered by the minister speaking) was pressed on my heart, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." I found that word very suitable to the present disposition of my heart, and was made now by his grace to choose him, and earnestly to pant after conformity to his will and image.

A little after this, I fell under my former temptation, that I was but a hypocrite. I knew I could not deceive God, but I was afraid I was deceiving myself, and deceiving God's people; and this made me very uneasy while I was under this temptation.

Coming to Cambuslang Brae on the Lord's-day, I earnestly desired of the Lord that he might search and try me, and that he might send me some searching sermons.

That forenoon I heard a sermon on that text, "Or despisest thou the riches of his goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering, not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance?" In hearing that sermon, I fell under deep convictions of my sin. The sins of my youth and my careless walk were brought fresh to my remembrance, and I was greatly affected with the sense of them; and whilst the minister frequently repeated over the words of the text, and mentioned the several ways whereby persons despised the goodness and forbearance of God, my heart was, as it were, melted within me into sweet relentings of my guilt in this matter. I thought if I had these days of my youth to spend over again, I would spend them in another manner than I had done; and yet I thought again, that this might be but the deceitfulness of my heart made me think so; for I knew that of myself, without the grace of God, I could do nothing at all that was good. My heart was so melted down at that time, that I became quite feeble, and there remained no strength in me. The cry of my heart was, that day, that he might search me, and that he might let me see myself in the light of his Spirit,—that he might raze all false foundations, and bring me out of myself to Jesus Christ.

In the afternoon of that day, I heard another minister preach on that text, "If you continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed." When he shewed how far hypocrites might go, I was still expecting to be scored off for one; but I did not find by any thing he said that it was so; but I thought there was still something he had missed, for that certainly I belonged to that class. But when he came to speak of persons that were Christ's disciples indeed, then I felt my heart burn with the love of Christ, and closing with him and with every thing that was said as the marks of his true disciples. I was then made clearly to see my interest in Christ, and got full assurance of the love of God to my soul, and there

was then no jealousies of my hypocrisy. And this frame also continued with me when I heard him preach again that evening in the church; there I got further discoveries of the love of God, and the beams of his love shined into my heart, and I thought I could have been content to die on the spot that I might be with Christ in heaven. If Christ were not there, it would not be a heaven to me; and for the things of this world, I reckoned, that if all the glory of them were presented to me, I would disdain to turn my eye off Christ for one minute to give them but one look. I saw the new covenant to be "well ordered in all things, and sure," and just as I would have it, and that all my salvation was wrapped up in it, and that covenant, and Christ the Mediator of it, was all my salvation and all my desire; and at this time I was helped to take hold of God's covenant and strength, and was enabled to the most distinct actings of faith that I ever had attained to before. And many times since, when I go by that Brae, and see that spot where I was then sitting, I cannot but reflect how it was witness to that sweet frame of heart I was in when I was sitting on it.

This frame continued with me only till Tuesday thereafter, when I lost it by worldly thoughts coming in upon me, as it were, saying, that if I gave myself to religion, I would lose all worldly pleasures; another opposing, and saying, that though I did so, it was no matter; all the pleasures of the world were nothing to what I had experienced in religion. But going to a meeting for prayer, the party within me for religion got the better of the other. After a while, self-conceit and pride were like to steal in upon me; but when I reflected on my own sins and unworthiness, that temptation vanished, and I was just ashamed of myself.

One Sabbath, June, 1742, in the morning, I felt the power of my unbelief very strong, and I struggled hard against. I went to secret prayer; and then, reading that passage in Isaiah, "I will go before thee, and break in pieces the gates of brass, and I will break asunder the bars of iron," &c., I found that passage set home on my heart with very great power; then I went to public worship, and while hearing a sermon, that promise was accomplished to me, while I felt the power of the Holy Spirit on my heart, breaking the bands and bars of my unbelief, and my heart inflamed with love, and the influences of the Spirit of the Lord moving my soul.

On the day before that sacrament, while I looked forward to it, I was much afraid to go there, fearing it would be with me as it had been at Cathcart. While I was much oppressed with these fears, that word came into my heart, "Fear not; for I have redeemed thee;" but my heart bowed, and I could not get strength to lay hold on it, till that other word came, "My faithfulness shall be a shield unto thee;" and then I got faith to believe and close with that other word.

On Saturday, hearing a sermon on that text—"Thy garments smell of myrrh, aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they made thee glad," my heart was filled with

much love to Christ, and ran out in ardent desires towards him; and nothing would satisfy me but to be joined to him in a marriage covenant; and I was persuaded I would meet with the Lord's presence at that sacrament. But after the public worship was over, I looked about among the people, but could see nobody from whom I might get a token, in order to my being admitted to the Lord's table. Unbelief then began to stir, and say, "What will now become of the promises thou wast looking to?" But I was supported against this by that word that was pressed on my heart—"They went and found even as Jesus had said;" and at that, looking about, I saw a minister who used to furnish me with a token, at which my heart was glad, and having gone quickly to him, I got one, and came away rejoicing in Christ; and my heart was made to cry out in full assurance, "I know I shall not be confounded yet."

When I came to public worship at Kilbride that morning, the sixty-third Psalm from the beginning was sung, in singing of which my heart was lifted up greatly in the praises of God, and I thought the words of the psalm did, in the most lively manner, express my frame, and the pantings of my heart after God. In time of the action sermon, as the minister gave marks to true faith or love, I was enabled to apply them, and to see them belonging to me, and had much love to Christ. My heart longed to get to the table, and went to it without any slavish fear, and felt his presence sensibly. I was made to wonder at the love of the Father in giving his Son, of the Son in giving himself, and of the Holy Spirit in making application to the heart; and renewed covenant with him, with a humble sense of my own vileness and unworthiness, believing that I was a polluted creature in myself. His blood could wash away my sins, and his righteousness could cover me, and make me comely in his sight. I received the seal of the covenant by faith, and felt my heart abundantly filled with love to Christ, and thought he had just made my heart a throne for himself, and got full assurance of his love to my soul.

When I came away from the table, I thought the glory of God quite filled the house, and my heart was quite filled with love and admiration at the love of Christ, in giving and distributing himself to his people. I went out to the fields by myself, and there had still the like communion as in the church in the afternoon; also the like frame continued with me, and so also by the way going home; and after I came home, in secret duties there, and all that night.

On Monday, January 12, in hearing a sermon on that text, "Let the same mind be in you that was in Christ Jesus," my heart was so filled with love to Christ, and earnest desires after him and conformity to him, and to have the same mind in me that was in him, that though I would fain have concealed the exercise and disposition I was then in from those that sat near me, so that it might not be known or noticed by any outward motion, yet I was not able to do it, but forgot all regard to them, and fell a trombling every part of

me,—feeling my soul as it were ready to take its flight out of my body with the ardcy of my panting desires after Christ. And here, by-the-bye, I may notice that from February 1742, till about eight days after the first sacrament at Cambuslang, on the 11th of July that year, I felt the inside of my breast as it had been bruised. In the time of my mistress of soul I felt no pain, but after it was over, when I was at more leisure to attend to what concerned the body, and for ordinary, I felt my breast as it were pained and bruised within; and sometimes I would have been so powerless in time of spiritual distress, that I could not lift up my hand; and my sight so failed me sometimes, that I could not see to read my Bible.

I also heard another sermon on Monday, on that text,—“My God shall supply all your need.” I heard this sermon with much of a like frame as during the former, but with more composure of mind. When I came home that day, I found my heart turn carnal before ever I went to secret prayer, and thereupon found the Spirit of the Lord withdrawn from me, and I was as it were in a dungeon of deep darkness, and thought myself cast out of God's sight altogether—my corruptions were let loose upon me, and I saw nothing in my heart but deadness and looseness; the very mouth of my body was so closed, that I could not get it opened to praise God—I could not get a word to speak to God, but as it were bound in a prison. I thought myself to be a very lump of sin, a monster of wickedness, and that at every breath I was breathing out sin; I had no desires after what was good, and the most horribly wicked thoughts pestered my mind. When I came to think a little with more liberty, I thought that I was not yet converted; and that word that I had sometimes heard came into my thoughts, “Without convictions, no conversion.” I thought I had not had such strong convictions as I saw others under, and upon this I was concluding that all was yet to begin. I went sometimes to my knees, but got nothing said in the anguish of my heart; I threw myself on my bed, and there I thought I was just lying over the mouth of hell, and I knew not but I might drop into it before next day, and I saw myself to be such a sinner that I could not see how it was consistent with the glory of God to let me escape it; and all that I could get said was, “Righteous, righteous art thou, O Lord.” I continued in great distress, without any relief, from that Monday to the other; only one day being in company with some others, and reading the first chapter of John, when I came to the 29th verse,—“Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world,”—at reading of those words I felt my heart within me leap for joy, and after reading the chapter I had some freedom in prayer; but within a little I had just returned to my former darkness and distress, and continued so on Saturday, and on Sabbath I was rather worse, being greatly vexed and harassed with atheistical thoughts. Looking to the text, and thinking on preaching, I thought it was nothing; I thought I was just as dead

as the ground I trod on; *that* was dead and sinless, but I was dead and defiled, and fit for nothing but to be fuel for hell." The minister who was preaching, said, "Some will neither believe that there is a heaven or hell;" at hearing of which words, I thought I was just the person he spoke of, for I could believe nothing; I could scarce believe there was a God, a heaven, or hell. When the design of having the sacrament of the Lord's Supper dispensed a second time in that season was publicly intimated that day, I said in my heart, "It is no matter whether it be or not; for I'll get nothing."

That night, as I was on the road coming home from public ordinances, there was a great storm of thunder and lightning, at which I trembled and was glad to hear it, being then made to believe that there was a God, and so that he was able to change my hard heart. I then began to be grieved for my horrid sin of unbelief; I believed that Christ was the alone Saviour, but thought I had not an interest in him, but would gladly have had it, and been washed in his blood; but I again turned hard-hearted, and was filled with dreadful thoughts, and was almost like to give over for lost, and to cast away all hope. And thus I continued in time of family worship at night; I could not sing any psalms; but when I was ready to despair, I was helped to think of Christ's coming into the world to save sinners, his dying on the cross to redeem them, and of his resurrection. And yet, while I was thinking on these subjects, horribly wicked thoughts were intermixing very thick, and with great violence; yet in these thoughts of Christ I found the temper of my heart beginning to alter, and some small degree of faith returning, and then that word was pressed on my heart, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things," and along with that word, power and strength were conveyed to my soul; and though I doubted of my interest in Christ, I resolved by faith to venture my soul into the hands of that all-sufficient Saviour, and to lean to his power to save and to banish these wicked and hellish thoughts from my heart. Though I was hard pursued, I got strength to resist, so that I was not just overcome, and groaned out my heart to him for strength to support me when I was ready to faint; and just as I was groaning to him to interpose in my behalf, a beam of divine light shined into my heart from heaven in a moment with great brightness. Upon that my soul's enemies fled and vanished, and gave no more disturbance at that time, and I felt much sweet light and love in my soul, and there came as it were a song into my heart in these words,—

"Be thou exalted very high,  
Above the heavens, O God."

I was grieved for all my sins, and especially for my unbelief, and found my heart melted down into an ingenuous relenting, as one doth for offending a dear friend. I thought, also, when one glimpse of glory was so sweet, as I then felt it, how infinitely ravishing must the full enjoyment of glory be! This sweetened the thoughts of death to me, as being an inlet to glory, and made me long for it at

that time, and think, oh, how sweet it would be to die in this frame? I went into a house by myself to praise him, and there I thought I was made to see Christ's heart full of love; and though my sins were very great, yet, when I looked to the ocean of his blood, I thought it was able to cover them all, and to wash them all away. I thought I saw him so great and glorious that he seemed as it were too great for such a sinner as I to approach, but that word, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," being darted into my heart, filled me with his love, and encouraged me to come; and I did come to him by faith, and took hold of him, and his covenant, and strength, closed with him on his own terms, believing that he was able to save to the uttermost; and I was thereupon made to believe that my sins were washed away in his blood. I looked, with a heart inflamed with love to him, and as having his heart full of love to me, and his love running on, in one continued stream, from everlasting to everlasting. And this inflamed my love to him still more and more, and filled me with wonder and admiration at his love that passes knowledge. With this sweet frame I went to bed; but his glory so filled my heart that I slept little or none that night, but spent it in the ravishing contemplation of his love, excellency, and glory.

This frame continued with me, in some measure, on Tuesday and Wednesday following, and so also on Thursday forenoon, at which time I went out and threw myself on the grass, and found my heart carried upward, and the glory of God and his love wonderfully filled my soul. A representation was spiritually made to my heart, and to the eye of faith, that all the holy angels and saints were praising God in glory above, and that the saints were singing their hallelujahs and their new song to him that loved and redeemed us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and were ascribing majesty, power, strength, dominion, and glory to him. And I was then made to think, Oh, that I might be admitted to join in my note of praise and my hallelujahs among that blessed company, for he had covered my polluted soul with garments rolled in blood, and he had now covered me with the robe of his righteousness and garments of praise, and had enriched me with durable riches and hidden treasures, and put on my head a crown of gold. I mean that he had done all this to my soul. I thought that he had now given me all my desire, excepting that he had not yet put me in possession of heaven and eternal glory, and that I was afraid I might be left again to the power of my own corruptions, and that sin might yet prevail against me. I continued in this frame for some little space, and then I found that glory withdrawn, and the sensible motions of love in my heart turn weak and languishing.

Thus, dear reader, we have given you original sketches of the interior of a soul born again, brought through the tribulations, and landed safe in glory. You have both sides of a vital experience in what we have given. The Lord bless it to you greatly.

## ARE WE NOT APPROACHING SOME GREAT ERA ?

"And of the children of Issachar, which were men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do; the heads of them were two hundred; and all their brethren were at their commandment."

THE Lord having proposed to advance David on the throne, accomplished his design, notwithstanding the apparently insurmountable difficulties that were in the way, for "He worketh all things after the counsel of his own will;" and there is much in the reign of David to furnish us with instruction concerning the government and conquest of David's Lord, whom God hath set upon his holy hill Zion. But of these things we shall not now speak particularly. There are two things to be considered in the words of our text;—a commendation of wisdom, and its practical bearing.

I.—A commendation of wisdom. And here we may notice, to whom it is given, and in what it consists.

1. To whom it is given. The persons are described from their office. They are called, "the heads of the people," being appointed to rule over them. Such was the instituted order of things in the kingdom of David; and we have a similar order of things in the kingdom of Jesus Christ. Many attempts have been made to break it; one system after another has been set up for the purpose of overthrowing it, but it still remains, and will continue to do so, for the promise of Christ to his servants runs thus, "Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." The ministers of Jesus are chosen and qualified for their office. Our Lord referring to Paul said, "He is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name among the Gentiles;" and the apostle could and did lay his credentials before the people as "Paul, an apostle (not of men, neither by man) but by Jesus Christ, and God the Father, who raised him from the dead." Again, they are to rule in subordination to the Word of God; they have no dominion over the faith of the people among whom they minister, to demand their belief of any doctrine that cannot be supported with a "Thus saith the Lord;" nor have they any right to enjoin obedience to any ordinance that the Great Head of the Church has not appointed. Let our infant sprinklers consider this. If this rule (the Word of God) be departed from, all manner of errors may creep in. Further, in the discharge of their office, love and fidelity are necessary. Love seeketh not her own, but the welfare of the people. Without affection, a man's spirit will be harsh, sour, and contracted, while his words will lack that holy fire which warms the heart. Faithfulness must be blended with affection, else a part of the counsel of God will be kept back. The faithful servants traded with the truth, exhibiting it in their ministry in all its excellency, suitability, and harmony, and received the master's approbation, while the unfaithful servant concealed the truth, and was condemned by his Lord. Matt. xxv.

14—30. Love will make a man kind, fidelity will keep him firm.

2. In what it consists. "They had understanding of the times." In calling attention to the present state of things, no apology will be deemed necessary, seeing we have the best of all precedents, those holy men of old "who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Indeed, persons must be insensitive whose minds are not awakened and impressed with the important events of our day. Are we not approaching some great era, pointed out in the Scriptures of truth? Shall we take a glance at the state of the world? *It is a time of the shaking of nations.* We are in alliance with other nations to check that spirit of ambition and aggression which has been so predominant in the ruling power of Russia, and as particulars are so fully known, it is not requisite that we should enlarge. Italy is in a state very similar to that of a volcano previous to some fearful explosion—and not to name more, China has been convulsed by the movements of a party in a very extraordinary way. Now are not these things clearly spoken of as preparatory to the introduction of the gospel, and the establishment of the kingdom of the dear Redeemer? "I will overthrow, overthrow, overthrow it, and it shall be no more until he come whose right it is; and I will give it him." Ezek. xx. 27. And Paul referring to the prophet Haggai, writes thus, "Now hath he promised, saying, Yet once more I shake not the earth only, but also heaven; and this word, yet once more, significth the removing of those things that are shaken, as of things that are made, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain." Heb. xii. 26, 27. The Dagon of error, superstition, idolatry, and popery, must fall before the ark of God. Truth is mighty, and shall prevail, and the time will come when there shall be one simultaneous outburst of joy, "Hallelujah, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, for the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ." Rev. ii. 15.

*It is a time of prevailing infidelity.* No God! no Bible! is the language of many, and most heartily do I agree with the editor of the *Gospel Standard* in his remark some time since, that "We have greater cause to fear the spread of infidelity than the increase and power of popery." I confess I cannot fall in with the view of those good men who think the church of God will witness a recurrence of those scenes which took place in by-gone days. Of course, such an opinion may be incorrect, and I therefore submit it to others with becoming modesty. The seed of this abominable principle is sown in the human heart, and without Divine restraint it will manifest itself in open hostility to God and his Word; and may we not say, there is much practical infidelity among professing Christians? Sometimes it happens that a person after standing in connexion with some religious body, shall be found going over to the

ranks of the enemy. Such may have gone a round of duty for several years, but have never felt the plague of sin, nor yet realized the preciousness of salvation. They had read the Bible, but its truths had never been sealed home upon their hearts; they had also prayed, as they thought, but had never felt the power of the Spirit, helping their infirmities; and they might have sat under the gospel, but it proved, not the "savour of life unto life, but of death unto death" to them; and thus, being strangers to the reality of godliness, they have come to the conclusion, "there is nothing in religion;" having assumed a character that never belonged to them, they now cry out, "religion is all a farce." Poor things! if grace prevail not, they will learn to their cost in another world, if not in this, the awful delusion.

We pass on to consider the state of things in the church. And here we have a dark side and a bright one. *A dark side.* It is a day of great profession with many, without the possession of grace. Look at the 3rd chapter of the 2nd epistle of Timothy, "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come; for men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." A solemn statement, and a dreadful condition. False charity would interfere here, and say, Let other people alone; but true charity says, Cry out, sound an alarm, the Lord may bless it to the good of some poor soul. Dear readers, examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith or not. The time will come when your religion will have to be put to the test, and nothing but what is vital in its nature and divine in its author, will stand. Under the dark side, we may also notice, the evident lack of spirituality among the people of God, and to this may be traced those scenes of contention and division that abound. The devil appears to be very busy in this way, to disunite the family of God, and to scatter the flock of the Lord Jesus; and the craft he displays here is truly astonishing. Thus to our shame be it spoken, those tongues which might be employed in a way acceptable to God, and profitable to the saints, are used by Satan to God's dishonour, to the injury of the godly, and to the disgrace of those who are so engaged. I will not extend my remarks upon this part, but proceed to notice—

*The bright side,* for, blessed be God, it is not all dark and gloomy. Zion is irradiated with beams of grace from the Sun of Righteousness, and it is not difficult to perceive that the Lord is in the midst of her, according to his word. One very pleasing circumstance is, the translation of the Scriptures into so many different languages, and its free circulation among the people. Surely the Lord is thus making way for the manifestation of his power in the illumination of the minds of those "whose eyes the god of this

world hath blinded. Having strong faith in the word of Jehovah, we cannot but believe the triumphs the Spirit of God will achieve thereby will be great indeed. As the time of the Reformation approached, we find a Monk, with a burdened conscience, who had in vain sought to obtain relief by those ceremonies prescribed by the community to which he belonged—we find him taking from a shelf a book, the very title of which indicates its superiority—"The Bible." There the great question which agitated his soul was answered satisfactorily, the glorious doctrine of justification by faith without the works of the law, illumined his mind, liberated his spirit, and trauguilised his soul. Luther felt another man, and now he began to act like another man; the instruction he received he imparts, and not only does he open his mouth to publish the good tidings, but uses his pen to put into the hands of the people that word which had been so much blessed to his own soul. May we not take it for granted that wherever the Bible is sent the Lord hath gracious purposes to answer? Hath he not affirmed, "My word shall not return unto me void?" Again, I do not think it would be saying too much to assert, that there never was a period when there were so many causes of truth, and so many men employed in preaching the doctrines of free and distinguishing grace, as there now is. We may not have many stars of the first magnitude, but there are many who are usefully engaged in the work of the Lord, and through whom the Lord transmits some rays of heavenly light upon Zion. Such are well adapted for a certain sphere, and while they remain in it God honours them; without these captains over a small number, many who now hear the joyful sound regularly, would seldom be privileged to listen to the gospel, for we cannot expect the captains of thousands to leave their post to attend unto them. It is well to remember that God has his own men to do his own work. Much more might be introduced here, but we must avoid prolixity. A question arises—From whence have the servants of God the understanding of the times? To which we reply, first, from the Spirit. Numbers of publications have been sent forth of late upon this subject, but unless men are guided by the Holy Ghost they can but speculate; as it was of old, Jehovah revealed things to his own servants, so it is now. Oh, may the ministers of Jesus be favoured with more of the mind of the Spirit; this will enrich their ministrations, and impart instruction to their hearers. Secondly, from observation. They are called watchmen, and like the living creatures we read of in Ezekiel, they need "be full of eyes." Can it be, that one sustaining so important an office, can be indifferent to the state of things in the church and in the world? Shall it have to be declared that they allow events of the most momentous nature to transpire without concerning themselves to know what the Lord was about to do? Would they, in such a case, resemble Daniel and others whom the Lord raised up in the church, or would they not rather answer to the description—"blind watchmen?" Third-

ly, from the Scriptures. Few and faint may appear to be the outlines of the present and future history of the church and the world, but a close application to the word and constant study thereof, with a humble, prayerful spirit, will prove the means by which the Spirit of God will discover things to the mind.

II.—The practical bearing of their wisdom is stated, "To know what Israel ought to do," and the testimony concerning the people is worthy of observation: it is said, "That all their brethren were at their commandment." What suggestions, then, can be offered by way of counsel to the people of God? Can we gather from the Word of God a few things to lay before the church which shall be serviceable? This may not be the most easy part of our work on several accounts, still it is necessary. As a lover of Zion and a seeker of her good, I would recommend the following things:—

1. Earnest prayer. To this we find the saints of old resorted, and to this we find the servants of God direct them; and we know "the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much." Is the name of the Lord, which is supremely dear and precious to our souls, blasphemed; yea, more, is his very existence denied? Let us pray, "Hallowed be thy name." Do we long to see the Lord Jesus take to him his great power and reign? Oh, may this be our language at the throne of grace, "Thy kingdom come." Whatever threatening evils we may wish to see averted, and whatever blessings we may desire to have dispensed, may form so many petitions at the throne.

2. Decision of character, which may include two things:—Separation from the world. Unnecessary intercourse with the world has a blighting influence upon the child of God, and conformity thereto the great mark of distinction between the two seeds is undiscovered. Oh, believer, your Lord Jesus declares concerning his disciples, "They are not of this world." Zeal for the truth.—"Say ye not a confederacy" with the enemies of the high doctrines, as they are termed, but "Earnestly contend for the truth as delivered to the saints." Truth is too valuable to be sacrificed; if that be taken away we lose our all.

3. Constant attendance at the house of God. Eventful times were at hand when Paul wrote his Epistle to the Hebrews, and he gives this advice: "Let us consider one another, to provoke unto love and to good works: Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is, but exhorting one another: and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching." And mark how, in a time of great corruption and trouble, the righteous are distinguished and approved. Mal. iii. 16, 17: "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for all that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels: and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that loveth him."

4. Endeavour to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace,—beware of a litigious spirit. Some, under the influence of pride and self-conceit, have fearfully fallen. Satan, who oft transfers himself into an angel of light, will try and flatter us that we have a very deep experience, that our knowledge is superior to others, and our attainments far greater. This will lead us to despise the family of God, and to set up ourselves as something when in reality we are nothing, and in our right minds confess we are less than nothing. The more we have received the less we have to boast of, inasmuch, as we are the greater debtors. Avoid all such as are of contentious spirit, as ye would some pestilence, else you are sure to suffer harm.

Lastly. Be concerned about the state of your own soul. The time will soon arrive when every thing short of the "root of the matter" and of the "one thing needful" will prove insufficient; yea, useless. To be waiting for the Lord's appearing is a desirable frame of mind. When Daniel's mind had been fixed upon the things which had been discovered to him, Michael concludes as follows: "Go thou thy way till the end be; for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days." May a similar assurance be granted to reader and writer. Amen.

Northampton.

W. LEACH.

## PETER'S VISION.

"On the morrow, as they went on their journey, and drew nigh unto the city, Peter went up upon the housetop to pray, about the sixth hour: and he became very hungry, and would have eaten; but while they made ready, he fell into a trance, and saw heaven opened, and a certain vessel descending unto him, as it had been a great sheet, knit at the four corners, and let down to the earth; wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, and fowls of the air. And there came a voice to him, Rise, Peter: kill, and eat. But Peter said, Not so, Lord: for I have never eaten anything that is common or unclean. And the voice spake unto him again the second time, What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common. This was done thrice: and the vessel was received up again into heaven."

WHEREVER the Lord has one of his elect, who needs instruction, there a teacher shall be sent, notwithstanding the many difficulties and obstacles which may be encountered. This is verified in the case of Cornelius the centurion; he was a Roman soldier, an officer, placed at the head of one hundred men, surrounded by evil persons and temptations in almost every shape and form. Nevertheless, the foundation of God stood firm: for the Lord knew him as one of his; and so wrought upon his soul, that the man of war became a man of prayer; and the fearless soldier became one who feared God. But it seems that he was dark, and comparatively ignorant of the great scheme of salvation, through a crucified Redeemer; therefore Peter was appointed to become his instructor; but then Peter was a Jew—Cornelius was a Gentile; and it was not lawful for a Jew to keep company, or to come unto one of another nation. But this difficulty was soon removed, by the



vision which Peter saw, and which forms the subject of the present discourse. He soon learnt that God was no respecter of persons; but in every nation, he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him. In speaking of this vision, we will notice,

I.—The sheet. And,

II.—Its contents.

I.—The sheet. By this sheet I understand the covenant of grace, in which all manner of unclean persons, cleansed by God, are found. The covenant of grace may well be compared to a white linen sheet.

1st, Because of its purity; white being emblematic of purity and holiness. The covenant of works was polluted, in a certain sense, when our first parent sinned; but the covenant of grace is an holy covenant; (Luke i. 72); a covenant in which holy persons were the parties covenanting; the Maker of the covenant is holy; (Jer. xxxi. 31; Psa. cxlv. 17); the Mediator of the covenant is holy; (Heb. viii. 6, and vi. 26); the Manifestator of the covenant is holy—therefore called the Holy Ghost; the ministers of the covenant are holy—holy angels, (Heb. i. 14; Matt. xxv. 31), and holy men of God, (2 Peter i. 21). Again, those who participate in the blessings of the covenant are made holy—hence called holy brethren (Heb. iii. 1).

2nd, Because of its strength. The word used in the original signifies a *linen* sheet. A cotton sheet would be easily rent; but linen, being much stronger, could only be torn by main force. The old covenant was as an old cotton sheet, in which a rent being easily made, it could no longer support that which it had held; and all the unclean beasts, creeping things, &c., tumbled through into the mire of sin, pollution and death. But such a catastrophe can never take place with the linen sheet of the new covenant; it is strong, and will for ever hold those which are placed in it. It is a most ancient piece of manufacture, woven in the looms of heaven, ere time began, by the great Three-One Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

3rd, Because of its durability. Almost every person knows that a linen sheet is more durable than a cotton one. The cotton sheet of the old covenant did not wear long; it was worn out almost the first time of using; so that our first parent could not hand it down to us unimpaired as an article of value; for he had used it *so roughly* as to deprive it of all its worth. (Heb. viii. 13). But the linen sheet of the new covenant has stood the wear of ages, and still remains uninjured. It will never be the worse for wear, for it is everlasting, (Ezek. xxxvii. 26). This covenant gives durable riches, (Prov. viii. 18), incorruptible treasures, (Matt. vi. 20), durable clothing, (Isaiah xxiii. 18), everlasting righteousness, (Dan. ix. 24): in fact, all that is needful for time or eternity.

4th, Because of its value. The word rendered *sheet* is sometimes used to signify a *fine* linen sheet, or a piece of *fine* linen—the fineness being expressive of its value. The new covenant is of great value: look at its *cost price*: the fulfilment of it cost the Father his

Son, the Son his life, and the Holy Spirit its mighty strivings. It is valuable, for it gives to all who are interested in it, everything good to be desired. It gives riches; (Prov. v. 16); it gives honour; (Prov. viii. 18); it gives a good name; (Isaiah lvi. 5); it gives pardon, peace, justification, sanctification, and eternal glory.

5th, Because of its magnitude. It was a great sheet; so the covenant of grace is a great covenant. In the contriving of it we see great love, great wisdom, great power, great justice, great holiness, great hatred to sin, yet great mercy towards the sinner. In the fulfilling of it we see great wrath because of sin, shewn by the Father; great suffering borne by the Son; great patience exercised by the Holy Ghost. In the reception of the blessings purchased by it, we find great peace, great joy, great hope, great happiness, great satisfaction. This covenant is large enough for the greatest sinner, and there is room in it for the least saint.

6th, Because of its form. It was square, having four sides, or edges, and four corners; thus shewing that Christ shall gather his elect from the four winds of heaven, (Matt. xxiv. 31), and from the four quarters of the globe. The new covenant, like the New Jerusalem, lieth foursquare; and the length is as large as the breadth. (Rev. xxi. 16). It is uniform and consistent in all its parts. There is not more mercy seen, than justice, not more love for sinners than hatred of sin; all is consistent, all in harmony; nothing distorted, but all the attributes and perfections of God seen in their proper places.

7th, Because this sheet was knit at the four corners; the intention of which would be, to prevent the beasts from falling, jumping, creeping, or flying out. So the covenant of grace is contrived in such a way, that none can fall, jump, creep, or fly out of it. To use another figure, it is like the ark; the windows and doors are all shut, so that there is no possibility of those who are within, being drowned in the flood of God's wrath. But we ask, what is it which prevents the children of God falling short of the blessings of the covenant of grace? I answer, God's love, power, faithfulness, and justice, are as the four knitted corners of the sheet, which prevents any from falling out. We cannot fall, because he loves us with an everlasting love, protects us with Almighty power, does not change towards us because of his immutability, and will not lose us because of his justice. Were Jesus to lose but one of his sheep, his loving heart would be wounded, his power would be proved insufficient, his faithfulness would be annulled, and his justice would be stained with an indelible blot.

Who might ask, was this sheet let down from heaven with or without any visible support? We are not told; it is left for us to conjecture. We may say that the invisible power of the Almighty is the support of it; or we might speak of the sweet and precious truth, election, as being a golden chain, or silken cord, which is tied with the firm, untieable knot of love; or we might suppose that four-

winged angels, each having hold of one corner of the sheet, descended and ascended, supporting its precious contents. In the Book of the Revelation we read of four beasts, having wings, who represent the ministers of the gospel; and in a certain sense they may be said to hold up the knitted corners of this new covenant sheet, as Paul said he was set for the defence of the gospel. (Phil. i. 7).

In Psalm lxxxv. we read, "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and truth have kissed each other." When was this? When the new covenant sheet was let down from heaven in the Person of the Lord Jesus Christ. When this took place, mercy and truth, righteousness and peace, met, embraced, and kissed each other. Then mercy took hold of the corner called justice; truth, of the corner called power; righteousness, of the corner called faithfulness; and peace, of the corner called love. Thus the sheet was borne; and these four inhabitants of heaven joyfully took wing, descending with their precious treasure, and singing in sweetest harmony, "Glory to God in the highest! and on earth, peace, good-will towards man!"

Again. This sheet is spoken of as a vessel—"a certain vessel;" which, if we keep to the strict meaning of the word, signifies "a vessel to contain liquor." The new covenant vessel contains that wine which, having stood on the lees, has often cheered the heart of God and man. (Judges ix. 13). This wine was made of that luscious and precious bunch of Eschol grapes—the Lord Jesus Christ—who was trodden down in the wine press without Jerusalem's gate. It is soul-reviving wine. Saints be not fearful of it. Drink of it deep as you can. For Jesus says, "Drink! yea, drink abundantly, oh beloved!" Cant. v. 1. This wine will not destroy your health. It is the restorer of health; it will not make you poor, but cause you to forget your poverty and misery. Prov. xxxi. 7. It will not deprive you of your honor, but cause you to realise the honorable position in which you stand; for this is the true wine, which cheers, but not inebriates.

But then, every vessel is not filled with wine; so in the covenant of grace, there is milk provided for the babes, and water of life for the thirsty soul. There is also the bitter, nauseous, disagreeable draught of persecution, temptation, and affliction, which, as medicine, is provided for us in the covenant, in order that our spiritual system may be kept in health.

Again. This word rendered *vessel*, is in the French translated a *sail*—i.e., the sail of a ship. Here we have a new figure—the covenant of grace compared to the sail of a ship. Why? Because a sail should be hoisted upon the mast of the ship, if it is to be useful. So the covenant of grace, in the Person of Jesus, must be hoisted upon the gospel pole, which is the work of the gospel ministry. But how badly is this work performed! Many who pretend to be gospel sailors, make all sorts of excuses for not hoisting this covenant sail. Some say it is dangerous to do so; and that if this sail is hoisted, the ship will be driven

upon the rocks; others seem afraid to hoist it because it is an old-fashioned sail. They hoist a part of it, and above it they unreef the hell-woven sail of fine-spun philosophy, or human tradition. The ship with such sails makes but little progress, but is drifted about by the tempestuous waves; and if grace prevent not, will eventually be driven on the rocks of perdition. How fond some are of hoisting the rags of their own righteousness, as sails, expecting the heavenly breezes to fill them; but they are deceived: nothing of our own wearing or doing will ever answer the purpose; therefore, down with the torn, ragged, and filthy sails of creature-doings, and man's righteousness! and in their place hoist up fearlessly the glorious sail of the covenant of grace! then the heavenly winds will blow, and soon the ship will be wafted to the desired haven.

II.—We notice the contents of this sheet, vessel, or sail: "All manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air. This heterogeneous number of creatures represents the elect family of God, who are of every nation, kindred, tongue, and people, every one being by nature unclean, yet, through grace, cleansed from all impurity. Now we will first look at this description as having reference to the children of God whilst in a state of nature. And,

1st, We notice the four-footed beasts of the earth. A four-footed beast has no reason; they have instinct, but not understanding. This is spiritually our state by nature; there is no spiritual understanding in us. We neither understand the law nor the gospel; hence, we imagine that the law, which is the ministration of death, is the way of life; and Christ, who has made the way of life plain, is to us a Stumblingblock. (1 Cor. i. 23.)

Again. A four-footed beast is quite content with the things of the earth. Its eyes are fixed upon the ground, or earthly objects, and it is seldom seen to look upwards. Such are we in a state of nature. Like Bunyan's man with the muckrake, we can look no way but downwards; and it is but seldom that we even think of anything above.

Again. The beast has no power to reach the heavens—not having any wings. So man himself

"— can neither fly nor go,  
To reach eternal joys."

If only one act of obedience were required of us as a condition, that single act we could not perfectly perform.

2nd, Wild beasts. Wild beasts are many of them voracious, greedy, cruel, unsocial, and dangerous—tearing in pieces everything they can lay hold of. And such were some of the Lord's people. Look at that wild beast Manasseh, who made the streets of Jerusalem to run with innocent blood. Yet his name was enrolled in the covenant of grace. Look again at that greedy, cruel beast, Saul of Tarsus: yet he was a chosen vessel unto God. The lion became as a lamb; the persecutor of the Christians became the preacher of Christ:

these are not all: thousands upon thousands of the most profligate, hardened, daring, and presumptuous sinners brought as humble penitents to the feet of Jesus, crying, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

3rd, Creeping things. "Every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, shall be an abomination." Lev. xi. 41. All men by nature are creeping things, creeping into all manner of sin and iniquity, making themselves abominably filthy and vile. Therefore, all men by nature are an abomination; they are an abomination to God; for as sinners his holy soul abhors them. (Lev. xxvi. 30). They are an abomination to angels; for being holy, they hate sin with a perfect hatred; yet, wonder of wonders! God has chosen many of those whose sins he abhorred, and has cleansed them from all pollution, making them holy, like himself.

4th, Fowls of the air. These represent those high-flying professors, who, if it be *true* what they say, are able to fly to heaven in their own strength, and keep above the pollutions of the world. But even some of these poor deluded fowls of the air are found in the sheet of the covenant; but their wings are clipped, their power is gone; and they find in their experience that it is not by might, nor by power, but by God's Spirit, that they are enabled to do any heavenly thing. Saul may be also compared to one of these, for he was a Pharisee of the Pharisees.

Secondly, This description may have reference to the childhood of the covenant when in a state of grace; for many of them,

1st, Like the beasts, are often found grovelling here below; and, comparatively speaking, it is but seldom they lift their eyes to heaven. O, how needful in the present day is the apostle's exhortation—"Set your affection on things above, and not on things on the earth." Col. iii. 1.

2nd, Some of them greatly resemble the wild beasts, instead of the followers of the Lamb. They are cruel, revengeful, bitter, unsocial, unchristianlike; but yet they are the Lord's, and they suffer for it. Their ways bring upon them the rod, and the reproof of their Father. How often is he obliged to say to them,—“Avenge not yourselves; for vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.” Rom. xii. 19. And how frequently does their conduct call for the exhortations, “Love as brethren: be pitiful, be courteous.” 1 Peter iii. 8. I do not say that this is the general character of God's people—far from it; but there a *few*, who, because of their dispositions and tempers, may well be called “wild beasts.”

3rd, Creeping things. Nine tenths of God's people will class themselves in this division, nearly all saying, If I am anything at all, it is a poor, creeping thing, hardly able to crawl on in my way to heaven, trodden under foot by sin, *satan*, and the world, and often full of fears, lest I should be trodden to death. Ah, well! poor creeping thing as you are, take courage! Jesus himself was pleased at one time to class himself in your division. He says, “I am a worm, and no man.” Psalm xxii. 6. And even the creeping things went in two by two

into the ark (Gen. vii. 9), and none perished on the way. So you, mean and insignificant as you are, will surely arrive safe at last. “Therefore, let all the creeping things praise the name of the Lord.” Psalm clxviii. 10.

4th, Fowls of the air. These may represent those favoured sons of the covenant, who, living near to God, are often enabled to fly above the clouds, see the King in his beauty, and catch a glimpse of that land that is very far off. (Isaiah xxxiii. 17).

“On wings of faith they rise  
To Jesus Christ, their King;  
And view him in the skies,  
And then his praises sing.”

Let not the creeping things be discouraged; for soon, like the caterpillar, they will have wings and beauty given to them, with which they will soar

“To worlds above,  
Where happy spirits dwell.”

3rd, We remark with regard to these beasts, which Peter saw, that they were all of them common, or unclean—*i.e.*, they appeared to him to be so; because he knew not that they had been cleansed by God. The two words here used, *common*, and *unclean*, signify similar things; the only difference being, the one is used to signify those things which, being clean in their kind, were rendered unclean by accident or circumstances—such as being wounded, &c. (See Lev. xi. 31—40). Now, whilst in a state of nature, all the children of the covenant are unclean.

1st, They are federally unclean, being the offspring of an unclean parent. (Job xv. 14). 2nd, They are naturally unclean, being shapen in iniquity, and conceived in sin. (Psalm li. 5). 3rd, They are made unclean by actual transgression—for “all have sinned.”

But they are cleansed by God. 1st, cleansed decreetively. His decree in eternity was, that they should be all cleansed. Hence we find him giving the promise, “From all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you.” Ezek. xxxvi. 25. 2nd, Cleansed virtually. This was done when Jesus spilt his precious blood; when he took our sins upon him, that moment the whole church was virtually cleansed; so that even the omniscient eye of Jehovah beholds no spot or stain of sin in her. (Cant. iv. 7). 3rd, Cleansed experimentally, when washed in that Fountain open for sin and uncleanness; when brought to feel that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's dear Son, cleanseth us from all sin. 4th, Cleansed judicially, when before the judgment seat, the challenge will be given forth by our Jesus, “Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?” This cleansing is a perfect cleansing; no spot remains: it is an eternal cleansing; we never can again become unclean.

4thly, With regard to the beasts, &c., we remark, that although they were of natures diverse and opposite to each other, yet they were all in one sheet. Neither do we read of any fighting or contention amongst them. So the children of God, whatever be their dispo-

sition, their nation, or their colour, they are all in the covenant, all belong to one family; and therefore should dwell together in unity and love, without strife or contention.

In conclusion. This sheet came down from heaven, and is taken back to heaven; so the covenant of grace, in the Person of Jesus, descended from heaven, and ascended to heaven; and each one of his elect, having a representative being in him, descended and ascended with him; and although they may now be, as it were, for the gazing-stock of devils and men, as these beasts were gazed at by Peter, yet still they shall be taken up safe at last, none being frightened out or thrown out of this new covenant sheet. B. DAVIES.

South Chard, Sept. 18.

## THE GOSPEL MINISTRY:

BEING THE SUBSTANCE OF  
A CHARGE

DELIVERED TO MR. W. CAUNT, AT EBENEZER  
CHAPEL, GREENWICH,  
BY MR. JAMES WELLS.

We are not assembled to-day to make a minister, but to recognize you, as one who hath already obtained the grace of God, to be faithful. We have assembled to see the grace of God; we have seen it, and are glad; and as you have this day witnessed a good confession before many witnesses, I will, as far as lieth in me, proceed to say a few things upon the holy and great work upon which you have entered. You will find our text in Matt. the 10th, and at the 22nd verse—"He that endureth to the end, shall be saved." I have taken these words as a text, but shall follow them only, or as chiefly they apply to the solemnities in which we are now placed. I will endeavor, then, to shew,

I.—What you are.

II.—Where you are.

III.—When you are.

IV.—What you are to do.

V.—The salvation you will find in and at the end of your work.

I.—What you are. You are a sinner saved by grace; a poor, helpless, ruined sinner. You have been brought to see and feel this to be your state before God; nor, to make you useful to others, can you know too much of your own heart. The lower you are sunk in sin's convictions, and soul trouble, the more earnest will be your supplications at the throne of grace, and all the better will you be fitted to weep with them that weep; and a very great part of the experience of the people of God in the wilderness of this world, is that of mourning, lamentation, and woe. "Woe is me!" often rises from a cast-down spirit; and in these paths you will have to walk, and that more and more. You may not be surprised if you are so beset with the infidelities of your heart, that you could even doubt the truth of the Bible itself. You must not think it strange if you are beset again, again, and again, with evils rising from a deceitful heart, which you dare not name. Yes, it will be out of mighty depths you will

have to cry, and you will go on to be more and more base in your own sight. It is in this way you will be more and more qualified to preach to sinners, as you will so well know what a sinner is—not from book learning or from hearsay, but from the wormwood and the gall, which you shall taste. Yes, truly you shall groan being burdened, or you would soon despise the prisoner, the poor and the needy; but you will be kept in a path in which you cannot despise them without despising yourself; nor can you despise them without despising God's testimony concerning them; and you would in effect despise the Lord himself.

The Lord himself will qualify his own ministers. Moses must have his forty years in the wilderness, before he is called to deliver Israel; and when he was called, he was for making sure work of it. He tried his mission at every point, even so far as to question whether the Lord ought to send him at all, or not; and he prevailed with God, and had all that revelation of the mind and will of God, and assurance that God would be with him, that he went upon sure ground. His hope and faith were in God. So you, my brother; you feel that what is done must be done by the Lord himself. All you can do is to lift up, and set forth, and stretch forth, the rod of God's truth. It is God alone that can accompany it with such power as to set the prisoner free; and I hope you will feel what Moses, who was faithful in all his house, felt—the importance of abiding by every part of the pattern shewn to you in the mount of Divine revelation, of the order of the true tabernacle, which God pitched, and not man; and thus obey the commands of none but of Him whose you are, and whom you serve. Isaiah must tremble before the Holy One; he must see sin and self in God's own pure and holy light, and be made to confess the truth—that is, that he was unclean, and by nature had his portion even as others—among the unclean; and that therefore none but God himself could make any essential difference between him and others. His heart was well prepared for the Word of truth, and his soul for pardoning mercy. The altar of sacrifice was at hand; the Seraphim knew whence to take the live coal—it was from the altar of burnt offering; not from Sinai, for that is a killing fire; but from the altar of that sacrifice which maketh alive. So you, my brother; you having felt something of the same pardoning mercy, and that by the words which are spirit and life, now the Lord has made a seraphim of you. A seraphim means a fiery one; and he will make his ministers a flame of fire. And the more fiery you are, the better; only it must be holy fire, from the living truths of the gospel; and these all come to us from the altar of burnt offering, and all the savour of the atonement there made; as it is here that you have found mercy; as it is here that pardon has been brought home to your own soul; as it is here that the love of God has been shed abroad in your own heart; as it is here that you have been made willing to lay down, if need be, your life for the Lord Jesus; as it is here you have learnt for yourself what you

are to preach to others, so you must know nothing among men, but Jesus Christ, and him crucified.

Again, then, I say, you are a sinner saved by grace; you know something of standing before the Lord in all humility, clothed with filthy garments, these being the best you had; so you were forced, if you appeared at all, to appear in these; while satan was standing at your right hand to resist you, placing his hope upon the ground of your despair; you all but despairing of mercy, and satan *hoping* you would be cast away, that he may take possession of you, and lead you captive at his will; but God had mercy upon you, and pleaded your cause, and bruised satan down under your feet; commanded for you a change of raiment; and you, as a brand plucked out of the fire, *forget this*, and you cease to be a faithful witness for God. You *know how you were plucked out of the fire*. Well, then, preach to others as God himself hath preached to you; then your sentence will come forth from his presence; it will be as the word of a king, and there will be power. Therefore, in preaching to others, do not forget what you are yourself.

You know the Lord Jesus made a minister of Saul of Tarsus; and you know, or have an idea, of the reason that he was kept three days and three nights without sight, and did neither eat nor drink. Was it not rapidly to discipline him into a knowledge of his own state and helplessness as a sinner before God? and may it not have been also a means of engraving upon his mind the death and resurrection of Him whom he was destined so mightily to preach, as well as to prepare him to receive the whole counsel of God? And having at the beginning received the whole range of truth, he could at the end say, "I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God." Acts xx. 27. Hence, when Ananias came to him, he was well prepared to receive the truth of eternal election, the good, the acceptable, and perfect will of God, and listen to the voice of Him who hath said,— "My sheep shall never perish." Brother Saul, the God of our Fathers hath chosen thee, that thou shouldst know his will, and hear the voice of his mouth.

Now, then, let me again say that you are a sinner saved by grace, and a minister of the everlasting gospel. You will from your own experience, and from the Word of God, know how to handle both promise and precept; and do not fall into the general custom of the day, of telling the people to do what you neither do, nor can do yourself; and if you tell the people it is their own fault if they do not hear better, they can with equal propriety tell you that it is your own fault if you do not preach better. Do not preach a doctrine to them that you do not take to yourself; over practise your preaching, rather than over preach your practice, lest men be led to think of you above that which they see you to be. Your object must be to make known the savour of his knowledge in every place, and the Lord of all will be with you always, even unto the end of the world.

I will now,

II.—Notice *where* you are. You are on *new covenant ground*. Understand, then, the nature of the ministry in which you are engaged; see that you pervert it not. You are not to blend law with gospel; you are not to blend the two covenants. The covenant you have to deal with is a covenant "ordored in all things and sure." You will have then, rightly to divide the word of truth; for if it be not a light thing to pervert or attempt to disannul, or add unto a man's covenant or will; if trustees dare not alter the will of the testator, under which they are to act, how much less must you attempt to alter that testament of God's good will to men, which was sealed by the death of Christ Jesus the Lord. The highest angel in heaven would, in so doing be accursed. Let, then, your foundations be right and rightly laid; deviate not from the truth that "Ye must be born again." Ye must be born of spiritual water, ye must be born of the incorruptible seed of the Word, ye must be born from above. This is the foundation of all real religion in the soul, move not from it, describe it faithfully, and according to the grace, the experience, and the ability which God hath given you; and follow it out in all its happy effects in life and death, and for judgment and eternity. Remember also, that the mediation of the Saviour is a *new covenant work*; that his blood is the blood of the New Testament or covenant, and let no one part of your ministry be at variance either with the sovereign efficiency of the Holy Ghost, or with the completeness which is in the blest mediation of the new covenant. Let the immutable counsels of the new covenant in all their majesty be brought to bear against the arrogancy of men, and the necessities of the saints. Let not your word be yea and nay, but yea, yea, and yea and amen. Look at the 3rd chapter of 2 Corinthians, you will there see *where* you are, and what your ministry is to be. It is the ministraton of life, of righteousness, of dignity and glory excelling and surpassing every other glory.

But you are also in the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. All the pastures in this new earth are green pastures, into which as a good shepherd, you are to lead the sheep. In this new earth you have a river which is full of water, and all manner of pleasant fruits. But in these new heavens I want you to see clearly the Morning star, and distinguish him from all others. The ancient Arabs had a curious kind of law among them to test a man's visual power; there is a star in Ursa Minor, or the Little Bear, a Northern Constellation, called *alcor*, meaning test or trial, and any one who could not discern that star was reckoned too weak-sighted to be a leader of others through the vast deserts of Arabia. And I am sure, that he who does not see Jesus, the only bright and Morning Star, is very much too weak-sighted to point out to others him whom they have never truly or rightly seen themselves. Alas, for such dangerous guides!

But I want you to be also a good ministerial

star; I want you to be one of the first magnitude; I want you to be rather a fast star, and I want you to embody both the supposed qualities of Mercury and Jupiter—eloquence and gravity. "And Paul because of his eloquence was called Mercurious, and Barnabas because of his gravity was called Jupiter." Now I want you to move in your orbit pretty quickly; in this sense I want you to belong to the Mercurious order. Mercury runs round the sun in three months; Venus in nine months; Mars in two years; Saturn in thirty years; Uranus in sixty years; Neptune takes about a hundred years; and so you will find among ministers; they move in their destined orbits, and will all finish their course; but some seem a long way from the sun, and rather cold, and very slow. They seem to have either too much gravity, or else are not enough within heaven's attractions to make them either sparkle well or fly along as though they meant it; they seem fixed, at least almost fixed, in one or two parts of heavenly truth, from which they move so slowly, that we can hardly tell whether they ever move at all, a kind of quiet sameness marks their course; the good they do is not very great, nor do they ever get into much trouble; but I want you to be, I say, a shining, fast-going star; I want you to be a Mercurious. It is true you will sometimes get (to use a few literary terms) into combustion, the fire of persecution will try you, and you will be sometimes in your perigination; you will feel much wandering of mind; you will sometimes be in your detriment, you cannot do as you would; and you will sometimes be in fortification, you will feel sweetly assured that all is well, that all is safe, and that you can go on and fear not; and sometimes you will be in your exaltation, you will rise above everything that would hinder you, and rejoice "together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."

And as it is a fact that, there is no opaque body between Mercurious and the sun, and therefore, Mercurious can never undergo an eclipse, so I could wish there may be no opaque body between your soul and the Sun of Righteousness, but that you may walk in the light, even as he is in the light; but clouds will attend your path, but as Mercurious compasses the three millioned mile circumference of the sun in three months, so I want you to compass truth on all sides, and truth to compass you on all sides, that your course may be a glorious course, and a help unto very many who are travelling to another world, and that both you and they may know where you are.

But again, to where you are. You are in *England, the land of freedom*. I wish you not to forget this. We love our "fatherland," and shall yet have, I hope, cause to love it still more.

(To be concluded in our next.)

If the believer can revenge himself upon his revenge, and repay his enemy with good, and then, consecrating his victory to God's glory, come out of the field a humble conqueror, then assuredly he has been made a high graduate in God's highest school.

## THE PRIVILEGES OF SONSHIP.

BLESSED with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ; chosen in him before the foundation of the world, and predestinated to the adoption of children by Jesus Christ, we are made accepted in the Beloved, and having redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace, we become manifestively the sons of God, in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation; "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." And seeing that love has raised us to the dignity of sons, how inestimably should we prize the privileges of our sonship; "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."

In looking back on our former condition, and contrasting it with our present state, as sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty, we can say, "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory." As sons of God we are the subjects of a divine change, quickened and regenerated by the Holy Spirit, we are led and taught by him into the solemn mysteries of our most holy faith, while as the Spirit of adoption, "He bears witness with our spirit that we are the children of God." As sons of God, "we are God's workmanship, created anew in Christ Jesus, unto good works which God has fore-ordained that we should walk in them;" and it is not the least of our privileges, that we are prepared by the sanctifying power of the Divine Spirit, to bring forth the fruits of righteousness, to the honour and glory of God: "This people have I formed for myself, and they shall shew forth my praise." As sons of God, we are partakers of a heavenly, high and holy calling, by which our conversation is in heaven, "for truly our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ." Our dwelling place is on high,—our place of defence is the munitions of rocks; how safe and secure is the believer's lot,—to how high and glorious a standing is he raised in union with Christ. Once dead under the law, now dead to the law by the body of Christ; once dead in sin, now dead to sin through the aboundings of grace; once living in the world, and loving the things of the world, he now becomes crucified to the world, by the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; and thus dead to the law, to sin and to the world, his life is hid with Christ in God; "because I live, ye shall live also." And Jesus Christ having sanctified himself, for our sakes, that we might be sanctified through the truth, we are called from uncleanness to holiness, we are privileged to follow after "that holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord;" and prove to our present comfort and consolation, that "in keeping his commandments there is great reward." Thus privileged we are enabled to go on our way

rejoicing, and sometimes "with a joy unspeakable and full of glory." As sons of God, "we are heirs of God and joint heirs with our Lord Jesus Christ," and he being the appointed heir of all things, and we joint heirs with him, then all things are ours by virtue of this joint heirship, "the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, all are ours and we are Christ's, and Christ is God's;" and thus we are privileged by having given to us all things that pertain to life and godliness, even "the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." As sons of God, we are made partakers of a divine nature; and hence our Lord Jesus Christ says, "And the glory thou hast given me, I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are." John xvii. 22. Thus made one with him who is one with the Eternal God, we are privileged to dwell in the secret place of the Most High, and to abide under the protecting shadow of the Almighty; and yet our covenant God has in store richer blessings, and greater glory: "When he who is our life shall appear, we also shall appear with him in glory, be like him, and see him as he is,"—enjoy a perfect vision of Christ, and a perfect likeness to him; be "made kings and priests unto our God, and follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth."

Seeing, then, that we enjoy such privileges, and that we look for such glory, what manner of men ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness, following after that holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord; contending earnestly for the faith delivered unto the saints; using all diligence that we may be found of him in peace, without spot and blameless; labouring that whether present in the body, or absent with the Lord, we may be accepted of him; not to ourselves but unto God, that whether living or dying we may be the Lord's. Amen.

*Mile End.*

W. H. WELLS.

### DEATH OF MRS. ALLEN,

WIDOW OF THE LATE W. ALLEN, OF STEPNEY.

DEAR BROTHER.—It is scarcely fifteen months since the death of the late pastor of the Cave, at Stepney, was recorded in the VESSEL.

With your kind permission, a small space in your next number will, I think, be acceptable, that your readers may be informed that the Lord, in his wisdom, has called home our dear friend, Mrs. Rebecca Allen, widow of the above. She left this world of sin and care on Tuesday evening, Oct. 2nd, after a short, though extremely painful illness; her remains were interred the following Saturday in the Bow Cemetery, beside the sleeping dust of her beloved partner.

"The memory of the just is blessed;" and we have reasons to believe she is engraven upon the hearts of many of the dear children of God, because of that quiet, peaceable, and sympathetic spirit she evidenced. She did "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep

with them that weep." I can but grieve that death has robbed us of a friend beloved; yet this can hardly be, since the saints in heaven, and we on earth, form but one church; seeing we have, through grace, "come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels. To the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God, the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel."

Essentially, therefore, no circumstance, whether painful or pleasing, can separate us from each other; for being born of the Spirit, and made believers in HIM, the declaration holds good, "He that believeth in me shall never die." While with the family, it is "absent from the body, present with the Lord," we frequently manifest great desire to keep those we love on earth. The writer has wished the place at the chapel might by her be filled longer. But our heavenly Father would not have it so; he said, "Come up higher." His word must be obeyed.

There was not, during her illness, that sensible joy experienced, but there was a solid resting upon the truths she had so often been made happy in believing. It was at the time more a walk by faith, than sight or feeling. She frequently called out, "What a mercy, that while I change, our God does never!" and triumphed in the God-glorifying fact, "Ye are complete in him."

At the grave our remarks were few; but on Sabbath-day evening, 14th inst., we preached a funeral sermon to a crowded congregation. Yours in Jesus,

CHAS. SHIPWAY.

### THE POOR SAILOR AND THE PIOUS PROFESSOR.

WANDERING one day in the streets of Plymouth, I called in at Mr. Densham's—the Dispensing Chemist, and purchased the ninth part of "*The Gospel Cottage Lecturer*."

Mr. G. D. Doudney, the Incumbent of Charles Chapel, Plymouth, is the Editor of this sterling little publication.

"*The Visit to Emmaus*," is the subject of this ninth part of *The Cottage Lecturer*: which no Christian will despise. The Editor enters most minutely into the nature of that warfare which true believers are constantly engaged in. There is nothing in these lectures of a loose, extravagant, fawning or delusive character. *The Truth*—as it lives and labours in the secret chambers of the mystic kingdom of grace—is here soberly, consistently, and scripturally declared. Mr. Doudney is certainly qualified for his work; and we sincerely wish him success in it. We are sorry to learn that *The Gospel Cottage Lecturer* is yet published at a loss. This will not, we hope, be long the case.

The following quotation is from the part

referred to. Of Christian conflict, he says—“And there is no discharge in this war! The old man is of the earth earthy, and cannot be changed. The new man is the Lord from heaven, and cannot be otherwise than holy, even as the Father is holy; but these two directly opposite parts or properties meeting together, and dwelling in the same *mortal body*, must produce continual warfare; so that where this warfare is unknown, we are compelled to conclude that, as yet, but two parts out of the three are present in that man. The third, and only holy part, has not yet been given! **BUT ALL HANGS UPON THIS OFF!** “Except a man be born again *from above*, he cannot see the kingdom of God.”

“There struts the man, in all the pride and self-importance of a philosopher, who is conscious that by the efforts of the more honourable part of his nature, namely, his intellectual powers, he has overcome and brought under subjection his animal propensities! And this he calls religion! this he puffs forth as progress made in sanctification! and if he meets a poor broken-hearted sinner in the temple, offering the only acceptable sacrifice we can carry up there—a broken and a contrite heart—he looks upon the poor wretch with pharisaical contempt, and thanks his God he is not such a despicable creature as that poor publican.

“I shall not easily forget meeting one of these pious persons, on a certain occasion, in a railway carriage. A poor sailor, on passing the window of our carriage, flippantly uttered a foul blasphemy; my companion, seeing that I was a minister, said to me, ‘Oh, sir, how sadly full of sin is the world!’ ‘Yes,’ I replied, ‘but how great a portion of that sin I find and feel in my own heart! You refer to that poor sailor. I shuddered as the dreadful words rolled from his polluted tongue; but these words instantly brought me to a stand; “The transgression of the wicked saith **WITHIN MY HEART**, that there is no fear of God before **HIS** eyes.” And I could not but pause and enquire, Of whom does the psalmist say this—of himself or of some other man? Surely of himself, speaking with regard to the wickedness of his own old nature, speaking most distinctly of the old man, who, as that wicked one, living in himself, said within his own heart, by his baseness, ingratitude, rebellions, and impatience, that there was no fear of God before his eyes. I spoke freely of the felt plague of my heart; and pointed out the difference between myself and the poor sailor. Shewing how great things the Lord had, in his distinguishing love and free favour, done for me, which he had evidently not done for the poor sailor. And yet that I should still remain what I felt myself to be in my proneness to vanity! in my disposition to seek for ease where God has told me I shall find nothing but thorns and briars! in the greatness of my unbelief, in my mistrust of the Lord’s providence, although he had shewn me so much of his kindness, in causing his divine grace so to reign in me, that, could I live so, I would never, never, commit a sin against him more! After all these manifold mercies joined to his

daily long-suffering with me in all that I had to weep over at his throne, what are the sins of an unregenerate man compared with mine? What are the oaths of that poor sailor compared with one of my sensations of impatience, when I feel the Lord’s wisdom in stepping in to thwart one of my cherished purposes, so that I must submit to give up my own in subjection to my Father’s will!’ The pious person was dumb, especially as I, perhaps rather strongly, uttered my conviction that ‘in our day there appeared to me to be nothing that was so little understood as the nature and enormity of sin!’

“Think upon it, my brother! You will find that superficial opinions concerning sin will only lead a man to seek after a superficial Saviour! Mere natural convictions will only lead to natural efforts after moral improvement, which will perfectly satisfy an unregenerate man. But God looks deeper than the skin! And so if you have the third part—the new nature—you will find every hour that that ‘new creature’ is of the same nature as its original, and can but act accordingly; therefore David writes, ‘Behold, thou desirest truth in the **INWARD PARTS**; and in the **HIDDEN PART** thou shalt make me to know wisdom.’ If you are born of God, the incorruptible seed—that holy nature—the word of God which is the Christ of God—the life of God—the power of God—the wisdom of God! will never suffer you to settle down in contentment with anything short of a righteousness and a sanctification as perfect as that which God himself has provided in the person of his own beloved Son, who is made of God unto us wisdom, and righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.”

#### PRECIOUS WORDS FROM A SLAIN OFFICER IN THE CRIMEA.

Camp before Sebastopol, March 5th, 1855.

**MY OWN DARLING MOTHER**,—I am, thank God, safe and well both in body and soul. The Lord continues to favour me with the sunshine of his presence, filling me with peace and joy in Jesus. O, darling mother! how precious I find the Saviour to be to me in these perilous times! with what trust and confidence I can place myself, both for time and eternity, beneath the shelter of his cross! How the knowledge of the love of Christ (that he bled for us) nerves the heart to bear patiently, if not willingly, all the trials and troubles which God may send upon us, and which we are sure to meet with sooner or later in this world of tears. But what comfort religion gives to the soul in leading us to forget the sorrows of the present in the bright contemplations of a future world; and how joyous and how light the heart, and how indifferent to all else when Christ reveals himself to us in the precious character of our dearest Friend and Brother! With him near to cheer and assure us, we can reckon that the sufferings of our present world are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

I went out with Captain —; went to the hospital and gave away several tracts to the patients. O, that the Holy Ghost may lead many to find rest and peace in the Saviour!

One of my men died in the hospital last night. O Lord! do thou keep me in thy great mercy from forgetting what thou hast suffered for me in body and soul. May I never be drawn by the cares of life from Jesus my Friend and Saviour; but may I daily live closer to his cross; above all, would I ask thee to fill me with the Holy Ghost.



## OUR BRITISH BAPTIST CHURCHES.

### MR. SAMUEL WARD'S DEPARTURE FOR AUSTRALIA.

A FAREWELL meeting was held at Crosby Row, on Monday evening, October 15th. Mr. Ward has preached in the above place about eighteen months, but the congregation not being numerous, or able at all to minister to his support, and as his business (that of a builder) had come almost to nothing, there seemed no way opened for the support of himself and family of six young children, but to emigrate to the city of Melbourne, in the colony of Victoria, South Australia. The meeting was a very interesting one and the chapel well filled.

The ministers present were Mr. J. A. Jones, Mr. Edgecombe, Mr. Chivers, Mr. Wells, Mr. Mote, Mr. Caunt, and several others.

Mr. Thwaites, a deacon of the Surrey Tabernacle, took the chair, and most ably and efficiently conducted the meeting, to the satisfaction and admiration of the whole assembly. We have not space to give either his opening address or concluding remarks; but he took care, as is usual with him, to keep to the objects of the meeting, very modestly expressing his regret that they had not chosen a person more suited to the objects of the meeting. But in this he was alone, for nobody but himself thought him in any way unsuited to the objects of the meeting, which objects, he, Mr. Thwaites, said, were to attract attention, attract people, and attract their pockets. He very ably justified Mr. Ward in the step he was taking, seeing that it arose neither from covetousness nor dishonesty, but from necessity. He also enlarged upon the trials and difficulties which Mr. Ward must expect to meet, but that, nevertheless, the promises of the Gospel would go with him.

Mr. Ward himself next addressed the meeting, and explained openly and honestly the circumstances and motives which compelled him to take the present step. That he felt the importance of his position as a husband and as a father, and that he was not deluding himself with any notion of any pecuniary advantage from preaching the gospel in Australia; but that as he had been accustomed to the practical as well as to the theoretical part of his business, his mind was quite made up to go personally and freely to work as soon as he shall succeed in obtaining the same. He seemed to us, all through his address, to shew the feelings of a father's heart—feeling it incumbent upon him to do honestly and lawfully, in the fear of God, to his very uttermost for the support of the family dependent upon him. He, at the same time, felt it to be no small trial to part (as Mr. Thwaites said), perhaps for life, from so many Christian friends, endeared by so many ties and associations.

Mr. Ward has been for many years a mem-

ber of the Surrey Tabernacle, and the ministry there has been to him what he will never forget. Mr. Ward assured the meeting that even when he had packed up in readiness to depart, he felt even then a sort of lingering hope that something would transpire to enable him again to unpack and stay in dear Old England; and while thus meditating a gentleman called at his house. "Well," said Mr. Ward to himself, "who knows, perhaps it is some good contract that will authorise me to unpack and stop at home now." Well, here it is. "What do you please to want, Sir?" "Why I want you to put a ladder up against my house, for I think the sparrows have built a nest there." Thus ended Mr. Ward's hope; and with the above words he ended his speech.

Mr. G. Dyer, of 3, Gedling-st., Dockhead, formerly a member of the Surrey Tabernacle, then addressed the meeting. He, Mr. Dyer, as a business man, has been twice to Australia. His address, therefore, (he being evidently a very intelligent man) was full of practical information. He had already given to Mr. Ward every requisite direction in relation to the sixteen thousand mile voyage he was about to undertake. The meeting was deeply interested in Mr. Dyer's address. He considered Mr. Ward the right sort of man to go to Australia, because he, Mr. Ward, would be a working man, a sober man, and above all, a Christian man, and one likely to be useful in preaching the gospel in Australia; yet he (Mr. Dyer) did not, owing to the many difficulties, and trials, and casualties to be encountered, advise any one who could possibly get an honest living in England, to go to Australia.

Mr. Wells then concisely addressed the meeting, shewing that Mr. Ward's present position was analogous to many of the ancients—as Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; all three of which had to leave the "Canaan that they loved," to be supported in a foreign land; that the Lord took care of them, and that he would also take care of Samuel Ward. He (Mr. Wells) made also some remarks upon the territorial extent of Australia; its metallic, mineral, and other resources. He gave also some hints of the history and the character of the several parts of Australia. He made also some remarks upon the probable usefulness of Mr. Ward in Australia.

At this stage of the meeting the collection was made, which amounted, with donations, to £19 8s. 6d.

Mr. J. A. Jones then addressed the meeting in a way which did honor to his age, to his sentiments as a man, as a Christian, and as a minister. The whole meeting was evidently pleased with the spirit and character of his address. His allusions to the Book of Ruth were very appropriate; his sentiments concerning the memory of the valued and departed partner of his mortal life were truly noble and affecting. His fatherly counsel to Mr. Ward was wise, sober, kind, and practical.

Mr. Mote then addressed a few words to the meeting, shewing the excellency of honesty and uprightness, and the excellency especially of the Christian character. Mr. Mote's well-taught, and gospel and spiritual bias of mind, made his address well worthy of attention.

There were many other brethren which we regretted time would not allow to take part in addressing the meeting. Especially did we regret being deprived of the pleasure of hearing Mr. Chivers, Mr. Edgecombe, with some other ministers present.

The chairman then very affectionately and very suitably expressed what Mr. Ward's feelings were too much wrought upon to express; the gratitude he felt to the friends who had thus so freely ministered to his temporal necessity as to enable him to cross the ocean to a land in which he hopes to see (and the people pray that he may) the goodness of the Lord.

The doxology was then sung, and the meeting ended at 9 o'clock.

Thus did these Christians recognise a brother in need. Our eyes were busy as well as our ears; and we believe every one of the ministers present, as well as the main body of the people, cheerfully contributed their mite.

We could not as we sat there very quietly, forget the word *Victoria*. Our brother Ward is going from Victoria's native land to the colony of Victoria, and had for a chairman at his farewell meeting a *royal commissioner* of Queen Victoria; and above all, he has through the blood of the Lamb a good hope of victory. Mr. Ward assured the meeting, should Providence smile upon him, it would be his delight to give to the churches in England some practical proof of his gratitude to them.

#### ADDING TO THE CHURCH AT

#### LIMPLEY STOKE, NEAR BATH.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD.—May the eternal love of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Israel's glorious lover, be sweetly and blessedly felt in your soul daily. I feel constrained to forward you a few lines for THE VESSEL, to inform you and its numerous readers, what a blessed soul-comforting day we experienced in our little Zion on Lord's-day, 17th September, it being our baptising-day. Although it was but one candidate, yet it was the same Divine service to go through as if there had been twenty—though not so much to rejoice over. We should like to have had more, but were thankful for one; and whilst the holy angels peep down from over the embattlements of heaven, and rejoice over brands plucked by sovereign and distinguishing grace from the burning fire of hell, to which their sins had exposed them, we would also with all our heart join them in beholding the eternal work of mercy being reared; knowing our glorious Immanuel is seeing of "the travail of his soul, and being satisfied." Our early prayer-meeting was well attended, and most fervent prayers presented to the thrones of grace, by our dear brethren, the deacons, and friends of Ebenezer Chapel, Bath,

who came over to bid us God speed. Having thus solicited the great author of all good to deign to bless the services, we repaired to the banks of the river Avon, where were a great multitude gathered together to witness the divinely-appointed ordinance. Our pastor's eldest son delivered a most important and solemn address; and after singing and prayer, our beloved minister Mr. W. Huntley, led the candidate into the water, and immersed her beneath the liquid flood, in the name of our glorious Triune Jehovah. Verily the Lord's presence was enjoyed by many; and careless sinners impressed.

In the afternoon, she with another, previously baptised, was taken into full communion, and the sufferings and death of Jesus commemorated by the bread and wine, broken and poured out, and received by a numerous company of baptised believers, the only subjects who have a scriptural right to it.

The experience of the one baptised, as related by our pastor, was of an interesting nature. She joined the Wesleyans when very young, and continued a member with them for five years; but during all this period, she was in a state of unregeneracy. But the Lord was pleased of his superabounding mercy, to open the mental eyes of her understanding, and broke open the dungeon of her heart;—she saw and felt her lost and ruined condition, the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the just requirements of God; and this drove her to utter despair, and for nearly two years her friends thought her crazy, and the doctor who was applied to seven times; her friends being ignorant that it was the heavenly Physician, Jesus, that was required to speak peace to her troubled soul. She left the Wesleyans, and attended our place, and eventually the same power that broke up the fallow ground of her heart, spoke peace to her troubled, desponding soul, and applied the balm of the covenant, so that she became, as the Apostle expresses it, "a new creature in Christ Jesus, old things were passed away, and behold, all things became new." And then, the dear Lord gave her such an ardent desire to be baptised, she could not rest satisfied till she had obeyed her much-loved Lord.

In the evening, our pastor preached a very solemn sermon from the Revelations—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." And truly, if not deceived, the dews from off the everlasting hills was realized in our midst. Ah! dear brother, amidst all our difficulties, we can raise an Ebenezer of gratitude to the *God of all grace*. Two others were added to our number a short time ago, one of which was a poor backslider, reclaimed after being out of the church for fifteen years. We bless the Lord for the past, and trust on his faithfulness for the future. Yours affectionately in Christ Jesus,

JOHN HUNTLEY.

MOUNT ZION CHAPEL,  
CHADWELL STREET, CLERKENWELL.

THE first anniversary of the Benevolent Society in connexion with the above place was held on Tuesday, Oct. 16th.

About 140 friends took tea together; after which there was a public meeting. The report of the past year's proceedings was read, which shewed that the Lord had watched over and blessed the infant institution. The Committee were constrained thankfully to acknowledge the good hand of God towards them in opening so many hearts and hands of the friends to assist in relieving the necessities of the Lord's poor and afflicted saints. Their expectations had been more than realized, when they considered the heavy expenses connected with the support of the cause in their midst; but this was another evidence that precious truth, received in the love and power of it, moves the heart and hand, and

"Makes the willing feet  
In swift obedience move."

£14 14s. had been received in donations and subscriptions, and had been disbursed principally among the Lord's aged poor, several of whom have passed their seventy years in the wilderness. Seventy-nine cases had been relieved during the year, by sums varying from 1s. to 10s.

The Committee had, therefore, cause to raise one stone by the way, and inscribe upon it, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." Take courage, and go forward in His name and strength, in whose hands are all hearts and means.

Our brother Dickerson moved the adoption of the report, and related several very interesting anecdotes that had come under his own notice; pointed out the right sort of cases, and ways and means to help, as well as sympathise, and wished us well in the name of the Lord.

Brother Milner seconded the resolution, and dropped some very useful and encouraging hints from the words—"The poor of this world, rich in faith." He said his was a pleasant subject. Poverty was not a pleasant thing. He alluded to the prayer of Agur, and said—no doubt all could join in the former part, "Give me not poverty." He however shewed that riches among the godly have their snares, and are often connected with much leanness of soul. On the other hand he had observed the Lord's poor truly prospering in spiritual things—their sanctified bitters made the house of God and throne of grace, and precious promises sweet. He said, You must go amongst these, to find frequently real savour and spirituality. He alluded also to their hidden riches; they had much in possession, but a whole kingdom in prospect.

Brother Mote spoke from the words, "He that giveth to the poor shall not lack." This, he observed, he had proved. As a church, we were none the poorer for this society. We had realised the truth of the promise, "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord; and that which is given to him, the Lord will repay."

Our aged brother Newborn defined the true character of a disciple of Jesus—one of the honored poor—taking for his text—"Blessed be ye poor; for your's is the king-

dom." They had a spiritual kingdom set up in their heart; they were favored to enjoy all the spiritual privileges of God's visible kingdom—his church; and they had in prospect the glory kingdom.

Mr. Smith spoke from the words, "He that oppresseth the poor, reproacheth his Maker." He said he thought his subject would not apply to any present, as the object of the meeting was to relieve, and not to oppress. He shewed, however, how they were oppressed everywhere, and in every way.

Mr. Wyard made some good remarks on Jehovah's sovereignty. Sovereignty centres rightly in God above. It was a pleasing thought, he could never exercise that attribute wrongfully. He is in the heavens, doing as he pleases, in making the world, in inhabiting it, and governing and controlling all his hands had formed.

Our brother Alldis concluded the meeting by commending the interests of the society to the Lord in prayer.

#### FENSTANTON ANNIVERSARY.

FENSTANTON is a respectable village, about two miles from St. Ives, in Huntingdonshire; and has for some years been favored with the gospel. On Tuesday, October 2, the anniversary of the Baptist Chapel was holden, when two sermons were preached by Mr. C. W. Banks, of London. It was a fine day; the chapel was crowded with attentive hearers; and the collections were very good. Among the ministering brethren who were present, we noticed brother Irish, of Warboys; Whitby, of Needingworth; Norris; Abbot, of Over; Flory, of Somersham, &c. It is twenty years, or more, since this cause has been raised; its pastors have been few; its afflictions have been many. It has been like the gospel net, gathering fish of all kinds. Some have been cast quite away; while a few precious souls continue. At the present time, no church is in union; no ordinances are administered; no pastor is settled. There needs almost a new beginning. The chapel is a neat and convenient one; and the pulpit is supplied by good brethren from churches round about; still, the cause is low, and low we feel it will be until the Spirit be poured upon them from on high. The ministering brethren in those parts appear much united; the causes of truth are thickly sprinkled among the people; and we were told that many of the churches have been favored of late with seasons of good success.

An interesting fact was related on the occasion to which we are now referring. Mr. Marks, of Cambridge, has been rendered useful to a clergyman of the Church of England, and his lady; both of them, it is said, are to be shortly baptised, and added to the church now under Mr. Marks's care.

Brother Abbot, of Over, the excellent evangelical poet, still continues his literary labors. In spiritual poetry—in critical reviews—in reflective notes—and in choice extracts, his manuscripts would now make from five to six volumes. Whether the fruit of these labors

will ever be given to the Christian world we cannot tell; but we could wish that our wealthy fold would raise a fund expressly for the purpose of rewarding such laborious and truly useful men for their immense researches; and also for the purpose of throwing into the world, in the most pleasing style, the fruit of such good men's persevering mental toil. Why should such excellent brethren spend days, nights, years, yea, the whole of their lives, in canvassing, in collecting, and in composing some of the richest developments of minds devoted to God and to the good of his people—and yet their labors be buried in their studies, and perhaps when they die, be swept away and lost. Oh, for unity, energy, charity, and a practical enterprise for the encouragement of literary labour, and for the more extensive circulation of gospel, experimental, and historic truth. One small benefit we hope will result from our interview with our esteemed brother Abbott. *Burder's Poetical Illuminations of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*, are said to be the most instructive and delightful commentaries on, and explanations of, that wonderful allegory, that was ever published. This work of Burder's has long been out of print; but the hard-working pastor of Over has secured a copy; and has promised to furnish it in monthly sections in the pages of **CHEERING WORDS**. We hope that little half-penny monthly will thereby be greatly enriched.

**TOWN HALL, WYCOMBE.**

MR. EDITOR.—The friends who meet for worship in this place, formed part of the church meeting in New Land Chapel, previous to Mr. Thring being called to the pastorate.

"Mere doctrines and notions won't do,  
For those who are born from above;  
'Tis life, unction, power, and dew  
They seek, and most ardently love."

Matters concerning the soul, its eternal welfare, and spiritual profit, are no trifles. Above and beyond all things, we ought to seek its good, from the ministry we wish to support. And after earnestly seeking it under Mr. T——'s ministry, and finding neither unction, life, power, or dew, we gladly sacrificed friends, chapel, and all,—to hear again the *grace* of the doctrines, with the doctrines of grace proclaimed, in the Spirit of God, the spirit of love.

Since we have been in the Hall, the Lord has sent us men who evidently get their messages at Jesus' feet. They bear his heavenly image—a sure consequence of living near Jesus, and by which the real God sent servants of Christ are made manifest. They have brought us those glorious truths we love beyond all price, on which we rest our immortal souls for a never-ending eternity; which doctrines in the heart received, cause men to hate sin and love holiness, exalt the Saviour and humble the sinner:—viz., God's electing love, Christ's precious cleansing blood, and justifying righteousness, and the Spirit's work in the heart. Like Paul, they have

comforted others, with the comforts wherewith they themselves have been comforted of God; and from mercy's varied store they have set before us a rich supply. Thus the spiritual felt wants of the living family (*which are inexplicably mysterious to self-made parsons*) have been met and supplied. Hungry souls have been fed, thirsty souls led to pure and living waters, weak hands have been strengthened, feeble knees confirmed, faint hearts cheered and made strong. Fire from heaven has so warmed our hearts and wooed our tongues, that in spite of the body of sin, and the devil, we could not for a time help singing,—

"How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end."

Now, again, we know what it is to look forward with pleasure and delight for the Sabbath's return, and with glad steps we hasten to the place, to seek for fresh supplies of grace.

On Tuesday, October 9th, we had a tea meeting, when *one hundred* sat down to tea, and in the evening our good brother Bloomfield preached an excellent sermon from the words, "God hath made his salvation known." He was helped sweetly to tell us of the salvation that saves—just such an one as we need. The large Hall was well filled, the hearers very attentive, and we hope great good done. May it prove as bread cast upon the waters, to be found after many days, and our covenant God shall have all the praise. Yours as ever,  
R. COLLINS.

Wycombe, October 15th, 1855.

**SOMERSHAM, HUNTS.**

BAPTISMAL service attended by several hundred persons, on the banks of the river Ouse, at Erith Bridge, on Thursday, 18th October. After singing, prayer by Mr. Alderson, of Willingham, and a very telling address by Mr. Whiting, of Needingworth, Mr. Joseph Flory immersed three believers. Brother Alderson preached in the evening at Somersham Baptist Chapel,—we trust a profitable discourse, from Col. ii. 6.

**GRAYS ESSEX.**

On Tuesday evening, Oct. 9th, 1855, a comfortable little place at Grays was opened by the particular Baptists, for the proclamation of the pure gospel; on which occasion, Mr. Stringer preached to a company of sinners from Acts xiv. 7. A Public Tea Meeting was enjoyed prior to the service. The place will contain one hundred hearers, and is to be a branch from Zoar Chapel, Gravesend, one of the members of Zoar living at Grays, being prominent in the matter. "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound."

T. STRINGER.

**BIGBURY, DEVON.**

We had a great and happy day here on Wednesday, Oct. 17. When our Harvest Thanksgiving Services were held, our friend, Mr. C. W. Banks gave us two lively and suitable sermons, of which I will say more next time I write you. ROBERT BARDONS.

## Contraersial Correspondence.

### "MARY'S" VOICE AGAIN.

MR. EDITOR.—In presuming to take the pen in answer to your reply to my letter, for which I thank you, although you have given more breadth to it, than I should have thought a man of your judgment would have done; your aiming to live at peace with all men, may be right to a certain extent, but to sacrifice principle for its sake, or knowingly to pass by error, is not exactly in accordance with truth; we are told, "a word in season how good is it," therefore, think you must agree with me, 'tis right to correct error, wherever we may meet it. I do not know whether you have noticed those words which our Divine Redeemer gave utterance to, as I have done, "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth, I came not to send peace but a sword." There is a depth of meaning there, which will not allow me to sacrifice truth to error; though with Luther an of opinion, "'tis not unsheathing the sword from the scabbard will further the cause of Christ, the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, is the only weapon which shall prosper then."

Neither is it my intention to contend with a set of people, who I have always looked upon as mere intolerant theorists, holding very, very erroneous and gross doctrines; but would rather leave them in the hands of the Lord, and have no hesitation in saying, the few there are among them who belong to that blood-bought throng, will through Divine grace be brought out of such error; for he has said, "My people shall be a willing people in the day of my power;" and then, Christ and his cross will become all their theme.

My principal motive for addressing you at this time is, respecting admitting an unbaptised person to the table of the Lord. Some time since, a humble christian offered herself as a candidate for membership at a Particular Baptist Church, but natural fear of the watery element, would not allow her to pass through that ordinance; as a matter of course, she was denied fellowship. I never could look upon her as a virtually baptised person, and to me it seemed decidedly wrong not to admit such an one to the table of the Lord; the result was, being anxious to cast in her lot with the people of God, she united herself with the Established Church. This makes me fear they look upon this ordinance in too severe a light; and this circumstance has taken such hold upon me, as to prevent me offering myself as a candidate, where I trust, the ministry has been much blessed to my soul. I do think, under such a circumstance, a person might be admitted without doing any violence to church order. This is the only apology I offer for the remark I made, or for my intrusion upon your time.

Fleet-street.

MARY.

P.S. What I erased I now add; "Or against the command of our divine Redeemer, believing her virtually baptised."

[The reply to "Mary" last month was not by

the Editor; but by a highly esteemed brother. The Editor may yet both answer "Mary," and defend himself.]—ED.

### RHODA'S REQUEST.

MR. EDITOR,—Dear Sir: Will you or some of your correspondents state in your next VESSEL, if you think it right for Calvinistic ministers to preach for Wesleyans to collect money to aid their cause? Mr. Spurgeon did so at Cannon-street, on Tuesday, the 2nd October; and, I am told, that Mr. James Wells has done the same; but it appears by their conduct, either Wesleyanism is not so bad as represented, or they are to be blamed for so doing. You know John says, "He that biddeth them God speed, is partaker of their evil deeds." Yours sincerely,

RHODA.

October 11th, 1855.

[We shall wait to see if our brethren choose to reply.—ED.]

## A FEW WORDS FROM SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

[We but seldom hear from the colonies now: the friends who are gone out, are, doubtless, very busy. We hope Australian prosperity does not altogether quench their zeal, nor cause them to forget old associations. We give the following, in proof that some spirituality exists in those far-off lands.—ED.]

### DROUGHT AND RAIN SHOWERS.

"My moisture is turned into the drought of summer."

"I will come down like showers on the new mown grass."

We have passed through one summer at last, with its terrible hot winds, and burning sun, parching up the face of the earth, and drinking the water from the little creeks and deep wells, till all looked bare and brown. O, these Australian summers! How descriptive are they of the arid waste of wilderness through which the soul often journies upwards to her haven of rest! Parched, and dry, and barren, wandering on from day to day, longing for the springing up of the "celestial fountain," but experiencing only the total failure of "the cisterns, the broken cisterns, that can hold no water;" which, in the pride and foolishness of our hearts, we have hewn out to ourselves; how often are we nearly fainting, "because of the way," and ready to droop and die. Those hot winds, too! the sirocco of Australia! how they resemble the blast of the enemy! and, as in nature the sirocco unnerves and enervates the whole system, so is the soul bowed down beneath those horrible gusts of Satan, and all its powers prostrated.

Do we Australians rejoice when the heavens begin to clothe themselves in blackness, promising refreshing showers to swell our creeks, and soften our land? O, how more is it a matter of rejoicing, when, on the drought-stricken soul, are gently distilled soft rain of heavenly blessings. Well, well can we comprehend those heart-breathings of David, "My soul thirsteth after thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is!" And oh, does not our whole spirit unbend itself to the enjoyment of that delicious promise—"I will come down like showers on the new mown grass!" "Even so, come, Lord, Jesus." MATILDA.

Yunkunga, South Australia, April 29th.

A FEW WORDS TO THE READERS OF "THE EARTHEN  
VESSEL AND CHRISTIAN RECORD."

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,

Eleven years have now run their destined course since this Christian Miscellany was first issued; and the same hand that was permitted to send it forth at the first, is still spared to pen a few lines at the close of the eleventh volume. No religious publication, perhaps, ever lived and labored under greater trials and difficulties than this has done. No periodical could be conducted under greater disadvantages, or be more frequently tarnished with imperfections, than has fallen to the lot of THE EARTHEN VESSEL. Nevertheless, it has lived; it has increased; it has reached a steady circulation of seven thousands per month; and to our certain knowledge it now finds its way not only into most of the metropolitan, provincial, and rural churches of our own land, but there is scarcely a district in America, or a colony across the seas, where it is not regularly circulated and read. For this success—for all the strength and encouragement bestowed, we most sincerely desire to thank the Lord; and to beseech him to spare, to employ, and to help us onward for a few more years; and to give us grace still further to publish his name, to comfort his people, to aid his churches, to record his mercies, to acknowledge his hand, and to be upheld and delivered by his power, until time, and time-things with us shall have passed away for ever.

We have been most deeply afflicted by the unhappy controversies, and anti-Christian pieces which have too frequently found their way into our pages. The *lack* of weighty, savoury, and permanently valuable matter, and a want of order and proper adjustment of the articles inserted, have also been to us a constant source of grief. No critical eye has ever censured us more severely than we have censured ourselves. We ask forgiveness. We have done what we could. We have certainly learned that the embodiment of sole editor,

responsible proprietor, practical printer, stated pastor, and travelling preacher, in one and the self-same small piece of fallen humanity, is a combination that cannot possibly move on without embarrassment, imperfection, and trials of a very peculiar kind. But we hope to see an improvement; and by devoting more time to this branch of our work—and by being favoured with the assistance of able correspondents, to give THE EARTHEN VESSEL a tone, and a character that shall render it more than ever useful to the thousands among whom it disseminates the truth as it is in Jesus Christ.

The Epistles to Theophilus, by "*A Little One*," inserted in this volume, and to be continued in the next, (the Lord permitting,) are worthy of the mind from whence they proceed: they are a rich treasure in THE EARTHEN VESSEL; they have been rendered a great blessing to many of the Lord's people; and, we trust, those letters will yet be read by thousands to their soul's profit, not only in the volumes of THE EARTHEN VESSEL, but also in another form.

We have, (we venture to presume), a three-fold claim upon the sympathies and support of those churches, ministers, and friends, who hold THE TRUTH, and whom the Lord hath called, not only by grace divine, but whom he hath called "*earnestly to contend for the faith once delivered unto the saints.*" We ask for their continued, for their kind, for their persevering support,

First—Upon the ground of GOSPEL TRUTH itself. What has been our aim during the last eleven years, in the publication of THE EARTHEN VESSEL? It has been to publish, to perpetuate, and to give forth to the people, plain, positive, and powerful proofs and evidences, of the existence, the operation, and the everlasting benefits of that "grace of God which bringeth salvation" unto the ransomed and the chosen heirs of immortal

glory, and of eternal life. Our aim has been not only to exhibit Truth as it lays in the Covenant of Grace, in the Three Glorious Persons of the ever blessed God—JEHOVAH THE FATHER—JEHOVAH THE SON—and JEHOVAH THE SPIRIT—to exhibit TRUTH not only as it is laid out in Old Testament types, shadows, and prophetic visions—to exhibit TRUTH not only as it lays in New Testament doctrines, ordinances, promises, precepts, and narratives; but also to exhibit TRUTH, LIVING TRUTH as it is manifested in the absolute conversion of Sinners, in the Gospel conversation of Living believers, in the indisputable enjoyment realised by dying saints, in the raising up of gracious men to the ministry, and in the manifest growth, and establishment of Gospel Churches in our land. To exhibit, to illustrate, and to point out the living witnesses to, and the amazing works and wonders of, Sovereign Grace! This, in some humble measure, has been our aim. And we have not altogether failed. The narrative we, this month, furnish, of the mercy of God toward William Churchman, is a specimen of the kind of work we rejoice to do, and of the kind of witness we ever wish to bear. We love to lay hold of a man who every body that knew him, knew him to be a *sinner*; but who now, by the grace of God, is well known to be a true believer. We say, look at that man! Look at what he was!! Look at what he is!!! Listen to what he says!! See how he lives—see how he dies—and there behold the inestimable value—there learn the exceeding riches of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

If we may further illustrate our aim, we give it in the following short, but beautiful narrative. A minister by the name of Mills says—

We remember to have read in a tract, entitled, "The Soldier's Victory," that, in a war in which Britain was engaged on the Continent of Europe, some years ago, there were not a few in the army who were "good soldiers" of the cross. One of these was wounded in the field. He was carried into the rear by his comrades to procure surgical aid, but his wound was incurable, and his recovery hopeless: he requested his comrades to lay him down by the wayside to die. There he lay, in blood, till an officer on horseback, going into action, came up to him. So soon as he perceived the poor fellow's perilous condition, the noble sympathies of his soldierly heart were roused, and called forth. He dismounted, and said to the dying man, "Is there anything I can do for you?" "Nothing, sir," said the

soldier. "Can I not bring you a little water?" "I am dying, sir," was his melancholy reply. "Can I not then take a message to your wife and children?" There is something you can do," said the soldier. "If you open my knapsack, and take out my Bible, and read towards the end of the fourteenth chapter of John, that verse beginning with *peace*, I will thank you." The officer feelingly read as follows; "*Peace* I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you: let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." "Thank you, sir," said the dying man, "I have *that* peace; I am going to that Saviour; I want no more."

Never-to-be-forgotten—burning, blazing, infidel-crushing FACTS of this kind—demonstrating THE LIVING POWER of TRUTH and GRACE, we ever love to publish.

We ask for the continual support and kind co-operation of the lovers of truth,

Secondly, upon the ground of having conferred temporal benefits, as well as having chronicled Gospel information, that has been useful to multitudes in this, and other lands. There are not a few whose wants have been met—whose feet have been directed—whose souls have been comforted, by our humble instrumentality. Benevolent and truth-loving Christians, help us still to seek the good of Zion, and the welfare of all her sons.

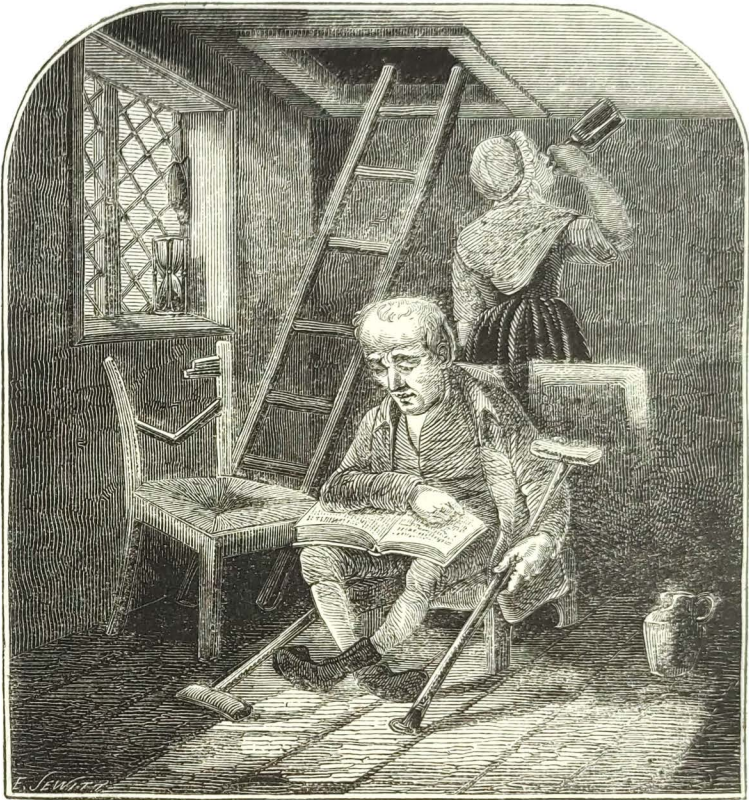
We ask for the continued support of real Christians,

Thirdly, upon the ground of having spent eleven long years in this arduous service,—not only giving our time and strength—but sinking in the establishment of this periodical all that a gracious Providence has given us, and much that belongs to others, who, sooner than see THE EARTHEN VESSEL sink—and believing it to be an instrument for good—have come forward to our help.

The searcher of all hearts knoweth our labours and our losses—our cares and our responsibilities. He knoweth our many cries and earnest prayers for a full deliverance; for an honest and a useful standing, and that we might finish our course with joy—be a blessing to many, an injury to none. Brethren, pray for us: and in filling our VESSEL with good treasure, and in spreading its circulation, we beseech you to help us. May the Lord himself our Reward be. With these few remarks, written amid the mingled labours of our calling, we now say, for another year, farewell.

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Bermonsey New Road,  
London, Nov. 21th, 1855.



THE EXTRAORDINARY  
**NARRATIVE OF WILLIAM CHURCHMAN,**  
 A POOR CRIPPLE,

WHO NEVER READ ANY BOOK BUT THE BIBLE—NEVER HEARD A SERMON—  
 NEVER ENTERED A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

ORIGINALLY WRITTEN BY THOMAS BINGHAM,  
*Minister of the Gospel, Whitechurch.*

WHEN we were recently preaching in the West of England, a good brother one morning took us for a walk over some of the old hills which run along the coast of Devon; and on passing the door of a quiet little village inn, he said some godly people resided there, and we must call upon them. We did so; and in the course of some happy converse on the best things, the lady brought forth a little book, containing some of Dr. Hawker's writings; and in the midst of it

an amazing record of God's rich grace to a dreadfully afflicted man, by the name of William Churchman. The narrative was originally dedicated to Lord Teignmouth, the then President of the Bible Society; and its veracity is confirmed by the signatures of several names of ladies and gentlemen who visited William Churchman, and saw and heard for themselves.

The lady who shewed us this narrative, requested we would give it forth to the



world in a new edition, she feeling much persuaded that God would bless its perusal to many thousands of precious souls, shewing forth the freeness of sovereign grace, and "*the sufficiency of the Scriptures.*"

In compliance with her request, we have engraved the representation of WILLIAM CHURCHMAN READING HIS BIBLE IN HIS HUT; and append thereto the following deeply instructive narration of his life and latter end. The author says :—

The most interesting and useful memoirs which we are furnished by the pen of biography, are not always those of the most distinguished public characters; the purple tints of the violet are not less pleasing, nor is its delicate odour less fragrant, when we accidentally discover it in a sequestered vale, than when it assists, amidst a multitude of different flowers, in ornamenting the garden: on the contrary, it affords our senses a superior gratification, when unexpectedly discovered, and insulates our attention more completely, when mingled with no rival beauties, nor merely contributing a partial share of sweetness to the variegated perfumes of the parterre.

Thus genuine lowliness, faith unfeigned, piety undissembled, pure evangelical religion advance to high degrees of eminence, when they appear in a character, to the formation of which a variety of concurring circumstances have contributed, will interest the mind of every real Christian; but when unexpectedly discovered in a soil, to the fertility of which, neither the possession of brilliant talent, the advantages of early tuition, continual cultivation, nor extensive information received from reading the works of the learned, and conversing with the wise and good, have rendered the least assistance; the hand of the divine Former more conspicuously appears, and even the tongue of incredulity has been constrained to exclaim, with the vanquished sorcerers of Egypt, "It is the finger of God!"

I delight in tracing sensations of this kind, though a considerable time has passed since I beheld the scenes that awakened them in my heart: especially since the character then forming by divine influence, is now perfected in a superior region: and while I recollect, with sacred pleasure, the delightful feelings which it produced when viewed in its infant state—I earnestly anticipate the richer delight of beholding complete glory and radiance in the blissful world above.

Some years ago, soon after I had commenced preaching an occasional lecture at Overton, I was casually informed, in conversation with a person who himself made no great pretensions to a religious character, that he had accidentally conversed with a poor deformed cripple, living in a wretched cot in the neighbourhood of that place, whose name was William Churchman; who had much surprised him by his fluency in talking on religious subjects; and the more so, because the man did not appear to have read any book but the Bible, nor to have attended any public worship,

nor conversed with religious people of any denomination, so that he could not possibly conceive how he could have acquired the knowledge he appeared to possess.

My curiosity was much excited by this account, and I formed an instant determination to gratify it by visiting the subject of it on the evening of the following Sabbath, when I was engaged to preach at Overton, which I could conveniently accomplish, as his residence was near the road, by which I sometimes returned home.

It was a delightful summer evening, the sultry heat of the day had given place to the coolness of a gentle and refreshing breeze, the sun was just disappearing beneath the hill, which was the boundary of the prospect to the west, and his mild declining beams gave a faint lustre to the woods which crowned its summit. The feathered songsters were chaunting melodious vespers, and to their thrilling airs the cawing rooks, the bleating flocks, and lowing herd formed a solemn and not unpleasing bass. The flowery meadows, clad in luxuriant herbage, and studded with variegated flowers, exhaled delicious odours; my own mind, warmed and enlivened by the subject I had been endeavouring to illustrate to my rustic auditory, was in a disposition calculated to enjoy the charming scene, while I walked towards the little group of huts, one of which I had been informed was the residence of the poor man and his widowed mother.

As I approached the cottage, its exterior gave me at once an idea of the wretched poverty of the inhabitants; the thatch of the decayed roof was pervious in many places to the rain of heaven,

"And all the pelting of the pitiless storm."

The windows, of which there were two, one in each story, retained scarcely any unbroken panes of glass, and their many apertures were imperfectly stopped with straw, hay, and many-coloured rags.

The shattered door stood open; on entering I beheld seated on a little stool, which, with a broken chair and an old oaken table, composed the whole furniture of the miserable hovel, an object, whose external appearance was expressive of greater wretchedness than even that of the habitation itself; and in spite of the favourable idea I had conceived of him before, excited in my frame a shuddering of mingled pity and horror.

His countenance appeared to be that of a man about thirty years old, pale and squalid; his head, of an immoderate size, formed a shocking contrast to his withered limbs, which were not larger than those of a child of ten years old, distorted and deformed by several curvatures both in the legs and spine; sad consequence of neglect suffered in his infancy, from the carelessness and brutality of an ignorant and drunken mother.

He was reading when I came in; pursuant to a design I had formed, of knowing his sentiments and character from himself, without discovering my own, I accosted him with a very careless and indifferent air, "William, how do you do? what book is that you are

reading?" He raised his head to look at me, and replied with a look and tone of seriousness and affection, which instantly removed all those unpleasant sensations his appearance had excited in my mind, "The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

"Ho!" said I, "I have heard your religious people say, that a great deal of good may be got from that book, perhaps you can tell me if it be so, for I am sure I am bad enough, and if it will make me better, I'll read it too." He replied very gravely, "If the same Spirit who moved holy men of old to write it, open your heart to understand it, then it will do you good; but not else, for the natural man discerneth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

"But," rejoined I, still affecting ignorance of his meaning, "how then came you to understand them? surely you cannot be a learned man?"

Eyeing me with a solemn and piercing attention, he returned: "Sir, I don't know you, nor do I know why you came in here; but this I know, that I am commanded by this book to be ready to give to every man that asketh a reason of the hope that is in me, and I pray God that I may be enabled of him to do it with meekness and fear; you see, Sir, what a cripple I am, but you do not know what a sinner I am."

"You a sinner!" exclaimed I, "how can that be? you are not able to get about to drink, game, dance, and carouse as the rest of us can; how then, in the name of wonder, is it possible that you should be a sinner?"

"True," said he, "I could not; but yet I am one of the vilest of sinners, for I believe no son of Adam ever sinned in the way I have done; for I thought because God Almighty had made me such a poor lame cripple, and punished me so much I supposed for nothing, that therefore I might take the liberty to sin without fear, for I thought that he would never be so hard as to punish me here and hereafter too; so because that was the sin I could most easily indulge, I delighted to curse and swear, and I am sure I made such new oaths and curses, that even if you have been used to swear yourself, they were so very dreadful that they would make you tremble to hear them."

"However, blessed be God, about three months ago, as I was walking on my crutches in a fine sun-shiny day, near the door, I was seized all at once with a violent pain in my stomach; I cried out and fell down, and I really thought I was going to die presently; at first I did not seem to have any fear of death, for the reason I told you before; but as I continued in violent pain, a thought came across my mind, what good works have I done in my life? Alas! none! then I shall not go to heaven now; and if not, why I must go to hell at last. Now I was miserable indeed, for I did not know any other way to heaven than by my own works."

"Dear me," interrupted I, "what other way can there be, than doing all the good

we can in order to gain the favour of God Almighty?"

He answered me, "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified; for by the law is the knowledge of sin: not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour."

"But," continued he, "in this distress I tried to pray; but of all the prayers you ever read in your life, if you ever read any, or all that you ever heard, if you ever heard any body pray, I believe you never heard any thing like it; I don't think it was the prayer of faith, and yet I believe that God heard and answered it. I do not know why, but it was as it pleased him: this was it as near as I can remember:

"Lord, I am a poor sinner that never did any good in my life, and now I am afraid I must die and go to hell; but, O Lord, if thou canst save me, pray do; though I don't know how it can be. O try me once more, and I will be better than David; for he prayed seven times a day, but I will pray eight times, and read twelve chapters." But by praying, I only meant reading eight collects out of my mother's Prayer Book."

"Well, (interrupted I again,) what can be better praying than reading those excellent collects?"

"Ah, sir! (said he, very earnestly,) you might read all the prayers over that ever were made by man; you might make very good prayers for yourself, or if you were a bishop or some such great man, you might make prayers for other people, which they might pray in reading, and God might hear them, and yet never pray yourself in your life."

"Well, (said I,) this is very strange; what is praying, then?"

He replied, "praying is telling the great God what we feel that we want of him."

Returning to his narrative, he proceeded thus:—"It pleased God that I soon got somewhat better, and I set about my task as I had promised; but alas! in a little time, I found that I *did* not pray. I could not believe that I could not love God, that I could not repent of sin, and at last I left off reading my prayers, because I was afraid of mocking God any longer; but, blessed be his name, he did not suffer me to leave off reading the Testament, though the more I read the worse I was, for I read it all through, and all seemed to condemn me; now I can see in it exceeding great and precious promises, but I could not see any of them then, I could only attend to such awful words as these: 'Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?'"

"Where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

"The smoke of their torment ascendeth up, for ever and ever."

"Thou after thy hardness and impenitent heart, treasureth up to thyself wrath against the day of wrath, and revelation of the righteous judgment of God."

"The wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men.

"The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel.

"Yet I began to read it over again, and when I came the second time to the blessed first chapter of the first epistle of John, and read these precious words:—'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.' I felt that precious blood relieve my wounded conscience, and I seemed to myself as if I was in a new world. I could *now* repent, I could believe, I could love God, and if I had a thousand lives, I could have laid them all down for Christ."

"These are very wonderful things, (said I,) that you tell me, but what was the reason why God showed them to you? was it because you were so zealous and so earnest in reading the New Testament?"

He returned with inexpressible energy, "Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling; not according to our works, but according to his purpose and grace given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."

"What, (exclaimed I,) can you possibly make me believe, that the great God ever thought any thing about such a poor insignificant crippled man as you are, before he made the world?"

"Yes, (said he,) else why is it said,—'Chosen in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love?'"

"Surely, (said I,) you have never sinned since that time."

He replied, "In many things we offend all. If we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us."

"But, (said I,) if you should sin so much as to go to hell after all this, you had better have remained as ignorant as I am."

"Being confident, (he replied,) that he who hath begun a good work in you, will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ."

"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish; neither shall any pluck them out of my hand."

"If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, and he is the propitiation for our sins; and not for our's only, but also for the sins of the whole world."

"Who himself bare our sins in his own body on the tree."

"Do I understand you rightly? (asked I,) that it does not signify what sins you commit, or how you live now he is become your Saviour?"

He replied, with a look and accent of animated and holy indignation, "God forbid! how shall we who are dead to sin, live any longer therein? for the love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead: and that he died for all, that they which live, should not any longer live unto themselves, but to him that died for them and rose again."

Glancing his eye on my face, while he was thus speaking, he discerned a rising tear which I could no longer suppress, and instantly cried out, "I am sure, sir, you are not what you seem; I adjure you, tell me what you are, and why you came to see me?"

"My dear Christian brother, (said I,) it is true as you say, I am not what I seem; I am a poor sinner, who, like you, have been led by the Holy Spirit to trust in that Jesus who died for the ungodly."

After a short pause, in which he seemed revolving somewhat in his mind, he said, "I have heard one of the neighbours say, that there is a strange kind of man, who comes sometimes to preach at David Truman's house, and that folk call him a metridate, or some such name: (meaning, I suppose, a Methodist.) are not you the man?"

"Yes, my dear friend, (said I) I am the man. I have been just telling your poor neighbours, that 'the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.'"

Never shall I forget his look or his action: rising hastily from his seat, and grasping one of my hands in both of his, he instantly dropped on his knees, and lifting up his eyes, beaming with ecstasy, he cried aloud, "O my God! I thank thee; thou hast not only answered, but exceeded my request; I prayed that I might see and converse with one of thy people before I die; and, lo, thou hast sent me one of the ministers of Jesus!"

"And now, my dear sir, (to me) you must tell me what you said to the people upon that sweet verse, for I never heard a gospel sermon in my life."

I complied, and for one time only enjoyed a pleasure, unequalled in the twenty-six years of my ministry, but which I should rejoice to witness in a numerous assembly; the unspeakable delight of beholding my whole audience dissolved in sacred pleasure, and feasting with more than epicurean eagerness on the divine word.

When I had closed, "You know not (said he,) how you came to be inclined to preach at Overton, but I can tell you: ever since I have been new-born I have daily prayed to my heavenly Father that if there was any minister of Christ in England, which I thought there must be somewhere, because the BIBLES was here, he would send one to teach my poor blind neighbours, and he has sent you; and, therefore, viewing you as sent in answer to prayer, I doubt not but that God will make you useful to them."

After some further conversation, I commended him to God in prayer, and we parted.

During these interesting scenes, time glided unperceived by either of us: it was now late, the moon was absent, but thousands of the distant lamps of heaven studded the sable robe of night, and afforded a glimmering light, better suited to the solemn and delightful feelings of my soul than the bright glare of day; the profound silence was interrupted by

"No noise but water, ever friend to thought," except the sadly pleasing strains of the nightingale; for the rest of the aerial choir were

sunk in sleep, and even the grasshopper had forgotten his chirping.

As I pursued my solitary walk homewards, I felt my mind expand; my views of the excellence of the Bible were heightened and extended. Precious volume! exclaimed I, how comparatively mean and insignificant is all knowledge, except that which thy inestimable leaves display!

"Here the fair Tree of Knowledge grows,  
Nor danger dwells therein."

O! that every eye which beholds "the sun when he shineth, or the moon walking in brightness," or gazes on yonder gems of the night which declare the glory of their Maker, was blest with the superior radiance of this divine luminary, that every man in every clime possessed, and duly prized the invaluable treasures of the Bible! But the blind are insensible of the cheering ray of light, oh, Spirit Divine! who, with influence irresistible, accompaniedst the mandate, "Let there be light,"

"Knock with the hammer of thy word,  
And break into each heart."

And while reflecting on the sovereignty of the divine Spirit, in his making this poor, despised, obscure being wise unto salvation, by means of the Bible alone, I humbly trust I felt glowing in my heart somewhat of the sentiment of my dearest Lord and Master, when he said, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid those things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes; even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

The communication which I made of these very interesting particulars to my friends, on my return, induced several Christians of different denominations repeatedly to visit him with me, whose surprise and pleasure were equal to my own; and at one of those visits a conversation occurred, which, as it relates to a subject, concerning which there exists a diversity of opinion among the best of men, I shall give in a separate note, as my conscience will not permit me to secrete any part of the views of so interesting and excellent a character.

I was desirous of knowing whether he had, from searching the Scriptures, obtained any distinct views of the nature of Christ's kingdom on earth; and whether, as he conceived himself at a remote distance from any of Christ's disciples, he had turned his attention to the order and government of the church; and therefore I made some enquiries on the subject, and received from him, with surprise, the answers which follow:—

I asked him, How many churches he apprehended God might have in the world?

"One, only," was his reply.

"What church is that?"

"The general assembly and church of the first-born, which is written in heaven."

"What, then, was the church of the Jews?"

"The shadow of good things to come; but the body is of Christ."

"But how are those visible to the world?"

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

"Yes, as individuals; but how shall they be visible as a church?"

"Where but two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

"That may be in many places at once: but are they not called churches? Why is this?"

"Because each is like the whole church; as Paul says, 'In whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit'."

"How do any unite with such a church?"

"They first gave themselves to the Lord; and to us according to the will of God."

"What officers are there in the church of Christ?"

"Bishops and deacons."

"What is the office of a bishop?"

"To feed the flock of God, over which the Holy Ghost hath made him overseer."

"What is the deacon's office?"

"To serve tables"

"Were those officers appointed for enriching, or advancing the persons holding them?"

"Ourselves, your servants for Jesus' sake Not for filthy lucre's sake. Not as lords over God's heritage, but as helpers of your joy."

"Who are to act in choosing those officers?"

"Wherefore look ye out from among yourselves seven men of good report, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, whom we may appoint over this business."

"But if wicked men creep into the church, how are they to be dealt with when they are discovered?"

"Put away from among yourselves that wicked person."

"But if they repent afterwards?"

"What shall the receiving of them be, but life from the dead?"

"Does the power of kings and rulers relate to our bodies, or our consciences?"

"Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's; but unto God the things that are God's."

I was surprised at his ideas of this subject, and could ask him no more questions.

A plan was laid by a few benevolent friends, to render his outward circumstances more comfortable, though I must do him the justice to say, he was very averse to it.

"I can live," said he, "on the parish allowance (which was only two shillings per week!) and perhaps some of God's children who have families, are in much greater want than I."

But God's ways are not as our ways. This jewel was to lie no longer in the dunghill: this radiant star was no longer to be enveloped in the mists and clouds of this gloomy atmosphere; it was destined to adorn a brighter region. We just caught a transient glance of the sparkling radiance of the descending luminary, which was now to set on earth, that it might rise to set no more in the world of eternal glory.

One evening, soon after, he was sitting with his mother, and reading the Bible to her, apparently in as good health as ever he had enjoyed, when he on a sudden cried out, "Mother, I am taken very ill, help me up the

ladder (the only stair-case they had) to bed, and then I shall have but one more step to ascend, and I shall be in my Father's house."

She assisted him to bed, and went to the next house to procure some gin, her only supposed remedy for every disease! and to call her neighbour to her assistance; but when she returned, he was speechless; and in a few minutes, without a struggle, or a sigh, he entered into the joy of his Lord.

I give no comments, I make no remarks, I leave this narrative to the blessing of God, and the reflection of the reader's conscience.

## THE GOSPEL MINISTRY :

BEING THE SUBSTANCE OF  
A CHARGE

DELIVERED TO MR. W. CAUNT, AT EBENEZER  
CHAPEL, GREENWICH,  
BY MR. JAMES WELLS.

(Concluded from page 261.)

ENGLAND is the chosen land of the Most High. How great are the wonders he has done in it, and by it! What other land in all Europe, or even in all the world, is like it? There is scarcely a right or lawful liberty which we, as Christians, do not enjoy. But I dare not trust myself into a digression upon so interesting a matter; I therefore forbear. But can we forget to pray for so favoured a land? can we abstain from true gratitude to our God, for the wholesome laws and the protection we have? Let us, then, pray for all that are in authority over us as citizens, and that we may still lead a quiet and peaceful life in the fear of our God.

Now, what one excuse would there be for you holding back any one part of God's truth? You can, in love to truth and to the souls of men, speak out the truth freely and fully, and honest hearts will love you in so doing. Let us, then, use our liberty for the holiest and best of all purposes—that is, to honour our God, and do all possible good to the souls and bodies of our fellow-mortals, but especially to our fellow-Christians.

England, then, is, so far as our liberty as Christians is concerned, a kingdom of our God and of his Christ. May millions yet unborn be brought in this favored land to know the name of our God. But I notice,

III.—*When you are.* You are in the nineteenth century of the Christian era. There is, therefore, room for history to teach you something. It will teach you that no literary acquirement, however varied, no height of civilization, however great, that no accumulation of wealth, however immense, that no ecclesiastical laws, however enforced, that no mere human suasion, however ingenious, that no device of man, however deeply laid, or industriously followed up, can save a soul from death. Never was there an age in which it was more needful to be simple, sincere, decided, and clear upon all the vitalities of true godliness. Whatever the aggregate experience of ages has done for this world, and for the advancement of liberty of conscience, it

has done nothing towards the true regeneration of the souls of men. You have, therefore, plenty of work before you; for the world, by wisdom, never did, and never will know God. This, then, must be your aim—to bring men to the "knowledge of Him, whom to know is life eternal."

Delusion in these matters is now brought to great perfection, manifesting itself in every possible shape and form; and so attractive, that you will often feel your own false charity sympathies siding in a great measure with those attractions; and you will often have to strive hard against a whole tide of creature amiabilities which will be brought against you; for it matters naught to the enemy *how* you are deluded, if he can but once get you into the wrong path. But God is faithful, and will not suffer you to be tried above that you are able to bear, but will, with the tribulation, make a way for your escape, that ye may be able to bear it.

The nineteenth century is an age of unexampled learning; and happily you do not despise learning. It is some advantage to a minister of the gospel, there cannot be anything wrong in your language being grammatically right; nor anything detrimental to you for your reasonings to be in accordance with reason's right laws; for you have to speak, not to mere animals, but to a people of not only average, but some of superior intelligence, good education, and refined acquirements, and that elegant simplicity which suits the natural taste of such, can be best understood by the most illiterate; for even these, though they know not why it is, but so it is, recognise a charm in clearness and consistency of language, which they cannot find in a coarse and ignorant use of language. The more simple and plain the words, the better. The life of true eloquence, or good speaking, lies more in the brilliancy of the thought, and real, and honest, and earnest, and intense feeling of the heart, than in any set of words you can choose. Therefore, while I would have your language chaste, clear, piercing, orderly, and plain, yet I am much, very much more concerned that you should be the subject of all that godly exercise which shall carry you into all the varieties of the believer's pathway to heaven. This will lead over a good part of the promised land, and will, from your own soul's experiences, bring into use all the varieties of language, from the deepest pathos to the highest sublimity; and from the boldest apostrophies, to the most intricate, yet clearest reasonings; and from the softest attractions, to the most awful thunders of eternal truth. You will thus come, not in the wisdom of words—for satan would laugh at this—but though your words be wisely chosen, yet you would come in the power of God.

I do not, then, think that you ought to leave out of your consideration the character of the age we live in; and so far from the unlearned part of your hearers losing anything by propriety of language, they would gain by it; because your thoughts and feelings would be more clearly and more powerfully impres-

sed. It is not for you to use unusual words. No; this would be to trifle with the souls of your hearers, and look as though you were seeking to exalt yourself, instead of Him whom you profess to honor. I want you to use grammatically and wisely the words of the Bible, and words which are in common use; and in so doing you will not offend the ear of the learned, nor for a moment bewilder the mind of the unlearned. But I come to my

IVth. Particular. *What you are to do.* You are, under all circumstances, and in all places, to abide by the truth. "To whom we gave way," saith the apostle, speaking of deceivers, "to whom we gave way, no, not for an hour, that the truth of the gospel might continue with you." But in this part I must remind you, that you cannot sow without seed—you cannot build without materials—you cannot feed the children without bread—nor water the sheep if you know not where the springs of water are. You cannot heal if you have no medicines; and you cannot enrich if you have no treasure to minister.

This, therefore, is an essentially important part of your work. You must study to shew yourself a workman that need not to be ashamed. Now I want you to enter the pulpit very poor, and yet very rich; and I want you, when you enter the pulpit, to *know* what you are going about; for you will find that fortuitous, haphazard sort of preachers, are very unsuccessful preachers; and their ministry will wear scarcely twelve months in one place; or if they continue, nothing is done worth speaking of. But there is also an opposite evil, against which I must here caution you; it is that of a mere intellectually *got up* mode of preaching. Such are generally finicking, dandy sort of preachers; such as some soft-pated ladies admire. But I want you neither to be a gentleman's man, nor a lady's man—but the believer's man—God's man—a man of God; and to avoid both these systems—the one of presumption, and the other of mere memory work. I want you, with all the spare time you have, to read the Word of God—to read it through and through; and when a word comes with some degree of light, and it seems intended as a text, then your question will be, What is the meaning of it? What is the mind of the Holy Spirit? This should be the first question. The next question should be, What do you really and truly know, in your own soul, of the life and meaning of such Scripture. The next question should be, after ascertaining its main drift, and what you know of it in your own soul, What are its *natural* divisions? Having found the distinction of its different clauses—or, if the text consist of one clause, what the *implied* parts which it embodies, or which it can be made to apply, then take *each* division *by itself*, and see what other parts of Scripture will illustrate, amplify, and confirm this one division of your subject. Then, if one, two, or three paragraphs from other parts of the Word give you good possession of the first division of your subject, then go on carefully to the next, and so get full and distinct possession of each de-

partment. Look to the Lord; retire to your closet; pour out your heart before your Father, which seeth in secret; tell the Lord you trust he has led you to this part of his blessed and Holy Word; ask the Lord to be with you, and enable you, by the power of the Holy Ghost to proclaim, as upon the house-tops, what you trust he has shewn to you in secret; and thus let the fear and love of God, and solemn prayer, keep your conscience clear; and pray for a text, and pray over it; and seek for grace, and wisdom, and power, both to preach and to practise the same.

Be careful to let your divisions be *natural*—following the order and spirit of your text; not forced, or artificial divisions. But beware of sub-divisions; have as *few* as possible, or your sermon will appear of a very awkward sort of shape; it will be all legs and arms, sprawling out in all directions; but judgment in this matter is required; and wisdom is profitable to direct; there is no precise rule given in the Word upon this matter, and I suppose that it is a matter upon which no rule could be given, the subject being too various to admit of any definite rule; therefore, what I have here said, is not intended to apply always, in all respects. But, nevertheless, you will find great advantage in attending very closely thereto. You have, in your own soul, the elements of a good preacher, why should not those elements have every one its proper place—is not order better than confusion? To those who have been accustomed to a loose and confused way of advancing their subjects, it would be at first somewhat difficult for them to discipline their minds into order, but they would soon find the advantage of it. Keeping close to what I have here said, was, under the Lord's blessing, the making, as a minister, of the late Mr. William Allen, of the Cave Adullam, Stepney: the first time I heard him preach was at Sharnbrook, in Bedfordshire: I saw in him the grace of God, and was glad, and saw a great want of order in his mind and was sorry; and it was so ordered, we had to go the next morning across the country together in a chaise, I then told him of the disadvantages he laboured under; he listened, he seemed affected, confessed he had been taught, because some had misused study and order, to despise it all together; but, I said, did Noah build the ark without a plan? Did Moses build the tabernacle without a pattern? Did Solomon build the temple without arrangement? Does God carry on his work without counsel? And, although, to us, his ways are often as a mighty maze, but yet not "without a plan." Did the Saviour come into the world without knowing what he had to do? These arguments prevailed with him, he saw that when the Apostles were to be brought before the rulers, they were not to meditate before hand what they were to say, but that going into the pulpit is quite another thing; and William Allen now, in addition to his being, by the grace of God a Bible Christian, became also a *Bible student*, and he never in his life previously to the time I now refer to, could keep a congregation; and as the people at the Cave Adullam were at this time without a pastor, and I supplied for

them every Thursday evening, and as William Allen appeared to me to have a good *experience* of the truth, and as he seemed glad of my remarks upon the solemnities of the ministry, I thought he was one who would well suit the people at the Cave. I was *not* disappointed in my expectation, or wrong in my judgment. That conversation I had with William Allen was the means of completely turning the tide of his affairs. He came to the Cave, and for nearly twenty years prospered, as every one knows. The place was thronged, the chapel enlarged, and I trust many souls were brought to know the Lord. His wife died happy in the Lord; he then married a woman of considerable property, and left some thousands to be distributed among his children, though scarce worth a penny to call his own when I first knew him. Such were in his history some of the results of two hours' godly and earnest conversation, upon the solemn responsibilities of the position of a Gospel minister; and which conversation I have more than once heard Mr. Allen acknowledge, both in private and in public.

You will, therefore, I trust, be a *careful* reader of the Bible, and a careful preacher of the truth as it is in Jesus.

I also want you to be the same man out of the pulpit that you are in the pulpit. But this I have already stated to you. And the less you are among the people in private, the better. Your time must be given to God, or you will not be of much use to the people. Of course, I do not say you are never to spend an hour with a few Christian friends, but this must be in great moderation, if you mean to be useful. He who monopolizes much of your time and company, robs the whole congregation, besides creating a jealousy in the minds of others, and throwing great impediments in your own way. You may depend upon it, that the arrows do most execution when, in one sense, you draw the bow at a venture; you keep clear of personalities, and avoid a thousand unpleasantnesses. But I must now

V. Close my few remarks to you. The salvation you will find in and at the end of your work. "Take heed," saith the Apostle, "to *thyself*, and to the doctrine, and continue in them, for in so doing thou shalt both save thyself, and them that hear thee." Take heed first, to thyself. See that you experience and live the things which you preach to others, and thus by the power of God beating down the body of sin and error within you, keeping it in subjection, lest, when you have preached to others, you should become that lifeless, withered sort of branch, that bears no living fruit, and so be but a castaway; for it is by the life and power of truth that you are the salt of the land; but if the salt have lost its savour it is good neither for the land of the living, nor for the dunghill of an ungodly world, but only to be trodden under foot, both by the world and the church. "Take heed, then, to thyself, and to the doctrine, and *continue* in them, for in *so doing* thou shalt save *thyself*." Yes, you will hereby continue unto God a sweet savour in Christ in them that are saved, and in them that perish; because you will testify of the truth both ways, describing the

character that (dying in that state) must be lost; and the character that shall be saved, and that in taking forth the precious from the vile, you shall be as God's mouth, and you will save them that hear thee. If time would allow me to enlarge here, how easily might the many ways in which you save them that hear you be shewn. But I forbear.

And now, as the Lord is with you *in* the work, so at the *end* of your work it will be "well done thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

You see the description here given answers to all the Lord's ministers, and to all his people. It is not *great* and faithful servants, but good and faithful servants; and it is not thou hast been faithful over *many* things, but only a *few* things. So that what we possess *now* is only the earnest of our inheritance; it is but a mere sample. A *few* things—the *many* things are yet to come. May great grace enable us to make the best use of what little we do know, that we may indeed endure to the end, and be saved, and go on to glorify that God who has done such great things for us.

#### THY SUN SHALL NOT GO DOWN.

*Being Lines written subsequent to a Sermon preached by Mr. Thos. Edwards, Tonbridge Wells.*

Thou' glory be thy prospect, and dreary seem thy way,  
Thou' enemies surround thee—let Jesus be thy stay.  
What tho' the tempter tempt thee, the Lord no more will shine,  
The Lord gives grace and glory, he is thy life divine.  
Ah! dark and tried and tempted, he will thy fears destroy,  
And turn thy darkness into light, thy mourning into joy.  
Look up thou heir of glory, thy Jesus leads the way;  
He will not suffer thee to fall, but keep thee night and day.  
If poverty thy path attend, let not thy heart rebel,  
He will supply thy needs, and thou shalt his mercy tell.  
When troubles rise, and winds they blow, he kindly whispers peace;  
He is thy glorious sun and shield, and will display his grace.  
He will bind up the broken heart, and melt thee with his love;  
For tho' the way be long and rough, he will thy Jesus prove.  
Tho' thus beloved through trying paths, yet these are not thy sun;  
But Christ is thine, and thou art his, and with him thou art one;  
And soon thy sun, which hath arose in righteousness divine,  
Shall not go down, but on thy soul eternally shall shine.  
He'll call thee home to reign with him in realms of heavenly light;  
He'll wipe away thy tears, and thou shalt walk with him in white.  
No more beset with sin, thy soul shall feast on dying love;  
His glory then shall rest on thee in that bright world above,  
His wondrous love and conquering grace, thy endless song shall be—  
And thou shalt sing, "Free grace, free grace!" throughout eternity.  
Crowhurst.

KATE.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF BEING IN CHRIST :  
A SERMON BY MR. ARTHUR TRIGGS.

" But now in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were afar off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ."  
—Eph. ii. 13.

No one, however learned or however high his attainments may be in the word of God, can take in the fulness of that testimony of God the eternal Spirit; but there are many living witnesses of the divine properties of it, and that is not all, but nothing short of the fulness of the testimony, which is Christ and his precious blood, will give real solid peace or satisfaction. Beloved of the Lord, it matters not what we may know, if we are not living new creatures in Christ; therefore, my desire is, that God's children should be more taken up with this dear subject, and in love I would say a word or two in the simplicity of the mercy: redemption in Christ, and redemption in his blood, is most precious; salvation by Jesus, saved from our sins, and being justified from all things, is so blessed I should fail were I to attempt to tell out the one ten thousandth part of its blessedness; why, I have not words to express what I have felt in the experience of it.

In beginning with our text, we must begin with the person of Christ. Where are my desires going out to? Christ. Where are my prayers going? To the person of Christ. Where do my thoughts centre? The Christ of God, the Son of God, Emmanuel, God with us, and this part comes in so sweetly "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none on earth I desire but thee." We may pass on, and appear very peaceable, and be satisfied with religion, may be looking forward with complacency to the winding up of matters, when we shall close our eyes on time, but what would our knowledge of the scripture avail then! Nothing, unless Christ is all and in all. My profession, and my preaching, will avail me nothing, if Christ is not mine and I am His. What is God the Father's gift to the church? "Jesus Christ; for He gave Him the Head of His body the church, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all." The ministry, teaching and instructing of God the eternal Spirit comforts the heart, cheers and animates the mind; and the purport of it is to testify of Jesus, by taking of the things of Christ and showing them unto us, and guiding us into all truth; and there is no truth short of Christ, "The way, the truth, and the life." I would have you note it down (some of you may never see me more) that if we are living witnesses of the ministry and teaching of the Holy Ghost, He never comforts us with anything short of Jesus Christ.

Stop, say some, I have often been comforted with thoughts of redemption. But not without Christ: the Lord Jesus never establishes us in redemption in abstractedness from his person. How is it we live in peace with God the Father? In and by Christ. How is it we have communion with God the Father? Not merely by the teachings of the Holy Spirit; but in, by, and through, our most glorious Mediator. How is it we have access to God

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the Father? By one Spirit, through Jesus Christ. Let me beseech of you, by the mercies of God, to think these things over—it is quite immaterial what may be said of you or me; it is only the Lord Jesus will be our comfort and consolation in times of trouble.

We have Christ spoken of first in the text as *the Anointed*; and, secondly, as the self-existing Saviour. Then we may rest our heads assured of this, that as Jesus is the self-existing Saviour, he is God the Father's anointed, and he is God's Christ; as this is demonstrated in the heart, another truth will be familiar with us, that as we belong to Christ, and are members of his body, being new creatures in him—so we live in him, and stand in the same anointing, and by that anointing shall abide in him for ever. In looking through this epistle of Paul's, or any other of his epistles, the next prominent thing that arrests the eye and attracts the heart of a believer, is the person of Christ. Now, if we look back over the gracious dealings of our God with us, were not the desires going out at first similar to what they are now? And thus it is expressed, "that I may know him;" and we have been led on, and can now say with Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" nothing can stop that reigning desire, nothing can damp the ardent nature of it, for the more we learn concerning him, the more the desires are after an increasing knowledge of him. I would quote another sweet expression of Paul's, and it is well for the children to compare spiritual things with spiritual, so to ascertain if the truths recorded are those that reign in their hearts. In Philippians iii. Paul saith, "yea, doubtless, and I count all things loss (not lost) for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." Take a double view of that sweet portion; the excellency of that knowledge which is from the Lord, the church have in knowing Jesus, the Son of God. All we know as creatures we shall forget when our heart-strings break; but the knowledge of Christ, which the Holy Ghost brings us into an acquaintance and a knowledge of, will go right through death with us; and the same Lord Jesus that is now precious, will be the Lamb of God in the midst of the throne, of whom we shall sing, "He loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to whom be glory and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen."

We shall begin with the text, as the Lord shall enable us; and shall speak of the little word *in*—"But now in Christ Jesus;" and although it is but two letters, it comprehends more in its fulness than we shall comprehend to all eternity; and the simplicity and plainness of it is this—I am either *in* Christ Jesus, or I am out of him: there is no mediocrity. We are *in* this chapel, but we have no rela-



tion to it, nor have we oneness of nature with it; for we are as much related to the chapel when outside, as we are when inside; but if we are *in* Christ, the thing is altogether different. When we were a great way off, we were enemies to God by wicked works; and at one time we were without hope and without God in the world; but being in Christ, I have the nature of Christ, and it is called the Divine nature; and he hath my flesh and blood in union with himself. Then, as I am in Christ, I am there *more* than a dweller; for a dweller has no union to the dwelling. If I am a new creature in Christ, whatever he is, he is mine; for being in him, partakers of him, being the travail of his soul, the purchased of his blood, all he wrought, and obtained, is put down to his account; for the Holy Ghost by Paul, saith, "All are yours, ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." As Jesus Christ has our nature, and taken us into union with himself, he is touched with the feelings of our infirmities. Why, poor soul, there is not a heart-ache, nor a pain, nor a sorrow, nor a grief, exercise nor temptation, but what Jesus Christ hath a fellow-feeling with you. A knowledge of this endears him, and an experience of this makes him very precious. In Isa. lxiii. we have the Lord opening his mind, and he saith, "Surely they are my people, children that will not lie." So he was their Saviour; "In all their afflictions, he was afflicted;" and in Heb. iv. we find another dear truth—"In all points he was tempted like as we are, yet without sin." Some of God's children may be thinking it cannot be true; and there was a time I did not believe it; for I thought it was impossible for the Son of God to be tempted as I was; but now I know he was; and how I know it, is because he hath made it manifest in my heart when in sore temptations, when none but God in our nature would have supported me, or could have preserved me, or have delivered me. It is very easy for people to talk about experience, and about temptations; but it is a very different thing to feel them, and to experience them; for when the devil tempts a poor sensible sinner, it makes him almost to shrink out of his life. These things are not generally known; but there is one temptation that I was tried with, and that was, to deny the being of a God. I have trembled, cried and groaned under it. None but God could have kept me as he did; therefore it is well for God's children to think these things over; and although at times your mind may be greatly exercised, with a complete uproar within; yet, if you are in union with Christ, you are preserved from all evil; and knowing this, you will praise a precious Christ for the mercy, and you will give him glory, and again repeat his praise, and say, Amen.

This is just an outline of the experience God has led me on in for years; even now things are very acute and trying; but I know, "He abideth faithful; he cannot deny himself." But that never lets me trifle with temptations.

There is another word that used to astound me—and that is, the marvellous account James

gives to the church of God, "To count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations." It is when ye fall *into*, not when ye fall *by*, temptations; for thousands fall by temptations, and yet will deny God and his truth; but there are others that fall *into* temptations, that are members of Christ, and that know what it is to be kept and preserved. Why I am led in this way, I must leave with the Lord; I had no thought of talking so; but no doubt there is some poor, tempted, and tried, devil-hunted child of God, that requires a little comfort; and when bewildered and driven to his wit's end, he is then in a fit state for the Lord Jesus to step in and say,—*"Be of good cheer: I am, be not afraid."*

The first account we have in this epistle concerning our being in Christ, is God's blessing the church in him. It is very blessed for God's children that have the mind of the Lord, to know a little about the Divine properties of these things; that is, God blessed us before he chose us. Now, we can see a similarity of this naturally; for before God made Adam and Eve, he had made everything for them to partake of. So our gracious God, he did not choose us first, and then seek a provision afterwards; but as every blessing was in Christ before God the Father chose the church in him, so every blessing stood in Christ when the church fell in Adam; and I know from the Word of God, and by his gracious teachings, that I never lost one blessing by the fall in Adam, nor did I forfeit my inheritance; and it may appear strange when I say—although it is true—that then God the Father's love to me in Christ was the same. This is sweet living, and glorious mercy, very humbling, yet heart-cheering and Christ-endearing. God the Father did not give the blessing to the church in abstractedness from Christ, but they were given to us in him; and as we are blessed in Christ with all spiritual blessings, by his election act he put us into the fulness of them.

Should there be any enquiries what these blessings are, and how many, the Holy Ghost has laid them before us—First, "He has given unto us eternal life, and this life is in his Son." And he has given unto us grace, and that grace is given to us in Christ Jesus." Now I believe all the blessings are couched in these two dear truths; they are living blessings, to run coeval with our eternal life; and they are grace blessedness in grace union, by eternal election in the person of Emmanuel, God with us. The more I hear of this, and think of it, the more I love it, for I have nothing out of Christ that will last me long, or that will do me any good; and I have nothing out of Christ to bring me into condemnation before God. We may be brought into circumstances that we condemn ourselves for, and we may perform actions that we may be condemned for by the church; but that never brings a child into condemnation before God; for "there is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." Therefore we are not only blessed and chosen in Christ, but it is *that we should be holy*. Now many of God's children raise many objections to this truth,

because they are looking for holiness in themselves, instead of having it in Christ. Oh, the fruitless hours I have spent in endeavouring to find it where it never could be found, and that was in myself. If the Holy Ghost puts a poor soul a seeking, he will find everything in Christ that his heart may desire, and he will find such satisfaction in the blessedness of the truth, when demonstrated in his heart by the Holy Spirit; namely, "Because as he is so are we in the world." It is not only that we should be holy, but that we should be "without blame before him in love." I cannot say, I am perfect in the knowledge of it, but I believe it with all my heart; for even now according to my feelings, there appears a necessity to blame myself for what I might have said or done; but only for the mind to be directed to Jesus, and to know him, I have no apprehension or fear of such things there; for I know I am without blame before God in Christ. These are solemn realities; they will do to live with and die with; for when the heart-strings are breaking, the mercy will be, "without blame before God in love." I would not thank you for all the religion that stops short of this—it would be a most disagreeable thing to me, for it would be no better than a phantom. When did God choose us? Oh, say some, after we began to seek him, and after we became religious. I use to hear that tale in the meeting-house in the village when God quickened my soul; but such is not the way, for God did not choose his people after they had become good. When did God choose his people? Before the foundation of the world. Yes, say some, it was a sovereign act of the Godhead. I know that pleases the fancy of a great many, and thus they attempt to engraft on God's election, reprobation; as if reprobation was the act of God. Many have found fault with me because I will not believe reprobation in the way the hard-hearted professors say it is; but, however, I will leave that, to go on with a warm heart, as members of Christ, being chosen in him, and will bless God for the mercy, and say with Ruth, "How is it that thou shouldst take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?" God's election known in a sinner's heart, never hardens that sinner against God; nor does it harden that sinner against a fellow-sinner. Dear Herbert saith—

"Nor would I dare condemn the vilest sinner that I see,

But hope he is belov'd of God, and that from all eternity."

Depend upon it, it keeps us very quiet, and satisfied with God's election; and, blessed be God, as he chose us in Christ, our holiness blessings, and election by God the Father always stand the same in Christ.

What did God choose us for? "For Himself," and "that we should be to the praise of his glory." I have often thought that his blessing me was even greater than my salvation; but this is so uppermost in the church of God, to love Jesus Christ for which he has done; and there is a portion which sweetly expresses it in Psalm cxvi.: "I love tho

Lord, because he hath heard my voice, and my supplication;" and in Psalm xviii. when David went in and sat before the Lord, for God had given him rest from all his enemies, he saith, "I will love thee, O Lord, my strength. The Lord is my Rock, my fortress and my deliverer; my God, my strength in whom I will trust, my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, my high tower." You there see what the man of God loved the Lord for: and it is a most profound truth, and a most blessed one, that I love the Lord beyond all he has done for me. May the Lord open these sweet truths to the mind; for when you once get familiar with the person of Christ, and you know your union to him, you will take no put off with anything short of himself, and this sweet scripture comes in here so nicely, "Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest; where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon." Therefore, although the work of Christ is honourable and glorious, the person of Christ is greater than his work; for he gave validity to all he wrought, suffered and obtained, when he finished the work the Father gave him to do. This is so precious to me, that I cannot tell out the blessedness of it: to be living on daily in friendship and familiarity with Jesus, the friend of sinners. "Ah, but (say some), have you nothing that comes between you and him?" No; but many things in my old man comes up in feelings; but being a new creature in Christ, nothing can come between Christ and the church; for as we live in him, he is only our life, and he declares, "neither shall they die any more, they are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection." Cheer up, beloved, the best is to come; and as we were chosen in him before the foundations of the world, God the Father never had but one view of the church; and it is marvellous that he should constrain Balaam to tell it out, "He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither hath he seen perverseness in Israel."

Yet what a noise is kept up because I preach sin to be a nonentity relative to the church as they stand in our most glorious Christ. "From the tops of the rocks I see him, and from the hills I behold him; lo, the people shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned among the nations." Then I say, bless the Lord, O my soul, although we have all sinned and come short of the glory of God, yet being one with him, and by eternal union one, we are in him without blame, without spot, without sin, without condemnation, wrath or curse; complete in the Son of God. There are a few things more which stand connected with our being blessed and chosen in Christ. In the 5th verse, we find the Holy Ghost, by Paul, saying that "He predestinated us." Now God never predestinated man to be damned. I know many say so; but he "predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ unto himself, according to the good pleasure of his will. To the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the Beloved." Who made us accepted? God our Father, who predestinated us—God our Father, who blessed us and chose us; and as they are his

love acts, they will run coeval with his word. I do not recollect I ever felt the importance of the word "*made*" as I did this morning, when reading over the 1st chapter of Ephesians, there appeared something new in especial blessedness to open to the mind; I have often quoted it and said, *the church is accepted in the beloved*, but they are *made*; not by an act of God absolute; but he *made* them *accepted in the beloved*; and being predestinated, that was one of his personal acts. Oh, say you, I do not like predestination? Poor soul, if you ever had felt the sweets of it, you would love it with all your heart. I might stand here and attempt to describe the fullness and blessedness of this love act of God our Father in predestinating us, and in so doing should speak the truth; but to learn the truth of it, is much better than all you may hear about it; for when the love and power of God the Eternal Spirit is realised in the heart, you are enabled to take of God's love in communication with his predestinating us to the adoption of children; you then know you are adopted, because, having the Spirit of adoption, you cry *Abba Father*.

The adoption spoken of here, is not spoken of in reference to the Jewish Church; but especially spoken of by Paul concerning the Gentiles, now naturally you never adopt your own child, but the child of another, and by that act of adoption you make it your own. How shall we understand this in reference to our being adopted by God our Father? Thus: once we were strangers, belonging to the family of Adam; but are now cut off from that old stock, delivered from the power of darkness and translated into the kingdom of his dear Son. Of all the apostles, Paul is the only one that mentions adoption and predestination, we will stop to consider it. Peter, James and John were apostles to the Jews, but the Lord saw fit that we Gentiles, should only have one apostle, and I really think he is the greatest of all; and yet he saith, "I am less than the least of all saints." The especial purpose God had in sending Paul was to lay open the heart of God to poor Gentile sinners far beyond that which was laid open to the Jews. Now the truth that is demonstrated from our being predestinated unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ, is this: that we have nothing but what we have in Jesus Christ, and he is our All and in All. Some of you may be seeking for evidences of childship; well there is nothing plainer in all the word of God than the truths recorded relative to childship and they come down so low: but God's people are so highminded, they look away from them. Do you know anything about crying, sighing and groaning on account of your troubles, trials and exercises? If you do, you must be alive; for were you not alive, you would have no such feelings; think more about *life*; for it is more than meat, and then think of the effects of that living life, for as sure as childship is manifested, that we are born of God; there is not one of you but what will assure your hearts before God, that He is your Father and you are his child. And here is a very sweet evidence that the Holy Ghost had handed

down "As new born babes desire the sincere milk of the word," If you have desires, they are as much a function of spiritual life and a manifestation of childship, as it is to joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

## EPISTLE TO THEOPHILUS.

### LETTER XVIII.

MY GOOD THEOPHILUS,—What think you of such a Scripture as this, "And thou Capernaum which art exalted unto heaven shall be brought down to hell, for if the mighty works which have been done in thee had been done in Sodom it would have remained until this day?"

Here, then, we come to the sin of unbelief; but I shall want your attention here rather closely, that you may distinguish between that faith which can save temporarily, a town, a city, or a kingdom, and yet cannot save a soul. There is an essential difference between the nature, the cause, and the advantage of these two kinds of believing. The one is the duty of the creature, as a responsible being, the other is the gift of God, to all whom he has ordained to eternal life. But it is with the former that we have in this letter chiefly to do. Now, what are the heaven and hell spoken of in the above Scripture? Not, certainly, the heaven of glory, nor the hell of the lost. The words, therefore, are highly figurative, contrasting the highest prosperity with the lowest desolation and temporal destruction, and this because of their sin of unbelief.

Now the matter appears to me to stand thus; that man, notwithstanding his fallen state as a sinner before God, and notwithstanding that he is in relation to the eternal salvation of his soul utterly helpless, for no one part of this matter lies with man, even his very faith, with which savingly he is to believe in Christ, is the gift of God. Therefore, there is no part of the work of salvation committed, apart from the grace of God, to man. Man cannot be in whole or in part, responsible for the salvation of his own soul, neither will he ever be reproached for not saving his soul, as his destiny was fixed by his fall in the first Adam. But his *amount* of suffering is *another* question, for though we do not read of one having a greater salvation than another, yet we do read of some having a *greater condemnation* than others, and thus it is that man is responsible to God for his actions; in other words, for the use he makes of the physical and rational powers which he possesses. Even the heathen were left without excuse, that is, without excuse for doing as they did; for though they possessed not the Scriptures, yet the creation testified to their consciences the eternal power and Godhead of the Most High, and yet they substituted for the blessed God, the beasts of the earth, and which led to practises as vile as their adopted religion was base, and they will, therefore, be judged accordingly. So, wherever the Bible comes, it brings its own evidence of its own truth to every man's conscience (except they who are given up to a

reprobate mind) and men become enlightened, elevated, civilized, refined, and derive therefrom every possible temporal, moral, and social advantage; for while "sin is a reproach to any people," "righteousness certainly exalteth a nation." Well, then, if the Jews had repented at the preaching and miracles of Jesus, as Sodom would have done, and as the Ninevites did at the preaching of Jonah, would Jerusalem have been destroyed? Certainly not; but they were willingly ignorant of the day of their visitation; they did in spite of their own consciences carry their enmity against the Saviour to the very uttermost, and so the wrath of God came upon them to the very uttermost. They knew that the Saviour was a good man, though they did not know that he was God-man; they knew that God was with him (John iii. 2.) though they knew not that he was God. But had they have acted upon what they did know, they would have said, "let this man alone, lest haply we be found to fight even against God." It is true the Lord foresaw how they would act, and therefore predicted what they would do; but his foreknowledge of their doings, with determination to overrule the same, neither released them of their responsibility, nor justified their satanic conduct towards the Saviour. There are some few Scriptures that seem to militate against this position, but they will come under our notice in the proper place.

The Jews having perverted the laws of Moses, they were thereby prepared to despise the testimony of Christ, and that to their own destruction; and the Saviour himself could but weep over them, in their having sealed their own destruction. They willingly turned away from the things that belonged to their (national) peace, and those things were judicially now hidden from their eyes. Luke xix.

Thus it appears, that when a heavenly dispensation is providentially committed unto men, that it brings corresponding responsibilities. And why should it not? When a man's own conscience does by the Word of God convince him of wrong, and shew him that moral right which God commands and approves. Man then becomes justified or condemned according as he follows the right or the wrong; and he who follows the right cannot at the last day be condemned for a wrong which he hath not done. This principle of moral right and wrong was propounded immediately after the fall, as well as having existed before the fall. "And the Lord said unto Cain, Why art thou wroth, and why is thy countenance fallen? if thou doest well shalt thou not be accepted, or, as the margin is, have the excellency, and if thou doest not well sin lieth at the door; and unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt rule over him." Genesis iv. 6, 7. This last clause shews what the advantage of doing well was to be; he, as the elder brother, was to have the pre-eminence. But this principle of human responsibility, and the great principle of regeneration, from which regeneration all saving faith must spring; these, I say, are two very different matters. It was upon the principle of human responsibility that the

Jewish covenant was founded, but the new covenant in Christ Jesus is founded in the sovereign and eternal love and mercy of God, irrespective of man altogether.

But I will confine myself for the present chiefly to the New Testament. The very first principle of the New Testament dispensation as a dispensation; for the kingdom of heaven *vitally* bringing regeneration, is one thing; and the kingdom of heaven dispensationally, is another. The very first principle then, I say, of the New Testament dispensation as a dispensation, is that of man's responsibility to God. "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Repent ye and believe the gospel." And so "as Jonah was a sign unto the Ninevites, so was the Son of Man unto the Jews; that is, that if the Ninevites repented at the preaching of Jonah, they and their city are to be spared; if they do not repent, their city within forty days (perhaps meaning forty years) was to be overturned. But they did repent, and were therefore not destroyed. So the Jews, if they repent, leave the Messiah to agonize out his own life, which in the garden of Gethsemane he had begun to do, for "he sweat as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground;" if, I say, the Jews had done by him as the Ninevites did by Jonah, then their house would not have been "left unto them desolate;" and as man, the Saviour wished them well, and would peacefully have gathered the people together, "even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings;" and have spoken to them the Word of the Lord. But the Popish rulers did all they could to hinder it; but though the Saviour here as man, underwent hindrances, yet what has this to do with eternal salvation? Could the hindrances he underwent, as man, in preaching the Word of God, make any difference to, or have any effect upon the salvation of his people? Not the slightest whatever; for his sheep *shall* hear his voice, and shall never perish.

Now, although responsibility belongs to all, both to sinner and to saint, (for if there be a sword for the one, there is a rod for the other), yet we must keep these principles of regeneration and human responsibility distinct.

One of the chief things connected with this principle of the moral government of God to be lamented, is, that it is by great numbers of professed Christians substituted for the higher principle of regeneration; not, indeed, exactly in word, but it is in fact; and hence they hold that it is the duty of man savingly to believe in Christ, and that men are condemned for the sin of not having saving faith; as though Ishmael is to be condemned for not believing that he is Isaac; as though Esau is to be condemned for not believing that he is Jacob; as though Satan was to be condemned for not believing that he is an elect angel; and because the names of some men are in the Book of Life, others are to be condemned for not having their names there also. As though it was any fault of theirs that their names are not there; whereas, those whose names are there, were there from and before the foundation of the world. (Rev. xvii. 8; Eph. i. 4). And because Christ loved the church, and

gave himself for it, and laid down his life for the sheep, that others, for whom he did not die, are to be condemned because Christ did not die for them. That while Christ did not procure salvation for them, that he hath, nevertheless, lighted up hell, and procured damnation for them; and that while some are quickened by the Spirit of God, are regenerated and constituted sons and heirs of God, that others are to be punished for not having what is sovereignly bestowed upon others. Just as though the dry bones had any hand in their own resurrection, or could help or hinder. This is making the mercy of God to one the cause of his vengeance to others; and if it be so, the ungodly may well hate the gospel, as, in proportion to the blessing of the one, so is to be the curse of the other. Such is the delusion that, with thousands, passes for gospel truth; and man, being by nature a liar against God, they naturally fall in with this delusion; it suits their taste; it gives a general welcome and popularity to its teachers; for the world will love its own. But he that is of God is not of the world, and the world will not hear them.

The old world and ancient nations were not destroyed because they were not regenerated persons; but because, in the face of conscience, they went on in acts of sin and violence, which they *knew* to be wrong; so the Saviour gave every proof that he was of God; and Nicodemus, a very good representative of them, ingeniously confessed, and said, "We know thou art a teacher come from God." Well, then, why did they persecute Jesus? Why did they crucify him? Why not have given up the old dispensation, and have adopted the new one? In so doing they would have prospered nationally, and the Romans then could not have taken away their place and nation; but their country might have been in their hands to this day.

Now, if the Saviour had come with pretensions that rose above his practice, they might have been somewhat excused in opposing him; and in this way the Saviour reasons with them—"If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not; but if I do, though ye believe not me, (*in my doctrine*), believe the works, that ye may know and believe that the Father is in me, and I in him." (John x. 37, 38). But this reasoning with them on the ground of rational and moral responsibility, and the dead hearing the quickening voice of the Son of God, are two very different things; yes, as different as directing a living man the way he should go, and that of raising Lazarus from the grave. The one is the duty of the creature, the other the work of God: that is, it is the duty of the creature to follow what he knows to be right; but it is the work of God to raise the dead soul to life.

Now, if the Saviour, I say, had not demonstrated that he was a Teacher come from God, then they would not have had the sin of rebelling against light so clear, and evidence so conclusive. And so, again, it is written, "If I had not spoken unto them they had not had sin; but now they have no cloak for their sin, and if I had not done among them the works which none other man did, they had not had

sin; but, now have they both *seen* and hated both me and my Father." (John xv. 24.) Now, in what sense had they *seen* both Christ and the Father? Not certainly in the same sense that the disciples had; not certainly as Peter did, when the Lord said, "blessed art thou, Simon Barjona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father, which is in heaven." Here then is a distinction between flesh and blood revelation, and supernatural revelation, the one is merely natural and intellectual, the other by the quickening power of God: thousands know Christ after the flesh, but not after the spirit. So it was here with the Jews, they had seen Christ as a Teacher come from God, and through him had so far seen the mind of God; but instead of letting him alone, and offering no opposition to what they saw was of God, they stifled their own consciences in condemning him. Judas, though not a regenerated man, knew that he had betrayed innocent blood; and Pilate *knew* that for envy they had delivered Jesus unto him, and he *knew* it was an awful abuse of his magisterial power to give sentence against him, and yet Pilate could not have had this magisterial power if God in his providence had not have given him that power: therefore it made the sin of Judas, the Jews, and Pilate, the greater, in so perverting the ordinance of God, and thus to use a power intended to be a terror only to evil doers, to condemn a man whom they *knew* had done no violence, neither could they answer his challenge,— "which of you convinceth me of sin?" Thus you will see, they were not condemned for not being regenerated; for not having saving faith in Christ; for not having the faith of God's elect; for not having that faith that results from being created in Christ Jesus; for not being that people of whom the Lord says, "This people have I formed for myself: they shall shew forth my praise." No; they were condemned, not on the ground of a non-possession of supernatural life in the soul, but for the sin of that infidel and wilful unbelief, and its corresponding fruits, which they, against light and knowledge, brought forth.

Banish this principle of individual responsibility, and with what propriety can you reprove the wrong-doer, punish the evil doer, or maintain either law, or order, or safety, or comfort in society, and among men? But, on the other hand, to make this principle take the place of Divine sovereignty, and so deal in indiscriminate invitations, is indeed committing many great evils in one, as I hope, before I close this part of our correspondence, clearly to shew. At this I hope humbly, but earnestly to aim, though I am but

A LITTLE ONE.

Oh! for one day to maintain the Divine sweetness attending the exercise of humility and love. To possess that loving, and subdued, and meek, and broken spirit, where peace and communion with God are sure to follow. Oh! for that humble and broken heart, the sweetness which Jesus bestows, and the Holy Ghost maintains, and which is truly satisfying and sanctifying.

## THE FAITHFULNESS OF GOD.

DEAR BROTHER G.—Yours of the 31st ult. has just been received, and it has stirred up a few thoughts of the past, moved my heart to feelings of gratitude for the present, and somewhat encouraged me for the future. The past: Ah, how true, disappointments have been found in our path, but the mercy is here—they have not turned us out of the way. The same throne of mercy we first with much trembling approached, lest we should be spurned away in anger, is the throne we have been helped to roll many a heavy burden, and where with an almost bursting heart we have gone to tell our tale of gratitude and love; and, bless God, it is an *open welcome* throne of mercy yet. The truth of the past, that was gladdening to our souls as we read it, thought over it, heard it and felt it as it fell from the lips of God's dear servants, is now, even now our joy—our solace—yea, our glory; and may we not say, yea, we can say, the God and Friend of the past is our God and Friend now, and "He will be our guide even unto death." Blessed truth! "What can we want beside?" We have, indeed, been faithless and fickle to him, but the most envious and even *And-fault* part of ourselves cannot point to that spot of earth and in truth say, God was unfaithful to me there. Oh, my brother, we may well blush crimson, as the 365 days in each of the many years now past could tell our want of faithfulness, and our oft repeated ingratitude to him.

If we read the 46th Psalm, we there have the truth of which our present is a living comment. Could my brother with his dear wife draw aside for a few minutes, and be helped prayerfully to read and meditate over that Psalm, it might do them good, after the "commotions" he tells me have of late exercised them. The 10th verse is not simply an injunction, but a very gracious authority our God has pleasure in putting forth, and the profit is to us great, as the spirit is made submissive to him; and the last verse is a blessed truth we can both witness to; yes, tho past and every moment of the present aloud proclaim, "The Lord of Hosts is with us." We have no occasion to go to distant lands to find him more plentiful in providential mercies than we now find him, for what do we really need? Nothing but that which will help us to use the gifts bestowed in a way that shall more visibly reflect the Giver's praise. The good man sought, and we would seek it too.

"Oh, for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame."

Oh, let this be enjoyed, and we have no need to wander far to find our God; and when we find him in our souls we find contentment. We see him in every thing, we feel him in every thing, and we rejoice in him in every thing. The past brings its numerous testimonies, and swells the present into a large volume—too big for the hands to grasp—the eyes to read, and the heart to hold.

And as the thoughts bound from page to page, seeking where they may find the spring, the very soul seems lost in the ocean of wonders, and while she is helped to trace some of the flowing streams of grace and mercy, she looks through tears of joy to her redeeming Lord, and sings, "All my springs are in thee." Again she pauses, while the thought of her unregeneracy, the weakness of her faith, and God's favours, force from her lips the heart-felt acknowledgment, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life. Again she tries (though in vain) to tell the number and estimate the worth of those covenant blessings in the sea of love. She sinks in meditation sweet, and desires to "comprehend with all saints the height and depths of love." She rises, and with holy wonder, as she finds infinite cannot be comprehended by finite powers, and as she falls into the arms of love, she gently whispers, "Oh, the depths of the riches! Oh, the depths of the riches!"

The future is to us unknown, but faith is not daunted, though often fears will crowd, while she reads the command of her God and Father to all his messengers, to afflictions of every kind, yea, even to the swift-winged messengers of death, "Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with him." And faith believes no testimony only as it harmonizes with this, and thus she is helped even to "glory in tribulation." The future will do for the present what the present does for the past,—it shews the Lord's faithfulness in contrast with our own fickleness,—his wisdom as managing our folly,—his truth triumphing over Satan's lie, and his mercies outweighing all our real or conceived miseries; and when heaven's glory shall more than counter-balance for all our sorrows, yea, and a thousand things now unknown, the ETERNAL future will reveal.

I would say but little about what my brother calls, my "unvarnished method of preaching God's truth," except it were as an humble endeavour to incite in him an increasing desire before the Lord that he may indeed more and more influentially possess the religion of Jesus Christ in his heart *out* of the pulpit; then may he well hope the Lord will smile upon and bless it. May we not fear, that the dry and tedious services of the seventh day, might often be traced to the *spirit* and *practice* of the past six days? We have not, perhaps, so much even to complain in our churches of the want of truth, or of mind to discern it, as we have that of the *life*, the *spirit*, and the *grace* constituting the acceptable ministry of the Gospel.

Oh, that God would indeed fulfil his promise more abundantly in Zion now, by "Clothing his priests with salvation" and his saints with "beautiful garments," while he anoints them with the "Oil of joy and gladness" that the savour of the name of Jesus, might in the house of prayer arise to heaven approved; so that while the light of truth spoken reflects the glory of God as its Author, the flames of love burning in the heart may rise superior to all things else.

Whence comes the "restlessness and bickering" of which my brother speaks? Cometh it not of our own lusts? Can we before God lament over these things without some smiting of conscience? Verily no. The remedy for these things is not to be found in expressed words of sorrow. Thousands we fear, do this, and practice the very thing they so "piously" denounce in others. It is the lament in one of this month's periodicals that "a temporizing and an accomodating piety is overspreading the churches of our land." Now, while we leave the pretty-sounding words here employed for the "Kentish pastor's" own use, yet every godly and discerning man must feel the truth of the lament, while honesty constrains him to charge home upon those who are often loudest in their complaints, "Ye have been chief in this trespass." The wrong is *personal* before it becomes *general*. Oh, for grace to look at home, that the remedy may be found in our own heart, by the Holy Spirit's influence there.

Did we, as followers of Christ, but feel this solemn meaning in our own hearts, which the beloved James describes, in his third chapter, and personally to carry out what is there enjoined, we might expect a better state of things. Is "judgment to begin at the house of God?" We are not to look for it, in this matter, in pulpit denunciations, nor yet in *pitiful drawlings* from the press, but, as the Holy Ghost personally and prayerfully may lead us first, to be honest with our own souls, and be helped to know the blessedness contained in that Scripture, "Happy is the man that condemneth not himself in the thing which he alloweth."

The Lord help you, my brother, in every place you are called to labour, to carry the spirit of the Gospel into the pulpit, for as by grace you possess that, you will be constrained to publish its truths. A knowledge of truth may be gathered from books, and taught in the schools of men, but the spirit of the Gospel is alone from God; and we may safely conclude, "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." All is bondage and death beside. Yours in Christ Jesus,  
*Whittlesea, Nov. 2nd, 1855.* DAVID.

## Controversial Correspondence.

### MR. JAMES WELLS DEFENDED.

A REPLY TO "RHODA."

MY DEAR SIR.—You being Editor of the VESSEL, and often called upon to take part in subjects of an argumentative character inserted therein, I am rather disposed to think, for more reasons than one, those subjects are not the most calculated to elate your feelings; not because I deem your pen inefficient to express an opinion, but simply on the ground of many readers often unjustifiably identifying you with the views taken by other writers. For this simple reason I would humbly try and help you, when I can; and with this object I use my pen in way of briefly responding to "Rhoda's" request.

The inquiry made, is—Is it a consistency of

proceduro on the part of Mr. James Wells, and Mr. Spurgeon, to preach for Wesleyans to collect money to aid their causes? It appears to "Rhoda," by their conduct, either Wesleyanism is not so bad as represented, or they are to be blamed for so doing.

Now, in regard to Mr. Spurgeon, I am not sufficiently acquainted with his line of doctrine, to make any particular comment upon his amalgamating with either this or the other sect. But in reference to Mr. Wells, whose views of truth I love and cherish, I must confess it as my honest opinion, that I cannot see why his preaching the gospel of God's free grace, to Wesleyans, should prompt us to believe any better things of them than has been represented. Neither do I see it mitigates his principles, or renders him in fault as an ambassador of the living God. He is by no Scripture authority commanded to contract his labors, or limit them amongst any one class. The holy command is—"Go and preach the gospel to every creature." Now, it does not say, Go and preach to Calvinists, or Independents, or Wesleyans, but to "every creature;" not caring what they are, to whom they belong, or what be their creed; and with such a scripture license, I deem Mr. Wells commendable, and not blameable, for proclaiming aloud, amongst the inhabitants of the world,—yea, even amongst the inhabitants of an Arminian camp, the sound of a free, full, pure, and complete salvation, and thus teach them that if saved it is "not by works of righteousness which they have done, but according to God's mercy, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost." It is true, for truth's sake, we could not feel justified in allowing arminian principles to amalgamate with us, for the simple fact, that they cannot hold the truths as they are in Jesus; they are unwilling to embrace them; but of this we are not surprised, for "it is not of him that will-eth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy." At the same time, we would gladly have the truth spoken in their midst; God forbid we should ever indulge in a narrow minded feeling of selfishness least any one should feel, love, and cherish, the truths as we do; and thus it is we would overlook any small circumstantial benefit which might be derived by a Wesleyan body in having Mr. Wells to preach for them; and from the ardent desire we feel that the truths in all their purity should be told to thousands who know them not, we would ever rejoice to hear of his entering the ranks of such; and our earnest prayer is, that the good Lord may abundantly bless his ministrations to them, causing many to see the error of their ways, and sensibly be brought to exclaim, through his instrumentality, "The Lord spake thus to me, with a strong hand, and instructed me, that I should not walk in the way of this people, saying, say ye not a confederacy to all them to whom this people shall say a confederacy; neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid; sanctify the Lord God of Hosts himself, let him be your fear, and let him be your dread, and he shall be for a sanctuary." VERITAS.

*Sutton, Isle of Ely.*

THE WONDERFUL GLORY OF CHRIST HIDDEN UNDER THE  
ASHES OF JEWISH TYPES,  
REVEALED IN THE GOSPEL, AND DEMONSTRATED IN THE EXPERIENCE  
OF THE TRUE SAINTS.

AN esteemed Christian brother has put into our hands, a very precious volume—both ancient and scarce—entitled "*The Types Unveiled; or, the Gospel picked out of the legal ceremonies: Whereby we may compare the substance with the shadow.*"

This work was written by one Thomas Worden, who, being cast into prison for the truth's sake, employed his time in digging into the Mysteries of Grace, as typed out in the Old Testament dispensation.

This volume is rich in a truthful development of the great principles of that Covenant of Grace, wherein Zion's salvation was made fast, complete, and in all things ordered sure.

As full liberty was given us to make the best use we could of this work of Thomas Worden's, we have determined to give the choicest portions of it entire in the next year's numbers of the EARTHEN VESSEL, and CHRISTIAN RECORD. May the Lord, in his great mercy, spare us so to do; and enable us to render this little monthly messenger a much greater blessing to the living family of God than it ever yet has been.

We commence this, to us, most delightful piece of labour, by giving Master Worden's *Introductory Address to the Reader*, which is a simple and savory sample of the whole work; and will, we think, cause the hearts of spiritual people to long for the different pieces of Heaven-wrought Theology which the author so beautifully and profitably worked out while in the prison-cell he dwelt. On opening the work, he says—

Christian Reader,—Being bound by the ties of love to serve you as a Christian in what I am able, I knew not wherein I could better express it, than in presenting you with this piece; part of which was my prison meditations; wherein, as in a glass, you may see to your admiration the wonderful glory of Christ, hid under the ashes of those Jewish types, which, when duly read and enquired into, shew you the blessed statue or representation of Christ's church, together with the hidden work of Christ intrinsically wrought by him in the minds of his dear children on their conversion; the thoughts of which has made me deeply bewail the loss that some weak Christians have sustained, who, out of ignorance and blind conceitedness of mind, slight the reading of the Books of Moses, because—they say—it is the law; and judge the law hath nothing to do with them, or they with it; and as St. Paul said to Timothy, (1 Tim. i. 7), "They (in speaking of the law) understand not what they say, nor indeed what they affirm." I do not say the

ceremonial law is any way binding to us—I am so little either a Jew or Papist; but say it's instructive to us, having the gospel to compare therewith. So saith St. Paul, Gal. iii. 24. And the more we read and peruse it, the more we see into the gospel by it, and the more is our comfort raised thereby in the Substance, which is Christ. I confess, I'm the meanest of Christ's servants to attempt such a work as this; but considering he that had but one talent was accused for the non-improvement of it; and that out of weakness God bringeth the greatest strength, and out of the mouths of babes and sucklings sometimes brings matter of praise to Jesus Christ. On these considerations, I was encouraged to send forth this work, hoping God will make it both acceptable and pleasing to you, and others who shall peruse it. I know, men of greater parts and gifts have commented on these things already, whose volumes are answerable to their gifts and parts very large, which every ordinary capacity cannot fathom, nor every purse procure: I therefore take the boldness, for the profit of such, to appear in print. You must not expect it altogether free of correction. I hope both you, and any else that shall meet with it, will overlook common infirmity, and make favourable construction of my honest intention; for the Lord knows my heart, that if I had affected popularity more than singleness of heart to God and his people, I should not have dared to put pen to paper in this work. Therefore, for a further apology for those errors and common infirmities, that you or others may meet with in this tract, I must tell you that I was only permitted the use of my Bible in my prison-meditation; all other helps and means necessary to be consulted, being denied to me, made my task more difficult; yet, I hope, I was not left to my own wisdom alone in my labours in the production of this book. And I likewise hope, God will not leave you or any one else that shall read it, to your bare reason in the reading, but accompany it with his Holy Spirit. That you may understand it to your great profit and comfort, is the desire of him who subscribes himself your's, and the church's faithful servant,  
THOS. WORDEN.

Leaving Worden's *Discovery of the Types* for the present—but pledging ourselves, if spared, to give one entire portion every month next year; we now proceed to notice some works of modern date which have been forwarded to us for the information of our readers. The first taken out of a heap, is

A SERMON BY MR. WITHINGTON,  
Of Deizes. This discourse was printed by



request; and is founded on the words of Paul to the Philippians—"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." (Mr. C. Gillman, of Devizes, is the publisher.) In the morning of the day on which this sermon was preached, Mr. W. had spoken of "*Man's Inability*," from the words, "*Without me, ye can do nothing.*" This is one side—it is the position in which the fall has placed all men: under the curse, and without strength; yea, worse, "far off from God by wicked works; dead in trespasses and sin. This is a sad condition; and when light is given to see it, and life is implanted to feel it, it is a wretched plight indeed. But the coming of Jesus Christ in the flesh—the work of our glorious Mediator in putting away sin—in swallowing up death, in going to the end of the law, and in giving THE SPIRIT of life and truth to raise the dead, and to lead the trembling sinner to the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. THIS WORK OF GRACE divine, alters the case altogether; so that Watts beautifully sings

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

And Paul breaks out, and boldly says,—"*I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me.*" There are some marks of good workmanship about this sermon. Those who know Mr. Withington, need not be told that he is a spiritual, consistent, and faithful minister of the New Testament; a nourisher of babes; and a useful pastor over one portion of Christ's flock. We are something like an Irish lady, who once said—"I always like to hear how a minister tells out his own experience of the grace of Christ:" so we always search for a living testimony warm from the preacher's heart; and here is one from Mr. Withington's. After speaking of the absolute necessity of a "celestial power from Christ, to produce one spark of repentance in the human soul, he says"—

"And though I hope the Lord has brought me to repentance for my sins, yet I feel that I need the very same power to bring me to repentance and godly sorrow now. How rebellious I am sometimes; what a desert my heart seems to be when I look into it. Can I change my mind or soften my heart? Oh, no! Can I, of myself, even be sorry that this is so, and grieve before God, and drop a penitential tear before the sacred Majesty of Heaven because of my distance from the blessed God? Oh, no! my dear friends; I want the precious power of a precious Christ; I want his spirit to bring me to repentance and godly sorrow: and when this is communicated I can join with Paul in the language now before us. I can be sorry for my sins; I can "abhor myself in dust and ashes;" I can humble myself before the Majesty of Heaven; I can cry out with the leper, "Unclean! Unclean!" I can wash in the fountain which is

opened for sin and for uncleanness. All this is the result of the Spirit's power. Through Christ, the blessed Saviour, I can do "*all things.*"

Then, as regards his position and experience as a minister, his testimony is very good.

And now, if I may speak of myself—occupying the important place that I do amongst you—what can I do without Christ, any more than you? I am just as dependant as you are. I cannot repent without Christ's power; nor believe, nor experience hope in God's mercy, nor pray, without Christ's power; nor be moderate, nor think on "the things that are lovely and of good report," without Christ's power. But remember, my experience goes further than yours. I have to stand here and try to open up God's Word. I have to preach the dignity and glory of the character of our Lord Jesus Christ—to unfurl the banners of free grace and rich love. I have to stand between the living and the dead, between the precious Christ and the guilty sinner. I have to warn the evil of the error of their ways, and to tell the sinner that if he is never brought to repentance he will perish in his sins. I have to try to comfort God's people, and to stand up for the defence of the Gospel of Christ. So that my case far exceeds your case, which is private—mine is public. And I might ask, as did another, "Who is sufficient for these things?" For such a poor, feeble, inconsistent creature as I am to stand between God and you, to speak of the unsearchable riches of Christ—to teach the way of salvation—to feed the hungry, and give spiritual water to the thirsty—well might I exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

This published discourse of Mr. Withington's is very brief; but its perusal has given us to feel a spiritual affection toward him; and sincerely can we pray that his life may be lengthened for years, and his labours greatly honored.

#### "THE LEWES MARTYRS."

SUCH is the title of another sermon, published in Brighton, by Charles E. Verrall; and in Lewes, by Arthur Morris, at three-pence per copy. The preacher was Mr. John Irvine Dunlop; the occasion was,—"*the third Centenary of the Martyrdom of Diricke Carver, of Brighton, who was burnt before the Star Inn, Lewes, July 22, 1655, during the Marian Persecution.*" No wonder, a work of such deep interest should find a rapid sale; a second edition is now issued. The text is in Luke xii. 56. "How is it that ye discern not *this* time?"

The dark ages—and the deadly doings of the deluded instruments of Popery and her cruel persecutors, are here set out in hold and highly exciting terms. After reviewing the different times which have passed over this land—and in which rapid flight the preacher gives the reader a consecutive view of both the bright and the black spots of the

church's history—he brings us to the time when Diricke Carver was burnt at the stake, for simply reading the Word of God. Oh, what a mighty and marvellous change the Reformation wrought! How great the price in human blood was paid for that change! Do we consider the greatness of our privileges? Do we value the mercies of freedom and fellowship which we now enjoy? We fear not. We deeply fear there is a feeling in our hearts, like that of the ancient Israelites when they said,—“*As for this manna, we loath it.*” Oh that, as Christian ministers we could more fully preach—as Christian churches, we could more highly esteem—as Christian believers, we could more blessedly feed upon—the unsearchable riches of Gospel truth!

The character, the decision, the Christian fortitude and forbearance of the Lewes Martyr—Diricke Carver—is given in this sermon in a manner sufficiently plain and powerful, to stir up the hearts of thousands to a conviction of the great power of God in supporting his people. The preacher said

In the Reformation, the vials of Jehovah's wrath were poured out, on the throne of the Beast. His power was shaken—his glory diminished. His authority and dominion suffered exceedingly, both in extent and degree. Since that time the glory of the papacy has been on the wane. The Pope has lost by the Reformation, about half of his former dominions, and, since that time, in a great degree, his influence, even in popish countries. He is regarded, and his power dreaded in no measure, as it was wont to be. The powers of Europe have learned, not to put their necks under the Pope's feet, as formerly they had been accustomed;—so that his Holiness of Rome has been, ever since the glorious Reformation, (now more than three hundred years) as a lion, that has lost his teeth, to what he once had been.

To suppress this Reformation, Popery had recourse to artifice, intrigue, cruelty, and blood:—all, however, would not do:—the thing was the work of God,—it could not come to nought,—it mightily grew and increased. The Beast, with the seven heads and ten horns, began to rage in a dreadful manner. Multitudes of the Waldenses were again cruelly tortured and butchered. In several parts of Germany, and especially in Bohemia, where the followers of Huss were scattered, persecution raged in a fearful manner for upwards of thirty years. The countries of Poland, Lithuania, and Hungary were, in like manner, deluged with blood. Holland, and the low countries were, for many years, a scene of nothing but the most affecting and amazing cruelties, under the merciless hand of Spain, to which they were then in subjection. In France, in 1571, in the reign of Charles IX., it is supposed that three hundred thousand suffered martyrdom, and in thirty years there were slaughtered, in that unhappy country, 907,939 persons—rich and poor—high and low—the noble and the peasant. In Ireland,

in 1641, in a very few days 200,000 Protestants were cruelly murdered. In England, too, in the Marian persecution, great numbers in all parts of the kingdom, were burnt alive, and, in Lewes alone, seventeen, if not eighteen, were committed to the flames. These are but a sample of the tender mercies of Popery. O Popery, Popery! Though thousands in all ages, have drank of thy cup, to the very dregs, yet thou art not the less bitter upon that account.

With respect to the men themselves, Diricke Carver, to whom our attention is more particularly directed, was of Flemish extraction. He was born in the village of Stockome, in the land of Luke, about 1515, at the very time that God was preparing Luther, Zwingle and others for the work of Reformation, in which he was about to engage them. Mr. Carver became a resident of Brighton, about 1546, for the purpose, it is thought, of introducing a new method of brewing, and followed that business up till the latter part of October, 1564, when he, John Launder of Godstone, in Surrey, and others, in all twelve, were apprehended, by one Mr. Edward Gage, of Firlie, a County Magistrate, and by him sent to London, to the Queen's Council; who upon examination, committed them to Newgate, to wait the leisure of Bonner, bishop of London, Mary's Inquisitor General for all England, for the deadly crime of reading the Bible, and using the service set forth in Edward's time—in English, in the house of Mr. Carver.

Mr. Carver was a good man—zealous and devoted in the cause of his Lord and Master. His decision and firmness were remarkable. “Your doctrine, (said he to the Bishop, on his examination,) is poison and sorcery. If Christ were here, you would put him to a worse death than he was put to before. You say that you can make a god; ye can make a pudding as well! Your ceremonies, in the church, be beggary and poison. And I further say, that Auricular Confession is contrary to God's Word, and very poison.” It was no use to trifle with such men. The Bishop at once saw with whom he had to deal, and after pronouncing his usual blessing, he immediately dispatched them to their respective places of execution.—John Launder to Steyning, and Diricke Carver to Lewes. Mr. Carver knew and loved the truth. While in prison he taught himself to read. He was rich in spiritual as in temporal things—all of which he counted loss for Christ.

Diricke Carver was brought up for examination on June 8, 1555, and burnt before the Star Inn, Lewes, July 22, now three hundred years ago. On his entry into Lewes, to be burned, the people called upon him, beseeching God to strengthen him in the faith of Christ. He thanked them, and prayed unto God for them. When he came to the Star, the people drew near, when the Sheriff bore testimony to his worth, by declaring that he had found him a faithful man in all his answers. After he had knelt down, and prayed at the stake, he ascended the funeral pile, and finding that his Bible had been thrown into the barrel for destruction with

himself, he threw it as a sacred deposit among the people. Having briefly addressed the multitude, the combustible materials were inflamed, the fire kindled around him, and the good man breathed his last.

The last words of that faithful member of Christ, before the fire was put to him, were, "Lord, have mercy upon me, for unto thee I commend my spirit, and my soul doth rejoice in thee." And after the fire came to him, he said, "Oh Lord, have mercy upon me." And sprung up in the fire, calling upon the name of Jesus, and so ended. D. Carver was about forty years of age, when he died. "Shall not God avenge his own elect, who cry?" unto him? He will avenge them, and that speedily.

*To be continued.*

### THE MISSIONARY AND THE DYING NEGRO.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth!" Isa. lii. 7.

THIS sublime passage of holy writ occurred to our mind as we contemplated the very interesting picture which embellished the title page of the "Missionary Magazine and Chronicle" for last month. The characters represented there are "Tinamana, the excellent old chief of Arorangi," and his missionary, who on account of his absence from the Lord's house, and the Lord's supper, had gone, in the afternoon of the same day, to visit him, feeling assured that illness had prevented him, for to use his own words, "He never absented himself from the means of grace, except from illness." What a rich perfume doth this account shed around that aged negro's tomb! Surely many of us home Christians must feel condemned on reading the untiring devotion of this poor black convert from heathen darkness and idolatry, to the faith and hope of the Gospel. God grant that all who read it, may by it be stirred up to greater diligence to attend to those things which belong to their everlasting peace, and that many who profess to be pastors and ministers of the fold of Christ, may take pattern by this missionary to a more watchful and affectionate care over their charge, for dear brethren in the Lord, this aged disciple had but once absented himself, and his minister goes at once to learn the cause, and doubtless to pray with and comfort him. "They that honour me, I will honour," saith the Lord. Beloved in Christ Jesus, make the experiment, and you shall set to your seal that *God is true*. "What all alone" said his visitor as he found him reclining on his couch, leaning on his elbow and looking intently at his Bible. "No, I am not alone—God is here with me," said he, "What have you been reading?" asked the missionary.

Having adjusted his spectacles he took up his still open Bible and read, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." And looking up, said, "That's what I am expecting. It will not be long ere this earthly house will tumble down; and then I shall have that not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." "Did your heathen gods ever promise you such happiness?" To this question he laughed heartily, at the idea of wooden gods being capable of such things; and then, his countenance assuming a look of intense concern, he exclaimed, "O, how foolish! O, how foolish the young people are to think so lightly of the great things God has done for us!"

At another time, during the prevalence of the measles, I called on him, and informed him of the death of Xakaia, a man so much older than himself, that when a child he was in the habit of riding about on his shoulders. (The aged chief was at this time near eighty). I informed him of a conversation I had with the poor old man a short time before his death. That, having supposed him to be near his end, I asked him if he was prepared for the great change he was so soon to experience, he replied, "My heart is fixed on God." "Do you believe your sins are all pardoned?" To this he hesitatingly replied — "Perhaps they are; perhaps they are not;" and then added, "I have cast them on Jesus, and I expect they are pardoned: this is my only hope." Tinamana listened in silence; and after some time, alluding to Rakaia's first expression, he exclaimed, in the words of the Psalmist, "My heart is fixed, oh God! my heart is fixed!" In this happy state he continued to the day of his departure, taking every opportunity of exhorting those who were about him to be diligent in their attention to the things of eternity.

### THE AGED PILGRIMS' FRIEND SOCIETY.

THE Forty-eighth Annual Report of this excellent society has recently been published, which may be had for sixpence by non-subscribers, of Mr. James Bisset Box, 13, Northampton-square; or of Mr. William Jackson, 2, Warner Road, Camberwell. We think there are few societies in existence more worthy the support of Baptist Christians than this well-established, carefully governed, and most charitable institution.

We may render a little aid by calling the attention of readers to the following extracts from the newly published report. After grateful expressions, it says:—

For the information of any one who may not be familiar with the objects and opera-

tions of this Society, we would respectfully say, that the persons who become recipients of its funds are those of both sexes, from every part of the kingdom, of all Protestant denominations, who are above sixty years of age, whose income does not exceed, from all sources, seven shillings per week, if single, or ten shillings per week, if married, and who give scriptural evidence of their being sincere and consistent believers in the Lord Jesus Christ.

By referring to Rules 9 to 13, our friends will perceive, that after every care and caution has been taken to ascertain the eligibility of the candidates who have been duly recommended, they are forthwith placed on the funds of the Society as "Approved Candidates;" these are raised in rotation to the five-guinea pension, as our resources will allow; and, at the annual elections in June, six or more of the five-guinea pensioners, not under seventy years of age, are raised to receive ten guineas per annum.

It must be obvious to all that, to accomplish these desirable objects, a considerable amount of funds are necessary, which can only be obtained and maintained by the unwearied zeal and unceasing exertions of all those who feel it a duty and a privilege to assist the aged and infirm poor of Christ's flock. By an analysis of the last year's cash account it will be observed, that out of a net income of £2172 16s. 6d., (including the balance of the previous year), the Pensioners received no less a sum than £1904 17s. 10d.; making the gross amount just stated, exclusive of a balance at the Bank of £158 7s. 1d.; and only one-half of that amount was the proceeds of Subscriptions and Donations, the rest being made up by Sermons, &c.

1524 Pensioners have been relieved from this Institution, since its foundation, to the amount of £46,280 2s. 11d., including the usual annual expenses.

#### "THE BABE IN CHRIST."

SUCH is the title of a neat little volume now issuing by Houlston and Stoneman, of 65, Paternoster Row. It contains "Memorials of FREDERIC STARLING, who fell asleep March 2, 1855, not three years old in nature; but evidencing a certain ripeness in the Divine life. This is a narrative which bereaved Christian parents will read with feelings of acute interest, and not without pleasurable edification. The following paragraph, drawn from the introduction, will furnish the reader with some faint idea of the wisdom of the narrator, and of the character of the memoir:—

Let us ever remember, with the young, or with the old, "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness to him, neither can he know them, because they are *spiritually* discerned." And it is difficult to say which more strikingly manifests the inadequacy of human power, and the efficiency, as well as sovereignty, of God's grace—the man of intelligence and

wisdom esteeming all his learning and skill as naught, and bowing meekly to "the foolishness of God," or—the "infant of days" receiving with avidity and without questioning "the wisdom of God in a mystery," the wisdom of the cross. The late Dr. Gordon, during his last illness, touchingly confessed, "I have been seeking religion for years by reason, and I could not get it, and I have found it by becoming a little child. That is the secret. I reasoned, and debated, and investigated, but I found no peace till I came to the Gospel as a little child, till I received it as a babe. Then such a light was shed abroad in my heart, that I saw the whole scheme at once; and I found pleasure the most indescribable."

It gave us great joy to watch the unfolding of the mind of our dear boy, to notice the power of discernment, reflection, and memory which he evinced; for these things we could indeed thank God. But it gave far greater joy to our hearts, to mark how he received the tale of Jesus's love, how he dwelt upon it, the pleasure he seemed ever to derive from hearing about "dear kind Jesus," as he was wont to say. And now that he is gone from us, it is an unspeakable satisfaction to remember these things, and to call to mind the many evidences that God had marked him for His own, and that His Spirit was indeed teaching and preparing him, to take his place among the wise and saved above; a

"Gem beaming in the coronet of love."

#### SPIRITUAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I feel once more constrained to embrace another opportunity of dropping you a line or two, the motive, I trust, arises out of spiritual regard for you as a fellow-traveller to Zion's fair city above, that we may, by our correspondence, mutually edify and comfort each other, and glorify the name of the Three One God of our salvation. If our hearts are rightly directed into truth and sanctified by the power thereof, we owe it all to sovereign grace. The sacred, solemn, internal teachings of God the Holy Ghost, is the only sovereign antidote I know against all the false teachers, false ways, and false notions of the present day that are leading so many professors blindfold to perdition. Eternal truth declares "and they shall be all taught of God," that is the children; an elect vessel of mercy can never finally be deceived; for as God the Father elected, and God the Son redeemed, so God the Holy Ghost quickens, regenerates, leads, instructs and guides the whole family, and every one in particular. If one of the children could live and die in ignorance, it would certainly and everlastingly tarnish the glory of Jehovah the Spirit, inasmuch as He in covenant engaged to find every precious jewel out of nature's ruined mass, polish and sweeten them to shine resplendantly in the crown of our exalted Immanuel for ever. "He shall glorify me, said the Saviour," "He shall guide me into all

truth." Now there is a secret in divine teaching that none but the favoured pupils of the ever blessed Spirit can understand. That men may and do get at the theory of truth, and admire its harmony and consistency, and even have ability to argue and set it forth, I doubt not. It is the case, doubtless, with thousands; this is the only way I can account for those who are so frequently shifting and changing their principles. If they had learnt them by heart-felt experience under the sacred Spirit's gracious tuition, depend upon it they could not be parted with. Hence says beloved John when writing in his first epistle against seducers, "But the anointing which ye have received of Him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you, but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things and is truth, and is no lie, and even as it hath taught you ye shall abide in Him." The way and means the Lord takes to teach and train his children are various and mysterious—always in accordance. However, with his own blessed word,—a preached Gospel, is one great instrument, and doubtless the main one. Hence he gave gifts—valuable gifts, they are to the church of God, apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ, till we all come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ; a sound scriptural gospel ministry is a great blessing to possess. We cannot, I think, enough appreciate its value, we may, under this have attained light and judgment, and a sound creed, but the teaching of the Spirit, brother, has to do with the heart and experience of the taught. Hence he empties, strips, and humbles; he fills, clothes, and exalts; he has fitted the promises for them, and they are in due time fitted for the promises. All things work together for their good, it is written, therefore they are instructed in all things and by all things, as saith our deeply-taught brother, Paul, "Everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and suffer need." O, blessed scholar, he says, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content;" and yet he says a little before, "not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect, but I follow after, reaching forth and pressing forward." What attainments and yet what humility was here; but look at the path he had to travel, the school of affliction he had learnt his lessons in; the fire and the water, the third heavens, and the deep sea of trouble. Read his own account: I have often thought what a miracle of God's supporting and sustaining grace is here. "In labours, (he says) more abundant in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Five times I received of the Jews forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep. In journeyings often; in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness,

in perils in the sea, in perils amongst false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Beside those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches." Well might the Great Head of the Church say, "I will shew him how great things he shall suffer for my name sake. But blessed be his name, he supported him in, consoled him under, and brought him triumphantly through. Ah! my brethren, we envy the blessed apostle his attainments and position, but who would like the road he travelled to it. The Spirit teaches the family by all the painful and pleasing events they pass through in providence and grace. (See to cvii. Psalm.) The various conditions and circumstances of the living family of God are there described, and at the end it is summed up, "Whoso is wise and will observe these things, even he shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord. The best scholars have always been to the sharpest school, and learnt the most important lessons in the most trying places. The apostle James says, "Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord that the Lord is very pitiful, but during the process it did not appear there was much pity in the manifest dealings of God with his dear child, when he stripped him of all his property, of all his family, of all his health, and only left his wife to be a helpmate of the devil to distress him. There sits poor Job in the ashes, covered with boils from head to foot, running sores, so altered, that even his friends did not know him; they lifted up their voice and wept, sat down with him seven days and seven nights, and afraid to speak a word, for they saw his grief was very great. Now in this severe furnace of affliction, Job learnt he was no more patient than another man naturally, as the 3rd chapter shews. His fleshly perfection and self-righteousness was consumed; he learnt the love of God's heart, the power of his arm, the faithfulness of the Almighty promises, the indestructible nature of grace in his soul, the folly of leaning on, or looking to an arm of flesh, how far the sympathy of mortals could go, even of the children of God; and what was the unchanging nature of the friendship of that dear all-wise Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. We just see in Job's history that he could do all things with Christ and nothing without Christ. He expressed himself sometimes with the strongest confidence, at other times he was like a feather tossed about by the wind; and what was the end of the Lord, but to bring poor Job feelingly to confess, "Behold I am vile, I abhor myself, and behold thou art just, and wise, and good. I have uttered that I understood not, things too wonderful for me which I knew not; of this I repent in dust and ashes." "Ah, (said Job), none teacheth like him; this was his testimony, and the end of the Lord in all his teachings is to debase the sinner, and exalt the dear Saviour." Jeremiah learnt much in the dungeon, Jonah learnt that lesson experimentally in the belly of a fish. Salvation is of the Lord. Most of the precious Psalms of David were learnt in

the depths of soul, body, family and circumstantial afflictions; chastening and teaching go together with our Father; he knows how to use the rod. Ho lifts it up on high, with pity in his heart, that every stroke his children feel may grace and peace impart. When thou with rebukes, says the Psalmist, correcteth man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth; and this makes way for the never-fading beauties of the dear Immanuel. As many as I love I rebuke and chasten. Happy is the man whom the Lord correcteth. Fatherly chastisement and saving teachings are sure tokens of covenant love. May we therefore not despise on the one hand the chastening of the Lord, nor on the other hand, faint when we are rebuked of him. Some three or four years ago, I remember I was very much exercised with inward and outward troubles, and these words followed me, and ran through my mind almost constantly for a day or two. "By this, therefore, shall the iniquity of Jacob be purged; and this is all the fruit to take away his sin," I looked for the words and found them in xxvii. Isaiah. Well I knew Christ had by his precious blood for ever purged away the sins of his people before a holy God, as it is written in Heb. chap. i. "When he had by himself purged our sins, he sat down on the right hand of the majesty on high." By this, therefore, I saw plainly referred to that inward experimental purging away of our dross and tin, which our heavenly Refiner accomplishes by putting us in the furnace of affliction. For this fire stands in Zion, and his furnace in Jerusalem; but that was very sweet to me when opened up. It is in measure when it shooteth forth thou wilt debate with it; he stayeth his rough wind in the day of his east wind. To change the figure, he will never let the wind blow so hard as to root up one of the trees of righteousness, for he holds the winds in his fists; but then he permits the winds of temptation and trouble, sometimes to blow hard and long, in order that the heavenly plant may take deeper root downward in the soil of his changeless love, and bear fruit upwards to the honour of his faithful name.

Faith in its preciousness is known in the dark night, and we learn the use of a good hope in the storm. Yes, gospel hope strengthened by the God of hope bears up the sinking soul till an eternal calm shall shine.

Those lines of the poet were very sweet to me the other day, I could feelingly adopt them as my own:—

Jesus, my hope is fixed on thee,  
No calm below do I expect;  
But I am safe, though out at sea,  
Thou wilt not let my soul be wrecked.

#### W. BIDDER TO G. KELLAWAY.

MY DEAR KELLAWAY.—Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied to you from that Almighty HIM, by whom are all things, and for whom are all things, and to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

Many thanks for your many expressions of

affection in your last, truly, it is, as you remark, "good and pleasant for brethren to dwell together in unity." What on earth can equal it? grace relationship is indissoluble you know; earth, sin, death, nor the devil, can effect anything here. There is no disturbing of this, nor alteration here.

Well, then, let us sing (though in a foreign land, and encompassed with manifold afflictions and troubles not a few)

"In union with the Lamb,  
From condemnation free," &c.

You remark, in your's, the grace and mercy shewn and manifested to us in bygone days, now numbered with those before the flood, when we went to the house of God with the voice of joy and praise, with them that kept holiday. When we sung in the height of Zion, and were amply supplied from the gracious goodness of the Lord, with wheat, oil and wine, when the virgins rejoiced in the dance, both young men and old together, when the presence of the Master was felt, his love shed abroad in our hearts, and his mercy revealed to our souls, and his salvation our theme from one new moon to another; and though we may forget this for a moment, yet will our blessed Lord remind us of it again, saying, "I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals, when thou wentest after me in the wilderness, in a land that was not sown." Never will those blessed seasons ever be wholly effaced from our minds.

I therefore may very properly, I consider, call you my son in the faith; nor am I ashamed of you, for thou hast witnessed a good confession many times before many witnesses, and holdest fast his name, and hast not denied his faith, and I believe you never will. "Thou, therefore, my son be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus." And the precious truths which my Lord hath enabled me to preach, and you to receive in demonstration and power keep by the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in us. And since the Lord was pleased to call you by grace under my feeble ministry, and reveal his Son in you, sprinkled your conscience with the blood of the covenant, and brought his righteousness and rich salvation to your precious soul, he hath opened your mouth to make known the truth of the gospel; go on, my brother, fearless of earth or hell, and proclaim the name of the Lord! make mention that his name is exalted! lay low the creature! down, with man, and up with Christ! too high you cannot exalt HIM, nor too low abase the sinner. Be not afraid to speak of everlasting, electing, love; ancient settlements; divine enactments; eternal union and glorious oneness: complete salvation and eternal redemption; spiritual regeneration and effectual calling; final perseverance and eternal glory. And may the Lord give you understanding in all things, bless thy labours, and bless you in labouring, until you go home to enjoy your penny.

Expect much opposition, especially from carnal professors, take this as a good sign, but heed them not, your business is to preach the word; let nothing divert your mind from

your subject—Christ; listen to nobody; salute no man by the way, what I mean is in preaching Christ, you must know no man: labour to confirm all your statements with "Thus saith the Lord," (and if possible give chapter and verse) then you need not fear men nor devils, let them brawle or say, what they may. The Lord of all lords bless you, and preserve you for ever. My kind respects to all that love our Lord Jesus Christ at Yeovil, So prays,

Your's affectionately in the Lord,  
W. BIDDER.  
22, Sutherland Square, Walworth.  
November 2nd, 1855.

## Our British Baptist Churches.

### THANKSGIVING MEETING, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX.

WEDNESDAY, October the 24th, was set apart by us, as a Church and congregation, as a day of special thanksgiving for the goodness and mercy of our Covenant God manifested both in providence and grace, and a truly delightful day it was, as many can testify. Not only has he crowned the year with his goodness in sending an abundant harvest, which demands a song of praise (though through the oppression of man, the poor are deprived of the benefit of it); but has in an especial manner vouchsafed his blessing to us as a church, in blessing his own truth, in granting deliverances of no ordinary character, and in succeeding our efforts in erecting a house, on land adjoining the chapel, for the use of the minister. It was felt that these especial favours demanded an especial song of praise and thanksgiving. Brother Dickerson, of Alie Street, paid us a friendly visit on the occasion, and in the morning delivered a very suitable discourse, embracing four most important points. The first, retrospective, and had reference to what God had already accomplished for Crowborough, taking as the ground of his observations the last part of the 23rd verse of the 23rd chapter of Numbers, "What hath God wrought?" Second, to the minister, from Psa. xxvii. 14. Third, to the church, from 2 Chron. xv. 2. Fourth to backsliders, from Hosea xiv. 1—4.

In the afternoon, was held a public meeting, when, after a most suitable prayer and singing, the state of the finances respecting the building were brought forward, and our brother Dickerson, who had been acquainted with the cause from the beginning, gave a most interesting account of the progress made, and the present state of affairs, which was most gratifying to all present. A most delightful object has been attained, the building of a house for the minister. The builder has done ample justice in the erection, and the friends have exerted themselves nobly in supplying funds, so that by borrowing £50 for 2 years, we have been able to pay all expenses, and we hope by that time to be able to meet the demand; and the house will stand as a monument to future generations of the goodness of God to us. After the meeting, a large

number of friends, (including many from Tunbridge Wells,) sat down to tea, and it was resolved to issue collecting cards, and also to open a penny a week subscription for the liquidation of the debt. In the evening, Brother Dickerson preached a delightful sermon from Gen. xxii. 14, "And Abraham called the name of the place Jehovah-Jireh, as it is said to this day. In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen." The attendance was large and the presence of God was felt and enjoyed. It was indeed, a day of joy and gladness and will not soon be forgotten.

Lord's day morning, Nov. 4th, two believers in Christ, a male and a female were immersed in the name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and in the afternoon were after the primitive pattern added to the church. The Lord was with us of a truth. May he add unto his church daily, such as shall be saved.

J. S—K—Y.

#### ZOAR CHAPEL,

### JOHN STREET, UPPER HOLLOWAY.

MR. EDITOR.—We have had reasons for joy and thankfulness, that ever a report went forth from Holloway in the VESSEL; because, thereby, some of the Lord's dear children who are living in the dark places around us, whose souls were hungering for the bread of life, and longing for the courts of the Lord, have (through the instrumentality of the VESSEL) been guided to Zoar, where they have found that which their souls longed after; our pastor has again baptised three males and three females, making an addition of twenty since May last. Thus you will see that the little vine is growing, and the fruit of faith, hope, and love are still hanging on her branches; and our prayer to God is, that all the graces of the Spirit may shine forth so blessedly among us, that the heathen may be constrained to say, "The Lord hath done great things for them;" and we will answer, "He has, for which we are glad," and praise his name for it.

On the first Monday in September, we had our half-yearly tea meeting; a goodly number sat down to tea at five o'clock, after which a public meeting was held; when one of the deacons gave an account of the Lord's dealings with us during the past year; concluding with a few remarks upon the importance, value and blessing of prayer. Mr. Francis and Mr. Whittle then addressed the meeting, and the Lord's presence was much enjoyed.

J. BATTSON.

GOD does not say to any one of his people, "Rejoice that thou art holy," but "Soul rejoice and triumph that Christ is righteous—that he is the Lord thy Righteousness—that he has died for thee—that his blood cleanses from all sin—that thou hast an advocate with me the Father—even Christ the righteous One." Therefore, the first step towards receiving comfort from the blessed Paraclete, is to send away and to renounce all grounds of confidence, and all comforters of our own.—Major Rowlandson.

## IPSWICH.

BETHSUDA Chapel, Ipswich, and minister's house, having undergone repairs, painting, and cleansing, was reopened on Lord's-day, November 4th, by Mr. Pooock and Mr. Collins, of Grundisburgh.

On the following Tuesday a tea meeting was held at the Temperance Hall; between two and three hundred persons sat down, and enjoyed their tea, sweetened with many remarks concerning Bethesda, and the Lord's manifold mercies to us as his church and people.

After tea the friends repaired to the chapel, when Mr. Pooock opened the evening's service by giving out, and the people singing,

"Come, thou Fount of every blessing."

After which, Mr. Carpenter, of Chelmondiston, engaged in prayer. Mr. P. then requested a chairman to be nominated, when Mr. W. Clarke, the Treasurer, was named, and unanimously called to it. He warmly declared his love to the place, the people, his minister, and his God; there he was blessed; there he was in his home-house, it was dear to him—he studied its peace and its prosperity, and felt pleasure in doing so, and anxiously wished the Lord to have all the glory. He stated the outlay, and proved the utmost economy had been maintained. Ten years had rolled away, with a debt of £800, since the chapel and house had been repaired. There was no very heavy burden upon them, and £60 was all he asked, to pay the tradesman's bills.

Mr. Collins, of Grundisburgh, was next called to address the meeting. He did so effectually, stating his long knowledge of, and love to, the cause. He had prayed for, and watched it anxiously. He rejoiced in its position, and hoped it would yet see brighter days. He trusted it would be a birth-place for many, a hospital for the sick, and a feasting-place for the hungry soul. His usual pleasantry was very effective, and the result was a cheerful response to his appeal.

The chairman called on Mr. Thornley, of Stow Market. His address was congratulatory to minister and people, expressive of the finest feelings for his brother Pooock, whom he had known for many years, desiring his life and future usefulness in the midst of that people, who was evidently so united and so blessed.

Mr. Felton, of Zoar Chapel, was next called upon. He declared himself astonished at God's mercy—the people's liberality—his brother Collins's magic power on the people's mind. He had known and loved his brother Pooock twenty years—prayed prosperity might abound—exhorted to give God all the glory.

Mr. Carpenter then rose, and expressed himself so very delighted with the past and the present history and mercy of God attending the cause, that its equal could only be found at Chelmondiston—to which our worthy Chairman could not readily agree—each desirous of glorifying the Lord for his goodness to each.

Mr. Pells related an anecdote he thought calculated to relitigate the glory of God.

Mr. Pooock rose to say he was quite satisfied that everything was fulfilled according to agreement, for the workmen were prompt, civil and obliging. He called upon the Treasurer to report names and donations; he did so—himself with £10, the builder £5, and so he went on until the total named amounted to £52; leaving a small balance to pay.

Our friends the singers attended, with their usual respect and willingness, on the occasion. The doxology was sung, the benediction pronounced, and the friends retired. To Father, Son and Holy Ghost, be all the glory. Amen.

T. Pooock.

## - THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

DEAR FRIEND, — I promised you a few particulars relative to my labours in Plymouth, during the month of October last. Some folk smile, some are angry at the few notes I gave you last month; and some think it unwise. However, I pass all that, and again promise you that a few of the exercises of my mind in the ministry, and in other matters, during my sojourn in the West, shall be laid before you, and before all in fact, who choose to read these occasional notes of mine.

It is high time that I should watch the hand of God towards me if I never did before—for a more mysterious path I think no man could ever be called to tread. But of that now I will not speak.

The day before I left London, these words arrested my mind—and I thought they came with some comfort to my soul—"I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight; I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron." Certainly no words could be more suited to my case—and now—in reviewing my going out and coming in—and my labour there, I certainly hope the Lord did go before me: but the gates of brass, and the bars of iron, are not yet broken; and my unbelief often tells me a painful tale concerning them; and sometimes I can lay myself in the dust, and say—"let him do with me as seemeth him good."

It was late on the Saturday night when I reached Plymouth. Our kind Christian brother Westaway met me at the station, and soon I was safely housed in the snug department allotted to the poor wayfaring men. I retired that night with the words on my heart, "I will go before thee;" and I tried to open them, and to fetch a sermon out of them; but no; not one single idea could I gather. There was the promise, and that was all. The Lord's-day morning came, and when I arose I found my spirit empty of any heavenly treasure, but heaving deep sighs to heaven for such a message as the Lord would bless unto the souls of the people. As I stood in the room, silently turning over the leaves of the Book, these words came most sweetly to my mind, "stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples: for I am sick of love." The different stages of a divine experience through which the Church had passed were opened to me: her present condition—"I am fainting for a fuller sense of thy love to my soul!" O stay me with the out-pourings of grace; and



comfort me by the application of thy precious promises, and the unfoldings of thy thoughts toward me." This was my first subject; and much was I favoured in the work that morning. Vital union to Christ will produce an inward vehement thirst for those sacred enjoyments of His presence; and for those holy seasons of nearness to His throne which is the earnest of our inheritance, and the strength of our hearts. All I have experienced of this thirsting after Jesus is contained in the following verse which originated in my own breast

"There's none on earth I love like thee,  
It is the love of union;  
Oh, ever faithful prove to me  
And maintain sweet communion."

The true believer, in this state, is the subject of a union—a spiritual, and a natural—an heavenly and an earthly. A living faith leads the heart upward, while all the powers and affections of a fallen nature tend downward; but Grace presses out many a deep-fetched and earnest aspiration, saying—"Stay me with flagons; comfort me with apples; for I am sick of love."

To my own poor trembling spirit, there was a rich unfolding both of the greatness of Christ's Person, as well as of the fervency of the church's breathings after more nearness and conformity to him. I was enabled to go before the people with a mind somewhat sanctified by sacred meditation; and in speaking, I found a flow of thought, and a freedom of utterance which made the work pleasant, profitable and uniting. I will add a few words to this, if spared.

C. W. B.

### SOLEMN WORDS

TO CLOSE UP THE YEAR.

"Thrust in thy sickle, and reap; for the time for thee to reap is come."—Rev. xiv. 15.

SOLEMN command this, my soul! and certain as it is solemn! It will surely come; and when that sickle is thrust in, thou wilt be gathered into the garner of eternal glory, or left for the thrusting in of the second sickle, and be gathered with all them that know not God, and with them be cast into the *great wine-press of the wrath of God*. O, solemn consideration! for all who are then gathered will be "cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, which is the second death." "Who amongst us shall dwell with the devouring fire? (saith the prophet Isaiah). Who amongst us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" And yet this is to be the eternal prison of all them that know not God, and obey not the gospel. O, dreadful place!—the lake of fire and brimstone! O, awful condition!—to be doomed to dwell eternally in the devouring fire of hell! to agonize eternally in the everlasting burnings of the bottomless pit! O, detestable companions!—the devil and his angels! How stands the case with thee, my soul? Stand still, and for one moment examine thyself. Canst thou answer, to the satisfaction of thy conscience, this solemn and momentous question? Art thou prepared to meet the eternal God, should he summon thee this day, this hour—nay, this moment, to his bar? Canst thou calmly and

peacefully contemplate thine own death-bed, or thy sudden transition from this world to that which hath no end, and from which there is no escape? Thou must soon enter upon an eternal state of inconceivable glory or unutterable woe. The end of all things is at hand with thee. Thou art fast hastening down to the grave; and as death meets thee, judgment will find thee; death to thee will be the day of doom, or the bright dawning of thine everlasting glory-day. Where is thy qualification for the presence and society of thy God? Where rests the eye of thy faith, when thou sayest, I am, or, I hope I am prepared? Rests it upon the Christ of God? Is thy comeliness and purity that which Christ hath put upon thee? Is thy perfection the perfection of his righteousness and merits, and his only? Hath the Lord the Spirit led thee to the blood of Jesus for cleansing and purifying? If these things have not been done for thee and within thee, thou canst not rightly say, I am prepared to meet him. Vain is thy confidence, groundless thy hope, dead and vile thy faith, if they are built on anything short of the obedience, death, resurrection, ascension and intercession of the dear Redeemer. Hast thou ever viewed him standing before the throne of God, clothed in a *vesture dipped in blood*, as thy great Representative and Forerunner? Hast thou put thy cause into his hand, that he might plead it before his Father, upon the ground of his own glorious and perfect merits? Nay, my soul, hast thou cast thyself upon the free and sovereign grace of God in Christ, and that, too, independently of all thou hast done or canst do? Nothing short of this qualifies thee to stand accepted in the sight of that God who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, and in whose sight the very heavens are not clean. Nothing short of the immaculate robe of Emanuel's righteousness will suffice thee there. Every rag of thine own must be cast away with self-loathing and contempt; all thy strength, in thy estimation, must become *perfect weakness*; all thy proud and high-flown notions of wisdom and knowledge must become foolishness, and thou be brought by the Eternal Spirit to come as a poor, lost, and undone criminal to the throne of mercy, and there to confess that thou art ignorant, and helpless, and naked, and vile? for it is only as thou art so led and taught, that thou canst rightly prize Christ in his riches and suitability, or acceptably plead that he, of God, might be made unto thee wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.

But O, my soul, if thou hast been thus led, and thus taught, then mayest thou hold up thine head with joy, and look up with confidence in the most perplexing circumstances; for nothing can hinder thy redemption, which every moment draweth nigh. O, then shalt thou hail with joy that solemn command of, "*Thrust in thy sickle, and reap.*" And sweet in thine ears will be the voice of the archangel when it shall shout forth, "*Arise, ye dead! and come to judgment!*" For with all the redeemed thou shalt mount up to meet thy Lord in the air, crown him the Captain of all thy victories, and enter into rest.

AUTHOR OF "A CLOMET COMPANION."