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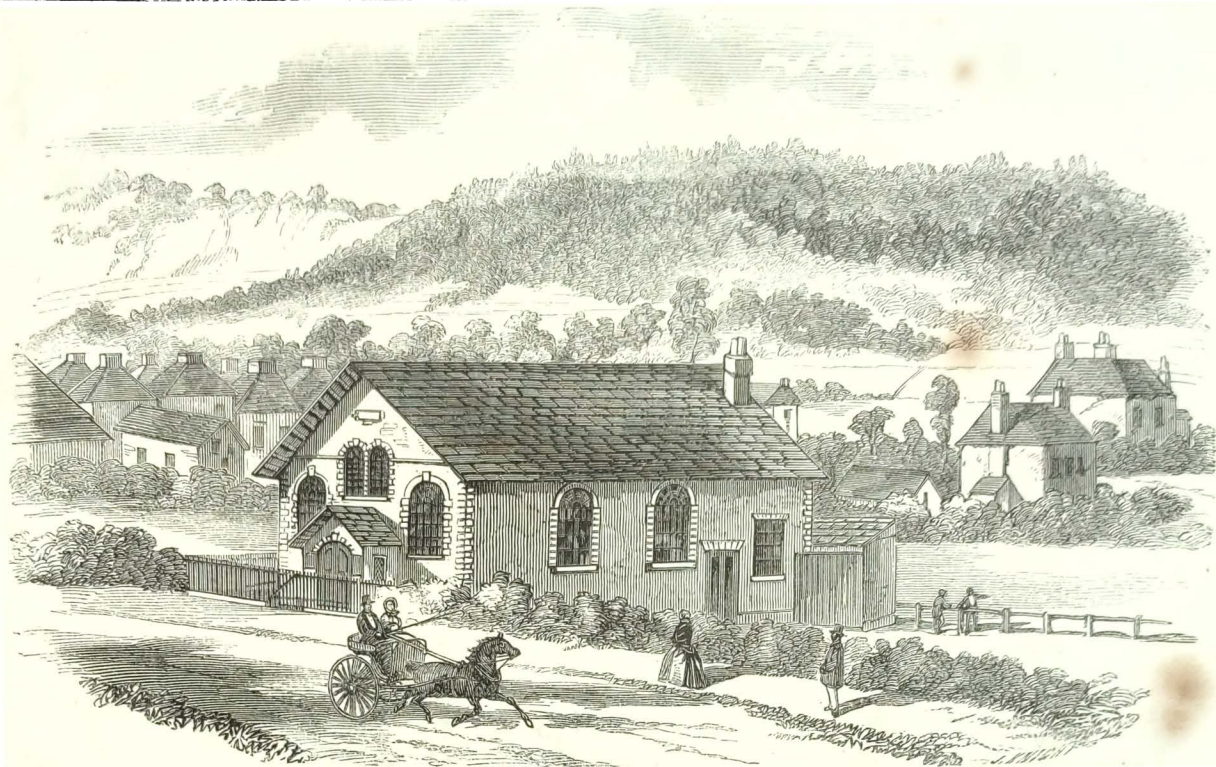
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BAPTIST CHAPEL, STATION ROAD, RED HILL, SURREY.

OPENED JULY 21, 1858.

FROM A SKETCH BY T. R. H.

THE  
EARTHEN VESSEL:

AND  
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FOR  
1858.

VOLUME XIV.

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# THE EARTHEN VESSEL,

## And Christian Record.

### A New Year's Address,

TO SINNERS OF ALL SORTS, AND MINISTERS OF ALL SIZES.

FELLOW-MORTALS, AND CHRISTIAN MEN.—In commencing the fourteenth volume of this work, there is a large variety of subjects which present themselves as candidates for our contemplation and discussion; but as our limits are scant, and the demands upon our columns overwhelming, we are compelled to hold in the reins of our thoughts, and simply address ourselves, in a few practical words, to five distinct classes of persons.

First, To our Readers.

Secondly, To our Correspondents.

Thirdly, To our Fellow-labourers in the Ministry.

Fourthly, To our Benefactors.

Lastly, To Ourselves.

1. *To our Readers.* We confess we are sensible of the imperfections of our work, and therefore, that so many of you, — perhaps more than ten thousand monthly, — should have continued to look upon us, and still hold up our hands, is a marvel; especially when we know that not a few of the pastors of our churches use all their influence to denounce us; — when we reflect upon the immense number of other publications constantly issuing, and when we consider the huge difficulties under which we have laboured, we are anxious most unreservedly to thank you for the patronage you have bestowed upon us; and as we have testimonies, not a few, that THE EARTHEN VESSEL has been an instrument of good to many souls, we earnestly crave your continued and persevering support, beseeching you, not only to read it yourselves, but that you circulate it in your neighbourhoods, among your friends, and that you send it to other shores, and other climes, where multitudes of our countrymen are now migrating, and are truly pleased when tidings from British Zion come to their hands.

There are, at least, six different kinds of readers for whose soul-profit we would labour.

(1). Such as are yet strangers to Christ, and have no saving knowledge of his dear name. When we commenced this EARTHEN VESSEL, one desire we had, was, to publish the *essential truths of the gospel* in such interesting and attracting forms, and by such soul-stirring facts, as might catch hold of the minds of many who would not read dry arguments, or naked essays on the doctrines and duties of

Christianity, but who might be induced to read such notable stories as we this month give of the martyrdom of the Christian woman of Chipping Sudbury; and, thereby, under God's blessing, might be led to consider of their ways, be pricked in their hearts, and to cry out, "What must I do to be saved?" And to meet such an inquiry, we are deeply concerned at all times, that the Holy Spirit should enable us, *ministerially* and editorially, to "go through the gates," — that is, to open up the way of salvation as purposed in the covenant of grace; as fully accomplished by the dear Redeemer; as declared in the gospel, and as revealed in the hearts of the whole election of grace by the Eternal Spirit himself; — to gather out the stones, and to lift up a standard to the people, that so we might, as Paul says, "by all means save some."

Are any of our readers of this class now saying, "*Oh, but my sins, my sins are greater than can be forgiven! The difficulties of my salvation too great to be overcome!*" We would say to such, as John Flavel once said, — "*There is merit enough in his blood, and mercy enough in his bowels, to justify and save such as thou art.*" And if there is in one corner of thy poor penitent heart the smallest grain of grace that can be, if there be in thy poor weeping eye the most imperfect looking unto Jesus for a full and a free salvation, although thy sins burden thee, and Satan hinders thee, yet certain it is,

The time of love will come,  
When thou shalt clearly see  
Not only that he shed his blood,  
But you shall say, FOR ME.

*Self-deceiving souls*, is another class of readers we would labour to be useful to. This is an extraordinary day for making the gospel amusing, pleasant and suited to the natural desires of the natural mind. We have the gospel and tea-gardens, religion and bazaars, preaching and public excitement, all so associated together, that the old-fashioned way of taking up the cross and following the Saviour is almost unknown; and the pathway of tribulation is despised; and those who contend for that salvation which begins in broken hearts, and is evidenced by a suffering for Christ, are looked upon as enemies to the

common weal: they are denounced as bigots, and scorned, shunned, and shut out of the circle of the fashionable Christian circle, as the leper was in olden times. The number is not small in these days, "who easily take up a satisfaction of their interest in Christ;" and immediately, many of them become zealous teachers, lecturers, preachers, or missionaries, while there is much cause to fear they know neither the terrors of the law nor the sovereign remedies of the gospel. "Remember, friend (says a Devonshire deep taught scribe), remember, whatever plausible encomiums men may pat thy dark head with, however much thou mayest flatter thine own soul that heaven is thine, remember, *thy final sentence is not yet come from the mouth of thy Judge; and what, if after all thy self-flattering hopes, and groundless confidences, a sentence should come from him quite contrary to that of thine own heart, and to that of thine own favourite minister, WHERE ART THOU THEN? What an awfully confounded sinner thou then wilt be! Christless, speechless, and helpless, all at once!*" Oh, be not deceived! if thou art building for eternity, be sure that our poet's words must be the vitalizing expression of thy very soul.—

Christ, the solid rock, I stand;  
 My never failing is sinking sand.

In olden time, God appointed three leaders, to lead his ancient people safely—Moses, the law-giver, led them out of Egypt through the sea to Sinai; Aaron, the priest, led them to the bleeding sacrifice, and to the tabernacle, to seek for the blessings of pardon and peace; David, the king, led them to victory, to the ark of the covenant, and to the kingdom. The law must be our schoolmaster until Christ comes,

To be of sin the double cure,  
 To cleanse you from its guilt and power.

Then—and only then, can he say to you "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." We are exceedingly jealous; because we fear soul-deceiving work is now rampant; and to unmask the mere letter-preacher—to undeceive the priest-ridden, should be our aim, and the great aim of all who are ambassadors indeed for Jesus Christ.

*Covetous worldly-minded professors* are another class of readers we would labour to reach. We boast not. No.—God forbid. But we may say, we have spent the greater part of our life—and many hundreds of our own—and of other people's stores—in endeavouring to publish **THE PURE GOSPEL OF CHRIST**. We have been dashed hither and thither, while sailing in the gospel ship, and all that has been given us, we have as freely given again. But, Oh, what wretched clenching of fists; what covetous souls; what defrauders of Zion, have we known and seen! To them we would say—Beware! lest the dust of the earth so get into thine eyes that thou never see the beauty or the necessity of Christ. There have been thousands, who have had their pews, their places, and their pompous persons in the visible church, over whose eyes Satan has drawn

a gilded napkin, and then turned them off into hell. Ministers, Deacons, and gospel professors all!—Many of you have slandered us because we have been over willing in trying to do good—and we have been too often in error, we will confess—but unto many of you, we dare to say—(for we know some of you better than you think we do—we say), beware, lest, at last, it be said to you—"Remember, *thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things,*" &c., &c. Oh, covetous professors, beware.

There are also loose and careless hearers of the gospel. The Lord help us, to contend for a holy faith, and for fruits becoming the real disciples of Christ!

There are some who have been great sinners—but they have obtained mercy; we would labour to stir them up to give full proof of the verity of that word, where much is forgiven, that much forgiveness produces an abundance of love to the Great Forgiver. There is one more class of readers, they are those who live on Christ—with Christ—and for Christ. Oh, happy men! to cheer you, and comfort you, shall be our constant aim, by all the mind and material our Lord shall give.

Secondly, In addressing our *Correspondents*, we are confounded. Their liberality has so far exceeded our limits, that our arrears are dreadful to look upon. Many are offended, and consider we deserve to be driven from our editorial chair; we are often of the same mind; but as there is a difficulty in finding another Issachar—(please to read Genesis xlix. 14.) we must continue to do the best we can, so long as the Providence of God, and the patience of the people, permit us here to toil. We have a number of valuable papers which we hope to give shortly—and communications experimentally, and historically, illustrative of the Grace of God in Zion, will at all times receive our most careful attention.

Thirdly, To our *Benefactors*—those kind friends who have responded to the proposition of the committee for the redemption of this publication, we are specially grateful. Something like £80 has been subscribed towards the £260—the price at which **THE EARTHEN VESSEL** was transferred again to us. The sums contributed have been, for the most part, small; but the testimonies of usefulness forwarded with those sums, have encouraged our hope that our labour is not in vain. There are few, if any who know the painful position we occupy, in pecuniary matters. Our principal desire for time, is, to live and labour, until it shall be seen that our faith in the promises which lay at the end of the ninety-first Psalm, has not been of a false and fatal character.

Fourthly, To our *Brethren, the Pastors and Ministers of the word*, we are disposed to write at some length, but space cannot be allowed: this privilege is deferred; although **The Present Character and Condition of the Gospel Ministry** is a subject which an able and an impartial mind might discuss to great advantage.

A few words must suffice. And first of all, we would express our most hearty thanks unto all who have in any measure co-operated with us in labouring to disseminate the truth as it is

in Jesus: and even to those good and gracious men who do not recognise us, we can most heartily say—as the sainted John did to his well beloved Gaius—“beloved, we wish *above all things that thou mayest prosper, and be in health.*” The times which have been passing over our churches in London, have been severely trying. An extraordinary and an unusual excitement like a whirl-wind, has been driving through us: nearly every church in the metropolis has been sifted and shaken: some few ministers have been shaken too. The excitement has been enough to scatter our churches to the winds; but it has not done so: with one or two exceptions, every minister of truth has stood his ground—and the greater portion of the living in Jerusalem have stood fast by their ministers; and although we are far from a very prosperous state of things, still, upon the whole, there is a great cause for thankfulness, and we trust that the sanctifying and the saving **TAXA** of the New Covenant will be seen to be more triumphant than ever, after these exciting influences have found their level; and we by no means wish to insinuate that the excitement has been productive of evil; it has stirred all the churches to their very centre; and we hope the best results will follow. Albeit we must speak again.

Ministerial brethren, let us be heard for one moment. There is gathering around us a large amount of the *profession* of truth without the *power* of it. There are many who are *running*, and many more are seeking hard to run, who have a clear sounding bell, but we fear it is not the *golden bell*; neither is there the pomegranate with it; the consequences are divisions, dissatisfactions, and weaknesses. We want *living, soul-feeding*, edifying, ministers. The churches, from one end of the land to the other, are crying out for ministers who have weight and sterling worth about them; but they are rarely to be found. Brethren, we want that “*double portion*” of the Spirit’s unction, which shall enable us to open up two deep places—the word of God—and the sinner’s heart. It is not talking *about the word*, nor talking to the people, that effects the vital change: we must through God enter into the *word* and *through it* into the *souls* of the people; then, and not till then, will our Churches revive. We have some men of this character; and their ministry is a great and a *growing* blessing. The Lord long spare them, we pray. Brethren—pray for us—and aid us, in contending for all that is vital—for every branch of Truth which comes from heaven—and for that ministry which commends itself to the consciences of men—driving out Satan with all his base delusions. As instruments in the hands of the Almighty, it lays with you, brethren in the ministry, to give us an immense amount of help in the year now commencing. You can send us communications of a valuable character drawn from your own studies, from your own experiences, and from your own observations; and you can speak for us, if the Lord shall so stir up your pure minds, as to constrain you to remember **THE EARTHEN VESSEL**. If we are ministers of Christ’s own making, we are

all sailing in one ship—and on our banner is inscribed,

Sovereign grace o’er sin abounding!

We are all sailing under one Captain—

**Jehovah Jireh**—Immanuel God with us!

We are all looking toward one port—

The desired haven.

We are all anxious to enter into one city—

The city of the living God.

We must all pass over one Jordan—

The narrow stream of death.

We shall all descend to one level—

Dust thou art—and unto dust thou must return.

We all hope to appear in the likeness of His resurrection—

The dead in Christ shall rise first.

We all pray to be received with one welcome—

Come ye blessed of my Father.

And then we shall all unite in one song—

Worthy the Lamb, that died, we’ll cry,  
For he was slain for us.

Now, then, brethren—*whether* noble Foremen—deep Wells—Murrel-men—high minded—palmy Palmers—pithy and pleasing Bloomfields—sage Williamsons—determined Janeses—disparaging Abrahamses—witty Bowleses—steady Attwoods—wing clipped Birds—deflected Nunnys—fine-threaded Chiverses—profund Cozenses—argumentative Boxers—fruitful Butterfields—lively Davises—affectionate Hankses—meditative Hazletons—sterling Flacks—angry Gunners—out-spoken Greens—timid and trembling Whittes—loud trumpet Haslops—courteous and kindly Wyards—sharp and shrill little Meeresses—patient and particular Moyles—hot-hearted Parkers—Lutheran Stringers—attracting Vaughans—high and holy-minded Luckins—teaching Ponsfords—literary Wilkinsons—carry-all-before-ye Corbitts—soft and savoury Wigmores—learned Brunts—Yea, whatever may be our natural cast, or our Gospel position, let us, one and all, “Cease to do evil, and learn to do good.” Let us study to shew ourselves approved unto God, workmen that need not to be ashamed, *rightly dividing the word of truth*; and if we cannot love one another as, perhaps, we should aim to do, let us strive to provoke one another unto love, and to good works, and that with the great apostle we may say, “And his grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain, but I laboured more abundantly than they all; yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me.” Whatever others may do, we say, Good Lord! let this be the one great aim of **THE EARTHEN VESSEL**.

Lastly, A word to Ourselves. We have looked into the glass of the Holy Word to see if there was any confirmatory resemblance. In the distance, we saw something like it in the builders of the second temple; but our views thereof; and our views as regards this



Our darling employment, must be left until February. Ye see how large a letter, and how little therein, we have written. The *finale* is reserved. But, in parting, of every friend we ask this one favour—give us your prayers, your persevering aid, and that 1858 may be a good year for Zion—for all her sons, and for every one of her faithful servants,—is the prayer of their willing servant,

THE EDITOR.

Early in the year it is proposed to hold an aggregate meeting on behalf of THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

## Our Australian Mails.

### THE FATAL WRECK OF THE "DUNBAR,"

WITH SPECIAL INFORMATION IN LETTERS FROM MR. H. DOWLING, SEN., BAPTIST MINISTER, OF LAUNCESTON; FROM H. DOWLING, JUN., ESQ., THE MAYOR OF LAUNCESTON; AND FROM OTHER PERSONS.

LAST month we recorded the terrible calamity of the loss of a vessel, called "The Dunbar," whereby 139 passengers sank to rise no more in the same state, and among them the eldest daughter of the venerable Mr. Dowling, her husband, and dear children, and servant. From the following deeply interesting letters, much comfortable information is derived as regards the family here referred to. Indeed, it is to us very plain that Mr. Dowling's daughter was deeply convinced of the nearness of her departure, although she never, it may be, thought that it would be in such a way. This is proved by the verses she sent to her brother, and which are given below.

(To the Editor of THE EARTHEN VESSEL.)

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—ENCLOSED are copies, and extracts, of letters received from (Launceston) Henry Dowling, Sen., and Henry Dowling, Jun.; they will be read with much interest and sympathy by many friends who know Henry Dowling, Sen., and his family; it is wonderful with what resignation the *grace of God* enabled the dear old man to bear such dreadful tidings.

Henry Dowling, Jun., was in his official capacity, as Mayor of Launceston, engaged relieving emigrants on the Sunday afternoon, and had just sat down from *prayer and praise to God for their safe arrival*, when a letter was put into his hand from Sydney, containing the dreadful intelligence of the *wreck of the "Dunbar,"* and loss of 139 passengers and crew, out of 140 (only one man, Johnson, remained alive); among those were eight of his own family; a sister, her husband, and six dear children, within sight of the harbour.

You have doubtless seen all the particulars, in the papers, therefore I need say no more. I leave it in your hands, and remain, yours in Christian bonds,

THOS. STRIDSTONE,  
7, St. George's Place, Brixton, Dec 12, 1857.

Mr. Kilner Waller, the devoted husband of pastor Dowling's daughter, was baptized by

the late David Denham, some years since, in Unicorn Yard Chapel. He was considered a sound hearted Christian man, and some prophesied that he would live to occupy Mr. Dowling's pulpit whenever it should please the Lord to call him home. But alas! how vain are all our thoughts, many times. We rejoice to know this catastrophe was but a chariot to take him and his beloved wife home to glory. Oh! what a sudden transition! Ah! who can tell what that is, to be "*Absent from the body, and present WITH THE LORD?*"

We give, first, the following communication from the Junior Mr. Dowling, the Mayor of Launceston. It is headed—

#### OBITUARY.

On the night of Thursday, the 20th ult., through the melancholy wreck of the ship Dunbar, near the entrance of Sydney harbour, after a previously prosperous voyage from London—Mr. Kilner Waller, aged 41 years, son of the late Captain Edward Waller, of H.M. 87th Regiment Royal Irish Fusiliers, and brother of Mr. J. G. Waller, of Wynard-square, Sydney; also Hannah Maria, his wife, and daughter of the Rev. Henry Dowling, of Launceston, Tasmania; also their six children, Mary Dowling, aged 13 years; Edward Kilner, aged 9 years; Kate Elizabeth, aged 8 years; Maria Theresa, aged 6 years; Arthur Henry, aged 4 years and three months; John Leonard, aged 3 years; and the servant accompanying them, were all lost.

*Extract from a letter from M. G. Waller, Sydney:*

"I discovered my darling Maria thrown up in one of the bays of the harbour, about three miles from the scene of the disaster. She was decently clad in her night dress, and having all the appearance of a placid death, and a cheerful and confident submission to the will of a wise and never erring God. Poor Polly (her daughter) lying close beside her."

MANY friends of my late sister and her beloved husband, will feel an interest in this melancholy recital. On a very recent occasion, writing to a christian friend here, she expressed an apprehension that she should not live to reach her adopted country; and gave utterance to some desires in event of her husband and children being deprived of her maternal care. In this letter she enclosed a paper, with her initials attached, which, to her family, possesses much interest, for in her letter she expressed her appropriation of the verses to her own experience and desires.

The one subject—"Nearer to Thee"—seems peculiarly and almost sublimely adapted to associate with her recent departure and present employment. The other subject is a fitting exhortation, as from her sainted lip to her sorrowing relatives and friends, that they bow submissively to her Heavenly Father's will.

HENRY DOWLING.

Launceston, 8th Sept. 1857.

The following two beautiful pieces are the lines she enclosed:

#### "NEARER TO THEE."

NEARER, my God, to Thee,—  
Nearer to Thee!  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

Though like a wanderer,  
 The sun gone down,  
 Darkness comes over me,  
 My rest a stone,  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be  
 Nearer, my God to Thee,—  
 Nearer to Thee!

There let my way appear  
 Steps into heaven;  
 All that thou sendest me  
 In mercy giv'n;  
 Angels to beckon me  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,—  
 Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking thoughts  
 Bright with thy praise,  
 Out of my stony griefs  
 Bethel I'll raise;  
 So by my woes to be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee;  
 Nearer to Thee!

And when on joyful wing,  
 Cleaving the sky;  
 Sun, moon and stars forgot,  
 Upward I fly;  
 Still all my song shall be,  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee;  
 Nearer to Thee!

“THE CUP WHICH MY FATHER HATH  
 GIVEN ME, SHALL I NOT DRINK IT.”

MUSIC OF ALL MY FATHER'S LOVE,  
 (How sweet it is!)  
 Methought I heard a gentle voice—  
 “Child, here's a cup—  
 I've mixed it—drink it up.”  
 My heart did sink—I could no more rejoice.  
 O Father, dost Thou love thy child?  
 Then why this cup?  
 “One day, my child, I said to thee—  
 Here is a flow'r  
 Pluck'd from a beauteous bow'r:  
 Did you complain? or take it thankfully?  
 “One day I gave thee pleasant fruit  
 From a choice tree:  
 How pleas'd, how grateful you did seem:  
 You said—I love  
 Thee; faithful may I prove:  
 Your heart was full, with joy your eyes did beam.  
 “That flower was mine, that fruit was mine;  
 This cup is mine,  
 And all that's in it comes from me.”  
 Father, I'm still;  
 Forgive my naughty will.  
 But what's the cup? may I look in and see?  
 “You see, my child! you must not see;  
 Christ only saw  
 His destined cup of bitter gall:  
 No, child, believe,  
 Meekly the cup receive,  
 And know that love and wisdom mix'd it all.”  
 O Father must it be?  
 “Yes, child, it must.”  
 Then give the needed medicine,  
 Be by my side,  
 Only Thy face don't hide:  
 I'll drink it all—it must be good—'tis THINE.

Surely, there was a hand more than human in such an appropriation! The *desire*, “Nearer to thee,” has been granted. The cup has been drunk. Resignation to a mysterious cross (she scarcely knew what) was wrought in her soul, and

“Now in nobler, sweeter songs,  
 She bows before the throne.”

How deeply these events humble and solemnize our spirits!

Reader! does thy heart cry out, “Nearer to thee?” But we must proceed:—

*A Letter from Mr. H. Dowling, Jun., the Mayor of Launceston.*

MY VERY DEAR SISTER C—The footsteps of the God of Israel are in the mighty deep! Clouds and darkness are oft around his feet! Little did we think, dear sister, when, a few weeks ago, expressing sympathy with you on an occasion of sorrow, that so soon we should have to taste of deeper sorrow. Our dear Waller, our beloved Maria, and their six beloved ones, we shall see no more till the sea gives up her dead. The papers by this mail will tell you the sad, sad tale. All our dear ones gone, just at our very door where they were looking forward with joyful anticipation of a happy re-union in these lands of our adoption. Let us do honour unto God. His grace has preserved from a rebellious thought. I have not had a doubt of his right to do as it pleaseth him, nor of his purposes of love in the dark dispensation. But my dear sister, her darling little ones, her devoted husband; I should have loved to have seen them here once more. You are the first dear friend to whom I have conveyed a letter. The news reached us like a thunder-clap a week ago; but I have been unable to compose myself to write. Indeed, now I am all incoherence. I can only say, the Lord knoweth me altogether. I could be glad if the opportunity offered, that at this very moment you could be with us, that we might weep and pray together. I may just say here that this dreadful calamity occurred at the very entrance to Sydney harbour, at 12 o'clock after a tempestuous night, the 20th of August, the captain having got too near the land. 119 out of 120 precious souls buried in the deep. The mention is full of dreadful recitals. Very few of the bodies were recovered save my beloved Maria, dear Polly, and her servant. Mr. John Waller found these after an anxious search along the coast, and he thus writes—“I discovered my darling Maria thrown upon one of the buoys of the harbour about three miles from the scene of the disaster. She was decently clad in her night dress having all the appearance of a placid death, and a cheerful and confiding submission to the will of a wise and never-erring God. Our dear Kilner and the other children have not been recognised amongst the many bodies which the dashing waves rolled ashore. The immediate spot where the wreck took place is so rocky and precipitous that the remains of the poor people are sadly mangled. In five minutes from the time the vessel struck, all was over. The fine 1000 ton ship, and all but one of her living freight was completely broken up.

We all feel the loss very deeply, and the almost universal sympathy expressed for we who survive, is overwhelming. You will be glad to hear that the dear old pastor, our father, received the sad, sad intelligence very meekly and that his mind has since been sustained in a marvellously encouraging manner. The news was brought to us at five o'clock on

Sunday evening, the 30th of August. My dear Mr. Lonim kindly consented to go to him with the sad news. He said at once, "Be still, and know that I am God," and retired alone to another room. The people were assembled for divine worship, and they determined to hold a prayer meeting. I understand that, to the astonishment of all, at the close he walked into the chapel and prayed for several minutes. On the following Wednesday evening, he preached the usual weekly sermon.—"It is I, be not afraid." This morning, and prior to the ordinance, he preached to a large body of sympathising friends from "Ye shall indeed drink of my cup," and wonderfully was he sustained. "This cup is mine, and all that's in it came from me. Father, I'm still."

I can only write thus hurriedly because I have very many to write. My dearest Sister, your's very sorrowfully,  
HENRY DOWLING.  
Launceston, Sept. 5, 1867.

*A Letter from Mr. H. Dowling, Sen.,  
Baptist Minister.*

MY DEAR SISTER IN THE LORD.—We had scarcely dried up the tears of sympathy for you, as the honoured weepers in your sorrows, when we have to call upon you to weep for us; not sorrowing as those who have no hope, but believing that those who sleep in Jesus God will bring with him.

In the moment of unexpected sorrow we feel as creatures; but, brought up by the Holy Spirit in the faith of the Divine reigns, we find that our triumph over human weakness is complete, and the language of our heart is, "Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

One trial seems often sanctified to meet us for another; and as we have so often found the flame could not reach to destroy, so we expect that it is only destined to purify.

The enclosed will give you some of the details of the melancholy fact, to which I may add, that it seems by evidence that our dear Waller was, up to the last day on board, the chaplain; and while thus sustained in Christian character, I have no doubt ministered in the gospel of God. And who can tell, but the lisping of his tongue were the "power of God unto salvation?" We may hope so, even without testimony. Such providences confound sense, but leave faith upon a high and stable Rock,

"Firm as th' eternal hills."

Having felt the shock of the shipwreck, we are looking round to gather up the instances of providence, so awakening to our thoughts and feelings. One man saved to tell the tale! and only one to mark the desolation, and tell he knew the Wallers, and to inform us that dear Kilner was the spiritual light in the ship, until Jehovah our God required him no more in an earthly position. He heard the speaking that was Divine,—"Enter into the joy of thy Lord."

Viewing the covenant purposes of our God, the provisions of mercy in our all-glorious Christ, and the Divine Agent, the Quickener or heaven, it is possible that all were bound

up in the bundle of life with the Lord. We will hope so; we only speak with absolute certainty in matters of faith, where truth is declarative.

Those lengthened particulars will be found in the English papers. We send you the evidence of the spared man. We know you will retire before the throne, and when the heart may not be able to govern articulation, the look up, the sigh, will affectionately recognise us as one with you in Christ.

Dear John Waller wrote to say, the bodies of Mrs. W. and her eldest daughter were found together (no doubt it was a dying embrace) unutilated, and the only ones so preserved. Dear Maria, he says, her features were calm, placid, and unchanged. They were buried in the same grave. It was thought that Kilner was seen in the sea, but that is uncertain. The fragments of others were put into the graves, unknown.

HENRY DOWLING, Sen.  
Launceston, Aug. 31.

[We have copies of other letters written to Mr. Dowling, but cannot possibly give more this month. Several other letters have also come to hand, and shall be given—Ed.]

## THE POWER OF THE PULPIT.

(Continued from page 265, Vol. xiii.)

"And I, if I be lifted up." &c., &c.

In the December number of this work I gave a simple report of the way whereby I was led to the words which gave rise to my writing these papers. I refer the reader to that paper; it is the first in the December number, and if he has not read it, I would beg of him to do so, before he proceeds with this. There were four branches to the subject: The glorious Person, "And I," the Proposition, "*If I be lifted up*;" the Promise, "*I will draw all men unto me*;" lastly, the proofs we are his, are to be found in that "*we have been drawn unto Him*."

There was one other feature in the character of this blessed "I" referred to, beside those already noticed; that is, "*Christ, as the Glorified One of heaven*" (see John xii. 27, 28). There are four consecutive parts of his mediatorial work there. First, His soul is troubled,—"*Now is my soul troubled*." Secondly, He is in prayer,—"*What shall I say? Father, save me from this hour*." Thirdly, You have the Saviour's resignation,—"*But for this cause came I unto this hour*." Then, lastly, His honor,—"*Father, glorify thy name*." Then there came a voice from heaven, "I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again."

Now the work of Christ—his redemption work—is laid out in seven distinct sentences in Daniel ix. .

1. It was the finishing of transgression.
2. It was "making an end of sin."
3. It was "making reconciliation for iniquity."

4. It was "bringing in everlasting righteousness."

5. It was "to seal up the vision."

6. To anoint the Most Holy.

7. To confirm the covenant with many.

Three words are used to denote our fallen condition,—*Sin* is an internal, natural dislike to that which is holy and good. This lays in the heart; Transgression is a *stepping out of the way*; this is in our practice: Iniquity is a rebellion and perverseness; this lays in our unrenewed wills. Take three illustrations,—*Sin* is a dislike of that which is holy: Cain hates Abel and slays him. Transgression is a stepping out of the way: Saul of Tarsus goes right out of the way, persecutes the saints, and thinks he does God service. Iniquity is rebellion: Judas betrays Christ, sells him, and delivers him into the hands of his enemies; and Peter declares he does not know him. In the one sacrifice of Christ, he finishes the transgression, and so restrains it to his own Person, as that the punishment of it cannot fall upon his people; makes an end of sin; so puts it away, that it cannot come to condemn them. Makes reconciliation for iniquity, so endures the curse of a broken law, that Justice having once smitten him for them, never can smite them. But when he came to do all this his precious soul fell into trouble,—“Now is my soul troubled.” The Latins get their word hell from the same root as we get this word *trouble*; so we may read, “Now is my soul sinking into hell.” What do we understand by hell? A load on the conscience, a black cloud on the mind, the arrows of the Almighty in the soul, a hopeless and a helpless plight; into this hell of trouble the Saviour sunk, and now cried out, “*What shall I say!*” like one amazed, overwhelmed, and in agony. Into these deep waters he sunk, that his people might never be overwhelmed by them. Here he prays, “Father, save me from this hour.”

I fetch two arguments from this,—1. That the sword of justice entered so deeply into his own soul that it was poured out in agony and bloody sweat. 2. That in his humanity he feared death, and it is no marvel, therefore, if, in his members at times, there are the solemn fears of death also; for in all their afflictions he was afflicted; but being lifted up he draws all his friends unto him.

We have now his resignation,—“*But for this cause came I unto this hour.*” This, to me, is a wonderful expression,—“*This cause.*” This bearing sin, death, and hell for my people. “*This hour,*” this period of time cut out by predestinating purpose.—“*Came I.*” “I have magnified the law, by obeying its precept; now I come to endure its penalty. Now, therefore, Father, glorify thy name!” A perfect resignation; falling into one desire, that his Father’s name might be glorified. This is, indeed, the Spirit of Christ, of which, if a man have

not, he is none of his. See now Christ’s honor,—“*Then* came there a voice from heaven.” How intent the Father watched him! how quickly the Father answered him! “*then* came.” Like that *then* in Isa. vi.—“*Then* flew one of the seraphims.” So here is quickness and certainty. The voice came, “*I have and I will.*” God glorifies his own name, by putting away his people’s sins by the sacrifice of his Son; and he glorifies his own name, by pardoning poor penitent sinners through faith in the Redeemer’s one offering.

All this is as true as heaven itself; and therefore, prophetically, the Saviour said, “And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.”

I very reluctantly pass from this first branch—*the Glorious I.* I have hovered over this part, and would gladly fill the Vessel with nothing but the most blessed testimonies concerning His Person; His Eternal Godhead, His pure and perfect Manhood; His new Covenant Characters; His Mediatorial Work; His dolorous Sufferings; His mysterious blood-shedding; His holy Righteousness; His Ascension; His Gospel Kingdom; His indwelling in the hearts of his redeemed; His intercession for them; His Spirit’s reign in them; His blessed bundles of precious promises to them; His future advent; His coming to marry the Church in the full view of angels, men, and devils; and His eternal unfolding of His Father’s Glory to them in the countless ages of a never-ending world of bliss and blessedness: all these branches of the *Tree of Life* spread themselves before the eye of my mind until in contemplation, I am lost, and feel assured that I might sooner empty the seas of their waters—I might sooner draw out the light from the natural sun, and put the stars into obscurity, than I could either with my tongue declare, or with my pen describe, one thousandth part of the beauty, the glory, the wisdom, the mercy, the compassion, the love, the light, the salvation, the purity, the power, and the millions of millions of springs of *Life Eternal*, which in my Saviour dwell—which make up, and constitute that ineffably adorable PERSON, who, in my poor drooping soul, so softly said “*And I if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me.*” Oh, brethren! when once we are favoured to get one view of this exalted GOD MAN, how do our souls catch fire as it were with ardent pantings and love intense! How doth such a view kill us to the world—to sin—to the flesh—yea, to all sublunary things! How truly can we sympathise with Watts when he cried out of the very centre of his soul—

Had I a glance of thee, my God,  
Kingdous and men would vanish soon  
Vanish as though I saw them not;  
As a dim candle dies at noon.

Do we wonder that John says—"And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead?" Do we not believe the great apostle when he says—"suddenly, there shone a great light round about me, and I fell unto the ground?" Ah! yes, indeed; if we saw more of this "Desire of all nations"; we should think less of ourselves; and be much more humble, contrite, devout, and zealous for him, than now we are. But, the Lord be praised, that some of us can say—"And, last of all, *he was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time.*" Dear brethren, I feel in my very soul, as though I could here stay, and gaze on him—speak only of him—write alone about Him—and walk in contemplation with Him, until in higher strains, and a holier state, I see Him face to face, without a veil between. May the Lord help you, brethren, to take sweet views of Him, to draw such light from Him, and so entirely to live for Him, that our whole aim and object, design, and desire, may be to *prove the truth of that mighty promise—"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."*

I must get away to the second branch, because I have promised to do so; but to leave such sacred ground is not easy when the soul towards Him is drawn.

II. The Proposition comes next—"And I, if I be lifted up." Here is an "if" from the Saviour's lips; which is not an "if" of absolute uncertainty—neither is it a vague unmeaning "if." There were some few most solemn occasions when Christ used this word; as when in Gethsemane, "if it be possible let this cup pass away from me"—as He went on to Calvary, bearing his cross, he said, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children; for if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" There is a two-fold view to be taken of this proposition—first and principally, it looks at his "*lifting up*" on Calvary's tree; secondly, it looks at the subsequent "*liftings up*" which He knew were connected with that awful and most wonderful scene which my favourite poet so solemnly describes—

Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut her glories in  
When God, the mighty Maker died,  
For man, the creature's sin.

It is singular to me that but few of the best noticed on Christ's sayings have hardly noticed these words—although they contain the whole of the great mystery of the Church's redemption—her effectual calling—and her holy and happy espousals unto her living Lord. Consider these words, now first, as immediately pointing to the cross, and then see how keenly, how perfectly, how minutely, the manhood of our Great Redeemer entered into all the anxieties, sorrows, faintings, and troubles, which so closely entwine themselves, about his people. He

looked at that which was yet to come—a four-fold dreadful conflict lay out before him—the betrayal—the judgment hall—the garden—and the cross.—Let us review the increasingly dreadful scene; and if we are indeed vitally one with this great High Priest of our profession—if the Holy Spirit anoint our spirits, and lets them into some sacred fellowship with this "Man of sorrows"—we shall know that it was from the depths of his inward grief, He said—"And I if I," (My soul is troubled: what shall I say? FATHER, save me from, or in this hour:—but for *this cause* came I unto this hour, and now, IF, I be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all my friends unto me."

I dare not occupy more space this month. The subject increases; have patience with me; and I will endeavour to shew this "*lifting up*" of our Lord next month.

C. W. B.

[Among many encouraging testimonies sent me this month, I am requested to give the following from a most sincere friend to truth:—]

DEAR SIR.—I arrived in London about four months since, and my first wish, before I fixed my place of residence, was to find out a Particular Baptist minister. I heard two ministers preach, before the same guiding hand that is with the blood-bought family of Jesus Christ through the wilderness, led me to your chapel (Unicorn Yard). I have attended your ministry as often as permitted since. You also were satisfied with the document I put into your hand of my twelve years' membership of a Baptist church in the southern hemisphere, whose dear old pastor brought me, and a beloved sister still in his church, out of bondage, and through whose instrumentality we saw the symbol of baptism, and followed our Master through that ordinance; and surely we can testify that his banner over us has been love. We had no kindred, according to the flesh, that even were Baptists; but Christ's sheep know his voice, and they follow him, even though, like Abraham, they know not whither.

I have had it for some time on my mind to give you my simple testimony, as far as the Spirit revealed to me the truth as it is in the gospel. that you are a faithful watchman on the walls of Zion, and that the immutability of a covenant God, the finished work of his glorious Son, and the revelation and unction of the Third Person in the work of redemption, is fully, fearlessly and lovingly preached to your congregation; and that I believe the reward you look for is souls for your hire. If I thought that, dear Sir, what I have stated would be the means of strengthening your hands in the least measure, in the multitude of difficulties you have to contend with, I should feel very happy.

I now beg your acceptance of the sum of five pounds, in aid of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

From an unworthy instrument in the hands of Omnipotence, A Witness to the truth of those words, "*I am with you always.*"

Nov. 22, 1867.

E. SOLOMON.

## THE YOUNG DRAPER:

OR, EARTHLY HOPES WITHERED, AND HEAVEN'S SALVATION REALISED. BEING A FAITHFUL NARRATIVE OF THE CHEQUERED LIFE AND SACRED DEATH OF CLEMENT BOURNE, THE SON OF THE LATE MR. JACOB BOURNE, BAPTIST MINISTER, OF GRITTLETON, WILTS.

[The above is the title of a pamphlet just issued.

We insert the greater part of it in our pages because of its great value and interest. As the profits of the pamphlet are for the bereaved widow and mother, we hope the superintendants of our Sunday Schools will see that every lad is presented with a copy, which may be had at 1s. 6d. per dozen. In the preface we have the following explanation].

"This pamphlet is truly a voice from the shores of eternity. The father, Mr. Jacob Bourne, and his son, Clement, both lay in the arms of death at the same time. The son went to glory first—and the father—who, for many weeks appeared fast sinking—actually sat up in the bed four days before his departure, and wrote this sweet memoir of his departed boy, and addressed it to me. I feel it an honor to be permitted to send it forth, and most devoutly do I beseech the Lord to accompany it with his blessing, yea, I am persuaded it will be a message of mercy and consolation to many a precious soul.

"I have been strengthened in this persuasion by a letter I have received (since the memoir was in type,) from my most faithful Christian brother, P. Smith, a deacon of the Baptist Church at Grittleton. In that letter, Mr. Smith, speaking of his late pastor, Mr. Jacob Bourne, says—*"He was a great sufferer. His son was a miracle of grace! I stayed with him all night before his death. O! it was delightful to be with him! O how I loved him for what the Lord had done for him! He gave a most blessed testimony of what the Lord had done for him."*

"I can, with such a holy confirmation, leave all in the Lord's hands. He will be "a father to the fatherless; and a husband to the widow;" and will constrain many to spread abroad this testimony of His grace. That the Lord may revive His work in the midst of His Churches, and gather in many unto His fold, is the prayer of the Church's servant,  
CHARLES WATERS BANKS."

*The late Mr. Bourne to the Editor.*

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—Knowing you to be indefatigable in your ministerial and editorial labours of love for the good of souls, and that you always rejoice when you hear of their salvation, I now take pleasure in sending you an account of one of no common occurrence, and one of whom you have some little knowledge and acquaintance; and it affords me the greater pleasure in communicating it to you, as it was my own dear child of whom I write, and in whom the grace of God has been so manifest in conversion and salvation, as not to leave a doubt behind.

But I will first give you a little account of his progress through life.

You will doubtless recollect, when I state it, of your coming to Grittleton, about eight years ago, and preaching to us on a weekday evening, and of calling upon me on the following morning. In the course of our conversation you asked me if there was anything you could do for me that would be a help to me, as you should feel a great pleasure in doing it? I told you I had a boy about sixteen years of age I wanted to get out into a situation. You said you would do what you could for him, and that you was in want of a boy yourself, and would take him and learn him the art of printing, if I approved of it, and the boy on trial should like it, to which I agreed. Arrangements were afterwards made, and I brought the boy to London. He came into your office for a few days, and you asked him if he thought he should like to learn the business. He said he did not think he should. You told him then he had better come to me, that I might look out for something else. I was then at Mr. Moody's, minister of East-street Chapel, Walworth, with whom I had been acquainted for many years, and with whom I have enjoyed much spiritual conversation; but having to return home the next morning they kindly offered to try to get a situation for him, if I would leave him with them, to which I consented; and the next morning I arose early from bed, leaving my poor boy behind, with emotions of mind I cannot find language to describe, as my expectations and prospects respecting him were blasted; and I returned home with a heavy heart, thinking I had left my dear boy in a place so devoted to wickedness, not knowing what might become of him, or what might be his future lot; and as my many prayers for him appeared unanswered, I must say my faith was at a low ebb. But, blessed be the Lord! he was much better to me than my expectations or deservings; for on the Monday morning I received a letter from him, stating that he had got a situation through the instrumentality of Mr. Moody's son, at Mr. Whitewick's draper, Bagnigge Wells road, which he entered upon the same day, and remained for four years, giving the greatest satisfaction to his employer, who was very fond of him, as he took as much interest in his master's business as if it had been his own. But now, thinking that he had learned as much in that establishment as he could, he saw fit to leave, and seek for further improvement. He came home for a few weeks, and returned to London again to seek for another situation, which he obtained in a few days, at Messrs. Meekin and Co.'s, 62, Holborn Hill. In their establishment he re-

mained three years, making great progress, and giving great satisfaction to his employers, who greatly respected him, and repeatedly advanced his salary, which enabled him to provide a good stock of clothes, and to save a few pounds; but he little thought at that time for what purpose it would afterwards be wanted. He had always enjoyed a pretty good share of health till the last six months of his stay at 62, Holborn. He suffered many months from a very bad gathering in his finger, and indigestion; and his health and strength began to give way, and he was obliged to leave and come home, entertaining hopes that a little medicine, open air, and exercise, with the Divine blessing, would soon restore him to health again. But, alas! the fatal worm was at the root of the once flourishing gourd, and the sunshine of earthly enjoyment went down in the meridian of life; for the once strong and athletic body was now invaded by a mortal disease, from which he never recovered; for the axe of death went on repeating its blows at the root of the flourishing tree, till it was brought down. He was naturally of a good disposition, a generous turn of mind and free and pleasing in his conversation, by which he obtained a large circle of respectable acquaintances, who all loved and respected him in life, and greatly lamented his death. We, his parents, were looking forward with great expectation that he would be a blessing to us, should we be brought to need his help and assistance. Alas! on what do we poor erring mortals place our hopes and expectations for the future, but on entire uncertainties which leave us in a state of disappointment, as the reward of our folly?

He had obtained the best medical advice he could whilst in town, and when he came home sought for further advice. He went to a medical man in Bath, who assured him that his lungs were not in the least affected; but that he was suffering from indigestion, and that he should soon restore him to health and strength again. But, alas! it was more than he could do.

Disease's dart was sure,

And 'twas beyond the doctor's skill to cure.

Finding this gentleman's skill insufficient, he applied to another in the country, who flattered him with the same prospects of recovery. Certainly the use of means, and the country, and exercise for a few months, rendered him capable of returning to London, and making trial again in another line of business, hoping that would have a tendency to restore his health again; but this also failing, he was obliged to return home, again sought the advice of another medical gentleman, who assured him that his lungs were fatally affected, and that he would never recover sufficiently to do as he had done; but that he might live a few years, and fill a light situation. This decision of the doctor's greatly affected him, as he was anxious for life. Soon after this he was seized with sciatica in the hip joint, which rendered him incapable of walking without great pain. For this disease he went to the Bath hospital, where he

obtained a partial cure from the use of the waters. He went from thence to the Consumptive Hospital, Brompton; but there he still got worse, having a disease come in his arm rendering it useless, and causing excruciating pain. Leaving there, he went to Bognor, in hopes the sea air might be of service to him; but in this also he was disappointed, as he daily got worse instead of better, and was obliged to leave and come home for the last time. His hard earned money was all spent. When he came home in the evening he was greatly worn out with fatigue from so long and tiresome a journey, in his weak and emaciated state of body: I was then lying on the sofa, having been ill for many months, unable to render him the least bodily assistance. He looked upon me and burst into tears. I said, "My dear boy, don't cry." He said, "I am sorry to see you so ill; and this long journey is too much for me in my weak state." \* \* \*

Having given some account of his progress through life, to his return home for the last time, I now come to give some account of his last days. Being no longer either of us able to get out, we were now become confined companions in affliction's furnace together; and never had any evidence of his being a changed character, or that he had been at all concerned about the things of eternity, I saw fit to introduce the subject to him, being earnestly desirous for his soul's salvation. I said to him, "It is very evident that you and I shall never recover from our present affliction; death and eternity is before us, and if we live and die without a divine change, where God is we cannot come." At first he began to resent it, feeling self-pity spring up in his mind, saying, "Mine is a hard case, father; it is hard to die; I cannot think what I have done that God should so afflict me. I have not led a dissipated life, like numbers of young men I have known, but have done every thing that lay in my power for my own and others welfare; there is my dear Anna, too, will be unprotected in the world" (referring to a young woman with whom he corresponded, and whom he intended, making his future companion for life, had he been spared). I told him we must be born again, or we could neither see nor enter the kingdom of God. He said, "I know what you say is true, but I cannot give myself grace, or work a change in my heart; and if God will not do it for me, what am I to do?" I said, "If you see and feel your need you can pray to the Lord, and he will do it for you. You say you cannot think why the Lord thus deals with you: I hope you will be led to see these things in a different light; God is a Sovereign, and has an undisputed right to do with and dispose of his creatures as his infinite wisdom thinks proper; and he is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind; to rebel against his dispensations is the way to get heavier strokes of his rod; it is better to lie passive in his hands." For some time he seemed very discontented, murmuring and fretting over his hard fate. His companions calling to see him, would cheer him up for a while, as they were very fond of each other; Christian friends also

frequently visited us, and united with me in prayer and conversation about the state of his soul, reading the Scriptures, and pointing out to him the necessity of being born again, and the awfulness of living and dying in a state of nature's darkness, in hopes that God would hear our prayers and bless the means to the awakening of him from his slumbers in sin, to a feeling sense of his perilous condition as a guilty sinner in the sight of a rein-trying God. I often repeated to him many solemn portions of the Scriptures respecting these things, and hymns of the like import, in hopes by these means the Lord would fasten conviction on his mind; and, blessed be the Lord! he soon answered our prayers, and granted us our desires, but in his own time, way, and manner, which is the best, as the poet says—

" 'Twas fixed in God's eternal mind,  
When his dear sons should mercy find;  
From everlasting he decreed  
When every good should be conveyed.

" Determined was the manner how  
Eternal favors he'd bestow;  
Yea, he decreed the very place  
Where he would shew triumphant grace."

Now the first sign of spiritual life I discovered was by his saying, "There is no time for trifling now; things are become of a very solemn nature: a short time, and I shall be in eternity. O, eternity! eternity! nothing but sincerity will do now!" This was spoken in a way which showed he was under a deep concern about his immortal soul, as there were many other things mentioned by him of the same nature which I cannot now recollect. From this time the world began to lose its charms, and to unclinch the grasp it had on his affections, and worldly companions becoming daily less desired, as they could afford him no help in their conversation; his temper and disposition became also daily changed; he now became grateful to everybody about him for what they did to help him, and for everything the Lord was daily bestowing upon him.

" Oh! what a change God's grace performs!  
And puts a comeliness on worms!"

I asked him if he ever had any conviction under the many sermons he had heard preached? He said, "Yes, numbers." I said, "Did they lead you to a throne of grace?" He said, "I always felt it would be presumption in a house of business like ours, where there was nothing but worldly conversation from morning till night." I concluded from this answer that he had never had anything more than natural convictions, which might have served to keep him from the grosser sins of life into which the thoughtless may run; but the case was altered now; light had shone into his dark mind; he began to see out of obscurity and out of darkness; the law entered, and sin abounded, and he began to feel guilty before God. He said to his mother, "What I feel about my state no mortal tongue can imagine. I fear I shall be lost. I pray, and my prayers do not seem to be heard. O! what shall I do? I must die. Eternity is

before me. O, mother, only think of spending eternity in hell! O, that I sought the Lord before! Do you think I shall be lost? Do you think the Lord will pardon me?" His mother did all she could to comfort his distressed mind. Now, seeing so great a change made in him by the grace of God, the Christian friends who visited him, with myself, had to change our conversation, and do what laid in our power, by the use of means and the help of God, to comfort his distressed mind; pointing out the remedy God had provided in the gospel of his dear Son, praying the Lord to turn his captivity, and speak peace and pardon to his immortal soul. His time allotted now was not long, and the Lord was about to do a short work in righteousness.

His convictions of sin, righteousness, and judgment, daily increasing on his mind, and his fears of being lost, was evident from his daily enquiries and cries for mercy. The last convictions came upon him as he lay quietly on the sofa one afternoon. What his mind had been exercised about I know not; but he sprang up in a state of great agitation, trembling and crying out, "O! I am dying. I shall soon be in eternity. What shall I do? My soul is lost. Am I going? Is this death? O Lord, have mercy upon me! have mercy upon me! Do you think I shall be lost?" Now, during the time he was in this state of distress, my soul was going up to the Lord in earnest prayer, begging of him to appear, and speak pardon and peace to his troubled mind. Distressing it was, indeed; and I cannot give a better description of it than in the language of the Psalmist in the 116th Psalm, "The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me. I found trouble and sorrow; then called I upon the Lord, O, Lord, deliver my soul." \* \*

Then I said to him, "You cannot be lost; the Lord has heard my prayers for you. I have prayed the Lord to convince you of your sins, of righteousness, and judgment to come; he has done it, and put a cry in your soul for mercy, and I cannot be sorry, but rejoice, believing, as the Lord has heard me on the one hand, so he will on the other, and soon deliver you, and speak peace and pardon to your soul." And so he did; for he got pacified in his mind soon after, and looking up, said, "O! I seem to have a little light break in; I seem to have a little hope spring up, that God will be merciful to me. Oh! I don't think I shall be lost." And from that time we never heard him say any more expressive of doubts or fears about his state, but rejoiced in the Lord, as his God and Saviour. Oh! how appropriate are the lines of the poet here,

" Just in the last distressing hour  
The Lord revealed his mighty power;  
This mount of danger was the place  
Where he displayed his sovereign grace."

From that time he took to his bed, and never came down stairs afterwards. I with great pain got down stairs a week longer, and then took to my bed, where I have been ever since.

We were now enabled again to converse



with each other. After his last conversation the world no more could charm him; he loved his Saviour's smile and leant upon his breast. He wished to have no worldly conversation introduced, saying he had no desire for those things. The Scriptures and hymns he would have daily read to him, often saying, how suitable they were to his feelings. His pains of body were great; but as his afflictions increased, his consolations abounded also. He was often in prayer to God to give him strength to bear his pains; and would call out to me and say, "Oh! how good the Lord is to hear me, and ease me! What shall I render to the Lord for his goodness and mercy towards me? Oh! I cannot find words to praise him as I shall praise him when I get to heaven. O, yes, I will sing the louder there!" Sometimes he would call out and say, "How is it now, father?" I did answer him and say, "Pretty well, my dear child." "Yes (he would say), it is well. I have no fears; I am as happy as I can be. Oh! how good the Lord is to me! I feel as happy as if I were in heaven. Oh! how I long to be there! but I wish to wait the Lord's time; it won't be long." For everything sent to him or done for him he was filled with gratitude, and was never heard to murmur, nor complain in the least. Christian friends calling to see him, and ministers that came to preach, converse, read, and pray with him, had their souls so refreshed that they seemed filled with wonder, love, and praise, to see and hear what a merciful change the Lord had wrought here. Again I must introduce some lines of my favourite poet,

"Lord, how secure and blest are they  
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin."

He would often say in the morning, "O, my dear mother! the Lord has heard my prayer, and given me a little sleep; what a kind God I have got! I want you with me to thank him." One night after a violent fit of sickness, he said,

"In the floods of tribulation,  
While thy billows o'er me roll,  
Jesus whispers consolation,  
And supports my fainting soul."

When a friend came in to see him, he would say, "I am so happy! my pain is great, but the Lord will sustain me. My sufferings are nothing to my Saviour's." He would say, "You won't grieve for me now, my dear mother. I am so happy! I thought to have kept you, if father should die, but the Lord will provide; put your trust in him; he has promised to provide for the fatherless and the widow; and will be as good as his word."

The night before he died, his pains were very severe; he prayed to the Lord for Christ's sake to remove them. His prayer was soon answered; he had but little pain after. He would often have that hymn read to him that begins with,

"Lord, I am pained, but I resign," &c.

He said it just suited his feelings. The morning that he died a friend came to see him. He said, "You will stay with me now, Hester?" She was a good woman, and he was

very fond of her company. We all saw that his time was short, as his arms and hands were quite purple. He said, "Shall I get over this struggle, Hester?" She said, "Yes, you will soon be safely landed the other side of Jordan." His countenance then brightened up, and his eyes sparkled with delight. Seeing his mother cry, he said, "Why do you cry? I can't cry. I would, but cannot sing, for want of breath." His mother said, "Then you are happy!" He said, "Happy! happy! happy!" He then said, "Shall I see my father?" They told him his father was too weak to come in, as he was in bed in the next room. He then called out to his father and said, "Never mind, father; it will be a happier meeting in heaven. Good bye, my dear father; the Lord bless you; you will not be long after me."

He then took leave of us all, and said, "I hope you will meet me in heaven. I thank thee, O God, for hearing my prayer, and giving me my faculties to the last." The person that stood by him said, "What a sacred place is this room!" He said, "Sacred." He then said, "Oh, angels, guide me." He then pointed with his finger, and said, "I see one, two, three, four, five angels waiting their commission." He then counted them again, and said, "it is four, its only four; I see them as plain as I see you. Hester, how I wish you could see them! they are splendidly robed in white." He then lifted up both hands, the one he had not used for so long; and said, "Angels, beckon me away, and Jesus bids me come. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." He then waited a little while, and said, "Do you think it will be long? I am tired of waiting. I long to go. Come, Lord Jesus. He then asked to be laid on his side, and his spirit took its flight in a few moments, to begin a Sabbath that will never end.

Mr. Hawkins buried him on the following Thursday. There were a great many to pay the last respect to his remains, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the chapel. Mr. Davis preached his funeral sermon on the following Sunday to a large congregation. The text was, "I will that those whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory."

#### QUESTIONS ON INFANT BAPTISM.

MR. EDITOR.—Will you, or some of your correspondents, especially "A Villager," kindly answer the following questions:

I.—Did Christ, or his disciples, practice infant baptism?

II.—If they did not, by whom was it first introduced?

III.—When was infant baptism thus introduced?

IV.—Under what circumstances was it first introduced?

V.—For what reason, or purpose, or end, was it introduced?

VI.—Where all the reformers of the sixteenth century infant baptists? If not, where did they get their baptism by immersion from, if not from the New Testament?

Your's truly,

TIMOTHY.

## EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

## LETTER XXXIX.

Most excellent Theophilus, I have now to set before you what I believe to be the true meaning of those Scriptures upon which the doctrine of duty-faithism rests its claims, keeping up in your mind the distinction between this, and that *vital* faith in the truth which none but a living God can bestow. Keeping up this distinction, we shall see our way clearly through the vapours wherewith duty-faithism darkeneth counsel with words without knowledge.

"He shall reprove (convince) the world of sin;" of sin, *because* they believe not in me. Now, mind, it does not say he shall convince of the sin of *not believing* in me, but he shall convince of sin. Now stop here for a minute and look at the words again. "He shall convince of sin." Here is *special* conviction of sin, so that here conviction of sin means something more than that conviction which can be, and in thousands of cases is, brought about by the warnings of natural conscience, and the *letter* of the word. Conviction of sin here means that which is by the *special* power of the Holy Ghost. "He shall convince of sin." It is therefore such conviction as none but the Holy Spirit can bring about. It is that kind of conviction which goes far beyond mere moral conviction. It is a conviction of sin that teaches the sinner what he is as a *law sinner*, and teaches him also what he is as an *Adam-fallen* sinner, and without such conviction he cannot savingly believe in the Saviour. Therefore, because he does not, and because he *cannot*, for no man can come except drawn by the Father, no man can come except it be given him of the Father, and no man can come but by *faith*, for whatsoever is not of faith is sin, and without faith it is impossible to please God, and no man knoweth the things of God but the Spirit of God. There is, then, a world which the Holy Spirit convinces of sin, and in a way which *none* others are. This world is the world which he convinces of sin. They are like Israel in Egypt, a world *within* a world; and, like Israel, are in the Lord's own time brought up out of this mystic Egypt, where the truth is still crucified: to make the word, world, in this Scripture to mean "all the *human race*," would; be calling truth a liar, for it is not true that all are in the sense here intended, convinced of sin; much less still are they convinced of the righteousness and judgment spoken of in this Scripture. But not one whom the Father hath given to Christ shall come short of this conviction, for "All," saith the Saviour, "that the Father giveth me shall come to me."

"He shall convince of sin." Now again mind, it does *not* say he shall convince of the

sin of *not believing* in me. I have already shewn you, in former letters, in what sense it is sin not to believe the Word of God, and if we believe the Word of God, we must believe in Christ, but this mere natural holiness is not the faith meant in the Scripture I now have in hand. As the conviction here spoken of is *special*, so also is the faith special. The reason of the conviction here spoken of, is because they believe not in Christ. Well, then, if this be the reason, the purpose also is clear: as the reason of this conviction is because they do not believe, the purpose clearly is that they are convinced of sin that they might believe. "He shall convince the world of sin;" of sin, because they believe not in me, but did the Holy Spirit ever convince any one of the sin of not being regenerated *earlier*?

Saul of Tarsus was a New Testament *infidel*, and was not even morally converted to Christ. Such unbelief was sin, and of this, as well as of other sins, he was convinced, but was he convinced of the *sin of not being called by grace earlier*? Does he any where inform us that he might have been regenerated, might have been a spiritually living believer, might have been an apostle *earlier*; that, instead of being as one born out of due time, he might have been born earlier? So far from this being the case, does he not see that both in his first and second birth, he was governed by him whose counsel must stand, and who will do all his pleasure? Just look at the Apostle's own words. Here they are, "It pleased God who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by his grace." Gal. i. 15.

"He shall convince of sin" then, clearly does not mean, he shall convince of the sin of not being regenerated earlier; and yet without regeneration, there is no saving faith and no salvation.

You will, my good Theophilus, meet with some professors who will tell you that they are convinced of the sin of not being Christians sooner. This delusive conviction is one awful proof that they are Christians now only after the flesh, but not after the Spirit, and therefore not real Christians at all.

"He shall convince the world of sin, because they believe not in me." This special conviction, then, of sin is one thing needful in order to a right belief in Christ; nor will the Holy Spirit stop here, for where he convinces of sin, he will convince also of righteousness, that is, of the righteous perfection of the work of Christ. This righteous perfection of his work is seen in his going to the Father; his acceptance is the open demonstration of this perfection of his work, and of judgment, because the Prince of this world is judged. Here is the final defeat of sin and Satan. He is utterly cut off. Such is the life and light into which truth brings the soul. Convinced of sin, that they may thus believe in Christ with the heart unto right-

teousness, and with the mouth make confession unto salvation.

The Holy Spirit never substitutes untruth for truth, and therefore to charge him with convincing of the sin of not possessing saving faith, or of not being a *spiritually living* believer earlier than he is pleased to do his mighty work of a new creature created in Christ Jesus:—"this people have I created for myself"—to charge the Holy Spirit (as duty-faithism in effect does) with convincing of the sin of not being regenerated earlier, is to make him the author of falsehood, but happily it is impossible for God to lie.

Again (John iii. 18,) it is written, "He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God." Of course he is: he is condemned in the fall of Adam, and what is he condemned for? Why, say some, for not believing in the name of the only begotten Son of God. But the Word of truth does not say so. Well, say some, but it does give their not believing as a cause of his condemnation. Well I know it does, but among the many causes of salvation what kind of cause of salvation is faith? Not certainly the original cause, nor the mediatorial cause, nor the regenerative cause, nor the ultimate cause, for the original cause of salvation is God's good pleasure, the mediatorial cause is the work of Christ, the efficient cause is the work of the Holy Ghost, the ultimate cause is the happiness of the objects of everlasting love, and the glory of God. What, then, I say, kind of cause is faith, of salvation? Nothing but an instrumental and evidential cause. It is a means of uniting us to the truth, and in uniting us in loving to the truth, for it hereby becomes an evidence of interest in the truth; but faith will by-and-bye cease as a means, and as an evidence it will be wanted no longer. It will be lost, as we say, in sight.

And very analogous to faith's relation to salvation, does the non-possession of this faith stand to condemnation. The want of this faith is a means of keeping the soul from either rightly seeing, or truly and vitally entering into the kingdom of heaven, and thus becomes an evidential cause of condemnation, and therefore the evidential reason that one is saved and the other lost, is, that one is a true believer in Christ, and the other is not a living believer in Christ. But the legal ground of his condemnation is twofold; his fall in Adam and his personal sins, among which his non-possession of the faith of God's elect is *not* one. Unless you mean to run into what appears to me to be but little better than blasphemy; namely, that Christ died as much to augment the damnation of the lost, as he did to procure the salvation of the saved, so the lost may have as just a cause to curse the Saviour as the saved may have to bless him.

But does it not say that this is the condemnation, that "light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil?" Well, I know it says so; and it is true upon two grounds. First, it is the duty of men to revere and listen to their Maker, and, as I observed to you in my last, this, their open rebellion against the light, is laid to their account as a part of their sin, and consequently their condemnation; and it is also *evidentially* their condemnation as proving them to be still under sin, and therefore, under the law of condemnation, and so by virtue of the state they are in, the wrath of God (which wrath has never been off from them) still abideth on them.

Beware, then, my good Theophilus, of either perverting the Scriptures, or of walking with them that do, but come out from among them; be not partaker of their sins, lest ye also receive of their plagues; lest the Judge, seeing thee consenting unto the counsel and deed of those who rob his truth of its glory, and who make themselves one with harlot churches; lest, I say, the Judge should say unto thee, "When thou sawest a thief, thou consentedst unto him, and hast been partaker with adulterers."

Now, *consider this*, ye compromising professors that forget God, "Lest," saith the Lord, "I tear you in pieces, and there is no one to deliver."

Most excellent Theophilus, be not thou like unto them, but hear what saith the Judge of all, "Whoso offereth praise, praise to him who out of Zion (by him who is the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his Person, the perfection of beauty) hath shined." Whoso offereth praise to him who thus out of Zion the perfection of beauty hath shined; that ordereth his *conversation* aright, "I will shew," saith the Lord, "the salvation of God," and this gives us all we need both now and hereafter, so believes your most willing servant,  
A LITTLE ONE.

THE LATE  
WILLIAM HUNTINGTON,  
A BAPTIST IN PRINCIPLE,  
A SPRINKLER IN PRACTICE.

(To the Editor of THE EARTHEN VESSEL.)

SIR.—From the questions asked in this month's VESSEL, I expect Mr. Huntington's sentiments on the subject of baptism are but little known, especially as he seldom, if ever, alluded thereto in his letters or writings. I hope some of your correspondents will give a satisfactory reply, but in case such should not be received, I venture to send you this note, as my family was intimately connected with that good man, and a fact or two may be interesting to your readers, and tend perhaps to show why his views were not published, as we are all aware, that when, from whatever motive, our principle and practice differ, the less that is said, is the better liked.

If I remember rightly, you gave a short account in your pages, some years since, of the way in which Mr. H. (then not a great man) wished to be baptised by that servant of God, Mr. Burnham, and went with others for that purpose, but was prevented, so that his own sentiments were in favor of Scriptural or believer's baptism. Why he never followed his Master's command afterwards, but with all his unwearied warfare against fleshly religion and forms, should for years himself practice an art of man's device, is not for us to say, but cannot be reflected upon, without pain and regret, while it proves, gracious men to be *but men*, and "great ones not always wise," in the best wisdom.

That he *did* sprinkle is certain, as I know persons, who in their infancy, were sprinkled by him, but I believe he was not accustomed to perform that piece of man's invented mockery, as a public ordinance, in such a way as the late Joseph Irons did, but principally in private and for his particular friends; and on this subject he displayed a liberality towards those who objected to this and preferred the Scriptural and Apostolic mode, not very remarkable in his character, on other matters, which could hardly be expected in a high Tory and a staunch advocate for union of church and state, and therefore not likely to be guilty of liberalism, though to do him justice he was peculiarly open hearted and generous, and often unwisely so, and a ready prey to any loquacious impostor, who professed attachment to his ministry. To prove this, many now living could testify, if they would, that persons wishing to join his society (I will not say *the church* under his care), on stating they wished to be first baptised according to their own convictions of Bible precepts and example, were met with kindness and candour, and such a reply as this, "By all means do; go to Franklin, and with my respects, ask him to baptise you;" or thus,—taking a guinea,—go to Franklin, and give him this, with my respects, and say I will thank him to baptise you, as soon as convenient to him." Mr. F. was a minister, I believe of a Baptist chapel, near Red Cross Street, and though much opposed to many of Mr. Huntington's views and proceedings, baptised many in this way for him, and for each one received a guinea either by the hands of the candidates or afterwards.

So much for knowledge of what was right, as respects the ordinance itself, but this knowledge went further still, and some may be surprised to find him an advocate, or at least one that saw the consistency and honesty of strict communion; for he would sometimes, speak thus: "Well, but, after you have been baptised, you will not surely, my friend, wish to sit down, with us." To which such persons who had generally been brought to know the truth by God's blessing upon and power with his ministry, mostly replied that they were desirous of so doing, out of regard to him as the instrument of their spiritual change.

In this view and conduct, how far beyond the pitiful enmity and opposition to God's ordinance, and its advocates, shown by some of his professed followers in this day, was that

God-sent minister! who if living would be ashamed of them. He never said "there was no water baptism in the New Testament." I wish, from my heart, they might follow him, where he followed Christ, whether in spirit, opinions, doctrines, or conversation, and when he did not, that they might hear the Master's voice and learn of him, and with this wish, I leave them and their enmity, which can injure no one, so much as themselves, for as Hart says,

"What Christ has said must be fulfill'd,  
On this firm Rock believers build—  
His word shall stand, his truth prevail  
And not one jot or tittle fail."

Tho' I have shown Mr. H's favourable views towards the ordinance of believers' baptism, that favor was not shown towards that denomination, any more than to other dissenters, for though himself professing to be one, strange to say, they, with all their ministers seemed to be all along as much the objects of his perpetual and implacable hatred as they were of his abuse. This his writings testify, yet he often spoke well of the Establishment, quoted her prayers and articles, yet in his first awakening he tells us how much he saw and loathed the emptiness of her forms and the wickedness of her hireling priests.

"The baptists he was wont to represent as a set of hypocrites, depending on an external ceremony instead of the inward work of God on the soul."—I quote from a narrative, by one of his congregation, who also gives us Mr. H's enlightened explanation of why he sprinkled children, which he says, he always did in his vestry, privately, "AS A SIGN THAT THEY STOOD IN NEED OF CONVERSION."

I will conclude by naming a wish, I with many feel, and shall be glad if its expression in your pages, should stir up some able and gracious man to the work, viz, that a fair and impartial memoir of that extraordinary character should be undertaken; until this is done, a great gap exists in our Theological Biography. I feel sure it would be intensely interesting, and if properly executed, eminently useful to the church of Christ both in instruction and warning; as a narrative and an exhortation of character, it would be surpassed by none, and would afford subject for information and reflection, to see what great grace can be united with such great and numerous faults; and be a striking living testimony to the truth, that "by the grace of God," his servants are what they are, of usefulness, or gifts, yet that at the same time, "In them, that is in their flesh dwelleth no good thing." Such a memoir has never been published, though forty-four years have elapsed since his death. Many may ask why, since such lives are as readily given, as they are eagerly sought by the religious public? A good and the right answer is given by a sensible author, in a small work he wrote to fill up this deficiency in a measure, which hindrance perhaps still exists, and it is this, "That his friends will not allow that he had any faults, and his enemies that he had any excellencies; the former are all praise, the latter all censure. This solves the difficulty, for it is obvious that such biases must disqu-

lify from writing, and with such impressions, no memoir could be written to any good purpose."

Let us have a man, if the Lord will, that is fitted by a sober, judicious judgment, who can love the truth William Huntington taught, because it is God's truth, but will not for that call good evil, or idolize a man and his pride and failings, to the disparagement of any other servant of that Master. "Such are puffed up for one against another," and their eyes are blinded from the simple vital truth of all being sinners in God's sight, and "Ye are saved by grace, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God," and let no flesh glory in his presence, and therefore let no man glory in men.

His own narrative cannot be called a life. The church wants to know his subsequent career and end. Facts for the early part might be taken from his own account, but abundant materials exist, and living persons, (which however, each year lessens in number) who could supply facts and circumstances that would not fail to interest, and cause such a work to be widely circulated. Let us hear of his grace and talents that we may bless God the giver, and let so much of his errors be known, whether in spirit or doctrine, and his faults whether personal or public, as may serve as a beacon to those that are in the same danger, and may read of the folly and sin of any lordship over God's heritage, while they admire how God can exalt one of low degree to a place of eminence and usefulness in the church in after generations, Your's respectfully, B. B.

[We are quite certain such a memoir of Mr. Huntington would be exceedingly useful. We know the very man who is well fitted to do it, in every sense, but material from private sources is wanting. Will all our readers use what influence they may have in obtaining, selecting, and forwarding all the facts they can of Mr. Huntington's entire life and last days? Address to the "Editor of a New Memoir of the late William Huntington's Entire Life, Ministerial, and Literary labours and Last Days." Care of C. W. Banks, 2, Eldon Place, Grange Road, Bermondsey, London.

#### DID MR. HUNTINGTON SPRINKLE?

In answer to a question, "did Mr. Huntington *sprinkle*?" I reply that he did *occasionally*, at the particular requests of some of his people, but not *frequently*. I, myself, well knew an instance. A lady residing at Farnham, in Surrey, sent her servant (a day-labouring man) to London, with a present of a hare, requesting of Mr. Huntington, as a favour, to baptize her child. The poor man did not like to approach "the Doctor" *one handed*, so he bought another hare, and went with *a brace*. A verbal message was returned, that, if she would bring the child up, he would attend to her request. It caused much gossip at the time, and not a little merriment at the poor man's folly.

But Mr. Huntington, at one time, had in-

tended himself to have been *baptized by immersion*. Mr. Richard Burnham, late of Grafton-street, but then a Baptist minister at Staines, in Middlesex, was engaged to baptize him. The time was fixed, and Mr. Turner (of Bagshot, whom I well knew) intended to have been baptized with him. Mr. H. changed his mind, and Mr. T. was baptized alone. I had this account from Mr. Turner's own mouth.  
J. A. JONES.

#### HE IS JEHOVAH-JIREH STILL.

DEAR EDITOR. — I am constrained by a deep sense of obligation to our covenant Jehovah, to raise an Ebenezer to his praise, by publicly acknowledging an instance of his faithfulness and loving-kindness to me, hoping it will redound to the honor of his name, as the means of encouraging some of my poor brethren who labour in word and doctrine, to trust in him at all times, and to pour out their heart before him, under the sweet persuasion that he is still "JEHOVAH-JIREH."

The instance of his mercy which I desire gratefully to publish is the following:—

In the year 1847 I went to Bilston, in Staffordshire, to preach the word, and there first saw some of Dr. Gill's works, at the house of the senior deacon, Mr. J. Waldran. Looking over their important contents, I saw them to be what I wanted; and having procured "The Cause of God and Truth," also, the "Body of Divinity," in two volumes, at a cheap book shop in Birmingham, I attentively read them, to my soul's profit, and wrote the following words on the fly-leaf of the second volume of the "Body of Divinity":—"The whole works of this great and good man I should much like; especially his learned and copious Commentary on the Bible, in five or six folio volumes, originally worth about £10; but I am too poor to buy them. 'This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him' (Psalm xxxiv. 6); and if it be for my good and his glory, he will fulfil this my desire. 'Stand still, and see his salvation.' 'Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him; trust also in him, and he will bring it to pass.'"

Now, mark the result. As I was sitting in my study last Saturday evening, in came one of my occasional hearers, and brought me the *very books I asked for in 1847, having had to wait for them ten years*, and in the kindest manner presented them to me, with this inscription:—

"To John Freeman, Minister, Bethel Chapel, Cheltenham, December, 1857. In the name of Jesus Christ I present these books to you, as a token of my respect to, and manifestation of my love to you, for the truth's sake."

Oh! magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together! Yours in the love of the Spirit,  
J. F.

6, Sanford-terrace, Cheltenham, Dec. 9.

## Our Churches, their Pastors, and their People.

### ORDINATION, AND REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE, OF MR. JOHN INWARD,

A T R Y A R S H, K E N T.

ON Tuesday, Dec. 1, the village of Ryarsh presented an interesting and animating scene, owing to the Ordination Services of Mr. J. INWARD.

In the morning, Mr. T. Stringer (the Luther of Kent,) delivered a lucid discourse on the nature and constitution of a gospel church, reading 1 Tim. iii. 15, as his text, "the church of the living God." He spoke of its *origin*, its *subjects*, its *order*, and its *end*. Its *origin*, he said, was eternal. God the Father, chose, loved, blessed and wrote, in heaven a number which no man can number from everlasting; predestinated and ordained them to eternal life, saying, "They shall be my people, and I will be their God." The dear Redeemer accepted them as the Father's gift, saying "Thine they were, and thou gavest them me." He objected to none, but received them all, and became Surety for them, responsible to God, to law and justice, for their everlasting redemption and salvation. The blessed Spirit engaged to quicken, call, convince them of sin, regenerate, and to teach them their need of a Saviour, and this He will continue to do, defying all oppositions,

'Till all the ransomed church of God,  
Be saved to sin no more.'

The eternal completion of the church is clearly seen in Ps. cxxxix. 16. "Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being imperfect (or not put together) and in thy book all my members were written." Its *subjects* are all who are quickened by the blessed Spirit and are visibly new creatures in Christ, who are more or less burdened with a sense of sin and guilt and who earnestly cry, "Lord save me!" They are an humble, penitent, praying people, who love the Lord, his truth, his people, his word, his works and his ways. Who can say "Come, and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." They are the loved and chosen by the Father, redeemed and saved by the Son, regenerated and sanctified by the Spirit. Such only are the proper subjects for church fellowship with the saints of the Most High. This is the Church visible of the living God. It is a living, walking, talking, thinking, sighing, hearing and singing church—all glorious within. Its *order*. Our God will have an orderly house, though many use all their energies to make it a disorderly one. I am glad it is not so at Ryarsh. God has appointed a faithful ministry in his church. Deacons are designed to manage faithfully the secular affairs of the church. Preaching the word, administering the ordinances of Baptism by immersion and the Lord's supper; attendance on the

means of grace, prayer and praise are the laws, ordinances, and order of the church of the living God. Bible and gospel order punctually observed is one great means of promoting peace and prosperity in a church. Its *end*. There will be no end to the being and well being of the church of God. No end to her happiness, her holiness, her peace, nor her pleasure for ever. Bless God, there will be an end to all her mourning and her miseries. The great end Jehovah had in view in the choice, redemption, justification, and salvation of elect millions was to magnify the riches of his grace, to glorify his exalted name, and bring them to reign with him for ever and ever. For when the Lord shall build up Zion he shall appear in his glory, and unto the eternal Three shall be glory in the church throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

Mr. Stringer then called upon some brother to give a brief account of the providential dealings of God in bringing pastor and people together. Mr. Crowhurst (Deacon) rose and read a very pleasing and satisfactory report, amounting to this: "It is the Lord's doings and marvellous in our eyes." Mr. Stringer then requested brother INWARD to give a brief account of his call by grace, to which he responded as follows:

#### CALL BY GRACE.

MY DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS—I stand before you with feelings I cannot express; and these my insuppressible feelings arise from three things:—First, I stand here before you as a living proof of what Dr. Watts says,

"He takes the fool, and makes him know  
The mysteries of his grace;  
To lay aspiring wisdom low,  
And human pride abase."

And this I deeply feel at this moment. Secondly, I stand here as a living proof also of the wonder-working providence of God; for by it I am satisfied I now stand in my present position. Thirdly, I stand before you this morning in answer to the prayers of the members of this church; and this fact greatly encourages and supports me in giving you a relation of the Lord's dealings with my soul.

I must curtail, and only give you the substance of the matter.

I was born at Northend, in the parish of Crayford, in the county of Kent. From a child I never could do as did others, without suffering for the same. I never could sin

cheaply. I remember, as far back as four years old, and upwards, feeling what a guilty conscience was, and going down on my little knees from time to time, and asking his forgiveness. In this way I went on until I was about fifteen years old, from which time, up to seventeen, I went on in an excess of pleasure and rioting, intermingled with many attempts to be religious, but every attempt failed.

I now thought of a plan that would bring me to my senses—namely, to go to sea; for, thought I, I shall be brought into such imminent dangers, and have such narrow escapes of my life, that surely I shall become good. Accordingly I prepared myself some wearing apparel suited to a sea-faring life, and with another appointed a day to put this my plan into execution, by going to Gravesend to get a ship. But my grandmother, having heard of it, followed me, and said she would do so wherever I went. I, knowing her temper, knew it was no use to pursue, so I turned back.

A short time after, I again tried to go to sea, with three more; but although we tried all through the pool at London, and although there were hundreds of ships there fitting for sea, yet we could not obtain one. Oh! the horror of mind that I was in, when returning home at night from London to Woolwich! I shall never forget it.

I was now between seventeen and eighteen years old, and just ripe for stepping into any sin laid before me; but he prevented me by his power. I thought one Sunday night that I would go to Crayford Chapel, where I had been taught in a Sunday-school. Accordingly I went, and the minister took for his text, "*Where is now thy hope?*" It laid fast hold of my mind, and I saw and felt that I had none that would do to die with. Again I started with all my might to attain that that the text spoke of,—namely, hope. I began to pray, if it could be called prayer; read my Bible; learned hymns; and attended the means of grace. These things I followed closely and strictly for two or three months, until I became quite reformed in my life; and so proud was I of it, that when I met my companions in sin, my proud heart said inwardly, "Stand by thyself; I am holier than thou."

Just at this crisis, I had the conversion of Colonel Gardner put into my hands. While reading it, I came to where he says, that while the minister was in prayer the Lord changed his heart. Change of heart! thought I, what is that? Ere the thought had passed through my mind, these words were sent into my conscience with irresistible power, and ransacked every corner of my soul (I shook like a leaf in the wind, every nerve), namely, "Your heart must be changed, or you will be damned."

I now saw and felt what real religion was,—namely, a change of heart. I now saw and felt what a guilty sinner I was. All my former fits and attempts to become religious were driven before the voice of God in my conscience, like the gossamer threads of an autumnal morning before the bright and

powerful rays of the sun. Down I fell; and all my religious attainments with me, with a cry in my soul, "Have mercy upon me! what can it all mean?" My dear brother, a good young man, was up in his room reading his Bible, which he was wont to do; so I thought I would go and ask him what a change of heart consisted in? for I knew no more what it was than a babe just born. I crept up the stairs as well as I could, for such were the feelings of my soul that I could scarcely stand. When I entered the room, he looked over his shoulder, and said, "Woll, John, what makes you go to chapel so frequently of late? You did not used to go." This sunk my soul fathoms, for it appeared like clenching the nail that had just been driven into my conscience. I turned and went out of the room (for I could not ask him anything about the matter), without saying a word, and went to my room; there I fell on my knees before God, and groaned out, "Lord, if my heart is not changed, do change it; and if it is, do bring me to know it, so that I may be delivered from the dreadful and desperate state that I am in."

I went on under these feelings for some months, hoping sometimes; but more often fearing that hell as my just desert would be my doom. Sometimes I thought that I had committed the sin against the Holy Ghost. This almost drove me to despair.

I now attended the means of grace, read my Bible, prayed, or rather groaned before the Lord, with quite different views and feelings than heretofore. It was then with the idea of duty, but now it was with a "Who can tell?" Yes, I put now my hand upon my mouth, and my mouth in the dust, with a "If so be there may be hope." But my Deliverance was drawing nigh. One night I read previous to going to bed, the circumstance of the lepers in Samaria (2 Kings vii. 3, 4). There was nothing particular to my mind in the words when I read them, but they arrested my attention. I had not been long in bed before light shone from heaven upon them, which shewed me I was in a similar position spiritually, as they were naturally.

While I was musing upon them, they were sent into my soul with such sweetness and power, and such a melting and softness of heart was felt that I cannot describe; and a voice came with them into my soul with a persuasive power, irresistible, which said, "Come, poor sinner, venture as they did; you can but die:" and it was blessedly backed up with the language of the poet,—

"I can but perish if I go;  
I am resolved to try;  
For if I stay away, I know  
I must for ever die.

"But should I die with mercy sought,  
When I the King have tried,  
This were to die (delightful thought!)  
As sinner never died."

The happiness they brought into my soul, attended with love and joy, was indescribable. I was carried with all my sin, and guilt, and fear, just as I was, into the arms and heart of a loving and forgiving Saviour, and my soul

found a welcome reception; pardoning mercy flowed in; and communion flowed forth toward him. I wept to the praise of the mercy I found; and for two or three hours I hardly knew whether I was in the body or out; my guilt and fears all fled:—

"I looked for hell, he brought me heaven," was sweetly realised, and I fell asleep in the arms of a forgiving God. When I awoke in the morning the savour of it was still upon my spirit, as also it was for several weeks. Creation had now new beauties and charms; so had the Bible, and the means of grace; yea, I seemed in a new world and state of things altogether; and everything that is dear to him, was to me also dear.

After this I was led to see baptism, and joined the church at Crayford. It was not long before I fell into a state of doubts and fears, in reference to all that I had felt being real. Satan questioned all that I had felt, and told me it was all delusion. My convictions (said he) were only natural; my repentance was like to that of the world; my prayers were only the prayers of the wicked, which are an abomination to God; and as for your deliverance you talk about, it was all a farce and imagination, and you are deluded altogether, and are among those that are deceiving and being deceived. Oh, how low did my poor soul sink under these suggestions of the wicked one! and here I was for three years, and could get no rest day nor night. When night came my cry was, "Would to God it were morning!" and when morning came, "Would to God it was night!" I repeated from the bitter anguish of my soul, "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation. Search me, oh God, and try me," &c.

I used secretly to wish that if my soul was deceived that God would take my life, so that I might know the worst of it, rather than let me live in a mere profession of his name, so awful did a mere profession appear to me; and to add to my bonds, I was at this time sitting under a freewill gospel; and here my poor soul was so racked, and torn, and cut to pieces, and enslaved, that had not God invisibly supported me, I must have sunk into despair. I was at length invited by a young man to hear Mr. Stringer, who was coming to preach at Bexley on the following Sunday. Accordingly I went. The dear Lord so led him into my path that I had been groaning along in for three years, that I was astonished how it was then that he should know all about me, and my feelings and exercises. Here my soul was again set at liberty, and I went down the dances of them that make merry. He also led me to see the difference existing between the doctrines I had been sitting under, and what he preached; so that when I went back to hear at Crayford again, I could not hear: it all seemed nonsense to me.

I continued to hear Mr. Stringer, until he became the pastor of Snowsfields, and my soul became established in the truth by him and Mr. Slim, whose church I joined at Bexley Heath. After this I used to run about hither and thither, in search of truth, which had been dear to, and food for my never-dying soul.

At length, after wading through many trials, it was my happy and never-to-be-forgotten mercy to be led to Woolwich. I attended Old Carmel Chapel. Mr. Hanks came to supply. My soul was blessed under him; and I said, "He is the man for me;" and my constant prayer was that God would bring him there. He came at length, and for one year and a-half my soul was blessed indeed. Oh, that dear Old Carmel! I shall never forget thee, nor the heaven on earth I experienced in thee. No, never! My soul was riveted to the place, the people, and the dear minister. Yes, he has been a minister to my soul; indeed, I have gone into that place loaded with care and misery; I have come out as happy as a being could be this side of heavenly bliss; and when he has been exalting a precious Christ in the ministry of the word, my soul has inwardly cried out—"Lift him up! lift him up! higher! higher!" until I have almost swooned away in and with love to his dear name.

I have passed through much deep poverty, and many trials, but having obtained help of God, I continue to this day; and can verily say, from deep feelings within, "By the grace of God I am what I am."

Mr. Stringer then rose and said—"Thank you, my brother. You have heard, friends, our brother's call by grace. It needs no comment of mine: it speaks for itself, and must commend itself to every gracious mind. I am happy to hear that the Lord has made my poor labours a blessing to him, which I was not aware of before. Our brother will now give us an account of his call to the ministry.

#### CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

Mr. Inward then said—It is now about seven or eight years ago since I first had thoughts about the ministry; but I used to put it far from me, feeling it was an utter impossibility for that ever to take place.

Once I had a dream. I dreamed that I was preaching in a room at Erith, and there was a man came in whom I knew. As soon as he came in I was so confused by his presence that I was obliged to sit down; and under these feelings I awoke. These words were applied with weight—"Be not afraid of their faces, lest I confound thee before them." They rested with me more or less for months. I could not make out what they meant then; but, strange to say, they were fulfilled to the letter; for while preaching one night in the same room in Erith, in came the man, and the same effect was produced, with the exception of sitting down, but I knew not how to go on.

I was in the Isle of Wight, where there are plenty of chapels, but none of the right; consequently, on Sundays I was a prisoner at home. On one of these occasions I was bemoaning my sad state, because there was no gospel for me to hear, when this thought rushed into my mind, which softened my heart and drew out my love toward the Lord's people universally—namely, "Well, I will pray for those who can hear, that God would bless them to-day." I accord-



ingly retired to do so; and while in the act the Lord sent these words sweetly into my soul,—“They shall prosper that love thee (Jerusalem).” I felt such a feeling toward the whole church of God in the wilderness, that I never felt before, and there came into my soul such an overwhelming desire, which spontaneously flowed out towards the Lord, that I cannot describe, to be made useful to his people for the glorification of his own name; and I said, “Lord, do anything with me; drag me through anything; but make me useful to thy glory in my day and generation.”

While experiencing these outbursts of heart to the Lord and his people, the work of the ministry was laid on my mind, so that I could not get rid of it. I have prayed to the Lord to take it away hundreds of times, but there it still was. At these times I used to talk to the lanes, hedges, trees, and woods. Sometimes I used to think it was the work of Satan to puff me up with pride.

There were three Scriptures that followed me, which sometimes used to make me think it was of God, and sometimes of the devil; namely, “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do,” and “Neglect not the gift that is in thee,” and the other was, “They ran, but I sent them not; they shall not profit this people at all.” So powerfully did these words affect my mind that if I opened my Bible promiscuously upon them I used to be obliged to shut it again. I dreaded them as a child does the rod. I went on in this way some few years, solemnly exercised about the matter. At length, I removed to Bexley-heath; went to hear Mr. Wallis, and here I was brought to preach the gospel in the following way.

#### MR. INWARD'S FIRST SERMON.

There was a man who had engaged to preach in the open air at Wilmington, at Kent. He saw me in the week, and said, “Would you mind coming there on Sunday, and pitch the tunes?” I replied, “Yes.” Sunday came, and I got my friend Sheppard to accompany me; so off we started. In going, there came a shower of rain. My friend said, “Perhaps as it rains, he will not come, for the grass will be wet for the people.” On we went, and when we arrived there the people began to assemble, but no preacher appeared. I began to have the trembles: ere long there had assembled a great concourse of people from the neighbouring villages around. I looked, and looked, and looked across the fields for the preacher, but no preacher came in sight. From top to toe did I begin to shake. Presently the thing that I was greatly fearing came upon me. My friend stepped up to me, and said, “You had better commence the service, and if he do not come, speak as the Lord shall help you.” So said another, and another, and so said a fourth. I refused, but they kept urging. Amongst those that so pressed there were two critical hearers. A fear of man arose in my mind; I felt that I could not; nor did I, although my conscience lashed me every time I refused. The people dispersed, and my friend and myself started for home; but

while passing over Dartford-heath I had such a thrashing from these two Scriptures that I cried like a child under the same,—“Whosoever is ashamed of me and my words, of him will I be ashamed at the last day.” And, “The fear of man bringeth a snare.” The effect was, it extorted this promise from me; and I said, “Lord, do forgive me; and if ever the opportunity occurs again I will speak, as thou shalt help me.”

The following night (Monday) was a prayer meeting. I went, and saw the man whom I had engaged to meet, and he, with Mr. Wallis, began to chide me because I did not speak to the people. I told them their chidings were of no avail, for I had been chidden by the Lord when coming home. Mr. Wallis was going my way home, so I went with him. Going along, he drew out of me some things relative to my exercises about the ministry. When he got to his garden-gate he said, “Stay a moment.” He then said, “I have engaged to preach at Erith on Wednesday night. I am called to business on that day, and therefore cannot be there. I therefore now engage with you to go; and stop away, if you dare! Good night,” said he, and away he went. I called after him, but he made no reply; and into his house he went. I thought I should have sunk into the earth. I groaned, “How can I go?” My vow made previously came fresh into my mind, with all the circumstances attending it, and I stood and looked like a maniac. Oh, what a fix I felt to be in! Here was a vow made to God to preach. Here was an aged servant of Jesus calling upon me to do so; and solemn feelings in reference to the matter. What, thought I, can I do? What steps shall I take? when immediately this question was put to my soul,—“Who maketh thee to differ from another? And what hast thou that thou hast not received?” My soul said, “Nothing, Lord; all I have, and all I am, are from and of thee. By thy grace I am what I am.”

While I was thus musing these words were sent into my soul, and made me willing—“Freely ye have received, freely give.” I went home and searched for the words, and found that they were a part of Christ's commission to his disciples to preach the gospel. I felt a hope that the matter was of the Lord, therefore I told him I would, if he would go with me and help me. The night arrived, and off I went, with another friend. I trembled and shook all the way there.

I arrived: the people were assembled, waiting for the parson; presently in came an aged woman, and gave me a look, seeing me behind the desk, and I overheard her say—“Where is Mr. Wallis?” “Oh (said a female), he cannot come; and he has sent John in his stead. “Well (said the old woman), I wish I had not come. I do not feel well, and it's a dark night, and Mr. Wallis is not here.” I thought I should have sunk. I wished I had not come.

The time soon came for the parson to give out his text. I tremblingly gave out, “Salvation is of the Lord;” and if ever any poor soul was under two powers—the power of

God and of Satan—I was. When it was over, the aged woman (who so cast me down) came and took hold of my hand, with tears in her eyes, and said, “I bless God that I entered this place to-night! for I came in here as full of misery as I could hold, but He has made use of you to bring my soul again into that liberty wherewith he makes his people free.” And I believe she added, “God has a work for you to do; and I bid you God-speed in the name of the Lord.”

I found it as hard work to believe the statements of the dear old woman, as I did to preach, at first; for I thought that I never could be made of such use to a child of God, who knew more than I did, and who had been in the ways between forty and fifty years.

It was soon rumoured that John Inward had began to preach. I had invitations from various churches. This has been my position the last six years. I have met with much opposition. I never stood up in a place yet, but the Lord has blessed my poor utterances to save a poor soul, or souls; and many a time when I have thought of giving it up, this fact has spurred me on again and again.

In reference to God's leading me here, Mr. Hanks and Mr. Middleton have been clearly the instruments.

This Mr. Inward shewed, but space forbids. He further said,—

God has blessed the word to the feeding and building up of many souls; and to-day's service is the ultimate result of the same; and under present feelings I am willing to live and die with them, providing the Lord still makes use of me to their souls and his glory. Amen.

Mr. Stringer then rose and said,—There is one feature in our brother's relation that is very prominent—namely, *humility*. He has very little views of himself. The Lord keep him there! There needs no remark of mine; it is quite plain that he has been called of God to preach the gospel.

He then called upon the church to manifest their satisfaction by shew of hands; and this was done unanimously. His dear pastor, Mr. Hanks, then joined the hands of Mr. J. Inward, and Mr. Crowhurst, the deacon, together.

Brother Inward was then asked for a Confession of his Faith which amounted to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

The church was then called upon to signify their choice of brother Inward as Pastor, which was declared by an unanimous show of hands. The Pastor was then requested to express his willingness to take the oversight of the church which he signified by holding up his right hand. Mr. Hanks was then desired to join the right hands of pastor and deacon, which he did with a few sweet and reasonable observations. Thus the marriage was solemnized and the morning service closed with the following verse and with prayer.

“One army of the living God

To thy command we bow,

Part of the host have crossed the flood,

And part are crossing now.”

In the afternoon, Mr. Hanks, the pastor of Mr. Inward, delivered the Charge, taking that of Paul's to Archippus as his text (Col. iv. 17), making an apt and interesting use of the signification of the name. The charge, which was affectionate and earnest throughout, was marked by much judicious counsel, and illustrated with many pleasing and touching reminiscences of Mr. Hank's personal ministry. We subjoin the following detached sentences of

### THE CHARGE TO THE PASTOR,

BY MR. H. HANKS.

Take heed that your ministry be of an unmistakable character. Let it be so distinctive and unequivocal that there can be no mistake as to *what it is*. There are men whose ministry is of such an ambiguous cast as to puzzle you in attempting to arrive at any definite and satisfactory conclusion concerning it. At one time, you would think them on the side of free-grace, and at another on the side of free-will, and, occasionally, favourable to both. I trust, my dear brother, the day will never come in the which I shall hear that you are to be found in such a contemptible position. Even the intelligent worldling concedes credit to the man who boldly expresses his own views, although he has no sympathy with the truths they exhibit.

Take heed that you defend the doctrines of the gospel from those pernicious and deadly errors which strike at their roots. For instance, the doctrine of the Trinity from the Unitarian heresy—the Deity of Christ from the Socinian lie—the Deity of the Holy Ghost from the *procession* scheme—particular redemption from the universal theory—free-grace against free-will, &c., &c.; as also the doctrines of election, redemption, effectual calling, perseverance, and the certain glorification of the one church of Christ from their opposites respectively. One of your designations, as a minister of Christ, is that of a “Watchman,” and your post is on Zion's walls. And to stand there with your eyes and mouth shut would be to stand as though you were both blind and dumb. I charge you, therefore, that you desecry and oppose every enemy that would invade her sacred and hallowed precincts. Some people say, we should let the sentiments of others alone and be content with the liberty to publish our own. And I admit the speciousness of the counsel and advice, and their soft and charitable tone. But, I, on the contrary, tell you my dear brother, that you should do no such thing. I hold it as incumbent on the minister of Christ to expose and preach against error, as it is to protect and preach the truth; and I cannot, for the life of me, see how he can faithfully discharge his office, without he does both.

Take heed that you study the word of God more than anything else. Study that pre eminently. But you will not confine yourself to that. Read anything which comes within your reach which is likely to be useful to you in your work. Such works for instance, as throw a light on the historical, prophetic, and metaphorical parts of the sacred Scriptures and literature generally. This I hold to be

honest and commendable. But for men to go to authors for experience, with which to furnish themselves for the pulpit, and there to pass it off as the work of God in their own souls is awful to the last degree. I cannot believe that any man with the fear of God in his heart, would do it. But of this I have no fear in your case. If there were any among your congregation, my dear brother, that were at all doubtful of you, your testimony to-day of the Lord's gracious dealings with you must for ever set their minds at rest.

Take heed that you watch yourself, by so doing you will find the less work for those who watch you. A minister's character is an object of such interest to some persons, that they sedulously watch it. Jeremiah, in his day, had many such watchers. Remember, my dear brother, it is not for your virtues, that they may praise you, that such persons watch, but it is for your *vices*, rather, that they may *expose* you, that they give themselves up to this unhallowed work. But serpents as well as sheep, eat of that which is congenial to their nature, and you cannot have forgotten the malediction of heaven which ever more prescribed "*dust*" as the serpent's meat.

Take heed that you watch against envy and jealousy towards others, who may be more successful in the ministry than yourself. Never let your inability to *imitate* force you to *calumniate* others. The ground which you are to plough, and plant, and water in the vineyard of your Master, he has marked out to an inch, and he will help you in, and keep you at it, till your allotted work is done. He will no more allow you to do the work he has apportioned to another, than he will permit another to do what he has appointed for you. Whether it be little or much our Master leaves it to each of his servants to begin and finish their own work.

Take heed to prayer. Watch against every thing which would draw you aside from that.

Mr. Hanks concluded with the warmest expressions of sympathy for the pastor and his little flock.

In the evening, Mr. Neville, of Sutton-at-Hone, addressed the church from Gal. iv. 30: "Nevertheless, what saith the Scripture?" He boldly insisted on the word of God being our only rule of faith and practice, and clearly shewed that it authorised the organization of churches on strict communion principles, and none others. His grave and affectionate counsel was listened to with breathless attention, and should the church at Ryarsh be enabled to reduce it to practice, happy for them. Thus terminated the services of one of the happiest days I ever remember to have spent in Zion. A WITNESS.

PEMBROKE STREET CHAPEL, DEVONPORT.  
—Dear Sir, on Sunday evening, Nov. 29th, our beloved pastor, Mr. Westlake, Pembroke-street, Devonport, Devon, immersed five upon a profession of their love to Jesus, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. He spoke Powerfully from Acts x, 47, 48. "Can any man forbid water?" &c., faithfully delineating the precious word, shewing us

how much better to obey, than to sacrifice. Two years since, he immersed ten, and added four; we have cause to bless God he is doing a work amongst us. Mr. Westlake is in simplicity led to declare the precious truths, that we are at times permitted to say, "Surely this is no other than the house of God, and the very gate of heaven to our souls." May it be the Lord's will yet to spare him in usefulness, that the seed sown may bear precious fruit, and when God in providence shall bid him come up higher, I trust the garment of Elijah will fall on some Elisha, that we may find still to sit under the shadow of the Almighty to be great delight. I think there are several hovering round the pool which I pray the Lord will bring forward to glorify him, in this a corner of the vineyard; our pastor preached only to eight souls the first Sabbath morning about four years since. May we yet have cause to glorify him in the much despised ordinance in these parts and his name shall have all the glory and praise. A MEMBER.

VISITING MERCY OF A COVENANT GOD AT WILLENHALL, STAFFORDSHIRE. LITTLE LONDON BAPTIST CHURCH.—Our waters here have not been troubled for the last four years, until Lord's-day, December 6th, when our much esteemed pastor, Mr. J. Gwinnell, preached from John i. 25, "Why baptisest thou?" a good, plain, sound gospel sermon; then he led five believers down into the water, and in a very solemn and orderly manner baptised them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Hundreds were present to see the lovely sight, and very many were melted into tears. We have many troubled in their hearts, who will soon follow their Lord in his own appointed way. To God alone be all the glory! D. L. D.  
Willenhall, Staffordshire, Dec. 12.

ZION CHAPEL, DARTFORD.—MR. EDITOR.—It will be pleasing to our friends to hear that on Lord's-day, Nov. 29th, we baptized seven persons (three married couple and one sister) who were received into our communion on Lord's-day, Dec. 6th, which make twenty-one additions to our little band during the year: for this we desire to feel thankful and take courage.—TIMOTHY.

POPULAR.—Zoar Baptist Chapel, William-street, East India Road, Poplar. The 6th Anniversary of Mr. Bowles was commemorated, Lord's Day, Dec. 13. Mr. J. Nunn, in the morning preached an excellent sermon from 16 Psalm ii. 3. A discourse calculated to be of essential benefit to such "Who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil." Brother T. Childers (in the afternoon) came up richly laden with choice fruit; and gave the people a treat from "I give unto them eternal life." The Pastor Mr. Bowles preached in the evening from, "And now, I beseech thee, Lady." The attendance was good; the collections displayed a love for the truth. Brother James Wells, preached on the following Tuesday from, "They shall ask the way to Zion, &c." Dwelling blessedly upon the infinite difference between the two mounts, Sinia and Zion; and the terrors and bondage of the one, and the glorious gospel liberty of the other; at the public meeting Mr. Bowles presided: Mr. Whitteridge engaged in prayer; brother Banks then gave us the opening address: saying that it rejoiced his heart to witness our prosperity and adherence to the vital

truths of the gospel; he felt a peculiar interest in the cause at Poplar, having been connected with it almost from its commencement; also in the Pastor whose ministry God had blessed not only at Poplar but elsewhere: he was desirous to see us in a more convenient and commodious building, as evidently the present place had become too straight for us, and advised us prayerfully and perseveringly to seek to raise a larger house for God. The chairman then stated the subjects for consideration.

Before they were taken up, the senior deacon in a short speech stated he felt it an unspeakable blessing to be able to state that God had greatly blessed the labors of their dear Pastor; many answers had been given to their united supplications and peace and prosperity attended them: Pastor, deacons, and people, were united in one grand cause: the glory of God and the good of Zion: Messrs. Edgecombe, Chivers and Attwood spoke to the subjects announced; bringing forth that which they had tasted and handled in their own soul's experience. After singing one verse,

O that with yonder sacred throng  
We at his feet may fall  
We'll join the everlasting song  
And crown him Lord of all,

Brother Martin closed the service by fervently imploring the blessing of the Lord upon Pastor and people. This was a happy anniversary; perhaps never before was the blessing of the Lord so largely realized. "And all the people went their way to eat, and to drink, and to send portions and to make great mirth, because they had understood the words that had been declared unto them."

WANDSWORTH.—A very pleasant tea meeting was held at the Baptist Chapel, Wandsworth, Nov. 24, 1857, when, agreeably to the wish of Mr. William Ball, the kind-hearted pastor of the church, a collection amounting to £5 10s. was made to obtain a few comforts for its poor members during the approaching winter. As the compassionate Redeemer said that a "Cup of cold water shall not lose its reward," would it not be pleasing to God if such meetings as the above were more general! Several sums having been sent, the subscription is about £7 10s.

CLARE, SUFFOLK.—Mr. Editor: I do not like praising men, much less does it become us to worship ministers, but I do think when we see the Lord's hand in raising up and in using a young man as a servant of his, we should cheer the hearts of Zion's sons by recording such mercies. Let me push myself then into one corner of your Vessel, just to say that our God is honouring our brother Pells at Clare to a great extent. I am a Londoner, but I come out of Suffolk, and although some say Suffolk divinity is very moonlight, clear and cold, yet I hope, Mr. Editor, you will not allow us poor Suffolk clowns to be altogether put down. Where did you Londoners get your John Foreman, and your Philip Dickerson from! Why, out of Suffolk. Ah! and we have good gospel-men there now. But one word about Clare. I know it is said Clare people won't have strong meat. But here is the best proof. Master Pells is as bold and as brilliant in truth as any man I ever heard; and the Clare people love him, and thank God for him; and Master Pells has been the means of raising that cause up amazingly. The Lord is with him, and with the people. He is baptizing, and receiving into the church such as shall be saved; and when I was down there I heard of some striking conversions. Pells is a man that aims right at the heart, and not a few has he broken. Mr. Editor, if you do not put this in, I shall consider you are a coward, and that you won't notice Clare, because Clare people won't notice you, but remember—(we run the pen through the rest of "A Peckham Plain Man's" letter. We heartily rejoice in brother Pells's prosperity. We know from other quarters, a solemn and good work is going on there. We hope the Clare church will take care of him.—Ed.)

## REVIEWS.

"THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST, AND THE WARS OF MEN. A SERMON PREACHED IN REBOOTH CHAPEL, LOCKWOOD, ON THE OCCASION OF THE DAY OF HUMILIATION."  
By WILLIAM CROWTHER. Huddersfield.

There has been so much written, printed, preached, and published touching the Indian Mutiny and the Fast Day, that we feel certain our readers will not thank us for any review of those events now; but we cannot pass by Mr. Crowther's sermon. We have read nothing like it before. It deals with facts—solemn undeniable facts: and if it does not trace the rebellion to its real source, it produces evidence sufficient to show that, circumstances, of an aggravating character on the one hand, and dark, deadly superstitions on the other, have long been preparing the way for the massacre, the murder, the mutiny, and the rebellion. On the question of Christ's kingdom being altogether separated from, and unconnected with, wars and national outbreaks, Mr. Crowther is very clear. The sermon is the result of a large mind, entering carefully into, and weighing well every branch. We can recommend it to intelligent readers with much confidence.

GOD IS LOVE; OR, GLIMPSES OF THE FATHER'S INFINITE AFFECTION FOR HIS PEOPLE. By the Author of "The Brother Born for adversity." London: Darton and Co. 466 pp. 5s.

In returning again to notice this volume, we are under the necessity of confining ourselves to a few lines; the temporary demands upon our pages this month having driven us quite to the margin. We do not regret this, because a testimony has been laid before us, of the honour which the Lord has been pleased to put upon this work, which altogether throws into the shade, all that critics may have to say touching the volume.

The following extract from a letter just received, will prove to demonstration, we think, that it is the good pleasure of the LORD to use this work to the comforting his own children. The writer says:—

I have this morning seen a remarkable letter concerning the new work "God is Love." The letter is from a lady. After stating that she had bought three copies of the book, and that she would recommend it to everybody; she, although as a friend says, is "most deeply taught of God," goes on to state that she never saw "so plainly until she read this book why she loved God." She adds "That was a great deal to get out of this book; but I have got something better still. Though I am an old woman, eighty four years of age, and I really do hope honestly seeking Jesus, yet I never could look up to God, and say, 'My Father.' But one day while reading this book, a light seemed to dart into my mind, and with it such a lovely and beautiful feeling, it seemed to say 'I am your Father,—your Heavenly Father.' I put down the book, I fell on my knees, I felt as if I could weep my life away for joy and gladness, and all I could say over and over again, was, 'my Heavenly Father, my own dear Father!'"

A NOTABLE STORY OF  
A FAITHFUL WOMAN BURNED

IN CHIPPING SUDBURY.

AND THE ROMISH BURNER KILLED BY A  
BULLOCK AT THE SAME TIME.

AMONGST all the examples of the martyrs, whereof so many have suffered from time to time, for Christ and his truth; I cannot tell if ever any martyrdom done more notable and admirable, wherein the plain demonstration of God's mighty judgment, hath at any time been more evident, against the persecutors of his flock, than at the burning of a certain godly woman, put to death in Chipping Sudbury, under the reign of King Henry VII.

The constancy of which blessed woman, as it is glorious for all true, godly, Christians to behold: so again the example of the bishop's chancellor, who cruelly condemned the innocent, may offer a terrible spectacle to the eyes of all Papistical persecutors to consider and to take example, which the living God grant they may. Amen.

The name of the town where she was martyred, was, as is said Chipping Sudbury; the name of the woman is not yet come to my knowledge; the name of the chancellor who condemned her, was called Doctor Whittington; the time of her burning was in the reign and time of King Henry VII, orderly therefore, in this time and place to be inserted. Wherein is to be noted, moreover the opportunity of this present history brought to my hands, and that, in such convenient season, as I was drawing toward the end of the aforesaid king's reign, so that if may appear to those who behold the opportunity of things not to be without God's holy will and providence that this aforesaid example should not lie hid and unremembered, but should come to light and knowledge; and that in such order of placing, according as the due course of our story, hitherto kept requireth.

After this godly woman and manly martyr of Christ was condemned by the wretched chancellor above named, Dr. Whittington, for the faithful profession of the truth, which the Papist then called heresy, and the time being now come when she should be brought to the place and pains of her martyrdom, a great concourse of all the multitude, both in the town and country about (as the manner is at such time), was gathered to behold her

end; among whom was also the aforesaid Dr. Whittington, the chancellor, there present to see the execution done. Thus, this faithful woman, and true servant of God, constantly persisting in the testimony of the truth, committing her cause to the Lord, gave over her life to the fire, refusing no pains nor torments to keep her conscience clear and unproveable in the day of the Lord. The sacrifice being ended, the people began to return homeward, coming from the burning of this blessed martyr. It came to pass in the meantime, that as the Catholic executioners, were busy in slaying this silly lamb at the town's end, a certain butcher was as busy within the town, slaying a bull; which bull he had fast bound in ropes ready to knock him on the head, but the butcher (beliking not so skilful in his art of killing beasts as the Papists be in murdering Christians,) as he was lifting his axe to strike the bull, failed in his stroke, and smote a little too low, or else how he smote I know not; this is certain that the bull, although somewhat grieved at the stroke, but not yet stricken down, put his strength to the ropes, and broke loose from the butcher into the street, the very same time that the people were coming in great press from the burning, who seeing the bull coming towards, and supposing him to be wild (as it was no other like,) gave way for the beast, every man shifting for himself as well as he might. Thus the people giving back, and making a lane for the bull, he passed through the throng of them, touching neither man nor child till he came where the chancellor was, against whom the bull as pricked with sudden vehemency, ran full butt with his horns, and taking him upon the haunch, gored him through and through, and so killed him immediately, carrying his guts, and trailing them with his horns, all the street over, to the great admiration and wonder of all them that saw it.

Although the carnal sense of man be blind in considering the works of the Lord, imputing, many times, to blind chance the things which properly pertain to God's only praise and providence; yet in this so strange and so evident example, what man can be so dull and ignorant which seeth not herein a plain miracle of God's mighty power and judgment, both in the punishment of this wretched chancellor and also in admonishing all other like persecutors, by his example, to fear the Lord, and to abstain from the like cruelty?

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—*The unusual interest, and great length of the articles which fill up this month's Number, compel us to leave out further answers to the Questions on Baptism, —also, "Is my Experience Right?" &c., and the Subscription List toward Redemption Fund. This will certainly appear in February, with other matters now in type. We beg to call particular notice to the Redemption Fund, as given in the New Year's Address in this Number, and trust our friends will not allow it to stand still.*

## Mr. Grant's New Work, "God is Love,"\*

THERE is a peculiar beauty, glory, richness, and holy pleasure in those three words—"GOD IS LOVE!" And from the moment we saw Mr. JAMES GRANT'S new work with this most emphatic and highly interesting title, we have felt our hearts moved with a strong desire more thoroughly to dive into this deep, this life-giving theme; convinced as we are that the more the mind is imbued, the heart touched, and the conscience is inflamed by this all-glorious subject, the more shall we be prepared to live as Christians, and to die as those who are certainly going to dwell with him who has said—"Father, I will, that those whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me: for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world."

We sit down to write these few introductory remarks at the close of a day which has been spent in visiting the chambers of the dying and of the dead. It has fallen to our lot, for several years, to live and labour, to work with (in the gospel) and to walk among a large number of those of whom the Lord spake by the ancient prophet, saying—"I will leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people; and they shall trust in the name of the Lord." From the experience of these people—from their living conflicts—from their dying testimonies—from Jehovah's sovereign manner of dealing with, and providing for them—as also, from a careful survey of the whole of Divine Revelation—from these sources, we have learned something of the immense volumes of matter contained in those three almost incomprehensible words—"God is Love!"

There is a large class of good people, who live on the luxuries of Providence; who walk in smooth and easy paths: they can truly say, "God is Love!" There are thousands of Jehovah's chosen and adopted children who are tossed upon the high and heavy waves of this world's troubles; and they also can say, "God is Love!" But in the testimonies of the tried and afflicted, we always feel there is more of a genuine heart-felt realisation of the fact, than is to be found in the gentle tones by which the others declare the same truth. Let us illustrate. Early this morning, an aged Christian brother came running to our door, with the news,— "old master Chapman is dead." We promised to call upon the widow before the day run out if spared. We did so. After

\* "God is Love; or, Glimpses of the Father's Infinite Affection for His People." London: Darton and Co. 5s.

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visiting other sick chambers, we knocked at Master Chapman's door. We were invited into the *only room* which constituted his workshop, his wash-house, his living-room, and his bed-room. All his domestic offices were concentrated in one of the humblest apartments which a cottage in Dockhead could afford. There on a stumpy-stead lay the lifeless corpse of old Master Chapman, and beside it sat his aged, and afflicted widow: a little girl was cleaning the room; and a few broken fragments served for its furniture. I had known the deceased for some years. He had been a sailor the greater part of his life; and with a small pension of some five pounds per annum; and by mending old umbrellas; and by the church's charitable aid, he had just managed to keep body and soul together, as the saying is. But the present winter being the seventy-eighth he had seen, brought him low—and for nearly three months he had been unable to work. His wants and woes were not few. "We have neither of us a friend or relation in all the world"—said the old lady: "but he fell asleep last night at twelve o'clock in quietness and peace. He asked for a little tea out of the tea-pot and then without a word or a struggle, he went off!" Few men had endured greater hardships than had old Master Chapman: but in life he proved, and he preached too, "God is Love!" and even in the dark midnight of death—surrounded by poverty, and greatly afflicted, in every sense, he proved "God is Love!"

We could mention many cases: we are constantly witnessing the fact; and in reviewing this talented work of Mr. Grant's we hope to produce evidence of a varied character, conclusive, and full of comfort, wherein we think the cause will be discovered, and the reasons found why "there is in the minds even of those who have been renewed, a tendency to turn away from God the Father, as if they discerned a perpetual frown in his face, and to seek for rest and repose in Christ the Son." Ah! indeed; when the pure light of the Divine Majesty shines upon the faint, the fallen, the fickle, and the unfaithful humanity of the best-believer on earth, he can find no rest, solace, or comfort, but as that great gospel truth is apprehended by faith—"God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." Thus very briefly we again attempt to approach this lofty theme. The manner in which Mr. Grant has handled the subject increases in magnitude and importance a thousand fold; as hereafter we expect to shew.

## EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

## LETTER XL.

My good Theophilus, if the things of creation left the heathen without excuse, for not glorifying God *as God*, how much more doth divine revelation leave men without excuse for not fearing God, and doing homage to the Saviour? Such men make God a liar, because they believe not the record God gave of his Son, (1 John v, 10.) Such men are indeed viler than the earth, (Job xxx, 8.) As, then, the things of creation were the moral law of the heathen, so both the things of creation and the Bible are the moral law of Christendom, and both law and gospel will be witnesses against all who are enemies thereto. And so the apostles were to shake off the very dust of their feet as a testimony against such.

Thus there is evidently a wide, a very wide difference between a laudible, wholesome, moral, natural belief of God's holy word, and the possession of the faith of God's elect. The one is the *duty* of the creature, the other is the special gift of the Creator. The one makes a man merely a better *man*, the other makes a man the better man; but does not stop here, but goes on to prove that he is not merely a better man, but also a *real Christian*.

Do you say that if it be the duty of men to believe the Bible, and to do homage to the Saviour, do you, would you say that this is building up what I have thrown down, namely, that it is after all making the gospel the cause of condemnation? my answer to this is, that the same argument would apply to the things of *creation*; for whatever, whether creation or revelation, that demonstrates to the natural conscience the being and attributes of God, or the truth of the Messiahship of Christ, which indeed is of all the demonstrations we have of the attributes of God, the clearest. Whatever, I say, demonstrates to the natural conscience the being and attributes of God, becomes to the natural man a reasonable and righteous law, and rule of that homage due, which the natural man is capable of rendering to God. Do we, then, who are not only high in doctrine, but abundantly glory in the same, knowing that we are not higher than the Bible, nor even so high as the Bible; for we, with all our height of doctrine, we have not yet fully reached the height of Zion. Do we, then, who disdain the doctrine of a man being responsible for his conversion, and for his eternal salvation, we who reject in toto the doctrine of souls in hell, saying one to another, I should not have been here but for you: if such lies be told in hell, it is quite bad enough, without there being told on earth, and laboriously palmed off upon us for gos-

pel truth: do we, who cast out these doctrines; do we who know that the responsibility of the conversion and salvation of every saved soul lies entirely with God, and with God alone; do we sanction, do we patronize, justify, or approve of a disbelief of God's holy book? No; we do not. Our opponents would like us to do so, that they may hereby have occasion both against us and against the truth; but we hold that men's responsibilities are according to the light brought to them. Here we are one in *word* with both Wesleyans and Low Calvinists, but *not* one in *meaning*. The Wesleyan is somewhat consistent with himself; but the Low Calvinists talk positive *nonsense*, admitting with one breath that none but those for whom Christ did not die, can be lost, and yet with the next breath tell us, that their being in hell is their *own fault*. As well might they tell us if a criminal be banished for life to a penal colony, it is his *own fault*. His crimes were his own fault; but when once in the hands of the law, he becomes helpless. Just so with men—our crime is *apostacy* from God in the first Adam, and so death reigns over *all*, for that all in Adam have sinned. Here then lies the *fault*, and to this one original fault all men in their lives add, some more, some less, to the original fault; so that, original sin is a fault in which they are involved. But, nevertheless, they are still held responsible for what they are capable of doing; but they are not capable of doing anything spiritually good, nor of being anything but mere moral agents and natural men. And thus, then, while we high doctrine people feel the force of this law of responsibility ourselves, we advocate the same as belonging to all men. We do not, therefore, sanction infidelity or a disbelief of God's word in any man; but neither, on the other hand do we believe that man ever was, ever will, or ever can be condemned *for* not being a *real Christian*. As well may we talk of condemning wood *for* not being iron; or of condemning iron *for* not being silver; or of condemning silver *for* not being gold.

For myself, I believe that the substituting of mere mental and moral conversion—this mere *natural faith* for the faith of God's elect—I believe that there are more souls deceived by this doctrine than by any other found in all Protestant Christendom; but upon straightforward realities I hope to say more in future letters.

I think I have said enough to show that it is the duty of men to glorify God, as God, who giveth them fruitful seasons, filling their hearts with food and gladness; that it is the duty of men to read the Scriptures, to believe them, and walk and act thereby. Also I have said enough to show that this duty of man and the special grace of God are two *infinitely different things*, though men

are ever blending and confounding them ; and these men themselves being confused in these things, they confuse others with the confusion wherewith they themselves are confused. And their *system* (for they are great sticklers for system, though they affect to despise system) looks more like Babel than like the well-ordered bulwarks of Zion.

The judgment of the lost will indeed be an awful Judgment ; nothing but their sins as a millstone about their necks, and down they must sink to rise no more. How, then, are the saved to be judged, as they shall stand so well at that day ? They are, and will be judged upon those grounds upon which grace has put them. *The foreknowledge of God* : " He knoweth them that are his own," " I know my sheep." This is one of their securities ; this is one of those foundations which standeth sure—" The Lord knoweth them that are his," and just as they are brought into this truth, they depart from the mystery of iniquity.

*Election* is another ground of judgment to the saved. By this act of eternal election he took them in council (and his counsel must stand) from under the law of wrath, from under the law of sin and death ; and chose his own dear Son to stand between them and their sins, while all their sins lay between Christ and the law of God.

*Predestination* is another ground of judgment ; and this decree brings in salvation. " He hath not appointed us unto wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ." Here, then, is no possibility of condemnation.

*Regeneration* is another ground. By this (regeneration) they become true Christians, and their works are works of faith in, and love to, God ; and by these, and by these *only* will they be judged. Their sins would be sought for, and *be very easily* found, but they are *all* forgiven ; so that not one bad work can appear against them in judgment. And they have *by the Lord doing good to them*, done good to their own souls, and to the souls of others, and walked in mutual brotherly love to the brethren ; that those who have done this good shall come forth to the resurrection of life, but those who have not done this good, to the resurrection of judgment to come, there being in their state nothing but judgment for them.

*Mediation* is another ground of judgment. " Ye are complete in him who is head of all principality and power ;" and the completeness they have in him is the *highest* kind of completeness ; it is to be cleansed by the blood of God (Acts xx, 28.) ; to be beautified with the salvation of God ; it is to be clothed in the righteousness of God.

*The Resurrection* is another ground of judgment ; they will, when raised, be like

him who raised them ; their very *appearance* excludes all thought of wrath, condemnation, spot, blemish, wrinkle, or any such thing.

Well, then, my good Theophilus, if these be the rules by which we are to be judged at last, then let us judge ourselves by these rules now, and see whether we have in our hearts that *law of faith* which makes our souls one with these eternal truths now ; for " as the tree falleth so it must lie ;" clean or unclean, just or unjust ; there is no middle path ; and if we be not one with this eternal order of things, then we are *not where the love of God is*, but where his wrath is. His love is in Christ ; and his love is where centres his foreknowledge. His decree to eternal life ; the harmony of his perfections ; regeneration ; for, if quickened, it is not apart from, but in oneness with Christ. Here, also, lies our final perseverance—" He loveth us unto the end." And here also lies his eternal glory. He then that dwelleth in the *truth* dwelleth in God—in God as a God of lovingkindness. For ever will this heavenly truth follow thee, and be true concerning thee, namely, " I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore in lovingkindness have I drawn thee."

A LITTLE ONE.

["THE LETTERS TO THEOPHILUS" by "A Little One," are to be published in Volumes. Prospectuses are now issuing by the Deacons of the Surrey Tabernacle ; and by them Subscribers' Names are received. —ED.]

#### REST FOR THE WEARY.

"Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. xi. 28.

THE thorns have pierced my aching feet,  
As I life's toilsome way pursue ;  
Saviour ! thy invitation's sweet,  
My drooping heart and strength t' renew.

Wearied I am with many a care ;  
Most gladly do I come to thee.  
I will not of thy help despair,  
Since thou dost promise rest to me.

Though much my burdens may increase,  
Help me to cast them all on thee !  
Give to my storm-tossed spirit peace,  
And set my soul from bondage free.

I shall not then the tempest dread,  
Although it may with fury beat ;  
Sheltered will be my helpless head  
In this Divine and blest retreat.

And when the toils of life are o'er,  
And finished is this mortal strife,  
Heart-aching care shall never more  
Enter, to mar that better life.

But happiness, without alloy,  
Shall, without measure, there be given ;  
No foe shall enter, to destroy  
The harmony and bliss of heaven.

W. E.



THE GREAT LESSONS TAUGHT US BY

**The Life and Death of Major-General Sir H. Havelock.**A PEN AND INK PORTRAIT OF HIS CHARACTER, AND A REVIEW OF THE LITERARY  
TABLET ERECTED TO HIS MEMROY.

WE wish to give the readers of the EARTHEN VESSEL, as complete a biography of the noble warrior, Havelock, as can possibly be compiled, but as yet all the material has not come to hand; this, therefore, is but a passing notice of the man—an introductory paper—and a brief effort to call up the thoughts of Christians generally to the practical lessons which this good and great man's life and death afford.

It has been our pleasure, and our privilege—in years long gone by—to be associated with, and, in the gospel, to labour beside, some officers in the British army, who were not only Christian men, but who were also faithful and able preachers of the gospel—(Captain Armstrong was a beautiful type of the class we refer to)—but never before did we hear of, or know a man, either in the army, or out of it, whose whole life and death appeared so powerfully, and so gloriously to stand beside the expressed desire of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, as Henry Havelock's history has done. If at any one period of his life, the Apostle Paul might be said to take unto himself "the whole armour of God," and to stand forth pre-eminently as an undaunted hero in the cause of Christ, and for the Church's good, it was when he sent back Epaphroditus from Rome to the Church at Philippi with grateful acknowledgements for the kindness they had shown him; and in whose epistle he gives expression to that transcendentally powerful display of Christian valour, saying, "*According to my earnest expectation, and my hope, that in nothing I shall be ashamed, but that with all boldness, as always, so now also, CHRIST SHALL BE MAGNIFIED IN MY BODY, whether it be by life, or by death; for to me to LIVE IS CHRIST, AND TO DIE IS GAIN.*" The spirit and sentiment, the every principle and heaven-wrought passion contained in these words were embodied in the experience and practice of the departed Havelock, although in their positions and movements in life there was a difference between him and the Convert of Damascus.

To review the life of such a man shall be to us a labour of love and of sweet delight; and as we have peculiar sources of information, we trust our readers will find the perusal of our future papers on this subject, not only of an establishing, but of a mind-exalting, and character-transforming kind. Oh, let our poor hearts gush out a-bit here! Let us fear not to say, that to find, A MAN, whose mind in the things of

God is exalted and enlarged—to find a man whose powers of soul are capacious and Christ-like—to find a man whose conduct, converse, and character unflinchingly confess his union and devotion to the Great Covenant-Head—to find a man whose heart is in heaven, while his mortal part is fighting for God and his country on earth—to find a man whose compassions and sympathies are as large as the gospel itself—to find a man whose faith is like a flaming fire, and whose zeal is like a never-failing lever—to find such a man, we say, is to find a treasure indeed. We are such dwarfs; we live and move among such a mass of puny spirits; such pompous personages with the most poverty-stricken spirits and minds,—such little yelping dogs and empty-headed knaves—that truly we have sometimes feared that the church and the world too would soon become one common asylum for the imbecile and the insane. Thank the Lord! we hope, here and there is yet to be found a man whose living and labouring language is "God hath not given us the spirit of fear, (*i. e.* a pusillanimous mind;) but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." Such an one was Henry Havelock, as will hereafter, in every sense, be shewn.

The lessons taught us by Havelock's life and death—are

First—that sterling worth, genuine devotion, and untiring labours, may for many years, appear unrewarded, unheeded, and almost wrapped in oblivion: One of our popular writers says—

"It is possible that if India had never been in revolt, Colonel Havelock might have gone to the grave with only the reputation of a meritorious officer and a good man; but when once he had an opportunity of exhibiting his greater qualities, all the good will of those who knew him, added to his renown, and their descriptions of what he was, went to form that ideal which his countrymen conceived of his character. At the age of 62 he was only a Colonel in the army when the Indian Mutiny broke out. After 34 years of Indian service, after campaigns in the swamps of the Irrawaddy, in the plains of Central India, in the passes of Cabul, and on the parched shores of the Persian Gulf,—after fever and shipwreck, and long years of fatigue, the veteran still lingered in comparative obscurity, and must have consoled himself only with the thought that he had done his duty."

See how the providence of God prepares his instruments for all emergencies. Havelock's many years of hard warfare fitted him

for that coming service which closed up a most eventful life.

The second lesson we learn, is, the possibility of being preserved in a Christian course of holy devotion to God amid scenes the most severe and trying—

“Henry Havelock was a soldier of the true ancient English mould. There was that about him which irresistibly reminded one of the finest and noblest officers of the Commonwealth army. His habitual deportment might have impressed strangers with the notion that he was an apathetic, unobservant man. But when the moment for action arrived, it at once became apparent that nothing had escaped his notice. He kindled into an intenser life; he instinctively assumed the command, others instinctively making way for him; he did exactly what was required to be done, and he did it effectively, and with electric speed. Havelock was one of those searching minds which look through men. His discernment of character was unsurpassed. *But the grand characteristic of Havelock was, the deep religious feeling and conviction which animated and directed all his thoughts, emotions, and actions. Religion was the basis of his character; all his principles were rooted in it; all his actions emanated from it. There was as little of display in his discharge of religious duties as his other actions, but there was an utter absence of concealment. “Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth spake,” and by him every action was conceived to be an expression of devotion to his God. His life may truly be said to have been one long hymn of praise to his Creator. Every one who came into contact with Havelock felt that he was sincere; and even those least accessible to devotional sentiment, sympathised with and revered it in him. Havelock’s earnest, incessant desire, like St. Paul’s, was that all men might be not only almost, but altogether, such as he was; and yet no one was ever offended in him with what might be deemed importunity in others. It was felt to be simply the overflow of the redundant benevolence and earnestness of a mind ever possessed by the idea of Deity. Such was the man, who, for a few months back has held nations watching his rapid career with breathless interest. In him Wordsworth’s sublime conception of ‘The Happy Warrior’ has been more than realised.”*

The third lesson drawn from this man’s life and death, is this—the world at large are compelled to do honour to the man who, in the complexity of his character, was a most efficient warrior, and a “living epistle of Christ’s grace, known and read of all men.”—writers of every class, creed, and condition, have acknowledged him to be a man of no common order: the eyes of all the world, and the hearts of all the holy ones have been directed to this modern Joshua of ours—this man in whom was the spirit and love of God to a large degree. From the Queen upon her throne, down to the humblest peasant, grief and sorrow has been genuine and deep when the tidings came that Havelock was no more.

In no part of the empire has the sad news of the death of the gallant Havelock caused more regret than at Windsor Castle; and the Queen’s regret has been increased by the reflection that the hero was carried off before he could become aware of Her Majesty’s generous intentions in his regard, and of the honours and rewards which a gracious Sovereign and a grateful country designed to bestow upon him, in recognition of his transcendent zeal, activity, and services. We have reason to believe that apartments in Hampton Court Palace will, be granted to Lady Havelock and her daughters, together with a pension of £500.

Our space forbids further enlargement until next month.

## NEW BOOKS.

“*Pilgrim’s Progress*,” &c., by John Bunyan, Stereotype edition—large print; strong binding; and beautiful portrait; and Published by that prince of theological publishers, W. H. Colingridge, City Press, Long-lane, London. Mr Colingridge has not produced a volume more to his credit lately—it is John Bunyan’s *Pilgrim’s Progress*, without gloss or garb.

“*Scriptural Addition*” Learned at the feet of Jesus and presented to his church, united in fellowship at Bethel Chapel, Cheltenham, by John Freeman, Minister of the Gospel;” whose residence is, 6, Sanford Terrace, Cheltenham; and from whom this work may be had. John Freeman is not a blazing torch-bearer; but he is as honest in the cause of Divine Truth as any man in Gloucestershire, or in any of its neighbouring counties. This book—and John Freeman’s ministry altogether, will assure every spiritual mind, that he lives and labours much in three things—prayer to God—studying the word—and in hard thinking. We need say no more to recommend this six-penny work; it is John Freeman’s deep-fetched thoughts on some of those precious fruits which the Holy Spirit gives to all who are for glory trained.

“*The Path of Sorrow, and the End of Peace*,” “*The Year of Jubilee*,” two sermons, by Mr. G. Hazlerigg; published by J. Gadsby. Mr. Hazlerigg is newly raised up among what are termed “The Gospel Standard Churches;” and, among the Lord’s people generally, we hope he will be very useful. There is a clear and experimental enunciation of truth in his sermons; of which more may be said another day.

“*Half-hours with our Metropolitan Ministers*,” London: Stevenson, 51, Paternoster-row. If we speak freely the feeling of our natural mind, we must say, we are very fond of these “Half hours,” because they furnish in the most pleasing style, all you can wish to know respecting those great men, called “our Metropolitan Ministers,” for two-pence per month; and a beautifully engraved portrait into the bargain. Dr. Fletcher, C. H. Spurgeon, and Dr. Cumming, are already issued. We understand, Dr. James Spence, Mr James Wells, and other well known ministers are in preparation. Of course, nothing critical or controversial is found in these papers. They sit you down in the presence of these ministers; and in less than an hour you may know their history from beginning to end. We promise our readers an extract or two, when we can spare the room.

“*A Plea with young disciples on behalf of Israel*,” Mr. Younge, Resident Secretary of the British Society for the Propagation of the gospel among the Jews, at 1, Crescent Place, Blackfriars, will supply this tract; it should be placed in the hands of all zealous and earnest Christians.

## THE POWER OF THE PULPIT.

(Continued from page 12.)

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth." &c.

For a long time, more or less, I have been under a dark cloud, from not beholding that stream of usefulness flowing from the ministry with which I was indulged to a large extent during the first ten years of my work in the gospel in London. No one can be happier in the work than I am sometimes: and some evidences both in converting and in comforting, have been given me. Still; the church over whom I am called to preside, has not been "like an army with banners:" there has appeared to me to be lukewarmness to a large extent: some things of a painful character have almost sunk me in despair many times. For instance, there has been a removal by death of many, very many, of my Master's most sincere followers: while I write, my much loved brother James Burn, lays cold in death. I bent my knees in prayer beside him not half-an-hour before his happy spirit quietly left this world for those mansions in the skies where Jesus our Forerunner is for us gone: and many more of our oldest members are now in their chambers of sickness, weakness, and death. To see the saints go home in peace, to witness them in life, and in death, *leaning alone upon the BELOVED*, is no small mercy, and much of *this* mercy has fallen to my lot of late: but, then, there is that beautiful promise in Psalm xlv. "instead of thy fathers, shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth." This promise in the Church at large, has always been fulfilled; there has been one generation after another "to call Him blessed" but in my case, in our part of the vineyard, there has not appeared so much of this fruit as my soul has desired: consequently, I have been deeply afflicted, I have hung my harp on the willows; I have sat down and wept; and when those who are merry, and have all that their hearts can wish—when they have required of me a song, my poor weeping soul has said, "*How can I sing the Lord's song in a strange land?*" Beside, some five years since, I had this promise talking unto me so as to produce faith and hope, "*the children which thou shalt have after thou hast lost the other, shall say again in thine ears, The place is too strait for me: give place to me, that I may dwell.*" Two things in this promise have been true toward me: first, there have been three times in my ministerial life when the people have cried out, "the place is too strait for me; give place that I may dwell;" and enlargement has been granted us. After the third remove or enlargement, when there appeared a little decline; then it was, this promise came. Secondly, I have nearly lost the children I had then. Some are gone to Australia, some to Canada, some to the Surrey Tabernacle, some to New Park Street, some are scattered over different parts of this our native land, and a good number are gone right home to heaven. Out of nearly three hundred members, quite

half are gone, leaving us, with all our additions only about one hundred and seventy-five, and, during the last year, the work has appeared nearly to stand still. Oh, what grief it has caused me. Sometimes I view it as a consequence of those adverse clouds which have almost burst upon me, and which have given adversaries some ground to publish the most cruel, the most injurious, and, as will be proved, the most unjust aspersions.

Under all these afflictions, and a host beside, which I stay not to enumerate, I have pensively cried out—"Lord, what shall I do?" "What shall I do? What can I do, to be useful in thy Church as in days which have passed away?" I have told my readers in a previous number that it was while sitting in great spiritual and ministerial darkness of soul, that those brilliant words came to me—"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." From these words I was led to preach as perhaps, to my feelings, I shall never preach again; and, in previous papers, I have noticed THE PERSON—"And I:" THE PROPOSITION—"If I be lifted up from the earth." In my last, I promised this month, to come to the "lifting up of Jesus," as the great instrumental power of the pulpit; and there is before the eye of my mind, as revealed in Bible-truth, a seven-fold lifting-up of Jesus Christ for the benefit of poor sinners. What my readers will say of me I cannot tell; but here, at this moment, when I am complaining of the want of spiritual children in a gospel sense—at this very moment, there comes into my hand, a letter written by a very dear young man, to whom the Lord has made me useful—and I dare not bury this letter among the hundreds, if not thousands I have buried; no; I trust it will prove a great blessing to many young men in Zion. Therefore, here is the substance of it, as confirming the fact, that where THE LORD Jesus is lifted up, there most certainly sinners will be drawn unto HIM. The writer of the letter referred to, says,—

"MY DEARLY BELOVED PASTOR—Grace, mercy, and peace, from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ, be bestowed on you, and yours. In the fear and favor of God, I write unto you, recalling to mind the time when the Lord in his kind providence first led me to Unicorn Yard, one Lord's-day evening; the gospel trumpet then greeted my ear; and my little soul was set on fire for truth as it is in Jesus. I remember how sweetly it was given you to open up the different veils. Moses's; Ruth's; the veil in the temple, and many others: on going once or twice more, I found that the veil cast over all nations was removed from me; and the veil of perfect obedience, by the life and death of my most glorious Christ, exhibited. What a mercy to poor sinful man! It was hard to flesh and blood to believe all salvation work was done, but since then, I have been glad it is so. How the Lord has led and fed me there, is wonderful; and stripped me of the most gross errors; I have come out naked as it were; but

"He gently led my soul along;  
His loving kindness, oh, how strong!"

"Then that visit you paid me : the Psalmist says "the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord," I do believe that was literally carried out then. I shall never forget it : it was the means of chopping down the undergrowth of fleshly ardour, which rank nature had shot up beside my heavenly zeal. Oh, that I could express in words the boundless love and mercy of Jehovah!! How deeply has he taught me, by vital heart experience, those things I so eagerly sought to learn by my head. I look back and meditate upon these unmerited and unlooked for mercies; and desire to thank God.

"One time, I could sit and hear that Jesus was the Saviour : but now I want a Triune Jehovah; a covenant keeping, faithful, immutable, omnipotent, all-merciful God. I feel an increasing need for his electing, everlasting, free, distinguishing, unmerited love; I daily am led to experience that with God's gifts and graces, there has sprung up an undergrowth that I little dreamt of. Flesh! flesh! flesh! in all I do or say, pride, (the spirit by God accused) is mixed; what a mercy I am led to see it, while thousands are left. I foolishly thought when I was stripped of arminian errors, I was then in the stripping room; but Oh! what a grand mistake! That was pleasant work compared to this! Had I turned religious, instead of Jehovah turning me, I should have gone back long ago; but the everlasting arms are underneath: sovereign love begins the work; and he has promised to perform it. I have been greatly comforted by you, saying that Jehovah is wedged in, right and left, by his promise and his oath; and cannot get away if he would. A short time since I was permitted to walk alone; and soon I fell; when passing under a heavy burden, these words came like lightning into my mind "every branch in me that beareth not fruit," &c. I thought all was over. Satan came in "like a flood." I saw myself blacker every week : and as long as I looked into old Adam, the more I was confused; but the promise must be fulfilled; "I will lift up the standard against him." I opened the Bible on Jonah's prayer—"Yet will I look again towards thy holy temple:" I just had faith enough to look : but oh! oh! what a valley of achor was that to me! On my word, I imagined Satan was laughing at me, to see what sport he'd had; but what a comfort, Jonah said, (as I was made then to feel,) "Salvation is of the Lord." A man must look to Christ alone for healing. Oh, what a Physician to a poor diseased creature. I find my path is what you said it would be : in two deep truths, knowing the exceeding sinfulness of my heart; and the great love of Christ towards me. All tends to make me loathe myself; and to look, and wait only upon him, who has made me, in the sight of his Father, all glorious, without spot, being covered with the robe of righteousness.

"I was with a man just now, "A New Light" by profession; he says I have left my first love; and I am under a broken law; because daily I am constrained to say, I sin in thought, word, or deed; he lives without sin :

I told him one time I thought I was holy, like himself: that gave rise to his condemning me; hell is my portion, he says, if I don't live holy: he is a dangerous character: he denies the imputed righteousness of my most glorious Christ. I think on the merciful providence of God, in not letting that man meet me when a struggling babe: how it must have worried me then; but I have not so learned Christ. I ask myself, "what humbled this pious proud churchman, to love the poor despised baptists?" grace! "what stripped me of so many errors, and bore me up; at the same time, gave me a desire for the truth as it is in Jesus—a love to the brethren? &c. What opened my eyes to see that solemn and yet misused ordinance of baptism? Who, and what, gave me such a solemn yet clear view on my bed, the night before the ordinance, of the baptism into Christ's death and rising in newness of life? Not for my life can I recall, or repeat, what I saw and felt then, often have I tried, but always fail. If a situation had been offered me of a thousand a year not to have gone through it, I would willingly have been a pauper all my days, and followed my master's commands. What's the jeers of man to the love of Christ! I do firmly believe if the Pope of Rome or any of our greatest enemies, had gone through what I was led through, they would have been like the Eunch of old, "hinder me not."

"Dear brother, there is one point in your ministry I love exceedingly; that is, you don't press baptism upon us every time you speak. All I went through would not make me persuade any one to go through that ordinance. Only think, sir, not one human soul ever asked me to be baptized! All was done by sovereign love and grace. When you preached that sermon, "He was afflicted and oppressed," an arrow dipped in blood reached my cold heart, and what never happened before under your ministry did then, I was made to weep like a babe. I could no longer resist. Prayer was answered. To think, every good thought, every godly fear, word or deed, health, happiness, food, raiment, life, everything came through him! I saw him, then, as my all in all! What confidence, and happiness it is to me think I was not frightened into baptism as I was to the communion in the Establishment; "doing duty," as they said; yet I would be the first to encourage any one I saw with pure love, to honour him that ordained it, and with a desire given from the right quarter. Now, sir, for the seal I had of God's blessing. For three days and nights, I never lost the sweetness. On the following Saturday, I was by myself in a loft. I turned to the 32nd Psalm. I read that as I never before or since read any thing. Every verse was clothed with almighty power. It was opened up to me. I expounded a verse, then on my knees, praising my God, spoke to him as I should to a man, face to face. I was out of nature altogether; so on every verse the happiest two hours I ever had in my existence. I never, this side Jordan, can exceed it. I was completely lost. I was

like Moses on the mount, looking into Canaan. Jordan's terrors were not seen nor thought of. I earnestly, soberly, and calmly say, that I could have left this world with joy. I welcomed the Lord, so that death would have been what I wished. Indeed, I can never tell out what I experienced then. I saw the Trinity of Persons as clear as man ever did, I do think. I kept thinking it was to make me feel I honoured the Lord in his ordinance. Oh! the songs *then* in my mouth *were* praises to the Lord. Was not all this grace and anointing love? I thought then I could never think him hard, or ever forget to think of him. I do think if I had been led before a host of God's people, there would have been no shyness to tell out what the Lord had done for my soul. Oh, the riches of divine grace; the heights, depths, lengths and breadths of God's love! "An ocean without bottom, brim, or shore." To think of the forbearance of a loving, yet a just God, in taking an atheist in heart, and shewing him such a sight. Oh! its above everything next to the love in giving up his Son for us. There, I do not know how to stop or how to go on; but, my dear brother, I know that Christ loved me first, and he loves you equally; all alike. I could tell how my heart was knit to yours so many times under the sermons, but I know how cursed pride spoils half our enjoyment, so I refrain, knowing you, like myself, are but a poor worm. I hope and trust the Lord will ever keep me so, and all in the church too.

"Then there was his giving me a living faith; sure and steadfast hope; an anchor within the vail, linked on to the throne of God, by the golden chain of eternal love, it can never brake; from whence comes godly fear, and heart-pouring, prevailing prayer. Then, again, against my will, decidedly, a teacher in the school; how I strived against that, till, by making it a matter of prayer to the Lord, I was led to see that he wanted none of my help but he would give strength equal to my day. "My presence shall go with thee;" and another time, "Trust in the Lord, and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and, verily thou shalt be fed." I love the school. It brings me oftener to the mercy-seat; oftener to search God's word. I am working in the vineyard, and I hope shall see a blessing on my labours. I trust I am a living branch, being sometimes purged by the heavenly husbandman

I must not conclude without giving you my earnest wishes for the keeping alive that much valued, dearly loved EARTHEN VESSEL. How many, many times it has been blessed to my soul's comfort. Many times when I have been in a cold, dreary, lifeless state, reading that I have danced for joy. What must be its value where the gospel is never heard. Ah! there perhaps its value is really known. May the Lord give you wisdom, and means to carry out such a blessed work. May you live to see continually the poor, distressed, discontented ones, fed, strengthened, and comforted through it. How my dear sister, too, has been comforted by it, is pleasant to hear. May the God of mercy bless it to the ingathering of many souls.

"I pray the Lord will yet favour this portion of his holy city, that you may have many seals to your ministry, and souls for your hire. Yours in Jesus,  
JAMES HARLING."

This spontaneous testimony of the work of grace in the heart of a young man, I would gladly receive as an earnest of brighter days. The Lord preserve him faithful and useful unto the end! He has been an instrument of good to his beloved sister, whose conversion to God and truth, I cannot question: but I must now defer the seven-fold "Lifting of Jesus on high" until the March number. My secret prayer for all the dear servants of God is, that they may love him more, and lift him higher. Amen, Amen.

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Jan. 18th, 1868.

## NOTHING TO PAY.

"And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both."—Luke vii. 42.

How sweet is the word of my God,  
So gracious, and wondrously free;  
Whenever, like dew, it distils  
On a poor bankrupt sinner like me;  
As strains of rich music it charms;  
Doth life to my spirit convey,  
And break up the gloom of the soul,  
When we feel we have *nothing to pay*.

When all our own riches are gone,  
And naught seems our own, but our sin;  
And having no good thing at all,  
We find that our wealth is in him.  
The Spirit of Light, by the word,  
In bright revelations display;  
His heavenly truth to the soul,  
"Forgiven, and *nothing to pay*."

In fulness of heart we can sing  
Salvation! salvation is sure;  
To sinners of every grade  
Who feel themselves inwardly poor.  
The rich, as the Scriptures affirm,  
He ever sends empty away;  
They love not the soul cheering words,  
"There's nothing, no *nothing to pay*!"

But we will exult in the truth,  
That Jesus, our Banker, doth stand:  
For, apart from his treasures, we know,  
We have only base money in hand:  
Even here is the trust of my soul,  
When sin seems to darken the way;  
That Christ has absolved me from debt,  
And thus I have *nothing to pay*!

Sweet thought for the pillow of rest;  
Yet, Lord, we thy debtors must be,  
For our hope, both in life and in death,  
Has no other centre than thee:  
Then in soul adoration and praise,  
But feebly thy love we repay,  
In time and eternity too,  
We shall ever have *something to pay*.

G. E. RUNTING.

Southgate-road, Islington.

# What is Baptism, and from Whence?

## NO. I.

THE twelve questions on baptism are not to be cast aside yet. The controversial fire is burning stronger and brighter. Our opponents challenge us to a fair and an impartial discussion of the question. We accept the challenge, we throw open our doors, and bid a hearty welcome to every combatant who comes in the name, and in the spirit of Christ, and who, for the truth's sake—for the glory of God—and for the good of Zion,—comes forward to unfold the Word of God, and, instrumentally, to throw light into the minds of thousands who, in this department of practical truth, are either sitting in darkness, or are unsettled, and unhappy in the questionable position they occupy as regards the commandments and the ordinances of our great Master. There are six, or seven, or more, large sections of the professing Protestant Church against us in our observance of, and our faith in, that New Testament "sign," symbol, and commandment, which we call "Believer's baptism." We are reproached, ridiculed, and treated sometimes as fanatics. At length, an intelligent leader presented us with twelve questions. We insert them. Their insertion, and the preliminary replies in our December number, have given birth to an immense amount of writing on both sides. We purpose to let both parties speak for themselves in the next few numbers. After that, the communications will be carefully reviewed, and tested by the unerring standard of never-dying truth; the results of such close investigation will be given, and then we shall say, for ever let contention on this question, and in this periodical, cease. We give, this month, two letters; the headings will shew on which side of the question they are.

### ANSWERS TO "TWELVE QUESTIONS ON BAPTISM,"\*

To the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

DEAR SIR,—I submit the following, in answer to the questions on Baptism, in your last number.

1st, Supposing Christ was baptized *alone*, though it is not in evidence that he was, it might be so because no other candidate was in readiness, but more likely because of the miracle to be wrought on his coming up out of the water, to prove to John that Jesus was the Messiah, and prepare him to bear his testimony to his high character. Luke iii. 21, 22. John i. 29—34. He could not have been baptized with any of his disciples, for at that time he had none, not having begun his ministry. The notion that he was baptized, not as our example, but, as our Head and Representative, and for John and the whole family of grace, is a most groundless assumption.

2ndly, The Saviour seldom referred to any past act of his life, he being entirely free from all parade—"He shall not lift up nor cause his voice to be heard in the streets." And who would expect to find him refer to his baptism to move his disciples to follow him, or any command, &c., to them for that end? when probably most of them, and certainly, some of them, had been the disciples of the Baptist, and baptized already as much as himself. That he was our example in general the apostles have sufficiently taught us.

3rdly, The apostles were commanded to baptize, but they were not commanded to circumcise, the converts. The latter was become obsolete and ceased to be binding on any one, though to Jewish believers it was left optional, to the Gentile believers it was positively forbidden—"If ye be circumcised Christ shall profit you nothing." That baptism, like the

other rite, was antecedent to the time of Christ and the Gospel, cannot be proved by any record known to exist.

4thly, Christ did baptize, and the fact had become notorious that he made and baptized more disciples than John. Not only had the Pharisees heard of it, and Christ knew it, and thought it prudent to leave Judea on that account, but the disciples of John, who had ample means of information, were aware of it, and alarmed at it. They went to their master and complained that Jesus baptized great numbers—"Rabbi, he to whom thou bearest witness, behold the same baptizeth, and all men come to him:" and John told them that it was all right. John iii. 26, &c.; iv. 1, 2. True, he did not baptize with his own hands, his disciples did it for him as his attendants, but we have seen that competent witnesses took it to be his act and deed. In the face of this evidence, will any say that they acted without his concurrence and orders? Allow freely that they or some of them had been formerly the followers of John and baptized by him, does it from hence appear likely that after they had become the servants of Jesus, they baptized as the followers of John and not of Jesus? It is contrary to the facts stated above. Further, why assume that the baptism of John and Jesus were of a different kind or had a different design, when the whole ministry of John—baptism and preaching—is said to be "the beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ?" Mark i. 1, 2.

5thly, This question is unnecessary altogether. If the word that Christ used in the well-known commission does not include the idea of water as the baptizing element—certainly it does not—but means to dip, to immerse, yet the practice the apostles had had already made their master's order plain to them, and their subsequent recorded practice suffices for all after ages. Does our friend think that the apostles, either before or after

\* The reader is requested to turn to the Twelve Questions as given in Earthen Vessel for Nov. 1857.

the commission, baptized in the Holy Ghost, *and not in water?* They did not baptize so before, for "The Holy Ghost was not yet given, because Jesus was not yet glorified;" nor after, for *that is the special work of Christ*, just as much as the renewal of the mind, &c. Or does he suppose that they dipped the converts in oil or mud instead of water? A very moderate knowledge of the history and use of the word used in the original of which he speaks, as it was used by all writers down to the time of Christ and the apostles, will be sufficient to prove that it was applicable to any liquid substance, just like our word *dip*, the fair English of *baptizo*, is applied in common. Therefore, its *application*—not its meaning—in any given case, must be ascertained from the connection, or the known practice of the parties concerned.

6thly, As to the alleged silence of the four Gospels, in the cases named, it is enough to say that they were not designed to record all Christ said and did, but rather as samples of his ministry, sufficient for our best interests. John xx. 30, 31; and xxi. 25.

7thly, Our friend knows that Paul, whose own baptism was very remarkable, did baptize some of the Corinthians. Does he seriously think that if it had not been by the order of Christ that he was authorized, he would have done it in a single case, firm as his mind and character was in other matters? The cause of his thanks he himself tells us was "lest any should say I had baptised into my own name" instead of the name of the Lord Jesus, whose Gospel he preached by a *special* commission of Christ to himself, while he baptized some of the believers by virtue of that commission which was in force for him *in common* with his brethren.

8thly, This is a strange insinuation, "Not any account given by the Holy Ghost of the institution of water-baptism." Indeed! What then means the commission, the conduct of the apostles at Pentecost, the work of Philip at Samaria, and the baptism of the Eunuch, who for certain was baptised in water? Acts ii. & viii. What of Peter and his hearers at Cæsarea, who were commanded by him, as the mouth of the Holy Ghost, to be baptized in water *because* they had received the Holy Ghost; so that their spiritual baptism was made a plea for their admission to the water. This is both proof and reproof. Proof of the divine institution of water-baptism, and reproof to those who, under the pretence of being baptized already by the Holy Ghost, neglect the duty to which they are called by Scripture, in which the Holy Spirit has given his mind plainly.

9thly, The twenty-one epistles of the New Testament were written to those who had already been baptized, and needed only to be reminded of that fact, and what it involved, and the obligations thence resulting. Of such passages there are many shewing the importance the writers attached to the Christian rite. Rom. vi. 3, 4; Gal. iii. 27; Col. ii. 12; 1 Peter iii. 20, 21. The last of the passages plainly affirms that we are saved by baptism in water, just as Paul was told to "wash

away" his sins in like manner,—of course, as an emblem of that which saves and washes away sin, the blood of Christ, the fountain opened for sin.

10thly, Paul did not say there is "one baptism" and believe there are two—that of water and that of the Spirit,—for when he wrote there was but one—that of water. Two parties were baptized with the Holy Ghost, those at Pentecost, and those at the house of Cornelius. This was many years before Paul wrote the above passage, and from that time such baptism was not repeated, and was called by this name figuratively, not properly, and was not in either instance a substitute for proper baptism. The apostle does not intend what our friend supposes in 1 Cor. xii. 13, but the rite by which all believers at that time entered the visible church, and by the power of the Spirit to do so, just as in the same manner and in the same verse he speaks of all such as having drunk of the "cup of the Lord," under the same divine influence, "And have been made to drink into one spirit."

11thly, It seems probable, though not proved, that by "Lord's-day," John means the first day of the week. But if by this question it is intended to suggest that baptism is not a duty, an important duty, because not called "The Lord's baptism," like the *Day* and the *Supper*—and otherwise the question has no point—the supposition is of dangerous tendency, for it sets aside the whole circle of Christian duties. The phrase "John's baptism," which occurs in answer to a question put by Paul arose very naturally, but was uttered by persons of very little knowledge, though such as were willing to learn better both the import of their baptism and of the whole Gospel.

12thly, We go to Greek Lexicons and learned men for the import of *baptizo*, because there is no other way of learning the meaning of a word in ancient Greek, the language of the New Testament, but by tracing its use *before and in the time the Christian books were written*. There are two ways of learning the thing, a good acquaintance with Greek books of such times, or an application to lexicons, &c. The first is the best, being first hand knowledge, whereas the other is second hand. As to what is said about such a course being not necessary, the Holy Ghost having explained it by "pour out," "shed forth," "fell on," it is sheer ignorance. These words all refer, as any one may see, to the gift of the Holy Ghost, and to the *thing*, not to the *word*. No doubt there is some analogy in this gift to baptism, but not in the mode or *how* the gift was bestowed. The mode of spiritual action is unknown, John iii. 8. As this, like all other spiritual gifts, came "from above," the expressions used are very appropriate to designate its source. Of its manner they convey no information at all, perhaps no words *could* do so. We are concerned with the *fact* of divine operation not the *mode*.

As *baptizo* is not translated in the common Bible by any equivalent English word, but is merely printed as in the original, only with the letter *s* for final instead of *o*—baptize in-

stead of baptizo—and as our common use of the word is one foreign to its ancient use, causing much dispute, we *must* go to Greek of New Testament times for its *scriptural* meaning. Your's truly, THOMAS OWEN.  
Cranfield, Beds,  
Nov. 18th, 1857.

A CRITICAL REVIEW OF  
BAPTISM BY IMMERSION.

MR. EDITOR, DEAR SIR—I was not a little surprised to find in your number for November, a series of questions on baptism by "A Villager." It was scarcely fair to invade you on your own territory, and rather unreasonable to expect that you would sit down quietly and give yourself up to self-execution. Perchance however it may have been a *ruse de guerre*, intended to excite you to make a display of your artillery, and put the enemy to an ignominious flight. From the number and mettle of your correspondents, I have no doubt that the replies will be as numerous as blackberries, and as like each other as a shoal of mackerel. If, however, it is expected they will be satisfactory, they must come from persons of a different calibre to Messrs Jones and Cozens, the former of whom appears to have a large proportion of words to a very small modicum of ideas; and the latter, to possess so good an opinion of himself as to shew involuntarily how little a man may know of a classic language while he is engaged in multiplying his evidences. Mr. Jones complains of the want of modesty in the "Villager;" and Mr. Cozens says he is "impertinent and irrelevant." It might fairly be questioned if Mr. Cozens understands the meaning of the word *irrelevant*, it is so utterly inappropriate to the occasion; but they both might remember that epithets are not arguments, nor very becoming in ministers of the gospel. Mr. Jones has made several quotations from Dr. Gill, explanatory of the words used by the apostle Paul in 1 Cor. i 14; but with all due respect for the learned doctor, I cannot accept his explanation. To my mind, it appears a mere subterfuge, for the purpose of avoiding an obvious conclusion. If the rite of baptism be an ordinance of the Lord Jesus Christ, the apostle made but a sorry excuse for treating it with indifference; and I would fearlessly put it to any unprejudiced person, whether it is at all probable that the great Apostle of the Gentiles, who was ready to lay down his life for his Master's sake, would act so pusillanimous a part as to repudiate an express command, in order to evade the charge of having baptized in his own name. Nor is this all, for he not only disputes such command, but thanks God that he administered the rite only on a few occasions, declaring that baptism formed no part of his mission as a minister of the gospel. Mr. Jones maintains that it is his duty to do both, and while the Apostle endeavoured to promote "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," Mr. Jones contends for the disunion of the church on the ground of nonconformity. How strange the infatuation!

If I do not mistake, the apostle Peter was under an impression somewhat similar to his brother Paul, when, writing to the strangers he says, (1 Eph. iii. 22), "the like figure (or type), whereunto baptism doth also now save us; not the putting away the filth of the flesh (not the external rite of purification by water), but the answer of a good conscience towards God, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ."

As respects the various lexiconic quotations by Mr. Cozens, referring to the words *bapto* and its derivative *baptizo*, I beg leave to suggest to him that the question does not turn upon the rendering of the word in dictionaries, but on the sense in which it was used by the Greeks and Hellenists of that day. There are many words in our vernacular idiom which are used conventionally, in a sense which every one understands, although differing from that found in dictionaries. This point however will be established by a reference to the original where the verb *baptizo* is repeatedly used to signify washing—and is so rendered in our translation. In Mark's gospel (vi. 4.) it is said that the Pharisees when they come from market, eat not (*ean me baptisontai*) until they are baptized; this baptism, or purification, was performed by pouring water on each hand alternately. The Evangelist then goes on to narrate, that there are many other things they assume to hold as the baptism (*baptismos*) of cups, pots, brazen vessels, and tables, or beds, (*klinon*) couches rather. Our Lord reproved their superstition in these words, "for laying aside the commandments of God, ye hold the tradition of men, the baptizing of pots, and cups, and many such things ye do."

Again, it is recorded in Luke's Gospel, (xi. 38), that a Pharisee invited our Lord to dine with him, "and he went in and sat down to meat; and when the Pharisee saw it, he marvelled that he was not first baptized, (*ote ou proton ebaptisthe*) before he sat down to meat." Indeed it needs but little research to prove, that among the Jews all purifications by water for sacred purposes were called baptisms. Hence the Apostle in his Epistle to the Hebrews (ix. 10.) says, that the Mosaic ritual stood "only in meats and drinks and divers baptisms," (*diaphorais baptismois*) translated divers washings, imposed until the time of reformation, but no longer. Water was an emblem admirably suited to set forth the cleansing efficacy of the Spirit's influence, and hence its constant use in the Mosaic economy. It was a ceremonial washing and nothing else. As respects the mode in which the rite was performed all the probabilities are in favour of the pouring water on the head of the recipient—of the several persons referred to, specifically in the New Testament, there were three in the open air, two in private houses, one in a jail, and one in a city; but there is no authority whatever for asserting that either of them was by immersion. A modern traveller of undoubted veracity, says, that the whole neighbourhood of Jerusalem, during nine months of the year, is as dry as a bone; in the winter months the rain descends in torrents, and upon these, the inhabitants depend for their supply, which they collect in pools, and cisterns, or wells. Now it is evident that im-



mersion could not take place in the pools as the authorities would not allow it, to say nothing of its publicity, and the neighbourhood affords no alternative. The Jordan is the only river deserving the name throughout the Holy Land, and this is nearly forty miles distant from Jerusalem. Near Gaza there is neither stream nor lake at any time of the year more than ankle deep, so that the eunuch could not have been immersed, and every tyro in Greek knows that the prepositions translated (into and out of) might with rather more propriety be rendered, to and from.

John baptized at a fountain near Salem, called Enon, because many streams (*polla udata*) proceeded from it, but there is no analogy for the translation "much water." How then were the three thousand converts baptized? To suppose that they were immersed, is to set at defiance the concurrent testimony of every historical record relating to the geography of the country. In conclusion, I quote the words of Peter (Acts xi. 16,) ("Then remembered I the words of the Lord, how that he said, John indeed baptized with water, but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost, and, "by one spirit are we all baptized into one body." (1 Cor. xii. 13.) For there is (but) one Lord, one faith, one baptism. (Eph. iv. 5. In virtue of this relationship,

I am, dear Sir, Yours faithfully,

NEMO.

## OF CHRIST'S PRE-EXISTENCE.

THAT the Son (so called in reference to the then future, and not to the past) that the Son of God, existed from everlasting is unquestionably asserted and taught by divine revelation, which assigns a peculiar name to him previous to his incarnation, viz., that designation the *Word*, (John i. 1,) "His name is called the Word of God," (Rev. 19. 13. See 1 John v. 6, 7,) which appears with Messiah to have been his title as a being inhabiting eternity. "In the beginning was the *Word*," (John i. 1) i.e. the *Word* had existence and being before the beginning, and therefore was uncreated and eternal, for beginning implies the commencement of God's accomplishing his divine purposes) and this "Word was with (incorporate with) God," for in the beginning the *Word* was God." In nature with, and inclusive of, the first and second persons of the Holy Trinity. John xiv. 10-11. The *Word* being called *God* teaches us he is of the same immaculate deity, for although *with*, he is also *God*, (inclusive of the Father and Holy Ghost in the divine unity of Godhead). "The same (the *Word*) was (existed) in the beginning (with or in union) with God," (1 John i. 1-2) and in his first epistle he adds, "That which was (had existence) in the beginning," (of creation) (1 John i. 1) so if he had existence THEN, he is *God*, and not a creature, for before *God* commences the work of creation, it is positively stated that the *Word* was!!! Christ in eternity is represented as dwelling in the bosom of the Father. John i. 18. This evi-

dently means much more than the mere existing in any divine purpose or decree, and it undoubtedly means the *real existence of the Word* in the being of the true *God*, or that being one with him in nature and deity which is taught by Christ's own declaration, "I and my Father are one!!!" and thus the *Word* combined with the first and second persons of the Holy Trinity perfects the *one true and everlasting Jehovah*. So that although there were three distinct and perfect substances capable of acting apart, (Gen. i. 2. Luke iii. 22. 1 Tim. i. 15). Yet there remained but *one Jehovah*, of whom man's soul and body is a lively symbol, which form but *one being*, yet the soul can subsist independent of the body, although imperfect without it. In like manner the *Word*, or *eternal Son of God*, the Holy Ghost, and the Father are but one *God*. The first co-equal person of the Trinity is not called "Father" in respect of the Godhead or deity of the "Son," neither is it from being prior or superior in dignity to Him, for the *Word* is co-eternal and co-equal with the Father, dwelt ever with Him, (in union) and was one with Him from everlasting.

But the designation "Father" given to the first person of the blessed Trinity was probably from *His* being the prime mover, the purposer, and decree-er of that mystery to angels, the incarnation, in which the co-equal and co-eternal Son of God was to become the *son of man*! Gal. iv. 4. Gen. iii. 15. Matt. xvi. 13. The only passage wherein the term "Son of man" is used before His incarnation, is clearly understood to be relative to the future state which he was to assume. "For a body thou hast prepared me." Heb. x. 5. The passage is Dan. vii. 13. "I saw in the night, visions, and behold one like the Son of man came with the clouds of heaven." It is an even twich *has not yet occurred*, and therefore it does not refer to the nature of the *Word* as He then existed; for in the beginning he *was God*. But this passage calls him after his future *manhood* which He would in the fulness of time assume, and therefore he is here called the "*Son of man*," because such he would be when this prophecy would be accomplished; and Dan. iii. 25, and Heb. i. 6, refers to the future. He is here called *Son*, but not in respect of his inferiority, for even on earth he "thought it not robbery to be equal with *God*." But this is not evidence that He existed in any way whatever as human, but it remarkably says "God is not as man that he should lie, neither as the Son of man (or human) that he should repent." It brings this *strong evidence* forward to convince us that the *Word* was not a man, and repenteth not of any of His acts: Therefore we go back to the reason why God received the appellation *Father* being in respect to the *manhood* of the *Word* that this appellation was given to God by the eternal Son. So the Lord from heaven was made a quickening Spirit (1 Cor. xv. 45-47,) and the "*Word* was made flesh." John i. 14.

Now, if the *Word* possessed either a human soul, or a material body from eternity, this could not be said of Him, viz., that He was made a quickening Spirit and human flesh, for to be made, in this case, implies the taking

upon or being clothed with a body and soul at the birth, for if Christ became a true man, in respect of humanity, then His human soul like theirs was not anterior to his human body, and it is said it *behoved him in all things to be made like unto his brethren*, which implies that the time when he assumed the human soul and body was while he had brethren in existence! for who could be the brethren, to whom he was to be made like, if this refers to *eternity*, and thus undoubtedly the *Word* was made flesh in a mystical and incomprehensible manner. Thus Christ's state of existence "before all worlds" being different from human spirit and flesh, is called "Word" of the essence and deity of the Trinity, equal in power, might, and glory with the other essences of the eternal Godhead, and although it is said "He is the same yesterday, (or the eternal past) to-day and for ever," yet this does not prove that he ever possessed a human body and soul, but this passage merely refers to the nature of the *Word*, which ever remains the same, so if in the beginning he was God, then he remains God still, and will do so for eternity. *He took upon him our nature*, while we conceive his eternal deity or *Word-ship* remained the same, (being God without one shadow of turning) although acting [in the Godhead] with the soul and body of Jesus Christ sustaining it, with its infirmities and passions, for in him dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. Col. ii. 9.

Thus we look upon the Son as being divine and human, God and man, or as a compound being. 1st, that nature which he ever possessed, the being of the *Word*, without change and from everlasting. 2nd, that being of humanity which contains a soul and body, with which the *Word* became clothed, capable of feeling and torture, hunger and thirst; took upon himself the form of a servant, implying servility and obedience to his Father's will. Thus we learn he had not this form of servility in eternity, for if he had this form in his pre-existence, how could he *assume* it? We hear nothing of *two* divinities, or *two* states of being in the Son in eternity, the one greater and equal with God, and another inferior to God, and but a mere human soul. This is only a vain idea, it is not part of revelation; it is only a human conception, without any evidence whatever, that Christ had a human soul previous to his having a human body. It is highly probable that the Son assumed *various* forms to be seen by mortals before his incarnation, "for no man hath seen God at any time," (viz., his eternal deity and Godhead, being Spirit devoid of flesh and blood) said Christ. We do not think the *Word* ever assumed corporeal flesh until *born* of the virgin Mary, when the *Word* was made flesh, and dwelt among us. The *Word* could not be a human soul of Christ in pre-existence, for then He was not God. "I was *set up* from everlasting" probably refers to the divine decree referring to Christ's *humanity*, by which he was "set up," as head of his elect church, (Eph. i. 4) "or ever the earth (matter) was," (Prov. viii. 23) which is no more than that divine assertion, "He was *stain* from before the foundation of the world," (Rev. xiii.

8) and thus was he the first of every creature, (Col. i. 15) the beginning of the creation of God (Rev. xiii. 14). That his soul was possessed (*in the decree*) in the beginning, see the meaning of "possessed" in Dan. vii. 22, which also refers to unfulfilled *future*. Thus was he the first-born of every creature in *excellence*! But this does not mean that God created him prior to any creature, (Ps. lxxxix. ix. 26-27) for he is also called the "*First-begotten from the dead*," yet many died before him, and Abraham is represented to be in happiness whilst Christ was on earth relating the narrative.

Finally, there are three bearing record in heaven, the *Father*, the *Word*, and the *Holy Ghost*, and these three are *one*! as they were before God commenced his work of creation in the beginning. I have not written this under the spirit of controversy, but the rather to quell the agitation and tumult produced by such useless enquiries as this. I believe I have said as much, and not more, than is revealed. Therewith let us be content, feeling grateful that in the fulness of time the *Word* was made *flesh*, and bare our sins, (the elect family) in his body on the tree, (1 Pet. ii. 24. Col. i. 22) When we see that baptism has caused such divisions in the church of God, let us beware lest this subject be attended with still greater disasters. Let us follow *scripture*, and not *human reason*, the one being revealed *truth*, the other pampered *error*, and moral death.

Your's respectfully, H. H. H.

## "IS MY EXPERIENCE RIGHT?"

### A N ENQUIRY.

(To the Editor of THE EARTHEN VESSEL).

DEAR SIR—I wish you, or one of your readers, would answer a question faithfully. Many years since, I thought I was called under the ministry of one now gone to glory. I have attended the means ever since. I did so before; but know that was hypocrisy, as I never thought for what I went. I cannot find that I have a heart-felt knowledge of sin, or of Jesus. I know I am a sinner, and without him I must perish; but I cannot feel it. I am like an heathen; though I know the letter of truth well; so foolish and so ignorant am I, I am as a beast before him. I have again and again entreated him to reveal himself to me; to breathe his word into my heart, and manifest himself to me as he does not to the world; but, year after year passes, and I remain the same: through mercy I am kept from the world; I have no wish to mix with that; nor will anything short of God's truth please my ear; but what I want is a heart-felt knowledge of it. Do you think I shall ever gain it? I often wish I had never made any profession, then I should not have deceived others; yet I love to walk and talk with saints, and join in Zion's song. I do not like any other company.

May every blessing of a covenant Jehovah

rest upon you, now, henceforth, and forever.

S. A. B.

### ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

How various are the exercises, both of mere professors and of real possessors! and so near, in many cases, does the one in appearance come to the other, that it is often very difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish the one from the other. The two kinds of *wavering* so common among true and mere natural believers (the one in reality calling the truth itself in question, the other honestly fearing it is not interested in the truth), wear in many instances the same aspects; and we have seen many, who appeared in their experience much like our correspondent, who have gone off into the world, and some into duty-faithism, and from thence into the perfection of infidelity, and have died as reprobrates.

How, then, shall we distinguish between that experience which comes to nought, and that which worketh patience unto salvation? We should *hope* the experience of our correspondent is such as will wear well. We will give a few words upon that mark, that law, that rule which distinguishes the true from the false; and that rule is the law and testimony of God. "If they speak not according to this word there is no (true) light in them." The law and testimony mean that Divine order of eternal truth by which a *sinner is saved*.

Now, the *false-experience-man* may for a time run well in this gospel freedom order of things; but such not being *deeply* wounded by the shafts of conviction, nor their spirits drank up by the arrows of the Almighty, they begin to *wriggle* and *twist*, and under the *pretence* of solemn doubting as to whether or not they are real Christians, under this pretence, they are in reality nibbling at the *truth itself*; and they become so solemnly exercised that they are afraid of going *too far*, and so begin to pull in a little, and begin *secretly* to express it as their *private* opinion, that the *duties* of religion ought to be more preached; and in due time their hypocrisy is made manifest, under the mask of pretended superior piety; and so to the *truth they die daily*. Sometimes their death is very sudden; but generally their death is very lingering, and they work hard to persuade us that they are not dying to the truth. Their lamps, before they go quite out, will flicker and revive, and become bright enough for a time, again to deceive many. While the Judge of all is saying, "That that dieth, let it die." What numbers of branches in Christ professionally thus wither and die! *Men* gather them, the world receives them; for the world will love its own; the world receives them, and casts them into the fire of contention against the truth, and they become twice dead,—dead to the *true church* of God, and dead to the truth. Now, such never were in reality made straight to the truth; so we see it is not so much the *amount* of terror, or trembling, or fear, or heart-searching that may be experi-

enced, that forms the test by which to judge of the reality of experience, as it is the *kind* of conviction the soul is brought under; a *grain* of the *true* is better than a storehouse full of the false; hence it often happens that he who has most to say is the first to come to nothing.

Our correspondent, we trust, is one who wishes to be dealt honestly with; and we will ask him a few questions; and if he can answer them in the affirmative he will certainly find, in due time, the pearl of great price, and come into all the freedom of one set free by the blood of the everlasting covenant.

Can he truly say that, with all his want of heart-felt convictions of sin, can he say that the testimony of Christ is bound up in his heart—that is, that Christ died for sinners, for the ungodly, for them that are *without strength*, for them that are virtually lost? Is the eternal redemption, the eternal certainty of thine eternal life—is this truth dearer to thee than thousands of gold and silver? Is the truth of eternal justification a watch-word with thee? Is the Holy Spirit in his power and sovereignty dear to thee? Art thou offended, or art thou pleased, when thou readeest of the Holy Spirit of God, that the nations are counted to him as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the *small* dust of the balance; that he taketh up the isles as a very little thing,—that is, as an *atom*,—and that the nations to him are as nothing, and are counted to him *less than nothing*? Dost thou, then, feel thyself to be as but a drop of a bucket, which fiery wrath could in a moment dry up from off the earth? and dost thou feel that thou art as the *small* dust of the balance, unable in the least degree to turn the scales in thy own favor? that thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting, not in some things only, but in *everything*? and art thou brought really to nothing, and to *less than nothing*? "Less than nothing! (say you) how can I be less than nothing?" We will tell thee how thou must be brought to feel that thou art less than nothing. Thou art less than nothing, inasmuch as thou canst not only in salvation matters *do nothing*, but thou thyself art the greatest *hindrance* in existence to thy own salvation. Christ died for thee, thy sin put away; *but, sin in thee*, the hardness, blindness, and unbelief of thine heart, will do all they can to keep the truth from thy soul: so far, therefore, from helping in the matter, thou art *worse* than nothing. Dost thou see this, and somewhat feel this? If so, thy mouth will be kept from boasting, and mere letter ministers will be of no avail to thee; the sovereignty and certainty of the power and testimonies of the Holy Ghost will take fast hold upon thee, and if thy experience be of the *right kind*, it will lie straight with no doctrine of creature effort, nor with anything contrary to the sovereignty of that Eternal Spirit, who giveth to every man severally as he *will*.

And again. What sayest thou to elective blessedness? Is thy whole soul without a wriggle or a twist, or a *secret* enmity, really and truly at home therein? Art thou *fully*

convinced that if electing grace did not give thee to Christ, nothing else could? If so, thou art not far from the kingdom of God, thy face is rightly towards Zion, and the more complaints thou hast against thyself, the more room thou wilt have in thy soul for the truth. Canst thou, then, thus endure *sound doctrine*, yea, cling to it as thy life, and as the only genial element of thy soul? Then tarry thou in Jerusalem, and wait upon God continually, and ere long thou wilt be endued with power from on high. Tarry by the stuff, and thou wilt have a worthy portion; the lines will fall to thee in pleasant places; yea, thou wilt have a goodly heritage; for thou hast the *spirit of truth*; thou hast the *spirit of adoption*; thou hast the *spirit of freedom*; and the vision is for an appointed time; and the *time will come*, when the promise of truth will be sealed home and be thine; and as you now have the *spirit of adoption*, you will in due time have the adoption itself, and cry, "Abba, Father." As you have the *spirit of liberty*, you will, when to you the Son of God is revealed, be made free; and thus it is written,— "In whom ye also trusted, *after* ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation; in whom also *after* that ye believed, ye were sealed with that holy spirit of promise." Amen.

### Memorials of Departed Saints.

#### WILLIAM CURTIS, OF CHATTERIS, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

It is written "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." Palm. cxii. 6, by their Lord and Covenant God, living with him in the "Rest that remains for the people of God," where they behold his face and person who was and is their righteousness—their Jesus, their all and in all for ever and ever, and although mortality is now "swallowed up of life" to our departed friend, yet we would record a few things that shall, by God's blessing, remain to tell out the wonders of grace to his soul that we may be "followers of them who through faith and patience now inherit the promises," and a testimony of affection in the published records of the church to the church militant, which ere long will be the church triumphant.

"Thus shall the mighty engine last,  
Till all the saints are gathered home;  
Then for tho' archangel's mighty blast  
To shake it all to dust again."

Our friend was called in early life to a knowledge of himself as a lost and ruined sinner; a law-breaker and under the curse, as early as 1810. I find his name appended to one of the late Mr. John Stevens's works, and I believe it was a year or two before that he was under distressing fears and alarms for sin charged on the conscience as before God, although he often praised the Lord he was not left to run to the length of outward sin many are, yet he knew and felt, as expressed in our hearing and others, he was as great a sinner as any,— "Unclean, unclean, and full of sin, from first to last, O Lord, I have been; de-

ceitful is my heart." But under the preaching of that servant of God, Mr. Stevens, his soul was led unto, and into, Christ as his Hiding-place, Surety, Saviour, and Redeemer, which made him value Mr. S.'s preaching, so that when that good man would have left off coming to Chatteris from Boston to preach in the week, because so few attended, and no good he thought particularly resulted from his labours, William Curtis urged him with others to come as long as he continued there, which is believed he did till he removed to London, and then ever afterwards Mr. S. visited Chatteris at different times, and to our friend his sermons of "Christ and him crucified" for the chief of sinners in the chain of sovereignty, reigning in eternal unconditional election and redemption, were precious to his soul.

We remember him some twelve months since, when speaking of the novelties of the day in the religious world, and how vain such doctrines are, either for saint or sinner, he said, "No novelties; no novelties, friend, will do; old-fashioned truth; old-fashioned truth—Grace—Grace only, can or will save such sinners as you and I; we are lost and must have a whole Saviour without money: Jesus saves the lost—

'Come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify.'

This is to the living, not the dead." Our friend worshipped at Bethel Chapel, under the ministry of the late Mr. T. Bonfield, for years, where we think he was deacon, and who, we believe, baptized him. Here he continued for years a warm advocate for truth, and for the ordinances of Christ's house and kingdom, never giving way to open or mixed communion, or Fullerite principles; firm through grace to his Master's authority and doctrine, "Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God," in the order of revelation, than deviate to conciliate the pomps and vanities too frequently palmed upon the people of God; and when in 1839, or so, the two causes joined, our friend removed to "Zion Chapel," where, through grace, he continued an honourable and useful member to the end of his days.

Our friend was afflicted for some time before his decease. In the course of his affliction he often gave utterance to his hope and faith in Jesus' finished and complete work; in the Father's pardoning grace and love, which had been made sweet to his poor soul by the work and power of the Holy Comforter. A few weeks before his death, I visited him, and making a few remarks, he said "on the Rock, on the Rock;" I said,

"Rock of ages, shelter me,"

Is not that your cry?—

"Let me hide myself in thee;  
Let the water and the blood  
From thy wounded side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure—  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power?"

He said, "Yes; yes; that is it. Sometimes dark, and sometimes light; happy, happy, when in Christ I rest." Well, I said, at long-

est, it will soon be over, and then, if true mourners after Christ, it will be all well, for it "shall be well with the righteous," eternally, for ever well;

"And then, O how sweet the conqueror's song."

A few days before the Spirit departed, our brother was sorely tried and was in some distressing trouble of soul, but the Lord was pleased to break in upon his soul, and he was enabled to say, "The Lord is my portion. Happy, happy; I'm going home!" Two or three days after, he said to his beloved partner, "I said I had something to say to you; Now come, let me tell you I have had a sore conflict with the enemy, but all is well; I shall soon be at home; Christ is with me; I know in whom I have believed;"

'I shall see his face, and wear a starry crown;

Don't sorrow for me; keep your place; stand by and in the truth; be kind to the poor; the Lord bless you; I have much to say, but can say no more now." So our friend continued for a day or two, often evidently in prayers, ejaculating "Blessed Lord! Good God! Sweet Saviour! Happy! Happy!" till he fell asleep in Jesus, Tuesday, October 20th, 1857. He was buried on the following Tuesday, at the cemetery; a large concourse of relatives and friends followed the corpse to the grave, borne by "devout men" to the hearse, and thence to the last resting place. Mr. D. Irish, of Ramsey, (late Warboys) gave a solemn, comforting address to believers, with an appeal of warning to sinners. Mr. Wilkins concluded in prayer. In the evening Mr. Irish preached the funeral sermon to a good and attentive congregation, from Lam. iii. 24, a portion of Scripture often blessed and repeated by the departed. The preacher gave utterance to his feelings of "good hope" that the departed had been partaker of and enjoyed for many years; and was now in the full possession of its glorious fruition; he had known the departed for 26 years, but he was about to speak not so much of him as of the Saviour, who ever lives as the Church's portion in time and eternity. It was found good to be there. Six brethren attended the funeral to show expressions of regard, viz. Irish, Austen, Griffiths, Wilkins, Poynder, and Flory.

Three sweet hymns were sung, I believe, selected by the departed,—401, 402, and 403, Stevens's Selection—two verses of which allow me to close with,—

"In vain my fancy strives to paint  
The moment after death—  
The glories that surround the saints  
When yielding up their breath.

"One gentle sigh their fetters breaks,  
We scarce can say 'They're gone,'  
Before the willing spirit takes  
Her mansion near the throne."

Somersham.

J. FLORY.

LINES IN MEMORY OF  
HARRIET LEES.

HARRIET LEES departed this life November 25th, 1857, aged 35 years. She was brought by the Holy Spirit, to know and feel she was a sinner; that the LORD JESUS CHRIST was her Saviour in life and in death. She adored the wonders of eternal electing love; and often said upon her dying bed, "Why did the Lord choose me to life?" She fell asleep in Jesus "blessed are the dead who die in the Lord": when He comes in glory, she will be found amongst the ransomed.

The following verses were composed by her brother-in-law, Robert Daggett, of Hulme, near Manchester, where she died.

When Jesus calls believers home,  
They cheerfully resign their breath:  
From heaven to guard them angels come  
Through the cold arms of conquer'd death.

Death, when it comes, it hath no dread:  
They know that JESUS CHRIST can save:  
And cheerful on their dying bed,  
They leave their body for the grave.

Not all that hell or earth can do  
Can move their faith from Christ their Lord,  
O'er Jordan's flood he'll take them through,  
He is their Saviour and their God.

The Holy Spirit gives them faith  
That works by love, and conquers hell;  
They triumph o'er the world and death,  
And dying saints can sing "TIS WELL."

On his atoning blood they rest  
Which Jesus shed upon the tree;  
And when they die they're ever blessed,  
And from the world and sin are free.

Each ransom'd soul arrives at last  
To never, never part no more;  
And all their fears, and toils are past,  
And they are safe on Canaan's shore.

Their happy souls are cloth'd in white,  
Their robes are washed in Jesu's blood;  
Their starry crowns are ever bright,  
Now they appear before their God.

None of the blood-bought host at last,—  
Those chosen heirs—shall miss the prize—  
They'll hear the trumpet's solemn blast,  
And from the grave these saints shall rise.

And HARRIET LEES amongst that throng  
Shall sing of his redeeming love;  
There will be then no silent tongue,  
All will be life and all be love.

And when the whole redeemed shall meet,  
None will be miss'd that glorious day;  
For all shall sit at Jesu's feet,  
While endless ages roll away.

How she'll adore electing grace,  
The wonders of redeeming love;  
And see the Saviour face to face,  
In that eternal world above.

Ye chosen heirs of sovereign grace,  
That still are wandering hore below,  
You all shall reach that happy place  
And soon to Jesus safely go.

## Our Churches, their Pastors, and their People.

THE PRESENT EXCITEMENT FOR PREACHING;

AND

MR. JAMES WELLS'S SERMON IN THE SURREY GARDENS

MUSIC HALL.

"We certainly live"—(as our fathers and grandfathers before us, would have said) "in extraordinary times!" As regards the immense amount of preaching, we surely shall not err, if we say, there never were such days before. The Puseyites have opened Westminster Abbey for Sunday evening services: it is full to overflowing. The aristocratic Dissenters have opened Exeter Hall for the same purpose; it is crowded to excess. Mr. Spurgeon, as every body knows, has opened the Surrey Gardens Music Hall; and he keeps it full from top to toe. Beside this, we have in our part of the metropolis, preaching stations, and lecture halls almost in every street; forsooth, we say, we ought to be good people now-a-days. Every denomination seems on the stretch to do its utmost to gather up, and to get in the masses to hear something: the days are surely come, when the prophecy is fulfilling—"Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."

Before us lays a printed sermon entitled—"The Right Spirit." The sermon preached by Mr. James Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle, in the Surrey Gardens Music Hall, on Sunday evening, January 10th, 1858, to an assembly of upwards of ten thousand persons, on behalf of the Christian Blind Relief Society." We have heard a great deal about wrong spirits in these days of gospel excitement; but now we have "THE RIGHT SPIRIT"—and that in the Music Hall too; and this right spirit described and declared by the unflinching Pastor of the Surrey Tabernacle. We shall not criticise either the circumstance or the sermon;—some good people have spoken to us in a very angry tone; they have not considered the movement a "right" one at all. And the question has been asked again and again—"Ah! was it a right spirit?" We have weighed the query; and we hold ourselves alone responsible for the answer. There appears, to us four things about the event which indicate a "right spirit." In the first place, the Christian Blind Relief Society is a "noble institution:" it affords relief to "the needy blind of every protestant denomination:"—

and we suppose—although we are neither in their cabinet, nor acquainted with their secrets or movements, but *we suppose*, the committee thought it would be an excellent mean of aiding their funds, if Mr. James Wells would preach for them in that spacious hall. Accordingly, they petitioned him to do so; and amazing to relate, he consented to shut up the Surrey Tabernacle on a Sunday evening; and to go into the Surrey Gardens Music Hall—and there to preach the gospel: this, we think, was "*the Right Spirit.*" Secondly—report says "not less than twelve thousand persons resolved to go and hear him, ten thousand (they say) obtained admission: there was also, we think, "*The Right Spirit.*" Thirdly,—the sermon itself—as printed—we did not hear it—but as printed, is an able discourse on three points:—it exhibits thirteen charges which the Holy Ghost brings against the whole human race; it then shows how the Saviour met those thirteen charges; and how individually and personally we must meet these charges, or perish for ever!" the consequences of *not* having—and the benefits resulting from a possession of, the Spirit of Christ were faithfully declared; so that we think the sermon itself, and the manner in which it was delivered, may well be called, "*The Right Spirit.*" And, lastly, as the funds of the Christian Blind Relief Society received from the collection £50 or more, we cannot but think, there was among the people "*the Right Spirit.*" We hope the day will declare that eternal blessings fell into many precious souls that evening and that the ministerial crown of our brother Wells will have many a living stone from that evening's service. It is no use men being jealous and angry because we little ones cannot do as the great ones do. Let us all do what we can for HIM who has done all for us—and so live and die in peace. The sermon is published by Mr. J. G. Stevenson, of 54, Paternoster-row; and *The Christian Chronicle* gives a portrait of Mr. Wells, and report of the proceedings. The portrait, we think, is anything but flattering.

[Several reports of annual meetings have been sent too late. We entreat our correspondents to send earlier in the month for all internal matters.—ED.]

## DISTRESS AND DELIVERANCE.

*The Experience of a Female Disciple.*

CHARLES STREET CHAPEL, CAMBERWELL.  
 JAN. 15, 1858.—Christian readers.—It has pleased our covenant God to let some mercy drops fall on his church below. Myself, with some other readers of the *VESSEL*, thought the following statement given before the church, previous to baptism, might be useful to encourage others to follow the Lord in his own appointed ordinance of believer's baptism, and therefore will attempt to lay before you the experience of a young person. First, about the age of 17 years, when called upon to state to the church the Lord's dealings with her soul, she spake thus:—"I cannot recollect the time when first awakened to a sense of my ruined state as a sinner, but it must have been very early in life, for as far back as I can remember, I had great fear of death, and a strong desire to be released from sin, which is its sting. This thought was continually present to my mind. Oh! if the Lord would only have mercy upon me; that is all I want. I used to dread the approach of night, as then the enemy would set in upon me, and tell me that if I went to sleep I should never wake again: so that I often had sleepless nights, and oftentimes when I had such, dozed, and would start up with fright, imagining that I should wake in hell, and was compelled to spring from my bed, and fall on my knees and beg for mercy, and often did I wish myself a cat or a bird, as then I should have no soul to be troubled about. At this time the greatest stumblingblock to my mind was the fact that all must believe before they could be saved. "Believe, Believe,—I used to say to myself—and what is it to believe? If I am to believe that Jesus is the Son of God and a powerful Saviour, I do believe that, but so do thousands of worldly people; I am no better than they." And, thus I used to listen attentively to catch the words of every sermon in hope that something might be said to reach my case; but no. Thus things went on for some years, and at one time I fancied I had found the peace of God which passeth understanding, as light seemed to shine in upon me; and I thought myself secure.

"Now will I praise the Lord,"

was the language of my soul; but after an interval of some little time, I found I had been building on my own works, thinking that by attention to means of grace, and shewing kindness to those around me, I should obtain the proof that I was born again; and so force myself into the belief that I was a child of God. But this deceptive light, God in his great mercy was pleased to remove from me; as it appears he had foreordained that, in my case his ministers should not be the instruments of leading me to a knowledge of himself, but by the word of God and letters from my dear mother, who used to speak so lovingly of Jesus, and of what he had been as a Saviour and Friend to her. He drew me gradually and almost imperceptibly to him, and the time was not far distant when the glorious light of the Holy Spirit breaking in upon my soul should cause my bondage to

cease. I had been sent to France in order to acquire the language of the country, and I need scarcely say to you, that by the grace of God I returned untainted by the Popish superstitions around me, which seemed to me like so many idle mummeries. I often went to their churches that I might be able to judge for myself, but invariably returned wearied and disgusted: and here I must say I thank God that I was not first sent to the Capital; for whilst residing in the country some miles from any town, where the Roman religion, as it is called, was not set forth with that splendour which it wears in large towns, I became heartily to despise a religion which contains nothing but empty forms, and shows the hideous vices which were even then revealed to me. I was at this period earnestly longing for the bread which came down from heaven, and nothing short of Christ would satisfy the craving of my soul; but the full evidence of my interest did not come until I went to Paris. It came simply and sweetly at last, as I was one evening reading the Bible to my sister (as was my custom) while she was in bed, and having finished reading, I was turning over the leaves to find something for myself, I opened at John's gospel, 6th chapter, 37th verse, and read, "All that the Father giveth me shall come unto me, and him that cometh to me I will in *no wise cast out*;" and likewise the 44th verse, along with others, such as, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." These, with many others were so powerfully applied to my soul that I was led to the conclusion that I was a great sinner, and the great Redeemer who had said he would in *no wise cast out any* that came to him, would receive me who had sought him sorrowing so long, and that since the Scriptures declare that "we love him because he first loved us," I felt that since his everlasting love was fixed upon me, since I loved him as my Redeemer from death and hell, I trust I felt thankful to God for his unmerited mercy to my soul, in having brought me to himself, and assured me of my interest in his precious blood as the ground of my hope of salvation.

Although since that time I have been often cast down on account of my sins, yet I have never lost sight of the Rock on which my faith is built, *even Christ*, until at last love has compelled me to come forward and present myself as a candidate for Baptism by Immersion, which I firmly believe to be the only Scriptural method, of baptizing.

And after this, having given some satisfactory answers to a few questions respecting her views of the doctrine of the Trinity, she was unanimously received. And now, if it was not that I should be occupying too much of your room, I should like to have given some particulars related by another sister, and two brethren, previous to their Baptism.

The sister referred to, was graciously set at liberty (after many year's bondage) by the Lord himself, and brought to Charles-street Chapel, where the word has been made very precious to her soul. The youngest of the brethren was convinced of his lost state as a sinner by conversation between two of his

fellow workmen. He had always attended the Church of England, but did not get any food for his soul, although he tried many different ministers, and it did appear at one time as if he was determined to continue in the Church, having heard that man of God, Mr. West, preach, and profited thereby; but our God was pleased, when for many months walking in darkness, to direct his steps into the Baptist Chapel, Charles-street, where he heard the word with no small degree of feeling; and after some time the Lord spoke home the words of Isaiah, 44th chapter, 25th verse, with such power that he felt he could rejoice in the Lord as his portion, and although now frequently distressed on account of his inbred corruptions, yet he was enabled to look to Jesus, and to him only for salvation.

Then the last brother stated that it was in Charles-street Chapel the Lord first began the good work of grace in his heart. He, being convinced of his sinful state, felt assured that nothing but the blood of the Lamb slain would satisfy the justice of God, and speak peace and pardon to his soul, which he was happy to say he had felt to be the case, and he therefore desired to follow the Lord in his own appointed ordinance of believer's baptism, which was attended to on Lord's-day evening, Jan. 10th, 1858. The house was well filled with attentive hearers who were addressed from the words of the apostle, Gal. iii. 26th and 27th verses, after which an hymn was sung, and then I was privileged to lead each of them into the water, and solemnly baptise them in the name of the eternal Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and if spared until the first sabbath in February, these with four others will then be received publicly into the fellowship of the church. Now wishing grace, mercy, and peace upon the whole church of God, and great success to attend all the faithful ministers, and much of the Spirit of love and peace upon all the members of the churches throughout the length and breadth of the land, is the heart-felt desire and earnest prayer of one of the least of the Lord's flock, who is described as one of the "steady" ones.

THOMAS ATTWOOD.

#### MR. JOSEPH WILKINS, AND THE CAUSE AT BRIGHTON.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS—Will you kindly insert the following letter to a friend, as an answer to the enquiry on the VESSEL for this month, relative to myself. By so doing you will enable me to answer many enquiries made by friends from various parts, and oblige, your's truly,

J. WILKINS.

4, West Hill Road, Brighton.

Jan. 6, 1858.

MY DEAR BROTHER—It was with much pleasure I received your kind letter, after so long silence. I was glad to hear of the change in your sphere of labor, though you are not settling in the field I expected. It is a great mercy to be in the Lord's hand, knowing as

we do that he knows what to do with us—where to place us—and how to get glory by us. May your new connexion be a long and prosperous one.

You have made many enquiries as to myself and prospects. In answering them, I will lay before you a brief statement of the whole matter, then you will be able better to judge of the reasons of my staying in Brighton.

When I left you in Bedfordshire nearly two years ago, I think you were one among my ministerial brethren who did not think my prospects in Brighton to be very favourable; at that time I had endorsed the same opinions, and should have got out of the engagement but it was too far gone; I was therefore, in honor, bound to fulfil it. Accordingly, as you know, I left my dear people at Leighton, and settled here in April, 1856. With much thankfulness, I wish to record the goodness of my ever loving Master, who in the midst of much conflict was pleased so graciously to own my feeble instrumentality in Windsor Street Chapel. I know I displeased many in coming here under the circumstances I did, but I did not then know so much of flattery as I do now. I wish, however, to be grateful for the kind providence which overruled all for good. During the twenty months I was in Windsor Street many souls were gathered in; shortly after my settlement a church was formed, which numbered, after the deductions by death and dismissals, upwards of sixty. Nor was there any external circumstance of a discouraging nature, if all had been right within. You will perhaps say, why did you think of leaving then? Well, for some time I had been exceedingly unhappy from circumstances known only in the church by those who had caused them; but as the Lord was owning my labors, I bore them much longer than I otherwise should have done. At length, finding the "wound received in the house of my friend," impairing both body and mind, I felt it my duty to leave. Just at that time, the door at Soho, London, was opened, and finding my message cordially received by the dear people there, and my mind united to them in gospel bonds, I thought nothing could be more plain. I, therefore, on receiving their unanimous invitations, tendered my resignation to the church at Windsor Street, with the view of accepting on the next day the invitation alluded to, though the parties who had been the source of my unhappiness there were hoping to cover their shame by my leaving; yet, when I offered my resignation, with that exception, the church to a member stood fast, fully determined not to accept it. That church meeting took place on Monday, Nov. 30th, and the next day I should have finished the letter I had commenced, accepting the invitation to London, but that same night, the deacons of the New Chapel, Queen Square, having heard of my intention to leave Windsor-street, came to know if it was true, and if so, to ask me if I were at liberty to preach for them. This unlooked for invite gave a new phrase to the prospects concerning my people at Windsor-street, for almost to a man they signified that if I left they all should abandon



the persons who were the cause; till now I could see nothing but the scattering of the flock, but when this door was opened, I began to hope that I should be able to see my sheep folded in the New Chapel before I left Brighton. With this hope in view, I entertained the invitation for consideration, and lost no time in laying it before my friends, which was not much trouble to do, for from before it was light, till bed time, on the Tuesday, my house was scarcely free of the members, who came to treat me not to leave them. Such a day I never saw. The deacons of the other church laid the matter before their members also, who unanimously agreed to invite me and my friends to worship with them for a month, which was the period of my notice to leave. The Church at Windsor Street, met, and came to the unanimous conclusion of accepting the offer, thus allowing me to finish my notice at the Queen's Square.

The result was that on the Lord's day following, I preached my last sermon in the old chapel, in the morning, and then closed the place, (the proprietor having very kindly agreed to release the church from all further responsibility); in the afternoon we had a united prayer meeting in the new chapel; and in the evening, for the first time, I preached there, from a text, which for two years, had at times followed my mind, in reference to the division, which runs as follows, "What shall the receiving of them be but life from the dead?" Of course, I was obliged, under all the circumstances, to ask the friends at Soho, to allow me a few days to see more fully what the Lord intended, though my mind was still with them. Having preached in the new chapel three Lord's days, I found myself in greater difficulties respecting leaving than before, for not only my old, but new friends united to retain me. I tried hard to persuade myself that I ought to go to London, as I had told the people there I was moveable; my friends all tried to persuade me I had no right to go, as they had never given me up. After one of the sharpest struggles I have ever had, I was compelled, quite against my inclination, to decline the invitation from London, and to accept the unanimous one from the church at Queen's-square. I felt all kinds of feeling, concerning this. I rebelled, I wept, I grieved, I pitied myself, having to contend with a heavy debt. I sometimes resolved to break loose and go, but I felt a necessity was laid upon me, "and what was I to withstand God?" At length the Lord whispered these words, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." The thought of such a companion set my mind somewhat at rest; I cannot therefore but think, the Lord's hand is exceedingly visible in this matter. Every thing seems in a fair way. Having left out the bitter waters, the prospect, under the divine blessing, is very encouraging. On the last Monday in the year, the two churches met publicly. The deacons of the Queen's-square having given me the right hand of fellowship, recognizing me as the Pastor of the church. The two churches became united—sixty-one of our members became enrolled with the church there.

You will like to know what kind of a chapel we have: well, through mercy it is as nice a house for God as I have seen for many a day—and what is better, it is well filled with hearers; and now if the dew from off the eternal hills distill upon us, we shall prosper. I earnestly pray that it may be the birth place for many souls. I feel more liberty in the work than I have done in Brighton before. I suppose many will greatly criticise our proceedings, but about that I do not trouble a rush. We are all satisfied the Lord has done it, under these circumstances we could afford to dispense with man's invented forms. I hope to have an interest in your prayers, that the work of the Lord may abundantly go on; so that every future year may agree to declare that we have not been deceived in the leadings of our God. For myself I can say if I erred it has been in ignorance. I do also most sincerely desire that the church at Soho may be satisfied in being somewhat disappointed. They are a truly deserving people; may the Great Shepherd soon send an under shepherd to lead them, and feed them, beside the streams, and in the fields of gospel provisions, and may we all have eyes to see that, "He doth all things well."

Other matters you mention in your note, I will write again about; deeply sympathizing with our dear brother W. in his heavy trial, may the good Lord support him, and give grace to resign.

With Christian regard to Mrs. B. and yourself, hoping you will be greatly prospered in your new sphere, I am your brother, and companion, in the faith and patience of the kingdom of our Lord,

To Mr. B.—t.

JOSEPH WILKINS.

LONDON, JANUARY 13th.—Our little London churches have been holding numerous meetings of late—at most of which, a cheerful and happy association of gospel principles, Christian practices, and prospects of real prosperity were visibly enjoyed. Beside the meetings which we notice in other pages, the following have been holden. At Rotherhithe, on Tuesday, Jan. 5, the church and congregation meeting in Lucas-street, welcomed the new year, by a gathering of ministers and friends to the overflowing of the place, when the pastor, brother Butterfield, was presented by brother Samuel Cozens, on behalf of the church, with a handsome present in the shape of about twenty, or more volumes of divinity; after which addresses were delivered by the brethren Chivers, Parker, Bowles, C. W. Banks, Caunt, and others. Mr. Butterfield is a young man of promising gifts; his ministry is very useful; and his friends are anxious to build a large place.—On the same evening, Shalom chapel, Oval, Hackney-road, was enlivened by a pastor's anniversary. The venerable Pastor Firman presided. Around him stood the brethren Godsnaik, Vaughan, Martin, young Ebenezer Minton, Jabez Whitteridge, and C. W. Banks, each of whom spoke faithfully of the one only foundation which God has laid in Zion for sinners to build their hopes upon. On Sunday and Monday,

Jan. 10 and 11, Mr. P. W. Williamson, held his anniversary, in Johnson-street, chapel, Notting-hill. The brethren Samuel Milner, John Foreman, and James Wells, preached the sermons, and the congregation presented their pastor with a very handsome pulpit Bible. The existence and growth of this church is a living verification of that encouraging promise—"My word shall not return unto me void." No young man in London has more quietly and steadily progressed as a useful and honorable pastor, than has Mr. Williamson.—On Monday, Jan. 11. annual services were holden in Beulah chapel, Chapel-street, Somers-town. Mr. Thomas Field, of Rehoboth chapel, Shadwell, preached an original and wholesome sermon, in the afternoon; and after tea, the public meeting was opened, by prayer (by C. W. Banks) and addresses from the pastor, Mr. S. Cozens, the brethren Bloomfield, Boxer, John Garritt, and John Fells, of Clare, touching the Christian's future prospects: the meeting was profitable in several ways.—On the same evening an over crowded meeting was holden in John-street, Holloway: the pastor, brother Webb, presided. Mr. Palmer, of Homerton, gave a powerful address; after him little sermons with illustrations, were given by Messrs Flack, Green, C. W. Banks, and others. This little garden looked as fresh as ever.

The anniversary of Mr. Thomas Chivers's ordination was holden at Christmas, in "Ebenezer," Webb-street, Bermondsey New-road. Mr. Bloomfield preached. The brethren Foreman, Wells, Flack, and Bowles gave some good discourses in the evening. All appeared happy and at home in the best things. We understand a building fund is raising to build a more commodious chapel for Mr. Chivers and his friends. Our young suburban causes are holding on in spirit and in truth.

**EBENEZER CHAPEL, BUTTESLAND STREET, EAST ROAD, CITY ROAD.**—The annual tea meeting was held on Tuesday, Jan. 5th. Upwards of 150 took tea. The public meeting was presided over by Mr. S. Green, the pastor. The chairman stated that during the past year 21 members had been added to the church; twelve by baptism, the other nine had been previously baptized, for which the church desired to thank God, and take courage. Mr. Foreman then addressed the meeting on the subject of the gospel armour, after which, the pastor, Mr. S. Green was presented by one of the deacons in the name of the church, with a baptizing suit, consisting of waterproof overalls and alpaca gown, as a mark of their esteem and attachment to him. Messrs. Wells, Milner, J. A. Jones, and Hazleton then addressed the meeting on the subject of the gospel armour. Mr. J. S. Anderson closed the meeting with prayer.

**SHADWELL.**—In Rehoboth Chapel, Victoria-street, Shadwell, one of the very best meetings was holden on Tuesday, January 19th. Mr. Thomas Field, the pastor, presided, supported by his brethren Bloomfield, Samuel Cozens, and others, who gave some intelligent and encouraging addresses. We sincerely rejoice to be able to state Mr Field's health is better; and his ministry in Rehoboth is gradually prospering.

## CLARE SUFFOLK.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Believing you are ever anxious to freight the VESSEL with such things as savour of the power and vitality of the religion of the Son of God, I write to inform you that on Sunday morning, Nov. 1st, 1857, our chapel was densely crowded, when I preached from the pulpit, and gave an address at the waterside, from Acts viii. 35—38, after which I baptized eight persons—four males and four females—varying from 14 to 57 years of age; four of whom are Sabbath School teachers. On Friday, January 1st, 1858, we had a public tea and meeting in behalf of the Sabbath School, which passed off capitally, suitable addresses being delivered, pieces sung, reading the Scriptures, and prayer; and a unanimous vote of thanks to the young friends, teachers in the school, for providing so comfortably. Sunday, January 3rd, after preaching from James ii. 18, ("Yea, a man may say, Thou hast faith, and I have works: shew me thy faith without works, and I will shew thee my faith by my works.") I immersed one young person, who gave satisfactory proof that she had passed from death unto life. Thus the Lord is blessing us, and with such lively stones, he is building up a spiritual house, holy, and acceptable to himself by Jesus Christ. Now, Mr. Editor, allow me to state that your correspondent, who signs himself "A Peckham Plain Man," is in error as it regards the Clare people not noticing you, for were you to come to Clare to-morrow the pulpit would be at your service, and not a murmuring word would be uttered by either the pastor or deacon, or even a single member of the church. One of my deacons told me that the pulpit was at your service at the time the people were destitute of a pastor; and it is hoped that should you come to the Keddington anniversary this year, you will preach at Clare the evening previous to the same. Sometimes at Clare we are called *Herald* people. Well, we love the brethren connected with the *Gospel Herald*, and are glad to state that we have the promise of its fourfold increase circulation during the present year. Now as it regards the VESSEL, every one knows you are the Editor, and I have spoken both of it and you from the pulpit, and during the present year, instead of eleven subscribers we have forty-four, a fourfold increase. Thus, Mr. Editor, you see how very much you are disliked at Clare. Several friends have asked me which periodical I prefer, the VESSEL or the *Herald*? My reply was, "If you read them both, you will know which you like most;" consequently they gave me an order for a copy of each. Let other ministers and agents do likewise, then our worthy Editors will not have to complain so much of their pecuniary difficulties. The Lord grant them success, and abundantly bless you, Mr. Editor, in your works of faith and labours of love, is the prayer of yours in Christ Jesus,  
JOHN PELL.

## Our Australian Mails.

A LETTER  
FROM JOHN BUNYAN McCURE,  
OF AUSTRALIA,  
TO MR. JOHN FOREMAN.

MY DEAR BROTHER.—Grace unto you, and peace, from him who was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification.

In looking over the EARTHEN VESSEL for 1848, I was much pleased in again reading the outlines of that important charge you gave me, on the day of my ordination, as pastor of the baptist church, Hadlow. The text was "the work of the ministry." It is now more than seventeen years since the Lord called me to this great and honourable work: many have been the trials, losses, and temptations through which I have had to walk; notwithstanding, grace has reigned, and the work of the ministry has been, and is more sacred to me than wealth, friends, or life. For I can say, "though I preach the gospel, I have nothing to glory of: for necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel:" the precious, glorious gospel of salvation. The salvation of God's own elect, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, as the consequence of electing love and eternal union: God hath chosen you from the beginning to salvation, through sanctification of the Spirit, and belief of the truth. Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, is our salvation; therefore, everlastingly permanent to all the seed royal, the redeemed of the Lord. The manifestation of their covenant character, and relationship, and standing as dear children, accepted in the Beloved, is through the power and grace of the Spirit Jehovah, being brought to Christ, under a sense of sin, with felt need that corresponds with all he is; "who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, sanctification and redemption;" and need that can only be supplied by that precious blood that cleanseth from all sin; need by which a poor child of God feels that he cannot do without a precious Christ; to whom he is coming, looking, hungering, in whom he confides, on whom he leans, and upon whom he calls—"Oh! visit me with thy salvation."

Such being led by the Spirit of God, are the sons of God, and shall to the end stronger and brighter shine. O, my brother, what a special favour thus to have the witness within, in the court of conscience, that we have passed from death unto life, and are thus evidenced as the chosen and redeemed of the Lord; and that, amid the trials and temptations, and reproaches, through which we have to pass, that we have likewise our witness in heaven, and our record on high; therefore, in all these things we are and shall be more than conquerors through him that loved us.

When you gave me the right hand of fellowship in the name of the Lord, as a fellow-labourer in the gospel, I did not think that I

should be called to work in this part of the church,—16,000 miles from that spot where the Lord was pleased to make me the honoured instrument in the conversion of many who were obliged to pray for themselves, and walk in the footsteps of the flock.

I am sure it will give you great pleasure to hear that the Lord is pleased, as a special favour, to give his poor unworthy servant a message to his dear people in this distant land: he has made bare his arm, and takes the prey from the mighty, and gathereth a people around the standard of eternal truth, a people from all parts of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, who fear his name, and some of whom are united together in the bonds of church fellowship. Through the goodness of the Lord, we have been enabled to build an house for the Lord; a stone chapel, that will seat between two and three hundred persons: we have named it "Mount Zion Chapel," and propose opening it on Lord's-day, November 1st. One of our friends will forward a report of the opening to the EARTHEN VESSEL.

Mrs. McCure joins with me in prayer to the Lord, that peace and prosperity may be with thee, and with love to you and Mrs. F.,

I am, my dear brother, yours in our precious Lord Jesus,  
JOHN B. McCURE.  
Moorabool-st., Geelong,  
Oct. 14. 1857.

THE  
NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL, GEELONG,  
AND  
MR. J. B. McCURE.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you and all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth.

Doubtless you will be surprised to receive a letter from me in this part of the world, but I cannot now enter into details; suffice it to say, that I have proved that God moves in a mysterious way, and that goodness and mercy have followed me to the present moment, not only in providence but in grace, my soul having been kept alive in the midst of famine, not having had the privilege of a Gospel ministry from the time of leaving England until my arrival here in May last. I was most kindly received by my good brother and present pastor, John B. McCure, whose ministry is much owned and blessed of the Lord to the convincing and converting some who were in nature's darkness, reclaiming backsliders and comforting and building up in the truth as it is in Jesus those who are enquiring their way to Zion with their faces thitherward. I believe I am right in stating that the present cause was commenced about the date of the year 1856 by the union of five persons, which number has now increased to thirty-one. We have a nice little stone chapel built and nearly finished which we hope will be opened November 1st (about 12 months from the first formation of the church), by brother McCure, and brethren Ward and Allen, from Melbourne. We hope to have a good day. As

regards the temporal position of the church, the ground is bought and paid for (£150). I think by the time all is finished, the building itself and the vestries will cost nearly £700; this, considering that there is not one amongst our number who can be said to be rich, you will say is a heavy burden, but though we are poor, yet the promise is to the poor of this world, *rich in faith*, and as the Lord has given our brethren faith and confidence in himself that he will bless and prosper the undertaking, doubtless it must go on; though Satan, with all his enemies, try to stop the way, and though Balaam the false prophet may be eager to curse the people. It is the only cause of pure, yea and amen, gospel truth in Geelong. It is to be named, I understand, "Mount Zion," and may the dear Lord command his blessing, even life for evermore. I should tell you that our brother McCure gives his services quite gratuitously, and that he keeps back no part of the word of truth; the trumpet gives a certain sound, and they come who are ready to perish. It is *yea, and amen in Christ Jesus*. "And whosoever thirsteth, let him come and take of the water of life freely." I have felt constrained to write from reading the July number of the *VESSEL*, and while writing my spirit yearns for the days that are past when I have sat on an evening like this, (the Sabbath) and my heart has bounded within me when at the Surrey Tabernacle, that highly favoured servant of God, my dear pastor, who now signs himself "A Little One," has opened up the Scriptures and instrumentally led me over again those paths through which I trust the Lord has brought me. And my dear brother Chivers; my wife and myself often think and talk of him. We would, were it possible, be amongst those whom we did not think so dear until lost to us, so far as this world is concerned, perhaps for ever. While memory lasts I think I shall never forget the impressive and searching solemnity of our dear brother Thwaites, from those words, "And he was speechless," at the little prayer meeting, Gloster Row, (brother Chivers's). O! my dear brother, I can truly say that if any thing depends on me as a creature for acceptance in the sight of God, I shall be speechless to all eternity. But bless his precious name, though I may be, and am, from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head, wounds, bruises, and putrifying sores, and like Joshua clothed in filthy garments, yet Jesus the Angel of the Covenant will rebuke the devourer for the sake of election's loving choice of the brand. I feel that in Jesus there is, as it were a boundless peace. My soul anticipates the day when the Lord God shall wipe away all tears from off all faces, when there shall be no more sin, no covetous or unclean desire, but there shall be one song "Unto him who hath loved us," and the name of the city is the "Lord is there." I should like to say much, very much, more concerning temporals and spirituals, but want of space forbids. As regards the advisability or not of persons emigrating, I cannot at this present time say anything, but let every man be persuaded in his own conscience in the sight of God, and so let him act, as the counsel of God may direct; but let him beware of going where

there is not a *pure gospel ministry*. Will a man leave the snow of Lebanon which cometh from the Rock; if so, let him take heed that he find, not a famine of bread or of water, but of hearing the words of the Lord. Yours, for Christ Jesus' sake, JOHN B. EVANS.

Since writing the above, I have received the *MAY VESSEL*, as also a letter from brother Chivers, and brother Mead. G. Dyer's letter is good, and, I believe, true. The congregation he speaks of under Mr. Hewlett are one in sympathy and interest with the "General Baptist Missionary Society." Mr. H. may, for aught I know, be a good man, but as regards his duty-faith ministry it may be written, "Tekel," (Dan. v. 25.) "There is death in the pot." The sheep cannot feed after their manner. Since leaving Sydney, I hear there is likely to be a cause of truth established there under the ministry of a Mr. Emery from one of our English counties. An abundance of profession is to be found there, but I found it as regards the gospel of God to be a barren land. Poor Mr. Turley struggled hard to raise up the tabernacle of David which was fallen, but in vain. At Bathurst, beyond the Blue Mountains, above 100 miles from Sydney, the Church of England, Romanists, Presbyterians, and Wesleyans have each a cause, but whether there be one individual who knows the plague of their own hearts or the name of Jesus as the hiding place from the storm, I do not know.

**BAPTIZING AT HOUSLOW.**—On Lord's day morning, January 3rd, the first in the new year, two believers passed through the solemn ordinance of baptism. One of the candidates had been awakened under brother Palmer's ministry since he has been settled here. How truly encouraging are these seals to the ministry: the labourer's boat hire. We cannot but trust a good work is going on at Zoar. We have good reason to believe that several others are deeply wrought on through the word, and cannot but hope that ere long we shall have other souls desiring to follow their baptized Head through the baptismal waters. On the occasion, brother Palmer spoke from Matt. xvi. 24. He first noticed what it is to be a follower of Christ, 1, to love his person and character; 2, to receive his spirit; 3, to imbibe his doctrines; 4, to tread in his footsteps. Secondly, brother Palmer spoke of the necessary cross. 1, a family cross; 2, a cross of heavenly pattern; 3, a significant cross; 4, a sanctifying cross. AN OBSERVER.

**HAPPY MEETING AT WHITTLESEA.**—Dear brother, I know you rejoice in the welfare of Zion, wherever you hear of it. I may tell you a very happy evening was spent on Monday, January 4th, by the church and congregation attending Zion Chapel, Whittlesea. Our brother Ashby has been ministering the word amongst us four years, and God has blessed that word with "signs following," as 40 have been added to the church since January, 1854. And the chapel has been considerably enlarged and improved at an expense of about £300, and a small debt only remains. The meeting was addressed by Mr. Whiting, of Needingworth, and Mr. Foreman, of March. And the friends who the ministers appeared to rejoice in the blessings of truth and peace. A very welcome gift as a token of the affections of his people was given to our brother Ashby, while many and hearty were the prayers presented to God on his behalf, that yet more of Jehovah's blessing might accompany the word of truth in that now enlarged and well filled house of prayer. A MEMBER.

**BRIEF REVIEWS.**—“*A Reply to the Letter of the Rev. C. Smyth, by the Rev. J. Clements.*” Mr. Clements is the pastor of the Baptist church, at Woodford, near Thrapstone, in Northamptonshire. The Clergyman of Woodford, has, in his blind zeal, endeavoured to repudiate the ordinance of Believer's Baptism. Mr. Clements, in a masterly manner, has done more in defence of that ordinance than any modern writer we have yet seen. Baptist ministers may do good by circulating this tract.

“*The Book of Books : a Lay Sermon by W. Tidd Matson.*” A pamphlet designed to urge the necessity of searching the Scriptures. Mr. Matson is a talented Lecturer and Writer. We would ask one question—we wish he would reply—Does not fallen man need a Guide to direct him, and a heavenly Lamp to enlighten him, in his search through the Scriptures? Why is it that nearly all our Lecturers, Preachers, and Divinity Writers, now leave out the Holy Spirit's Personality, and essential work in the matters of our Salvation? We look in vain for this, in nearly all the productions of modern times. The faithful ministers of Christ's Gospel must more than ever insist upon the paramount necessity of the Holy Spirit's Office, Character, and Work. The omission of this is fast making way for Candles, Crucifixes, Creature-doings, and for anything and everything but ‘the one thing needful’ without which the kingdom of God can never be seen.

### A LETTER FROM SAMUEL FOSTER, OF STURRY, KENT.

A LITTLE BANK OF FAITH.—My dear brother in a precious Redeemer, I will try and dictate a few lines to you; and tell you a little of the goodness and mercy of my ever loving and precious Saviour. The poor bush is still burning, though not consumed. I am ill indeed: still “it is well!”

All must come, and last, and end,  
As shall please my heavenly friend.

The Lord is gracious to me, floods cannot overflow me, nor flames consume me. Never, my brother, did I experience before, since I have known the Lord, so much of his love and mercy as I have in my chamber of affliction. How precious at times is his most holy word! How sweet the communion and fellowship of my dear Redeemer!

Sweet the moments rich in blessings  
Which before the cross I spend.

The Lord has made this sick chamber a little Bethel: none other than the gate of heaven.

Think, O my soul, if tis so sweet  
On earth to sit at Jesu's feet,  
What must it be to wear a crown  
And sit with Jesus on his throne?

The Lord hath brought us through another year. He hath compassed me about with songs of deliverance. Baptized I have been in tribulation, affliction, pain and sorrow, yet how light, and but for a moment. My shoes have been iron and brass, and as my day my strength has been. A few things I will mention of his goodness to me. At one time I was longing for a partridge: it was the first of the season. What kind friend, I thought, would send me one: I could not buy one. “Lord,” I said, thou canst if it please thee.” In the evening of the same day, the Lord sent me one without hands or instrument. A gracious providence guided it

to my back door; it escaped from the fowler: the finest bird I ever saw “O, what a friend, is Christ to me.” The sofa that stands in my room was in answer to prayer at a time when most needed. “Lord!” I said, “do send me something to lie down on.” In a few days it came: at another time, when sorely tried about 9 o'clock one night, a gig stopped at my door; on looking out of the window, a lady called my wife, and said “I have something for you.” She ran down: the lady gave her 2s. 6d.: asked after my poor body; and was gone. On the last day of August about noon, a strange gentleman, knocked at my door, came in, and said, “I have heard of your case; gave 2s. 6d.; said my name is William; with Christian love;” and was gone. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness. He crowned the year with his goodness. The last day was a blessed one. O may my last be like it. I had been musing of his tender mercies to me through the past, when these words dropped with power in my soul, “Thou shalt come to thy grave, full of days, as a shock of corn cometh in its season,” with the lines of the poet,

As we draw near our journey's end,  
How precious is our heavenly Friend;  
And when in death we bow our head,  
He's precious on a dying bed.

My new years gift was these precious words, “Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end.”

My soul anticipates the day,  
Would stretch her wings and fly away;  
To aid the song: the palm to bear  
And bow the chief of sinners there.

The Lord bless you is the prayer of your afflicted brother in Jesus,

SAMUEL FOSTER.

### REDEMPTION FUND, FOR ENTIRELY EMANCIPATING “THE EARTHEN VESSEL.”

Sum announced last Nov.	£80	9s.	8d.	Friends at Red-ditch Worcester, by Mr.			
Mrs E. Solomon, ... ..	...	5	0	H. Young ... ..	...	0	3
Friends from Woodford, by T. C. ...	...	0	2	Basket and 1s; from Sturmer ...	...	0	1
Mr Chivers, ... ..	...	0	1	Friend, at Saffron Walden, per brother	...	...	...
T. A. B. ... ..	...	0	1	Dr. Wilson, Baptist Minister ...	...	0	10
Lincolnshire Lad, ... ..	...	0	1	Brother James Harling ... ..	...	0	5
Pawnbroker, ... ..	...	0	2	Mr John Sales, and friends Orpington...	...	0	1
Friend, Unicorn Yard, from Holloway,	...	0	1	Mr Biddie, Baptist Minister, Brock-	...	...	...
Mr R. Otterwell, ... ..	...	0	2	ham ... ..	...	0	5
Friend per Mr Butt, ... ..	...	0	5	Miss Winsler, Margate ... ..	...	0	2
Friend, Cave Adullam, given to C. W.	...	...	...	Mr G. Bartlett, Trowbridge, ... ..	...	0	2
Banks, ... ..	...	0	2	M J. Foale, Dartmouth ... ..	...	0	2
Given at Mr. Bowles's anniversary,	...	...	...	Friend, Mrs Gruitt ... ..	...	0	5
Widow Collyer, ... ..	...	0	1	H. B. C. ... ..	...	0	6
Christian brother (Peckham) ... ..	...	0	1	W. S. ... ..	...	0	1
A brother, per Mr Jas. Wells, ... ..	...	0	2	E. S. ... ..	...	0	1
F. B. ... ..	...	0	1	E. S. ... ..	...	0	0
Brother John Freeman Cheltenham ...	...	0	5	W. H. W. S. ... ..	...	0	0
Mr Drake, pastor of Hungary Hill ...	...	0	10	K. E. S. ... ..	...	0	0
G. G. ... ..	...	0	0	E. J. S. ... ..	...	0	0
Mrs Moore, Connaught Street ... ..	...	0	5	Mrs Ford and Stonham friends ...	...	0	5

## Ministerial Biography.

### THE LATE MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, OF LEICESTER: HIS CONVERSION; HIS MINISTERIAL CAREER; HIS LETTERS; AND HIS LATTER END.

EXCEPT the Bible, there is no class of books so dear to our hearts as the biographies of truly godly men. We love—most vehemently we love—to read the accounts they give of the travail of their poor souls—of the fears of their broken hearts, of the distress of their agitated minds, and of the solemn sense of condemnation they endured while beneath the curses of God's violated law they laid. We rejoice not in their sorrows in the abstract; but three things make us prize these genuine testimonies of a repentance that needeth not to be repented of: the first is, because our own souls derive much comfort and confirmation from these living streams which from the wounded spirit of a quickened vessel of mercy doth flow: the second reason is, because we are quite sure that such souls will come into the bond of the covenant; into the banqueting house; and into the glorious liberty of the sons of God: the third reason is, because amid the multitude of professors around us, it is so rare a thing to find a man whose heart has been broken by the law, and healed by the love and blood of Immanuel; it is so rare a thing to find even a gospel preacher whose spirit is humble, contrite, devout, sincere, and assimilating unto the mind of Christ; we say, it is so seldom you can meet with one whose secret breathings of soul testify that they are living branches of Christ the living vine; these persons are so few, and so far between, that it rejoices our hearts in no small measure, to have even the written history of a really heaven-bound servant of God. Do you think we have any fellowship with mere speculators in divinity, or any delight in those fulsome pulpit-hunters which infest the churches, and split our Zion into ten thousand atoms? Do ye imagine we are at home with men whose brains are as active as the electric wires, but whose hearts are as hard and as dry

as the tops of Gilboa? No, indeed we have not. Neither are we at all happy in those hot contentions, and controversial fires which burn up the little green leaves of fruitfulness growing in our souls, and leave us as seared and as barren as the worst parts of an Hampshire heath. We would gladly away with all these deadletters for ever; and as gladly would we leave all controversial spirits to themselves; but, alas! alas! we are no sooner out of one of these marshy places than we fall into another, and to keep the VESSEL, and ourselves clear of them, seems impossible. Sometimes, we hope that this sifting and sifting, this shaking and tossing, this grieving and wounding of our ever deeply lacerated spirits, by cruel professors; controversial writers; and over zealous children, is designed to work out good to some parts of Zion; and to develop certain truths, principles, and practices, which otherwise would be kept in obscurity; and, therefore, we wish to bear with patience, the trials and the taunts connected with an editor's life and labor. Especially when we consider that from time to time, we are favored to enjoy fellowship with those who once mourned as we do, but are now gone to glory; whither we hope, after all our battles are fought, we shall go too.

These remarks have rather spontaneously thrust themselves out of our minds, while we were about to commence a review of those two most precious volumes just issued by Mr. Henry Morgan, of the Crescent, Leicester, and entitled:

*"A Selection from the Correspondence of the late Rev. Joseph Chamberlain, Minister of Salem Chapel, Leicester; and Sketches of some of his Sermons; with Brief Recollections of his Life and Last Illness. By his Widow. In two volumes, with Portrait."*

And two very handsome volumes they

are; printed by "Unwin, of the Gresham Press, in Bucklersbury," and bound in the most modern style, they form as important an edition to England's Library of Experimental Divinity, as has been issued for many a day. With the exception of that most savoury volume, the Autobiography of the late Mr. Blackstock, we do not think that of recent productions, a more exceedingly precious compilation of gospel truth, and Christian experience, can be produced. Mrs. Chamberlain, the bereaved widow, has done a good work, not only in selecting, condensing, and preparing the letters; but also in giving us sixty pages, or more, of "*Recollections of his Life*;" which, to us, is powerfully expressive of a Christian man, and Godly minister, a faithful husband, a devoted father, and an ever anxious Pastor over the flock committed to his care. We shall expose ourselves to much ridicule and contempt from the jealous spirits, and self-confident aspirants in the streets of our present Zion, if we freely speak our minds upon these volumes; but as TRUTH is more to us than all the fading smiles of dying mortals, we will venture to give it as our unbiassed conviction, that if the sacred and savoury truths, if the simplicity and real Godly sincerity, contained, erinced, and expressed in these volumes, were as deeply wrought in the souls of many of our moderns as they were in the regenerated mind of Joseph Chamberlain, we should not have those floods of falsehood on the one hand, nor of empty, unhallowed tattering on the other hand, which now almost entirely fill those places where we should rejoice to see standing THE TRUTH in all its soul-quickenening, heart-humbling, powers, exposing errors of every kind, by the faithful and the experimental exhibition and exaltation of JEHOVAH JESUS, the Son of Righteousness; the salvation of sinners. These two noble octavo volumes, with the portrait, are issued by Mr. Henry Morgan, of Leicester, for eleven-shillings and six-pence; and, although for Biblical Students, there is but little material for thought, or pulpit use; still, for private meditation; for calling home the wandering spirits of exercised believers; for encouraging downcast and burdened souls; and for clear discoveries of a real work of grace, through the lengthened period of a minister's life: for these ends, we could wish every minister in the

world to read them; fully persuaded as we are, that with God's blessing, the perusal of these memorials, letters, and sermons, would tend to endear to their hearts, that Divine Comforter, by whom we are led up into the most holy views of HIM, who is a crown of glory, and a diadem of beauty, unto the real election of grace; and through whose adorable Person, life, death, resurrection, and intercession, we draw near to God on earth, and shall dwell with him for ever. When these volumes came into our hands, and when we had drank a few draughts from them, no tongue can tell the inward pleasure we realized. We could but thank the Lord for a donation so delightfully sweet, to our too often barren, lifeless, and thirsty spirits; and, in the name of the whole body of truth-loving, and truth-living people, now scattered up and down upon the face of the earth, we desire to express to Mrs. Chamberlain, the author of these volumes, and the bereaved widow, grateful acknowledgements; deep, abiding and sincere; and that the covenant God of all her mercies, who has enabled her to perform a task so arduous, may still support and comfort her, and spare her to be a blessing to her family, is the pure prayer of the unworthy Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL. We know very well that there was a natural shyness, and *apparent* austerity about Mr. Chamberlain to strangers, which he never fully could lay aside; this caused some, who did not know him, to speak unkindly; but, let the following proof of the Lord's presence with him, toward his end, and of the high esteem in which he was held by his friends, down to the end of his days, for ever silence every tongue that would dare to speak unkindly of one, whom the Lord evidently raised up, qualified, and employed for a great number of years, as an honoured and useful servant in his vineyard, and a blessing unto thousands of his people.

With the following quotation, we close this, our introductory notice of these volumes; but our intention is, thoroughly to dissect them, for the benefit of those of our readers, who cannot secure copies for themselves.

In a letter by one of Mr. Chamberlain's daughters, we find the following:—

"April 12th, 1858.

... , "Early yesterday morning my mother sent for us into her room, that we

might hear my father speak of the Lord's goodness toward him. He seemed filled with thanksgiving and praise. He spoke of how the Lord had led him from his youth even until now; mentioned the trouble of mind he was in when he was a boy at home—how he used to seek to God—of his being an apprentice—of the Lord leading him until he became a minister of the Gospel—and of his blessing him in the ministry.

"Then he praised the Lord for his goodness to him in temporal mercies—for his providing for him in his old age, and surrounding him with every comfort. Mentioned his children—said he felt, to leave them all with God—that He could do all for them, as He had done for himself; expressed a wish that dear J. H. had been present, but added, he could do nothing better for him than commit him unto the Lord.

"Again in the evening, after my father had been conversing for some time, and speaking upon the words, 'I will never, never leave thee, nor forsake thee,' my mother sent for us up-stairs, when we found him blessing God for his mercies; and he said, 'If I were to die to-morrow all would be peace; I should die in the Lord; bless the Lord for his mercies to me! Many years I went to the chapel to preach, and now I can do nothing; but I am waiting in the hope of all I then spoke of—waiting until the Lord will take me hence; and, I believe, I shall be happy in Christ Jesus; and, turning to us all, he said, 'I feel peace in Christ Jesus. Rest in him—it will be peace, peace; and I shall be happy, happy in Jesus for ever!—for ever! for ever! for ever!'

One more quotation, and we close for this month.

On the Sunday evening, February 24th, 1856, the last Sabbath evening Mr. Chamberlain spent down stairs, the writer proposed that, previous to the family separating for the night, they should sing a hymn, to which their dear father assented, and they accordingly sang the three following verses—

"Rejoice, believer, in the Lord,  
Who makes your cause his own;  
The hope that's built upon his word  
Can ne'er be overthrown.

"Though many foes beset your road,  
And feeble is your arm,  
Your life is hid with Christ in God,  
Beyond the reach of harm.

"Weak as you are, you shall not faint,  
Or, fainting, shall not die;  
Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint,  
Will aid you from on high."

On the singing being concluded, she asked him if he had enjoyed it; he emphatically replied, "Oh, yes; I feel as if I were half in heaven." He then spoke of his prospect of eternal rest, and continued talking until he took leave for the night.

On the next day the Lord was pleased in a very signal manner to testify his approbation of his servant, when now, although unknown to his friends, on the very verge of eternity.

In the morning of that day, February 25th, 1856, a deputation of friends waited upon him, and after reading an address, expressive of the high esteem and affection with which he was regarded by his people, the grateful remembrance entertained by them of the benefits and blessings they had received under his ministry, and their deep feelings of sympathy with him in his affliction, he was presented with a silver box, containing three hundred guineas. Mr. Chamberlain was exceedingly affected by this circumstance, frequently saying, "I do not deserve it—I do not deserve it." He expressed, as enabled in broken accents, the pleasure it gave him on finding his people still retained so high an esteem so affectionate regard for him, and the gratitude he felt that they should now have presented him with such an address, and such a testimonial.

## THE CITY MISSIONARY AND COUNTRY CURATE,

AN immense number of "maps" have recently been given to the public as inducements to move them in the purchase of various public prints; maps of China, maps of India, and maps of almost every known city of the civilized or inhabited portions of the world. These maps have been eagerly caught up by thousands; but to us, they have not appeared one quarter so interesting as some rough portions of a literary map of the struggles of an heir of glory who has, during the last half century been, to a certain extent, as "a stranger and a pilgrim" in this wide wilderness of sin and sorrow. Our spirits have been truly chained to the narrative, while we have hastily glanced over the pages of a new little volume now about to be issued by Messrs Partridge and Co., of 34, Paternoster-row, entitled, "*The Three Curacies; and, the Pillar of Providence.*" By a Chaplain."

We happen to know something of the life of the author of this work; and we may fearlessly venture the assertion that a more chequered life can rarely be written than has been traced out in the work which we, this month, but very briefly introduce to the notice of our readers. The author, to our certain knowledge, has been a mechanic both in the provinces and in the metropolis, enduring all the hardships and trials to which a poor mechanic's life is exposed in this scene of conflict and woe. He has also been, at other times, a gentleman at ease, as regards earthly circumstances, surrounded perhaps by all that any medium man can desire of this world's goods. He has been a Sunday-school teacher, a village Itinerant preacher, a student in the British and Foreign Schools, and an inmate in one of the lesser Universities. He has been the presiding head over a large school in one of the most popular manufacturing towns in Great Britain; he has been "a City Missionary" in one of the most deplorable districts of the Metropolis; he has been a Curate in Yorkshire, in Derbyshire, and in Southwark;



he has been Chaplain in the workhouse, and in a Convict Prison; yea, time would fail us to tell *what* and *where* he has or has not been. But when we most solemnly avow the above statements to be most strictly correct, we think with us, our readers will conclude, that, if faithfully told, a more singular life could not be written than is written in this small twelvemo, called "*The Three Curacies.*" We do not think there is one Curate in Europe, no, nor a dissenting Chaplain either, but will in some way or other, read this good man's struggles to get up, intermingled as it is with paroxysms of soul anguish, of spiritual conflict, of ever flowing mercy, of cutting disappointments, and of special deliverance, enough indeed to prepare a man's heart to utter in tones of the deepest certainty,

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform,  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

"Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs  
And works his sovereign will."

We must say no more now. The following paragraphs, cut out of the first and second chapters of this work, will in some measure, justify our remarks.

The Curate says:

"In the spring of 1846, I entered regularly and devotedly into the labours of the London City Mission. My district was the neighbourhood of Brook Market and Gray's Inn Lane. I took a house in Pentonville, and there, on the 13th of January, 1847, my fifth child, and my only son, was born.

"The Missionary field in London, according to the regulations of the Society, and the requirements of conscience, is of all others the most appalling to one used to the quiet labours of the country. In the providence of God I had been prepared for it very peculiarly. I had the self-negation, the degrading labours, and the uncomplaining subserviency to their superiors of the Jesuites; and from their evil system I learned a good lesson. How were my self-will, sloth, and complacency reproved by their unurnouring readiness to do and to suffer! Were men so humble, so laborious, so persevering in a system founded only to subjugate and to destroy, and could not I similarly submit and labour in a system the very opposite of this? In a system founded only to liberate and to save? And while I was meditating, and still hesitating, whether I should enter the mission, the whole of the second chapter of the book of Ezekiel seemed as now first spoken to me from heaven. And thus instructed and commissioned, I went forth, and entered upon that important sphere of operation in London.

"Though now I had a salary, yet I had a town rent to pay. My dear wife and children too were used to many things easily obtained in my garden, and in the country, which cost much in London; and to make them as comfortable as I could in their new location, made all my means little enough.

"Poverty then still clung to me. My expenses seemed to increase as the means increased, or *the demand anticipated* the supply. I sometimes say, I can sympathize with those who have not been able to lay up for a rainy day. Those who can, should do so. When I was single, I sometimes did, but when I became a family man, if I gathered much I had nothing over, and, with gratitude I write it, if I gathered little, I had no luck that was not soon supplied from the "Bank of Faith."

"Faith often clears the darkest skies  
And gives us day for night;  
Makes drops of sacred sorrow rise  
To rivers of delight!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"It is God who holdeth our souls in life.  
He too is Jehovah-Rophi, the Lord my healer.  
He too balances and maintains the mind;  
yea,

"All my times are in his hand,  
All events at his command."

"The year 1847 was drawing to a close; our temporal circumstances were such as they had never been before: our property unincumbered and we free from debt. But now other troubles threatened, and other dangers were feared. As I never pass a prison but I feel, *but for the grace of God THERE I might have been as well as others.* So, from that time, I never think of any asylum for lunatics, but I say, *not for the mercy of God I MUST HAVE BEEN AN INMATE THERE.*

"One Sunday evening, in December, I went to a church in the neighbourhood of the Squares, where Bagnall Baker officiated; I had joined in the service until the preacher ascended the pulpit; I think he had just announced his text when I felt so affected in my head that I was obliged to leave the place.

"Oh! the agony of that hour! I walked up and down, wringing my hands, and praying that tottering reason might not fall, that I might not be consigned to a living tomb, that I might not become, what I feared, MAD. There was some respite. The blood did not boil nor strive to break forth continuously; but at moments it did, and the effects continued long. That Sunday afternoon I remember feeling depressed, that my whole life was passing without any prospect of my whole powers being employed in the full ministry of the Word; the prospect had always been distant, but now it faded away, and life was a blank. Consciousness, at times, like a bird, spread her wings for flight; I even felt their fluttering motion and fainting. I resorted to the best advice, and from medical consultation had greater reason to fear the result."

We hope to look into this heart-melting memorial again.

Jesus still receives sensibly lost sinners; his business lies among the spiritually sick and diseased; he brings health and cure, and heals those whose spirit is wounded. The mourners in Zion, the poor in spirit, the hungry and thirsty, are his favourites.—*Chamberlain, Leicester.*

## THE CONVERTED ISRAELITE.

(Continued from page 290.)

## MR. SAMUEL LOST IN THE WOOD.

"*The Triumph of Christ on the Cross,*" with "*the Early Life, Conversion, and Call to the Ministry of E. Samuel, Minister of Ford Street Chapel, Salford, Manchester,*" is a volume with which most of our readers are now acquainted. We have learnt with much pleasure that our notices of this work have been exceedingly useful; it is also a pleasing fact that several hundreds of this, Mr. Samuel's first published work, have been circulated in all directions; still, we believe it is destined to be read by thousands and by tens of thousands who have never yet heard of it; and among the many hopes we have of its usefulness, there is one more deep and influential in our hearts than any other, it is — that this volume, "**THE TRIUMPH OF CHRIST ON THE CROSS,**" by a truly converted Israelite, will be owned of God, and will by him be made a blessing to very many of the natural and of the spiritual seed of Abraham, who are yet in the regions of darkness, and spiritually dead in unbelief. Yes, this persuasion and this hope we hold with much confidence; and we boldly throw out this to those societies who are labouring for the ingathering of the Jews into Christ's fold, and to them we submit our conviction that an effort on their part to get this volume read by the Israelites of our day, would be as noble, and we hope as effectual, a step as they could take.

Since this volume came under our notice, we have visited Manchester; have preached in Mr. Samuel's beautiful little chapel in Salford, and have had close personal interviews with him. We believe he is an *extremely* studious man, and one that is living in much nearness to his Master, and in an earnest devotion to the glory of God, and the good of his people. We rejoice, therefore, under all these circumstances, to be permitted to announce that we are authorised by Mr. Samuel to promote the circulation of this work in every consistent way in our power. The production of this work, with the portrait, and strong and neat binding, has been so expensive, it cannot be sold through booksellers, but by sending 2s. 9d. in stamps, or otherwise, to the Author, 1, Moliere Terrace, Lower Broughton, Manchester; or to Robert Banks & Co., 182, Dover Road, a copy will be forwarded without delay, post free. Now, for one short extract, and we must again close our remarks for this month. We left our author amid the dangers of a voyage from Dantzic to Leipsig. Before we notice his arrival in England, and his conversion there, we catch the following striking narrative from his journey onward. On page 13, he says:—

"At length we arrived at Frankfort-on-the-Mayne. The journey from Leipsig to this place was the most pleasant I had had since I left my first companion. The wise man says, two are better than one, and so I found it. At this place we stayed for a time. Here I had an interview with the late Baron Rothschild, uncle to the present Rothschilds, of London; although he was a very great man and immensely rich, yet very humble. His pow in the synagogue, contrary to the usual custom, was among the poor, instead of being in the highest place. My dress, and youth, and seeing me very devout during the service, drew his attention. On coming out of the synagogue he requested a gentleman who was with him to call me to him. He enquired where I came from, and wished me to call on him the day after the Sabbath, which is Sunday; and, of course, I did not forget my engagement. My companion told me that my fortune was already made, but it did not prove so exactly. According to appointment, I came to his house, and delivered his card which he gave me, and my name to the porter. After I was admitted, the grandeur of the house made me feel very awkward; presently the Baron and a gentleman made their appearance; this gentleman was a Rabbi whom the Baron kept in his house. The Baron told me not to be afraid of answering the questions this gentleman would put to me. These words made me tremble, not knowing what was coming. My dear reader, you may depend it was not about the Lord Jesus Christ, neither his blood and righteousness. The questions were these—the cause of my leaving home; what I studied at school; and the Rabbi brought a large folio of the Talmud, and catechised me from it. I answered to the best of my ability, and they both appeared pleased. The Baron told me I was a good boy, and that pleased me. He again enquired where I was bound to, I replied to England; and also he asked me where I was staying; having informed him, he left the room for a few minutes, and brought me a note to give to my host, the purport of which was, that he would bear all my expenses during my stay, at the same time wishing me to call again, which I did in the course of a few days. Thus the Lord provided a friend for me here; all hearts are in his hands, and all at his Divine disposal. \* \* \*

My companion and I began to think of leaving Frankfort-on-the-Mayne, but not agreeing as to the route we should take, separated. Here the reader must not expect either time, or order, as I never kept a diary, neither had any thought that it would ever appear in print. I will only mention the principal towns that I have been in, Brunswick, Berlin, Hanover, Brandenburg, Hamburg, in short, almost the length and breadth of Germany; from thence to Copenhagen in Denmark, and Stockholm in Sweden; and from thence to Holland. I remember one remarkable interposition of Providence, during my travels in the above-mentioned places, but the part I do not remember. Once being overtaken with night, I got into a wood, and through confusion and fright, could not find

my way out, and so remained all night expecting every moment to be destroyed by wild beasts. After longing for the morning, and being spared to welcome its approach, I spied an apple tree; feeling very hungry, I climbed the tree, which was very high. I was just upon the act of taking some, when a branch gave way, and down I came, where I remained for a length of time almost lifeless. On recovering, I scarcely knew where I was. Being never without my phylacteries and prayer book, I put them on, and opening the book, said my morning prayers, crying bitterly to the Lord to deliver me from this wood. The dear Lord soon appeared. Between ten and eleven in the forenoon, while walking about almost frightened at my own shadow, I heard a footstep passing; I paused for a moment to ask what I should do. I resolved to follow towards the sound: I had not walked many paces, when I met a tall stout man with an axe on his shoulders; at seeing him I began to cry; I spoke to the man in German, and he in a language that I could only understand here and there a word. He spoke kindly, and told me I had advanced between three and four miles in the wood, and that he would put me in the right way to find the road out. The man appeared to understand all I said, and kindly took from a very clean bag a piece of nice bread, and gave it to me, also walked with me a full hour, at length put me in a path, and told me if I kept in that path it would bring me to a village. Here again I can say with the holy apostle, "In perils in the wilderness, in hunger and fastings often." And at this present moment, I feel I am still in the wilderness: O, how often do I feel bewildered in my soul, full of confusion and perplexity. How solitary and lonely do I find the way to eternal bliss. Often do I long for the Morning Star to dawn upon my soul, and for the Son of Righteousness to arise with healing in his wings, to scatter the clouds, and dissipate the fogs that have gathered through the long night.

#### OUR FATHER'S NAME.

In the heap of new works just published, and brought under our notice, there is a small volume neatly clothed in scarlet, bearing the following title — "*Theology in Verse; or, Poems on the Fundamental Truths of Christianity,*" &c., "with Notes. By J. P. Shorthouse. Published in London by Aylott & Co." The author, a resident near Shrewsbury, has devoted the talents given, and the few opportunities afforded, to the compilation of some papers exhibiting various branches of evangelical truth; and he has done it with so much simplicity and faithfulness as to deserve the countenance and support of all who can afford to lay such a volume on their table, that all who run may read—in pretty verse, and in well-selected and original prose — THE TRUTH AS REVEALED IN GOD'S MOST HOLY WORD. Mr. Shorthouse has furnished a volume which will commend itself to all

who know, or are seeking to know "*the way to the city.*"

Passing over the Poetry, we come to the "*Notes,*" and we extract the following, for two reasons—first, because in itself, it is of infinite value; and secondly, because it proves Mr. Shorthouse to be, in divinity—literature, a well-read Christian man. We shall be very much delighted to know that, as an author, he meets with the encouragement he deserves.

GOD.—The Hebrew word Elohim, or Alehim, which our translators have rendered God, is a plural noun, the derivation of which has been a subject of controversy among the learned.

Matthew Henry and others derive it from a word signifying power. Dr. Gill thinks it comes from an Arabic word signifying worship. Mr. Serle says: "Some derive it from a root which signifies *strength, or power*; and others from a word which implies *interposition, mediation, or intervention.*" But he thinks it most probably comes from a root, to assure upon oath, to covenant, and so to testify concerning any transaction. Mr. Romaine, who had spent much time in the study of Hebrew roots, says: "The personality in Jehovah is described by the word Alehim, which is in the plural number. . . . The word being plural, the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit being Alehim, it was necessary to reveal to us the unity of the essence, and to teach us that these three persons were one Jehovah; and therefore, being of the self-existent essence, none is before or after another, none is greater or less than another, but the whole three Persons are co-eternal together and co-equal. Each of the persons is Jehovah. The Father: 'But now, O Jehovah, thou art our Father.' (Isaiah lxiv. 8.) The Son: 'Who hath declared this from ancient time? Have not I Jehovah? and there in no God beside me; a just God and a Saviour.' (Isa. xiv. 21.) Here the Son, our Saviour, is called Jehovah. And the Holy Spirit is Jehovah: 'The Spirit Jehovah shall rest upon Him, the Spirit of wisdom and understanding.' (Isaiah xi. 2.)

"Each of the persons is called Alehim. The Father is so called: 'And David said, Blessed be thou Jehovah Alehim of Israel, our Father, for ever and ever.' (1 Chron. xxix. 10.) 'The Son is Alehim: 'There is no Alehim else beside me; a just God, and a Saviour.' (Isa. xiv. 21.) The Holy Spirit is Alehim: 'I have filled Bezaleel with the Spirit Alehim,' (Exodus xxxi. 3,) not of the Alehim; the Hebrew is, 'with the Spirit Alehim.' These Scriptures confirm the doctrine; . . . namely, that Jehovah is one, and that in the unity of Jehovah, there are three Alehim: which word does not signify their manner of existence; Jehovah denotes that; but it is a relative word, descriptive of the gracious offices of the Eternal Three in the economy of man's redemption. And neither the personality expressed by its being plural, nor its meaning, are retained by our translators in the singular word God. God is no more the sense of Ale-

him than goodness is. . . . It belongs to the covenant of grace, and is descriptive of the acts and offices of the Eternal Three in the glorious plan of man's salvation, and it signifies the binding act of the covenant—the obligation entered into upon oath to fulfil it. This is the sense of Aleh, the root from whence Alehim is derived; and there is no other root from whence it can be derived without offering great violence to the established rules of the Hebrew tongue."—Rev. W. Romaine's "Law and Gospel." Sermon 7.

God must be conceived of as a pure spiritual essence, without body, parts, or passions, creating and upholding all things by His power for His own glory. To accomplish which end, all His attributes are engaged and displayed in the government of His universal kingdom of providence and grace. To substitute even the happiness of His creatures—as many do—for that great end, is far too low a thought to entertain of the majesty of Jehovah. On this head the scriptures are clear: "For thy pleasure they are and were created." (Rev. iv. 11.) "The Lord has made all things for himself; yea, even the wicked for the day of evil." (Prov. xvi. 4;) and to that end, "He worketh all things after the counsel of His own will." (Eph. i. 11.)

## EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

### LETTER XLI.

Most excellent Theophilus, the resurrection of the just is a truth as delightful as it is wonderful. I will, after a few preliminary remarks, lay before you some of the main parts of this matter, as given 1 Cor. xv.

The first *inexplicable* point that we here meet with, is that of the *identity* of the body. There is no known law of nature by which we can at all understand this part of our destiny. The laws of waste and addition in our bodies, so go on during our lifetime that you have already had several new bodies, so that the atoms, the particles, which compose, form, and constitute, your body of to-day are not the same particles which ten years ago constituted the body you then had; yet the resurrection will be a *resurrection*, not a new *creation* out of the common dust of the earth. No, it will be somehow or another, an identical resurrection, the dust of your body when you die, may enter into the composition of the vegetable world, and those vegetables or grasses be eaten by sheep or oxen, and those sheep or oxen eaten by human beings, and become component parts, the second time, of human bodies, and this process may so go on that the identical particles now constituting your body may become the component parts of the bodies of men or women or both to a thousand generations. Is it, then, much to be wondered at, that gospel-bating philosophers should despise the doctrine of the resurrection? It is clear that nothing but the sure word of

prophecy is capable of being a true guide in this matter.

Faith can well afford to smile at all these difficulties. It is God, the Creator of the world, who says the dead shall be raised; it is God our Saviour who shall raise the dead; *known unto him is every particle* which compose the whole universe. *We cannot number the stars*, but he numbers every particle which compose them, and he knows, for they all lay open to him, even every atom of your body essential to its identity at the resurrection. He can number the atoms of the universe with more ease than you can count your ten fingers. What concern then ought it to be to us, that we cannot comprehend the way, the manner, how out of the *same* body which lives and dies shall arise a *new body*? It is enough, quite enough, that the God of truth says it shall be so; and such too will be the order of things, that though the just and unjust are mingled in one and the same tomb, yet the one will still be held *precious*, and the other *vile*: nor will there be any interchange of that dust—each particle shall find its own place, that which is for hell, to hell; and that which is for heaven, to heaven. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints," or that part of the saints which must lie in death until the resurrection morning. Even this their dust is precious in the sight of the Lord. And the ground will be cleared of this chosen, redeemed dust first—"the dead in Christ shall rise first;" not a hoof, not an atom shall be left behind.

Well then, my good Theophilus, while we have in this matter of bodily identity an inscrutable mystery, yet to *faith* there is not, as I have said, the slightest difficulty. Let me then again remind you that every particle composing even the whole universe lies open as clear and visible, and distinct to God, as your ten fingers are to you. "There is no searching of his understanding; his understanding is *infinite*."

Blessed God—Father, Word, and Holy Ghost—would that I could leave a thousand other difficulties, troubles, infirmities, adversities, enemies, necessities, and even death itself, with thee, O, God of love—my hope for ever—as easily as I can leave in thy blessed hands the identity of the resurrection of the body, O, I laugh at all carnal reasonings against the resurrection of the body. To comprehend this identity I know is with *men* impossible, but with *God* it is possible. It matters not to him in what part of the globe the dust of his saints may be, whether at the bottom of the sea, engulfed in earthquakes, burnt to ashes and the particles scattered thousands of miles from each other, all lies open to his immense survey. This truth of the resurrection is not, because the identity of the body cannot be comprehended, the less *endearing*. The resurrection of the

body is certainly one of the forms in which our God is love.

Our *personal* identity is not to our reason even quite so difficult a matter. You feel *conscious* that you are the *same* person who was a child, who was once a youth; therefore, personal identity will lie in *consciousness*. You will, in glory, ever be *conscious* that you are the *same* person that travelled through this wilderness world—that you were a lost sinner called and saved by grace. There is no change that will ever deprive you of this consciousness of your identity; you will see and know for yourself, and not another for you.

He who died for you was the *same* that rose from the dead; of this the disciples by infallible proofs became convinced; and not only so, but he was still the same in mind: he left his peace with the disciples, and *re-visited* in them that same peace when he reappeared to them—"And the angel said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This *same* Jesus which is taken from you into heaven, shall so come in *like manner* as ye have seen him go into heaven." Acts i. 11. You see here is a *three-fold* sameness—sameness of *person*, of *name*, and of *manner*. It is the same person who shall appear the second time, and in the same *name* or relation, the same *Jesus*. Now the word Jesus means *Saviour*; and the apostle says "he shall appear the second time without sin unto *salvation*." You see how the word—salvation—answers to the word—Jesus. He then is the same in *person*, and the same in *salvation*: and also in *manner*—"he shall come in *like manner*." Now, his *manner* was this: "he lifted up his hands and *blessed* them." And so, when he shall come again, it will be with, "Come ye blessed, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." So his people will be identical, and they will stand in *salvation* relationship; and after the manner or order of a sworn covenant, saying unto them, "In blessing, I will bless thee." Blessed Jesus, thou art our forerunner; thou art the surety of all the glory yet to be revealed.

You may, my good Theophilus, look upon this letter as being an introduction to my remarks upon that for which all true Christians are waiting, to wit, the redemption of the body. I will, therefore, now close with the *commencement* of the apostle's argument upon the heavenly truth of the resurrection, namely, that "if there is no resurrection, then our faith is vain; we are yet in our sins; preaching is vain, and they which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished." O, poor Sadducee, what a gloomy hope is thine! too gloomy to dwell needlessly upon. Now Theophilus, just *reverse* these ideas of the apostle.

"*Your faith is vain.*" No; your faith is not in vain; it is one of the most precious

gifts that you can possess; it gives you every advantage for all things, that is, all things needful to your true welfare are possible to him that *belicoveth*: and numbers of scriptures this one fruit of the Holy Spirit enables you to understand. Without this precious gift you cannot escape being excluded from the heavenly city. It is by faith we are united to Jesus, and by his truth purifying the heart from enmity against him, and filling it with love to him, and by his blood and righteousness we become all that which fits us for the holy city. How terrible then the sentence—"your faith is vain." Alas, if wrong in this, we are wrong in everything; for "whatsoever is not of faith is sin;" but the faith which worketh by love to his truth is not vain.

"If there be no resurrection ye are yet in your sins." *But* ye are not in your sins, but in Christ, complete in him. Our first Adam-life is passing away, but our second Adam-life is, and will be, flowing on to perfection, and the light thereof shining more and more unto the perfect day; the curse and condemnation, and power of sin, are gone; but the mercy of the Lord endureth for ever.

"And they that are asleep in Christ are perished." "But now is Christ risen," saith the holy apostle; therefore, they which are fallen asleep in Christ are *not* perished, but "are present with the Lord," their greatness increased and comforted on every side, and are kings and priests to God for ever; and because *Jesus lives*, they must live also. And so much are they like Jesus that perhaps a thousand years are to them as one day, and one day as a thousand years, so greatly does possession of eternity reduce the ages of *time*. So that while with us the difference between one day and a thousand years is *immense*, yet with them, perhaps it is too insignificant to have any effect upon their enlarged, exalted, happy, and perfect spirits. "They know even as they are known." Truly then, they are not perished; and never will and never can perish. Believest thou this? I *know* that thou believest; so also doth

A LITTLE ONE.

#### A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER'S ENQUIRY.

MR EDITOR.—If Mr. S. Cozens would give his thoughts on the following question, he would very much oblige. "*Is it right, and in accordance with the Word of God, to exhort children to pray?*"

A SABBATH TEACHER.

Thame, Oxon.

[Our brother Cozens has written a reply to this enquiry, which we hope to give in April.—Ed].

## The Earthen Vessel Pulpit.

### PRAYER.

BY MR. JOHN BLOOMFIELD.

*Of Salem Chapel, Meard's Court, Dean-street, Soho.*

"Where many were gathered together praying."  
Acts xii. 12.

THE early ages of Christianity were characterised by great tribulations and fierce opposition. It was not then popular to make a profession of Christ's religion; it cost something to be a disciple of the Lord Jesus. Christianity when most pure, met with the strongest and the most stirring persecution. The doctrines of Christ's religion were opposed by the most despotic power, and though they were received but by few, they could not be refuted by any; truth then carried its sway, and now still maintains its power, the pure in opposition to the impure; what the truth of God was in the days of old it is now. The preachers of the truth were men of great plainness of speech, of great earnestness of heart, and truly devout men of God, men prepared to sacrifice even their lives rather than give up the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. Peter was a preacher of the gospel, qualified for and abundantly blessed in his work by God; he was a noble advocate of the religion of Jesus, and being an advocate of that truth, and a member of that sect, every where spoken against, he was imprisoned; but in prison God took care of Peter, and guarded him, and delivered him from the hands of the ungodly. When Peter was in prison, the other disciples heard of it, and they assembled themselves together in Mary's house, and done the best thing they could do in order to rescue him; the disciples had no physical power, they used not carnal weapons but spiritual, even the voice of supplication, and Peter was enjoying calm repose, the angel of the Lord descended and delivered him from the hands of the oppressor, and from the prison where he was enchained. Though the sceptic may sneer, and the weak believer almost doubt, yet, we have many Bible witnesses to the fact, that God has, and does answer the prayers of his saints, to the confusion of their enemies, by his interposition on their behalf; not that praying alters the divine purpose, but prayer is as much a divine ordination as the deliverance for which we are instructed to pray. When the disciples had lost their friend, and their Saviour, when Christ took his departure from them, they assembled themselves together in an upper room in prayer and supplication. When the disciples heard Peter was imprisoned, they held a prayer meeting, yet they seemed not to expect God's answer to their cry, and how many of God's people now pray, but do not watch day after day, week after week, or month

after month; how many of God's children have prayed, when the burning tears have flowed, and the throbbing spirit heaved, and perhaps for years there has not appeared any answer to their prayers but is that a reason why we should not continue instant in prayer and earnest in our wrestlings with God! Who can tell how long the Israelites prayed for the blessings they received! or who can tell how long the publican prayed his short yet pathetic prayer! Paul met with Lydia where prayer was wont to be made. I shall endeavour to address you, on the necessity and importance of prayer. 1st, The nature and examples. 2nd, The objects for which prayer should be made in relation to the Christian church.

I. *The nature and examples of prayer.* What is prayer? Prayer is the breathing or language of a regenerate man. A child cannot live without breathing, it is an act of necessity, the child don't know its necessities, neither is it able to describe them. So with the child of God, he feels much that he cannot express; he mourns over his necessities, but cannot describe them, or lay before God that which he feels he wants; but he is no less a child of God, nor the less a true Christian. Prayer then is the cry of want; the expression of need; the voice of deep felt necessity. The publican, when he cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner," felt his need of mercy, without mercy he felt he was a lost man, hell his prison and the flames of endless burnings, his everlasting portion. When the poor penitent thief cried, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom," that was the voice of deep felt necessity: he asked for divine remembrance, without it, he must perish, and bear the righteous punishment of God; he cried out of a deep sense of need, it was the voice of belief; what a glorious answer, what a heavenly reply, did the poor penitent receive from his gracious Lord, "this day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." What a change: in the morning, a poor, low, degraded, conscience-stricken, law-condemned criminal; in the evening, with a clear conscience, a soul full of peace, and his mind illuminated with Jesus and his finished work. In the morning, a thief, and suffering the punishment of his crimes. In the evening, in Paradise. In the morning, blinded by the god of this world, and reviling his Saviour. The evening, beholding the Saviour's glory, and singing his triumphs around the throne. The poor woman would not give up wrestling with the Lord, till she had found that which she sought after; the prayer she uttered was a short prayer, but much meaning; of few words, but of great power; the woman believed with unshaken confidence, crying "Lord, help me!" and Jesus graciously granted that which she so anxiously sought after. We may say prayers, but never pray; we may pray when

we cannot utter a word; prayer is the crying of the broken spirit, the groaning of the wounded heart. Daniel met with great opposition, and great persecution, but he adhered to his God. Let us ask ourselves, if like Daniel, we have a religion of principle, a religion of vitality, so that we are prepared to part with anything, even life itself, rather than give up the truth of the Lord Jesus Christ? Prayer is the language of intense desire:

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpress'd;  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast."

Yes, there may be trembling, though the earnest feelings, and intense desires be not expressed. Moses besought the Lord for the safety of the people. Abraham prayed earnestly to God for the salvation of the people doomed to destruction. Hannah wrestled with the Lord and obtained that which she esteemed so great a blessing; and are there not some Hannahs here this morning, seeking for blessings which cannot be expressed? By faith we climb the "ladder which Jacob saw, bringing heavenly blessings down."

Prayer is the hand of faith taking hold on God. Wonderful expression, taking hold upon God. By faith we approach God, "for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." The prophet lamented, saying, "and there is none that calleth upon thy name, that stirreth up himself to take hold of thee." Jacob wrestled with the angel of God. The poor woman did but touch the hem of Christ's garment: all are not wrestling Jacob's; all have not that confidence that Jacob had, when he said "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." Some saints are feeble, some whom I address, may not be able to wrestle as Jacob, yet I trust we can sometimes touch the hem of his garment, and if we can but touch the hem with our tears, with our sighs, or with our groans, it may be with a broken heart, and a trembling spirit, still virtue flows from him, even—Jesus. Prayer is the correspondence of the soul with him who inhabiteth eternity; prayer is a spiritual and heavenly exercise:

II. *The objects for which prayer should be made in relation to the Christian Church.* First, for the revival of God's work; with Habakkuk, "Oh, Lord, revive thy work," and with the Psalmist, "send now prosperity." Isaiah said, "For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth." God has promised to comfort Zion, and to increase her sons; but, he has said, "for all these things will I be enquired of, by the house of Israel." We have no more right to expect prosperity, without earnest importunate supplication, than the farmer has a right to expect a crop without first sowing seed; and he that soweth weeping, in the spirit of prayer, will doubtless reap a bountiful, and spiritual harvest. But what does spiritual prosperity

mean? Not numbers merely, but an enquiring mind, depths of conviction, the growth of the soul, and the conformity of our character, and lives with the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. A Church crowded with numbers, without corresponding spirituality, is rather a clog, a source of weakness, than of strength, but truly spiritual souls united in a growing desire for the knowledge of the gospel; and in conformity to the image of the Lord Jesus Christ, is the truly prosperous, and happy church; therefore, let the burden of our prayer be, that God would revive his work in our hearts, and also in the souls of individual believers. There are three features in Daniel's prayer; see 9th chapter of Daniel. First, a confession of his own sin, and then the sins of the people. Secondly, supplication; he prays that God would be merciful for his great name sake. Thirdly, what we too frequently forget, namely, thanksgiving. Men of business; men in relation to the Christian Church, have their trials; but with all the cares of business, with all the sorrows of the godly, in all our troubles, what should we do if there were no throne before which to bow, if there were no beating sympathetic heart open to hear, and ready to forgive? I grant you, some have sore trials, and great tribulations, and are driven to their wits end, tossed upon the ocean of time, by life's tempestuous billows, scarcely knowing whether or not, at last they shall be shipwrecked. The apostle was shipwrecked and the people with him, but they all reached the land. So with God's people; though the billows of life rise high, every soul in the vessel of eternal love shall be safely landed in the haven of everlasting rest. Another thing for which we are to pray is the conversion of sinners; we say sometimes, "let thy kingdom come;" but many by their actions say, let it not come near us; but where is the man that knows God, and his power to save, that does not want others to know him also, and to love the same truth, and serve the same Master? When we know Christ we love to commend him to others; when we have felt the grace of God in our own souls, like the woman of Samaria, we say, "come and see a man that told me all things that ever I did." We cannot convert souls, but we can pray for the outpouring of the Spirit, that "the Lord may see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied."

The objects for which prayer should be made, with the great encouragements to, and the prevalency of prayer, were more fully expatiated on in evening, proving the man of prayer to be a man of power. S. K.

TO PARENTS.—William Crowther, of Lockwood, in his Sunday-school sermon, says:—"Is it not, believing parent, a noble position that thou art placed in, that in the training and provision for thy children, thou hast the blessed and familiar example of God towards thyself to guide thee? and if thou dost but give diligent heed to his instructions, thou wilt find such example will apply for thy guidance in all the peculiar perplexities in which thou art placed; for thou wilt see in thy children no example of waywardness towards thee that thou hast not often shewn towards God; and if thou dost but mark how he hath dealt with and treated thee, thou wilt find in his nurture and admonition the lesson as to what thine should be.

## ISRAEL'S COMPLAINT AND THE CAUSE OF HER SORROW.

By D. ААНВУ.

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion." Psalm cxxxvii. 1.

THE word of God is like a well executed map; the hills and the valleys, the straight paths and the crooked, are alternately described by the Spirit of God. Just so, Christian experience now; it has its dark shades as well as its light—it is not all song, neither is it all sorrow—the smile of joy succeeds the bitter grief. Christian, it is better to sigh over corruptions felt, and before God deplored, than to wait for ever, "where hope never comes." The worldling may laugh at your sorrows now, but he will have solemn occasion to weep for himself by-and-by.

The subject of our paper is a plaintive one, it is the dark ground of the picture, but it is not all dark; there is seen the silver tear of repentance for former follies, and that tear never ran down the cheek of a native Babylonian, nor did a "remembrance of Zion" ever kindle in their breast a wish to be found amongst its honoured worshippers. It is better to be an humble weeping saint, shut out by the *providence* of God from his house, than to be a *thoughtless, mock-worshipper* constantly there.

We have two important places spoken of here, — "Babylon," signifying confusion, which is a true type of the world. The other is "Zion," a type of the church of God, as "raised up" by electing mercy, and regenerating grace.

Let us go in thought to Babylon, and try and read out (it may be,) a little of the experience of some, who sigh often, and sing but little, with whom the voice of complaint is oftener heard, than that of hallowed joy.

We notice the unenviable position of God's Israel—viz—OUT OF HER ELEMENT.

*Locally.* How far distant from the house of the Lord, and surrounded by idolatrous worshippers, with whom they can feel no kindred joy. So is it with some of God's saints even now. The cold formality of a village church, or the wild rant of a Wesleyan conventical are the only tones, many truth-loving hearts are within reach of, and full many a sigh goes up from the soul, that some two or three might be found, so that the felt loneliness of the banished one might be relieved by Christian converse and communion worship of the true God.

*Domestically.* Ah, how many Christians forge the very links of that chain which binds them to ungodly companions, and who have occasion afterwards to weep for the want of freedom from a bitter rule of restraint, which is now constantly jading the spirits, and seeking to prevent their public and private intercourse with the loved ones of earlier days. Such, like Israel, not only feel the inconvenience of their position, but also the pang of an accusing conscience, pointing them to unhooded admonitions. To the flesh, the

union seemed desirable, therefore the sober counsel of the wise was treated lightly, and the Word of God was not regarded. We would pray for such, but our affectionate sympathies are strongest toward those, who are called to fear God, while others of the family are left to exercise an ungodly and persecuting conduct towards them, causing them to "weep" for the loss of the loved ordinances of Zion.

*Provisionally.* Bodily infirmities prevent the lovers of Zion from mixing with the worshippers, and as the Sabbath hours are passing away, the sick one is found, now reading the Word of God, now listening as though they could hear the distant sound of the song of praise, and trying to follow the worshippers in their employ, while again from the depths of their heart they give vent to their feelings, as they read over Psalm lxxxiv. While again, that encouraging word drops into their hearts—"Let Israel hope in the Lord." But still, they cannot forget the place "whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord." And when an occasional respite is allowed, and they find themselves again listening to those earnest prayers, and Christ-exalting truths, they feel ready, from the heart, to express their silent gratitude in the beautiful language of Psalm cxxii. And as the *past* of deliverance is thought of, and the blissful *future* is anticipated, the inward joy of the soul is again expressed.—

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

Again, the Christian is sometimes "out of his element" by *Poverty*. Once he could minister freely, and somewhat plentifully to the cause of God, and to the support of the needy of the Lord's people, but now, he requires that help he once gladly gave to others. There are many roads to poverty, and if the Christian knows he has been suffered to pursue a path of carelessness and ambition, he feels his position more keenly, and sighs for deliverance more earnestly, and prays for submission more fervently. Well, it shall in due time be given him, and the "rich and the poor meet together," where the pinchings of poverty, and the burden of riches shall never more disturb the saint of God.

*Ministerially.* How many, for a time, are "out of their element" here, and some almost always, though not as Israel were; Israel had it not—these have it, but do not enjoy it. There is a restlessness of spirit. Some of the Lord's ministers are too doctrinal, too this, and too something else. If such hearers were more honest with their own consciences before God, and possessed more of the spirit of the gospel themselves, they would not be so full of complaints about the gospel ministry. Such hearers seem at home in the world, and possess much of its spirit, and then make long and loud complaints, and wonder how it is the ministry does not comfort them as it formerly did. Ah! we fear



such are indeed in "Babylon" for who now hears the supplicating or thanksgiving tone of their "harps" in the morning or evening prayer-meetings of the saints? Well, we would pray our God to bring them out of this state, that again "they may go forth in the dances of those who make merry" in the courts of the Lord's house.

In a *fellowship* sense. How little closet communion, how little spiritual fellowship do many of whom we would enjoy well, appear to seek after, or hope. On high days and annual gatherings, how very active, what earnestness marks their features, as they listen to a voice they have never heard before. And strangers might think, how spiritual such an one is, what a help he must be to the friends in their meetings for prayer, and how welcome must his visits be at the bedside of the afflicted and dying saint of God; I will seek an interview with him, and learn a little of his spiritual joys. Alas! alas! in showy scenes many are really at home, but as to fellowship joys, and close walking with God, how little is known or evidenced. Believer, may our God give us holy communings with himself, for it is the life and soul of religion, and if this is really our "element," we shall yet seek for more, and often say—

"Oh for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame."

Yes, we shall say—

"Come nearer, nearer, nearer still,  
I'm blest when thou art here."

We notice also—THE CAUSE OF ISRAEL'S SORROW.

See, it was a *remembrance of former times*. Well might the good prophet in his mournful lament of Israel's glory say:—"Jerusalem remembered in the days of her affliction and miseries all her pleasant things that she had in days of old." The altar, the laver, the incense, and the mercy-seat, with the hallowed interpretation afforded to them, as the mind of God was made known by the High Priest, as the light of the "Shekinah" was reflected and read out upon his breast-plate; so with the saint of God now; how deep, how keen the recollections of former days, when the "first love" kindled other flames of joy and peace, when the very name of Jesus had a charm and a power to resist their fears; when the Bible was felt to be the Book of books, and trifles did not then prevent their early and constant attendance in the house of prayer. But now, the soul feels the sad reverse, united with the force of that accusation—"Your sins and your iniquities have separated between you and your God." This may well cause sorrow, and did not faith draw a little hope from the promise, that the time would come, when the word, "Arise ye, and let us go up to Zion, unto the Lord our God," would be happily fulfilled, the heart would indeed be more heavily oppressed.

*Her attachment to Zion*, was another cause of her sorrow. There was a national cleaving of heart to their own, and the land of their father's. The spiritual in the family of God now, feel a strong cleaving to the church of Jesus, with her much honoured ordinances;

and why? because, it is the spiritual birth-place, where (to many,) the first joy of pardoned sin was felt, the love of God shed abroad, and the spiritual attractions of the cross of Christ revealed, whereby the first hope of interest in God's salvation sprung up. It was also the brethren's gathering-place. The throne of grace there was visited, the "banner of love" there was unfolded to view, the flames of love there burned upon the altar God had sanctified. The knitting of heart there was known, and oft the inward force of affections would move the lips to say—"This is none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven." Again, it is *God's dwelling-place*. "This is my rest for ever, here will I dwell." Need it be a matter of surprise, that saints now should have sorrow, when either locality, or from want of enjoyment, they are distant from that they love?

See the *evidence of her sorrow*. Her judgment is insulted. "Sing us one of the songs of Zion," was the taunt of the Babylonians; the strangeness of the place, and the people forbid, and an expression of spiritual joy but real sorrow cannot be always suppressed, therefore Israel "wept."

Her *affections were not reciprocated*. Many of the Lord's saints, even in their own families can enter into the meaning of this; their books, their friends, their ministers, yea, their God has no attraction for those untaught in, and unconcerned about eternal things, while the lone one turns aside, and before God, weeps in prayerful desire for submission to bear the trial until deliverance comes.

Her *comforts decline*. The joys of the sanctuary are but seldom realized, and with weeping often, sighs out in secret—"Oh that it were with me as in months past," &c.

Her *God is dishonoured* around, while the soul is grieved by the filthy conversation of those who know not the God of Zion, and trample with impunity upon that which is holy, and much endeared to the soul born of God, and panting for spiritual good.

May the God of Israel now arise, and give deliverance to spiritual captives, that the triumph and the songs, followed by humility and tenderness of conscience, may be possessed by all the oppressed ones of our beloved Zion, is the prayerful wish of a lover of God's Israel, whether in captivity, or rejoicing in the full "liberty of the sons of God."

Whittlesea, Jan. 14, 1858. D. ASHBY.

## THE HOUSE OF GOD.

By THOMAS ROW.

"Gladness in going to the house of God."

Ps. cxxii. 1.

DAVID'S love to the house of the Lord, made him ready to rejoice, when others invited him to enter it. The city of Jerusalem was on many accounts a very desirable place, but the house of the Lord in it was the chief object of attraction, ver. 9. They were both typical of the church in gospel times, which is built up of lively stones, a spiritual house,

whose spiritual sacrifices are acceptable to God, through Jesus Christ. 1 Pet. ii. 5. 1 Tim. iii. 15.

A house is a collection of chosen, purchased, and prepared materials; so is the church of Christ. Thousands of stones, in an uncollected, scattered, and separate state, would not make a house; and so many believers do not form a church, a spiritual house, unless united together in a scriptural way. As the builder must choose his materials before they are formed into a house, so the Lord has chosen all the persons of which he builds his church before the world began, or the building commenced. Materials for a house should not be gained by dishonest means, but fairly purchased, and fully paid for; so the church of God is purchased with the price of his own blood; in building his house he has robbed no one, for he has built it with nothing but his own. Materials, as they came from the quarry, are unfit for building, they must be put into proper form, before they are part of the house; and so the people of God by nature are too rough for his house till refined, reformed, and prepared by his Spirit.

It is important that a house have a good foundation, otherwise it would be in danger of falling. Christ is the firm foundation laid in Zion, on which this house is fixed, above all possibility of falling. 1 Cor. iii. 2. If a house has pillars,—prophets and apostles, and ministers are a means of supporting the church. Doors are necessary, as without them, we could neither get in nor out; so Christ, and faith, and hope, and discipline are useful doors to the house of God. Windows are that without which a house would be in darkness; the church of Christ has its ordinances that let the light into it from him. Every house is built by some man; but God is the builder of his own house. Matt. xvi. 18. Great houses are usually beautified with the best furniture; God's house is all glorious without and within, through his own righteousness, grace and presence. Houses get out of repair, and does not the house of God decay in its faith, love, zeal, works, and wishes? He, however, can restore our souls, and repair our services. Houses have their inhabitants; God dwells in his own house; let us take care that our sins do not cause him to leave it desolate.

David was glad when they said, "let us go into the house of the Lord." What does this mean? Something that is felt by all the living family of God. It implies a gracious experience of renovating power in the soul; an experience of heavenly comfort, peace, and pleasure in the divine presence there; it is the feeling of spiritual affections in exercise. Being glad to go to such a place, supposes some knowledge of it, delight in it, and desire after it, which appears in a cheerful, frequent, and constant attendance there. David had seen the beauty, and glory, and goings of God in his sanctuary, wherefore he desired to dwell in it all his days. He could not forget the blessedness of being there. He had rather be a doorkeeper there than dwell in the tents of wickedness. "Blessed are they that dwell

in thy house." Thus we learn religion is a delightful theme. What beside can soothe our sorrows, exult our joys, scantify our souls, and endear our Saviour so much?

We conclude our observations by saying, 1st, Saints should be careful to act becoming the house of God; for "if any man defile it, him will God destroy." 1 Cor. iii. 17. 2nd, True believers should join the church, and thus be openly in the House of God. 3rd, Christians should encourage each other to attend public worship, because too many are backward, lukewarm, and worldly, and require to be stirred up to their duty; and because it may be a means of making them glad. 4th, Those who neglect it must be losers. How can we escape some loss or cross if we neglect the great salvation?

#### GLADNESS IN GOING TO THE HOUSE OF GOD.

On Christ, my only hope,  
His dwelling-house shall stand;  
He builds and bears it up,  
By his Almighty hand;  
By his Almighty hand;  
On earthly ground,  
I gladly know,  
He makes it grow  
With graces crowned.

With all the sons of grace,  
My feet shall soon repair  
To this appointed place.  
And willing worship there:  
The thought of this,  
However sad,  
Can make me glad  
With sacred bliss.

With humble heart and mind,  
And free from all complaints,  
May I indeed be joined  
To all the chosen saints:  
And then invite  
The wanderers near,  
To love and fear,  
With pure delight.

THOMAS ROW.

Little Gransden, Jan. 26, 1858.

[We gladly insert this paper of Mr. Thomas Row's, because it contains some good things, which thousands may ponder over, and practice to great advantage.—Ed.]

#### CHASTISEMENT.

WELCOME afflictions! 'tis my Father's hand  
That smites me; and shall I repine  
While Abba's love so gently scourges me?  
Nay, dearest Lord; but give me faith to see  
That every stroke, is thy sweet stroke of love,  
Pointing me upward to my rest above.  
To suffer, Lord, is fellowship with thee;  
And dare I murmur at thy wise decree  
Who orders all things well, nor gives a pain  
That is not needful. Lord, 'tis gain  
To suffer. A little while 'twill cease,  
And I with thee, shall rest in endless peace,  
No more to part. "For ever with the Lord."  
According to thy promise, in thy word.  
Bright, glorious, day, to those redeemed by blood,  
Whose sins are cancell'd and at peace with God,  
Haste thy returning, Lord, nor tarry long,  
That I with those redeemed might swell the  
eternal song—  
"Salvation to the Lamb who sits upon the throne,  
And heaven responsive, shout, Amen, Amen."

## CHRIST'S COMING.

"The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many. Matthew xx. 28.

To speak of Christ's coming, is at all times acceptable; Hart says, we should

"Remember, the Saviour  
In winter was born."

It is as well, when we are brought to remember, that at the *appointed time* "he died the just for the unjust to bring us to God." Christ came, as sent by the Father, and therefore according to covenant arrangement. The Father "found him;" "raised him up;" "I laid help upon him;" made him strong, qualified him," anointed him with the Spirit; gave him a people to save, and at Jerusalem we find him about his Father's business. *He came willingly.* Lo I come, "in the volume of the Book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O God," therefore, said Jesus, doth my Father love me, because "I lay down my life." Christ came suitably, inasmuch as he came as a *sacrifice*, "Behold the *Lamb of God* that taketh away the sin of the world." He was also without sin, therefore as a sinless man, he could fulfil the law which was broken by a sinless man; he could and did go to the end of the law, and by his *perfect* obedience, work out and bring in a perfect righteousness; hence, those who believe are *complete in him*.

Again, "he came not to be ministered unto," he stood alone, "of the people there were none with him;" he might not be relieved of one atom of weight he bore; not one inch could be shortened of the road he must travel, nor could any mitigate the sore travail of his soul; he must tread the winepress alone, he only could speak with the enemies in the gate; his own sword must cut his own way through the ranks of opponents; and as he came not to be ministered unto, so, neither *could* any minister unto him; his apostles could not understand him, nor could they sympathize with him, but rebuked him and forbad him, and at length forsook him and fled. But he came to minister and to give his life a ransom for many, and what he came to do, that he did.

His life was a mission

Steeped in love,

Fragrant with odours most divine.

He went about doing good: men felt it, devils were awed before it, scribes, chief priests and sadducees were astounded at it, and lest this good should be perpetuated, men nailed the Son of man to the cross, and so unwittingly constituted themselves God's instruments to bring about his purpose, that one purpose—the all-absorbing purpose, "to give his life a ransom for many." Reader, can you say

"'Twas Jesus my Friend, when He hung on  
the tree,  
Who opened the channel of mercy for me?"

If so, then Jesus still lives to minister unto you.

Colubbrook.

JOHN BRUNT.

## Memorials of Departed Saints.

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE LIFE, EXPERIENCE, AND DEATH OF MR. EDWARD PEARLESS, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE ON THE EVE OF THE 23RD OF JANUARY, 1858, IN THE 39TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

WELL did David say by the teaching of the Holy Ghost, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." Blessed motto! when exemplified in the life, doctrine, experience, and practice of one professing godliness as was manifestly the case with our departed friend, who had seen an end of all perfection in the flesh, and knew that the law made nothing perfect; but the bringing in of a better hope did; and which hope he had as an anchor of the soul, and by the which he drew near unto God, knowing that Christ, by one offering had for ever perfected them that are sanctified, and to him the set time, the appointed day had arrived, when the sweet song should be sung, "We have a strong city; salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks. Open ye the gates! that the righteous man that keepeth the truth may enter into the engagement of the love, grace, truth, and salvation of God, who will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is staid upon him, because he trusted in him and could say, Lord, thou wilt ordain peace for us, for thou also hast wrought all our works in us." Now let it be understood that what I have further to say, is not to be considered as the work nor worth of the creature, but of the Creator. "For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." It hath been a mystery in all ages to the legal, carnal, judaizing, pharisaical professor, how perfection and imperfection can reside in the same person, not knowing that it is given to the saints to know the mysteries of the kingdom, but to them that are without in parables. And this to them is a great parable that though these opposites dwell in the same person, yet not in the same man: perfection dwells and is resident in the new man, which is perfect and complete in Christ; imperfection dwells with and in the old man which is a body of sin and death." But to the word and the testimony." Gen. vi. 9.—"Noah was a just man, and perfect in his generation, and Noah walked with God." Job i. 1.—"There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job, and that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God and eschewed evil." This is the character given by Jehovah himself of these two saints, and yet we find that they were men of like passions with ourselves. So with our departed brother. He was perfect through that comeliness which the Lord put upon him. He had to go through the same kind of ordeal as Joshua of old, for when convinced of sin, of righteousness and judgment, when called by grace to supplicate and entreat for mercy, Satan was there to resist and accuse him. But the Lord said unto Satan, "The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan, even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee. Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire? But there stood

Joshua clothed with filthy garments, until the angel of the everlasting covenant exclaims, "Take away his filthy garments from him." And to him he said, "Behold I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with change of raiment."

But my preliminary remarks will appear too long and extraneous to those at a distance who knew him not; but not so to those who had any knowledge of him as a man and a Christian.

Our departed friend came to Peterborough, a youth about fourteen years of age, to be apprenticed to a draper, the late Mr. R. J. Head, (who at that time was well known to the churches round about) and from the first of his coming attended with the family the worship of God in his sanctuary, under the ministry of the writer of this obituary; and it appears that the word of truth became the word of power, arrested the attention of his juvenile mind, and secretly and silently descended like early dew, distilling the love, grace, mercy, truth, and salvation of God, into his now renewed soul; and he continued to attend upon the preaching of the Word until the expiration of the term of his apprenticeship when he left for about two years, during which time he occasionally heard the venerable Mr. Oxenham. I think it was at Guildford, in Surrey. But his mind was again led by him that fixes, rules, and guides the destinies of his people, to return again to Peterborough; and he became an assistant in the shop he had served in as an apprentice. But in a short time his employer, Mr. R. J. Head, concluded that he had accumulated sufficient property to enable him to retire; the business was turned over to Mr. Henry Head, and our departed friend, Mr. Fearless. And never were two men joined together in business more suited for partnership, being of the same faith and congeniality of disposition and deportment, kind, civil, humble, loving and beloved by all around. Their aim was, to be good and to do good to all, within their sphere of action; but in a few years the Lord was pleased to take home to himself Mr. H. Head, whose life, experience, death, and funeral sermon was published in the *VESSEL*, May, 1847. And the business devolved upon Mr. Fearless, who with a soul formed for domestic society had previously married a God-fearing woman, and never were two persons joined together more suited to become man and wife. They indeed became one flesh, were of one faith, mind, heart, and soul; of one temper and disposition, meek, still, quiet, loving, and the Lord blessed them with three lovely children, all daughters, and the whole household lived in peace and in harmony.

But the days of our friend were numbered, and drawing to a close, proving that in the midst of life we are in death, but the day or hour is known only to Him that appointed it. But the Lord has declared that to this man will he look who is of a humble and contrite spirit. Yea, with him I will dwell to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite.

Our brother, being of a quiet and taciturn spirit and disposition, there was nothing more annoying to him than a prating, chattering,

empty professor, who had never been brought to the place of stopping of mouths, who with a verbosity of talk, and misplaced Scriptures, knowing not what they affirmed; half Calvinist and half Arminian; never twice of one opinion; with no salt in their mouths, grace in their hearts, nor savour upon their lips. "Jejune, jejune," might be stamped upon the whole. He loved to hear proclaimed from the pulpit, a free, full, complete, and finished salvation, and also what Paul calls the things that accompany salvation; an unctuous experience of the work of the Spirit and grace of God upon and in the soul, and then quietly to retire and ponder over them, and not to be interrupted by those professors who as soon as they get out of a place of worship run from one to another, with a "How did you hear? how did you get on? how did you like or approve the discourse?" that they might have something to gossip about through the week. One thinks how much better it would be for such to go home, and ask themselves a few questions, or put the same kind of questions to themselves.

But I come now to the closing scene of our brother's mortal life. After one week's affliction, being missed from the house of God, when called upon on the Monday, it was found that he was afflicted with a swollen and inflamed face, but he was cheerful and no danger was apprehended as a physician was not called in till the Wednesday, who thought it requisite to call in another on the Thursday. But little can be said of his dying testimony as the physician gave orders that he should be kept quiet and not disturbed by visitors, and he afterwards became delirious, with very few lucid intervals, in one of which he said to a sister that was sitting by him, "I am going home. I am willing to go; I have no earthly tie but my dear wife and children, and I can leave them with Him that can do better for them than I could." And about an hour before his departure he lifted up his hand, and exclaimed, "Blessed death, yea, blessed in death." Thus his end was peace. He had for some time been dead to the world, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ; his aim, end, and design, yea desire, was peace on earth, especially in the church, and goodwill towards men. He had his tribulations, but his blessed Lord fulfilled his promise, "In me ye shall have peace." J. CARTER.

Peterboro', Feb. 1. An Octogenarian.

THE MINISTERS WE WANT.—When the Lord considered Jonah had been long enough in the depths, He spake unto the fish, and it vomited out Jonah upon the dry land. These are the sort of preachers we want, *out-of-the-depths* men, who having been cast upon the dry ground of hope, have Jehovah's command to *preach the preaching He bids them*. A handful of such preachers would be more effective than a whole bevy of first-class, *graceless* Oxford and Cambridge men. Men are in perplexity, they want guidance; discouraged, they want the cheering word; weak, they require strength: and ministers, in order to reach their case, must themselves practically understand it. This produces heart to heart ministrations.

## Baptism, What is it?

No. II.

### COZENS VERSUS "NEMO."

MR. EDITOR. DEAR SIR.—I had anticipated from your editorial *critique* of "Nemo's" able criticisms" on the wrapper of the January VESSEL, a surpassing prodigy of intelligence and logic; a sort of *coup de grace*, as the French would say, but to my astonishment it is a mere bagatelle.

In the first place, I should like to know who "Nemo" is? Is he the "Villager" *incongnito*? By the by, I ought to know that "Nemo" is nobody, and there is the same sort of nothingness about his anti-logical, anti-theological article, and without using "epithets" it would be a strange *phenomena* to get anything from nobody; I may be called facetious, I cannot help it. *Nemo me impune lacesset*. It is rather an unhappy though not an irrelevant signature. I hope "Nemo" will allow that I know the meaning of the word (*irrelevant*) now, and that it is not "utterly inappropriate to the occasion." Indeed it is as appropriate now as it was when I used it to the "Villager." Neither the queries of the "Villager," nor the article of "Nemo" are to the point. But I have now to do with "Nemo," and I would say, had I half the *erudition* of your classic friend, I certainly would have endorsed my views with the name of a more important and classical gentleman than "Nemo."

Allow me to say, Mr. Editor, that it would add very considerably to the respectability of your periodical if controversial articles, letters, &c., &c., had the authors' names thereto attached. If I have any confidence in my views; if there is nothing apocryphal in my statements; if there is indisputable truth in my doctrines, why should I withhold my name? I have confidence in my views: *ergo* I gave my name. "Nemo" has no confidence in his views: *ergo*, he conceals his name; it is certainly an admirable way to save one the shame of a defeat. I say, I have confidence in my views, and that, "Nemo" may ascertain by sending me an order for my new work entitled, "*Tobal, Baptizo, Immergo, Dipping, or the Seven Baptisms of the Bible;*" and if he should feel disposed to take up the gauntlet, tell him I am ready to enter the arena with this proviso that he gives his *real* name, that I may know with whom I have the pleasure to combat and over whom I shall have the honour to triumph with a victor's joy. And I am as certain of this as I am that there is a God in the heavens, for "truth is *strong*, and must prevail. Infant sprinkling, or sprinkling for baptism, as a religious ordinance, is a *lie*, and must go back to the father of lies. I wish you to inform "Nemo," that I never draw my sword against cowards. I have too much respect for my controversial reputation to pay much regard to anonymous combatants. I have said, that "Nemo's" article is antilo-

gical, &c., and I say so because he argues that baptism could not be administered by immersion, because of the scarcity of water, yet "in the winter months the rain descends in torrents." Again, your logical "Nemo" says, that "there is no analogy for the translation, "much water," it ought to be "many streams;" but how there could be "many streams" and not *much* water I cannot define. I should think if there was not much water there could not have been many streams, but the Greek *polla* is translated in the best way it could have been rendered, signifying as it does *quantity, much*.

"Nemo" talks about the baptism of cups, &c. Well, how are cups washed? As his predilection is so much in favor of the practices of pædo-baptists, and as he is so opposed to dipping, I trust he will tell his *laundress* to sprinkle his linen, and his *scullery maid* to sprinkle his cups and platters, and if he will inform me of his whereabouts, I will take the liberty (in a few months) of calling upon him to philosophize upon the domestic happiness resulting from this novel mode of baptizing cups, and pots, and linen. He will say, pish! But why did he introduce the baptism of cups?

Wiser men than "Nemo" have said that there is but *one* genuine, proper, primary, and natural sense of a text, and the natural meaning of *bapto*, or *baptizo*, or *baptize*, is to dip.

Let "Nemo" read my book, let him answer it, and he shall hear again from

Your servant for Truth's sake,

S. COZENS.

12, Queen-street, Camden Town, Feb. 1st.

#### EDITOR'S NOTE.

WE have admitted the above, because we considered our brother Cozens had a right to reply; but we have no sympathy with that light and lofty spirit which too much characterizes the writing and speaking of the day. We are often publicly censured for *extreme tenderness*; we prefer such censure, rather than be influenced by that dogmatical, contemptuous, and anti-gospel tone, which is now so awfully prevalent. We opened our columns to a fair discussion upon the subject of Baptism, with the hope that some of our brethren would, in a Christ-like, in an apostolical, and in a devotional spirit, open up the mind of God upon, and the holy mysteries couched in, that sacred institution, called "*Baptism.*" But, if men can only wrangle, and write ironically, we must close the controversy, fearless of all the censures or consequences resulting therefrom.

## Our Churches, their Pastors, and their People.

### MR. WYARD'S WELCOME TO ZION CHAPEL, DEPTFORD.

On Monday, Feb. 8, a very large concourse of people assembled at three o'clock in the afternoon, at Zion Chapel, New Cross-road, Deptford, to welcome Mr. George Wyard to his new sphere of labour. Mr. J. A. Jones, read the Scriptures, and implored the Divine blessing. Mr. John Foreman delivered an affectionate address, expressive of his sympathies with Mr. Wyard, and with the friends of truth at Deptford; exhibiting also the chief design of the gospel ministry.

After the reading of a review of the origin, progress, and general history of the Church now worshipping in Zion Chapel, Deptford, Mr. John Foreman introduced his ministerial brother, George Wyard, by a few words, expressing his entire confidence in Mr. W. as an unflinching minister of truth. Mr. Wyard then gave such an account of his natural, spiritual, and ministerial life as to rivet the attention, and powerfully to interest the minds of his audience. We certainly esteemed it a privilege to be permitted to listen to, and to sympathize with, an address so fully demonstrating the saving grace of God. The following is an outline. Mr. Wyard said:—

I scarcely know how to begin! It is customary on such occasions for questions to be asked; but as this is simply a meeting to welcome me to my new sphere of labour, those questions therefore, have been dispensed with. There are four books which I shall have occasion to refer to, the book of Nature, the book of Providence, the book of Divine Revelation, and the book of Godly experience.

"I was born in this county (Kent) about thirty-five miles from this place; at a village called Milton, next Sittingbourne, of godly parents, and if this Bible be true, and I know it is true, then they are gone to heaven, where I hope to meet them in that great day. My morals, of course, were rigidly attended to. We were eight in family, I was the seventh son in succession. I was kept from bad company. I do not think I ever took an oath in my life, nor was I ever given to speaking falsehoods. Never in my life was I intoxicated. I scarcely know at what period of life I had not religious impressions. There was a church at some distance from our village; but a tower in the town with a bell, and when any body died, this bell used to toll. I remember one occasion the bell tolling, and my mother asked me for whom the bell was tolling? then very thoughtless, I said, "Oh, mother, I don't know, but *not for me!*" She turned to me, and said, "ah, but you don't know how soon it may toll for you." This weighed down my

spirit for some time; and although it gradually wore away, I had impressions that I must die; that I had a soul that must live some where, so I thought I would try to do good. About this time, (I suppose I was about ten years old), a few boys, with myself used to meet, and read the Scriptures, and pray together. One boy, older than I, used to take the lead: that was the way we spent our evenings. For all this I loved sin, but wished to escape hell. I thought by reading and prayer, I should do well; and some thought I was getting religious. About this time, in our town there was a fair held, and I went; I went into a dancing saloon; and was just going to make an attempt to jump, (for I could not dance, though I was light upon my feet,) when all at once something seemed to say, "ВЪЕРЕ АБТ ТИОУ?" I started out of the room. The feelings went deep into my soul; a dreadful state of mind, ensued: I dreaded the night; and when I walked out, I thought the earth would open, and swallow me up. "What should I do to be saved?" I was as far from holiness, as I was from heaven. I was at that time in want of a situation, as my father's circumstances were limited: and to Chatham I went, and walking in various shops, I said, "Want a boy, sir?" Some laughed at me, others seemed to pity me; but I know I had to walk home without getting what I wanted; being ten miles. I had not been home long ere a situation was obtained, (I suppose I was now about half-past eleven.) I thought it a terrible hard one, but I kept it until another presented itself, which was a better one. But I wanted to come to London, where I had brothers residing. I think that the greatest reason for my wanting to come to the metropolis, was for my soul, for I was still in deep soul trouble. I came to London in 1818; I came to George-street, Portman-square, just at the back of Blandford-street chapel. One Sunday morning, I went into Blandford-street chapel, where dear old Mr. Keeble preached. He wore a large wig, parted in the middle, like a woman's hair, I thought him an exceeding curious man. At the time, I went to hear Mr. Keeble, he was going through Paul's Epistle to the Romans. I heard him once on the following text, "Christ is the end of the law, for righteousness to every one that believeth." This was the very thing I wanted; I had never heard any thing like it before, I could have danced for joy; and truly could I have sung,

"This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourned because I found it not."

This was indeed a happy deliverance for me.

From that moment I never went back again to such a black and dreadful state of soul. I will not detain you, but one more circumstance I must mention. I left that situation, and went to another; and there I got into, what Bunyan calls, "shame-faced street." I seemed to try how far I might go without giving up my religion. Oh, I got into a sad position, my fellow servants used to say, I like that Wyard, he is not like some religious people, he does not put on a long face; and so on. Oh, the horror I was then brought into! I seemed to have denied my Lord and Master. [This part of Mr. Wyard's testimony was exceedingly painful: he could scarcely speak for weeping; and many wept too. It was evident that this was a severe sitting from Satan; it afflicted his soul to its centre; but, beyond all doubt, it gave a tone to his experience most valuable in its results. Mr Wyard said:] Allow me here to break off abruptly, and say a word or two, respecting my call to the ministry.

Almost from the first of my impressions, I thought I should like to preach, not then entering into the feeling of the solemnities of the office. While a member at Blandford-street, I remember, when being called upon to pray, how my knees used to smite one against the other; and when I had finished, I was all in a perspiration, and yet some how they used to like me to pray again and again. A few young men used to meet for reading and expounding the Scriptures; and I met with them, but I do not think I did at any time make one comment upon the chapter I read, others used, but I do not think I did. Time rolled on, old Mr. Keeble died, and I sought for a new home. I heard the late Mr. Joseph Irons, and often wished I could preach as he did, I wished I could tell out those blessed truths he proclaimed. In the course of time I turned my attention to Mr. John Stevens, whose memory is deeply embalmed in my soul. It was at Mr. Stevens's, some thought I had a gift for preaching, in fact one made an engagement unknown to me. I went; it was a village called Greenford. I gave out my text, and after speaking for some fifteen or twenty minutes, I closed. Subsequently, after another weak attempt, an old Welsh woman tapped me on the shoulder, and said, "O, young man, if this be your first sermon here, it will not be the last." So it proved. And have gone off, sometimes thinking I should give up preaching; after all; indeed, a little time ago I did think I should have given up altogether.

Over, in Cambridgeshire, was the first place I ever was settled as the pastor. I left there and came to Soho. I will not go into particulars about the reason. I left there for Tring, and from Tring I have come here. I am here now; and I hope, by the kind providence of God, to remain here.

You know my principles. I have for twenty years held two things, *the cause of salvation, and the cause of damnation*, the cause of salvation is God; the cause of damnation is sin. Mr. Wyard briefly summed up and concluded. The venerable George Moyll, of Peckham, closed the afternoon service with prayer.

THE EVENING SERVICE commenced by the

newly-recognised pastor giving out a hymn Mr. C. W. Banks invoked the divine blessing; after which Mr. W. Palmer laid down a line, and in an instructing and able manner reviewed the various methods of divine worship from the time of Adam in Paradise to the present dispensation. Mr. James Wells, of Surrey Tabernacle, was then called upon to address the meeting, and at great length, and with unusual earnestness, he descended upon the most essential manner of preaching; carefully and cheerfully noticing the most prominent points of Mr. Wyard's experience, with which Mr. Wells expressed himself highly pleased and satisfied. Mr. Bloomfield, with a face almost as full of smiles as the gospel he preaches is of precious promises, then delivered a congratulatory address; into which he threw some excellent advice. Mr. Hanks, of Woolwich, spoke in the highest terms of his good brother Wyard, and believed his removal to Deptford would be honoured. Mr. Box delivered a grave admonitory address; and Mr. Phillip Dickerson interested the meeting with a short speech characteristic of that wholesome and happy spirit he has, during so many years, breathed in the midst of our churches, and by which, with God's blessing, he has been maintained in a long course of usefulness in Alie-street.

#### FORMATION OF A GOSPEL CHURCH AT SWALLOWFIELD, BERKS.

On Monday, February 1st, a meeting was held in Bethel Chapel, for the purpose of forming a Strict Baptist Church. The service commenced by singing one of Newton's hymns. Brother Perrett read the Word, and prayed. Brother Warren read a letter of dismissal or recommendation to the members of the church at Reading. Mr. Wale (the pastor) then addressed our brother Thorp; who (by the grace of God) has been the means of establishing the cause of truth there; and taking the hand of another brother, in the name of the rest, he joined the two as a token of union and gospel fellowship; and from Matt. v. 3, made some well grounded and appropriate remarks on the foundation, walls, and gates of the city; on the officers; citizens; privileges; and their coat of arms, which (being quartered) shewed 1st, in the Lion of Judah, their power and defence; 2nd, the Lamb—their sacrifice and justification; 3rd, in the cross their thorny pathway with self-denial; and, lastly, the crown, full victory and certain glory. Prior to breaking of bread, brother Viuden offered prayer, and before the cup, brother Martin gave thanks. This delightful service was closed by brother Webb offering prayer to the God of Zion for his blessing to rest on the proceedings. The friends then repaired to a large room, where upwards of eighty persons partook of a comfortable tea. In evening, Mr Wale preached an excellent sermon calculated, under the blessing of God, to instruct, comfort and establish in the truth, the family of God. The text, Judges vi. 14. The Lord looked upon him (Gideon) and said, "Go in this thy might." He spoke 1st on the look; 2nd, the

commission; 3rd, the instrument. First, the look; that breaks the hard heart; removes prejudice, and all obstacles; kindles love in the soul; confirms the feeble knees; gives power to grapple with the foe; changes darkness into light; weakness into strength, and obstinate souls into obedient spirits. Second, the commission, "go," saith the unchanging God; who has his own glory combined with the salvation of his people in view; that word conveys power, and gives might, to plant the standard, unfurl the banner, invade the enemies' camp, makes inroads among the host of Midianites, stimulates to boldness, produces in the soul, a holy rivalry and emulation to go from strength to strength; that he which is feeble may become as David, and the house of David shall be as God. Third, the instrument, Gideon; of a mean tribe, even Manasseh; who received the cross-handed blessing; and himself the least of his father's house; as the barley cake signified smallness, blackness, courseness, God's servants generally are *small* in the estimation of the world, and in their own eyes; *black*, which they all readily acknowledge; *coarse* as the barley cake; but God puts the treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God. Gideon's reduced army lapping the warter shewed their readiness and anxiety to be in the warfare; the weapons (simple, but effectual to the pulling down of the strong holds of sin and satan) first, the trumpet that gives a certain sound, the gospel of Christ: by the pitcher is seen human nature, in which the light is kept burning with a steady lustre unperceived by the world; but when broke it will shine forth as the stars in the firmament: he concluded by application of the whole both individually and collectively which was very much enjoyed by the friends who after singing "praise to God" retired to their homes in peace.

W. PERRETT.

#### THAXTED, ESSEX.

To my Christian brother in affliction, Samuel Foster, Sturry, Kent.

As on your bed in pain you lay,  
I've wander'd from you far away;  
Still, in my thoughts I frequent am  
With my poor suffering brother Sam.

But I am no poet; so as I know you will wish to know how I spent my Christmas, I will, as I journey home this morning, give you a brief account. After ploughing away as hard as I could with my pen and my preaching in London up to Christmas eve, I then left by the Eastern Counties Rail for Saffron Walden, where I was to try and speak in my Master's name. I did try once before in that pulpit where the famous John Player preached the gospel so happily for many years, and where my excellent and tender-hearted brother, D. Wilson, is now pastor; but when I was in that pulpit before I could not preach—I was bound up, shut up, and I feared ever to enter it again. As I was to try once more, however, I did beg of the Lord not to confound me before the people; but my poor head was so dreadful bad I

thought I never could stand up. Before I left home, I had this text on my mind—"And thou, child, shalt be called the Prophet of the Highest, to go before the face of the Lord, to prepare his ways." I tried hard to get inside the text, to view its contents; but I found it hard. There were four parts of it, however, I saw a little into—1st, The name given to Christ, "THE HIGHEST." This led me to the glorious complexity of his person—the high, the holy, the essential offices he sustains; the exalted position he occupies; the inexpressibly delightful estimation in which he is held in the hearts of his people; and so on. The margin of my Testament defines this term—"The Highest," in this way, *i. e.*, the really true, the eternal, the essential Son of God; which definition is full beyond expression. 2ndly, I saw John's office—"Thou, child, shalt be called THE PROPHET of the Highest." The word Prophet is a large word: one of the branches of the Hebrew root would be rendered something like this—"one who lives in the heart of God, and looks out from thence into the hearts of the sons of men." One of Joseph's names was like this: also Daniel's and John's; and even Paul was raised up very high into the chambers of electing and everlasting love; and being filled with the glories of this River of Life and Love, his very soul ran out in those amazing words—"O, the height and depth," &c., and again—"That ye might comprehend with all saints," &c. 3rdly, I saw the pre-ordained path in which John was to walk—he was "to go before the face of the Lord," and then his work—he was "to prepare his ways."

I did not reach the Baptist parsonage long before service time; but my cheerful brother Wilson opened his door, his heart, and arms, to welcome me; and his most devoted spouse gave me a good cup of tea; and my head and heart revived a little. Still, I was afraid of the Saffron Walden pulpit; but I said nothing. I found dear Wilson and his wife had just received tidings of the sudden death of a brother in the flesh, which cast a gloom over them. To chapel we went, and I was helped through. I hope some good might flow therefrom. The venerable deacon, brother Nicholson, took me home, gave me supper, warmed my bed, and made me feel thankful unto the Lord for such kindness. Next morning, Christmas-day, I was to preach at Thaxted, where brother Evans is now labouring. Before I laid down that night I obtained the text for the morning service—"And we know that the Son of God is come; and that he hath given us an understanding to know him that is true; and we are in him that is true; even in his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God and eternal life." All the night long did I wake and think upon that mighty Scripture; but neither in private meditation nor in the public ministry, could I enter into its vital beauties, although I tried hard so to do. Oh! how oft I prove—that my mind and my mouth are little worth, unless the Holy Spirit unveil and reveal the sacred word of God.

That good friend to Zion, and to Zion's servants, Mr. Hunt the Draper, of Walden,



left his family and friends on Christmas-day, and drove friend Wilson and me to Thaxted. It was decidedly one of the grandest Christmas mornings in nature I ever saw—the sun shone gloriously, the air was soft and refreshing, the birds celebrated Christ's nativity in Nature's sweetest notes, the flowers were budding—blossom was actually on some trees—and all things were expressive of the amazing goodness of God. We met the country people dressed in their prettiest style, with smiling faces, all going out to spend their Christmas-day. As we entered Thaxted the Church bells rang a merry peal, and the whole town had put on its best to welcome Christmas in. I was thinking of my text—"We know the Son of God is come," &c.; but my poor mind was like a dark lantern. Surely I knew the poet's words—

"All things in nature shew some sign  
But this unfeeling heart of mine."

Our carriage stopped at the parsonage. Those two noble pieces of ministerial mortality—the brethren Powell, of Keddington, and Evans, of Thaxted, opened the door, and bid us God-speed in the work of the day, and truly we could say, "How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." The service began, brother Wilson read and prayed; I went up and tried to preach, and did speak some solemn truths, but the savour and anointing of the Spirit was not on my soul.

In the afternoon we had an excellent party to tea; and in the evening, a large company of precious souls assembled. Our brother Evans, the pastor, opened the meeting in a humble, Christian spirit. He has laboured hard to raise the cause there; but the monetary influence in the other places, and the strong prejudices, forbid his stay there. I do hope the Lord will open for him a more effectual door. Brother Powell of Keddington, reviewed the history of the old cause in a warm and loving address. It was quite a picture to see his noble, smiling face, and to listen to his gospel words: but next came our excellent and well-read brother D. Wilson, of Saffron Walden, whose mind was led out very largely on the grace and glory of the Gospel. I understand that owing to the ill health of his beloved wife he will be compelled to leave Saffron Walden. His friends there will be sorry to lose him: but all of us must say, "the will of the Lord be done." I felt great liberty in describing the position of the old Baptist cause at Thaxted, from those words,—“The daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, as a besieged city.” I do hope for the truth's sake, Thaxted may yet revive. C. W. B.

#### MR. J. E. BLOOMFIELD'S ANNUAL MEETING.

MEARD'S COURT, DEAN STREET, SOHO.

ON Tuesday evening, (our reporter says,) “a very pleasant, practical, and truly Christian meeting, was holden in Salem Chapel, Meard's Court, Dean Street, Soho; in com-

memoration of Mr. Bloomfield's settlement as pastor,” than whom we have not, we think in London, a more cheerful and happy looking minister of the gospel, for see him when, or where you may, there always appears to be springing up from his heart, into his smiling countenance, those words of Paul—“For me to live is CHRIST!” On this occasion he was quite at home.

Mr. Bloomfield then read the 67th Psalm; Mr. Boxer, of Blackheath, called on the Lord, for a blessing upon the evening's proceedings.

Mr. Bloomfield, who took the chair, then said,—Dear Christian Friends, I am pleased to see so many present, on this occasion. We have a deal to bless God for in the past year: we have had a year of uninterrupted peace in our church meetings, nor have we had one wry word or quarrel in the vestry. We have nothing to lament, we have been solemnised in his worship, and have had his presence. “Hitherto the Lord has helped us.”

We have not changed our principles, we constantly feel our dependence on God, and feel our support is of God, by HIM we have been helped. We have not the pleasure to night to tell of so much increase, as on former occasions; we have taken in during the past year, between twenty and thirty, much more than we have deserved. I have one thing to state, that gives me pleasure; that this church is entirely out of debt, and we have in the treasurer's hands, 15s. 1½d. I have always said of this church, and do not alter my opinion now, that “bring a good thing before them, and you will have no difficulty in getting the money.” Addresses were then delivered by Messrs Moyll, Dickerson, Field, Wyard, Chivers, Woodward, and Ball. Mr. Anderson closed the meeting with prayer.

#### A FRUITFUL UNIVERSITY FOR THE TRUE SERVANTS OF CHRIST.

COTTENHAM, Cambridgeshire, is a place that has been highly honoured of God, for many years, in the success of the gospel. The present account, commences from A.D. 1809; forty years since. At that time, the Baptist cause there, divided between Mr. MEEKINS, and Mr. CREAM; Mr. Meekins continued at the old chapel in peace, and abundant success, until he was unable to preach, and died only a few years since, a good old man and full of years. Mr. Cream stopped with the split, and in 1812, a new place, called “Ebenezer Chapel” was built for him. Between the year 1812, and the year 1835, it pleased the Lord to call seven persons to the ministry, who were, at the former date, members, or hearers, at one or the other of these places; some of whom have been highly honored of the Lord in their work, and all of them have lived; and five of them have died like their Master, leaving some behind to speak evil, and some to speak good of them; but none of them without several seals to their ministry. The first and last of those seven are still alive; namely, Thomas Sutton, of Cottenham, and John Corbitt of Norwich.

THOMAS SUTTON was called from follow-

ing and feeding a flock of sheep, as David was, to feed the flock of Christ's sheep: he was successful in getting and continuing a congregation, and an increasing church, until, through weakness, he gave up his office by the request of his friends, in honour crowned with numerous seals to his ministry, and his head crowned with hoary hairs in the Lord's cause.

THOMAS WATTS was called from his tailor's bench, to feed the little flock of the Lord's sheep at Okington; from there he became the settled pastor at Streatham, in the Isle of Ely, Cambridgeshire: in that position he continued in honour, until the Lord called him home several years since.

ELLIS MUNCEY was called from the cooper's empty sound, to minister in holy things, and to become a successful builder on Zion's wall; and though he found some burden bearers cease, and much rubbish in the way, yet, like an ancient one, and with his sword in one hand, and trowel in the other, continued unto the end an honor to his calling. He was settled at Bottisham Lode several years; but finding some too hard for him, he left, and took the charge of the church, at Willington, where he died, an honoured instrument of the Lord, much beloved, and lamented by his people.

JOHN SMITH, late of Waterbeach, was called of God to exercise his talent in the ministry under Mr. Meekins, at Cottenham; and the Lord made him abundantly useful in converting sinners. When he was very young he became the settled pastor at Elsworth, Cambridgeshire, and was very useful there for several years. After leaving there, he became a constant itinerant at Dry Drayton, Great Wilham, Swaffam, and Isleham, and numerous other places; and no man lived and died more firm in doctrine and practice than he did; and God so honoured his last end, as to make him triumphant, and sing in the arms of death—

"It is my happiness below  
Not to live without a cross;  
But the Saviour's love to know,  
Sanctifying every loss."

He died on the 3rd of June, 1857.

JOHN NOTTAGE was called to the pastorate at Earith, Herts, where he stayed a few years, and then became the pastor of the Baptist Church, at Saxlingham, Norfolk, where he died, I believe, in the year 1855, on the very day he was to preach his farewell sermon.

WILLIAM NOTTAGE was called for several years to preach at Okington, near Cambridge; and continued to do so, and carried on his business at Cottenham, until it pleased the Lord to call him home in Nov., 1857. William Nottage was an honor to his profession; a self-taught man, a great reader of Scripture, and a powerful retainer of its history, and could converse on any part of it with pleasure and profit; as a speaker he was elegant and oratorical; he was famous on a platform; truthful in his creed; warm and powerful in his preaching. I have wondered he was kept within so small compass, and encumbered with business; but I remember, "the bounds

of our habitation are set," that we cannot pass; and that the Lord sends by whom he will send, and when and where he please.

JOHN NOTTAGE the grandfather, and JOHN NOTTAGE, the father of the before-named, and my father, were amongst those who first erected the "Ebenezer Chapel;" and though I have travelled some thousands of miles, preaching the gospel, and attended some hundreds of prayer meetings, I never yet met with such a regiment of well disciplined praying men as at the two chapels in Cottenham.

God bless the ministers, and people—for though I am at a distance from it, I can say, "O Cottenham, I love thee still! thou art honoured highly of thy God!"

JOHN CORBITT,  
Pastor of Orford Hill, Norwich.

#### THE LATE

### MR. THOMAS BIDDLE.

ANOTHER faithful servant of God is gone to his rest. Our notice of the event here is brief. A few weeks since Mr Biddle wrote us his desire that his papers should be entrusted to us, from which selections calculated to be useful to the church of God now on earth might be made. We expect, therefore, to have this privilege. The following is from a correspondent:—

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—I have painfully to inform you that my dear Friend, Counsellor, Preacher, and Pastor, Mr. T. Biddle, late of Brockham, died on Tuesday evening last, at half-past seven o'clock, Feb. 9, 1858. A friend from Dorking called on him about the middle of the day; he was nearly speechless; it was though he would not speak again; but towards evening he revived, and told John Stone, he had "seen God and Glory." "tell the Church," he said, "I am gone to Glory;" and lifting up both hands, with eyes sparkling, called out, "Glory! Glory! Glory!" Thus departed another champion of that faith once delivered to the saints.

I first became acquainted with Mr. Biddle at Brockham, in the month of September, 1837, I was removed from Brighton to Dorking by Providence; but as I could not find the Gospel preached at Dorking, I was necessitated to seek elsewhere; and after seeking direction at the hand of the Lord, was led to Brockham. In that little sanctuary was God made known by his faithful servant to me. I left Brighton in a fearful blacksliding state of soul, having wandered far from my Lord and Saviour: so that tears were my meat day and night; and sorrow was so depicted in my countenance, that the men with whom I laboured thought I was a murderer; and vengeance would certainly overtake me. I called on Mr. and Mrs. Biddle several times; was glad to find a sympathizing friend; who after hearing my sorrowful tale, Mr. Biddle said "if you are a child of God you will suffer for it." This I found to be true. Mr. Biddle said he would carry the matter to the Lord. A few sabbaths after, in the afternoon, he preached from these words, "and they said

one to another we do not well: this day is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace, if we tarry till the morning light, some mischief will befall us. Now therefore come that we may go and tell the king's household." I remember but very little of the sermon but the power that attended it I trust will never be forgotten: from that all important moment has my soul been knit in a way I cannot describe to my dear friend and pastor Mr. Biddle and although I have been removed again in Providence for this last seventeen years, yet Brockham is a sacred place in my little history.

E. J. BUCKWELL.

Brighton.

THE EXPERIENCE OF

A MINISTER'S SON.

[We give the following, hoping it may, under God, be the means of opening a door of usefulness for the writer; who must we believe, remove from his present sphere of labour, owing to the extreme poverty of the place—Ed.]

DEAR BROTHER BANKS—I am extremely obliged for your very kind communication duly received; and in compliance with your request, I pen a short statement of the Lord's dealings with me, in bringing me from a state of sin and depravity; yea, from a state of legal bondage, into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

From a very early period of my life I had serious impressions respecting my state as a sinner in the sight of God. Being the child of God-fearing parents, I had the best of examples placed before me; and my father being a minister, I, with the rest of my brothers and sisters, were constant attendants at the house of God, and frequently, while there listening to a preached gospel, I was melted into tears. The death of my father also mightily affected me and brought me to my knees; but these impressions were shadowy, these were evanescent, they were not lasting; like the early cloud and the morning dew; they passed away, and as I advanced to more mature age, and went more from under the eye of my parents, and into the company of the careless and unconcerned, I seemed insensibly to partake of their minds and their habits, which has since frequently reminded me of Solomon's caution, Prov. x. 14, 15. Yet I could not, like them, give loose to the reins of my lusts, and run into all excess of riot. The remaining force of an early training, and impressions made in favor of morality and virtue, prevented me committing many sins, which otherwise I should probably have fallen into. I was, what some people then termed, a good young man; a young man of good moral habits; but although such were the externals of my character, and which I attribute in a great measure to the care bestowed upon me by my parents, the internal malady of my soul had not been touched; the root of the evil had not been reached, the enmity of my heart to God had not been

slain; to the spirituality and holiness of the Divine nature I was an entire stranger, and consequently a Saviour I did not want. But the time was approaching, and the time came, when these matters were clearly revealed to my understanding, and pressed home upon my heart. Having one evening, in the winter season, entered a house where a minister was appointed to preach, I remained to hear him; he took for his text the 15th and 16th verses of the third chapter of the Revelations. That minister I had seen and heard once before, but to no advantage, either moral or spiritual, but rather disgust; it was different at this time: I have never seen him since, neither am I acquainted with his name; but this I do know, that the truth rolled from his lips into my heart, with such amazing force and power that I trembled from head to foot, and the misery and anxiety of my mind from that hour until the dear Lord was graciously and lovingly pleased to reveal himself to me as reconciled in the person and death of his Son, no tongue can describe, nor mind imagine, but his who has been in a similar state; and although upwards of twenty-five years have passed away since then, that circumstance is as fresh upon my mind as it was at the moment. It is never to be forgotten.

From this time I was led to associate more closely and intimately with the members and minister of the particular Baptist church at Dolen, in Radnorshire, of which church my father had been the honoured and successful pastor for the term of thirty years, and his father for the last nineteen years of his life. Before this church I stood, and with much trembling and fear faithfully declared the state of my mind, and what then passed in conversation and prayer was blessed to my soul in a most extraordinary manner. As I was relieved of my load and misery, I could say of my blessed Jesus, thou art mine, thou hast done all for me. This was the first time that I saw him in his finished work, the "altogether Lovely." This was a revelation of him by the Spirit, as I am persuaded that no man can say that Jesus is the Christ, but by the Spirit of God. Soon after this, I was baptized, and became a member of this same christian church; and in compliance with the urgent and repeated entreaties and wishes of the minister, the deacons, and members of this church, and in their presence, I made my first attempt to exercise my ministerial gifts.

My call to the work of the ministry seemed to the church and the ministers in the neighbourhood at that time very clear, although not, to my mind, as clear as I wished, as I for some time hesitated and fell back from complying with the wishes of those by whom I was surrounded.

The various exercises of my mind upon this subject, to pen the whole, would fill a volume; the Lord has enabled me thus far to persevere in the work, and to speak a word to his praise when an opportunity has offered; and there are several now living who can bear witness to the truth from my lips to

their souls. I consider the work of the gospel minister to have a greater amount of responsibility attaching to it than any other employment in which a human being can possibly engage. Unless we feel that all our springs are in him, we are undone. I tremble, and yet I rejoice:

"His love in times past forbids me to think  
He will leave me at last in trouble to sink."

With best wishes I remain my dearly beloved brother, yours sincerely,

D. EVANS.

SHARNBROOK, BEDS.—As you record the progress of God's holy cause in the various departments of Zion, a brief account of what the Lord has done for us in Bethlehem, at Sharnbrook, may be acceptable. About a year ago, the cause here was brought very low, and many thought and said, "It must fall to the ground." The minister, Mr. Rice, being ill and not likely to preach again, a special meeting for prayer was held to ask the Lord to appear for his people in sending a man among them whose ministry he would own and bless to their souls. In the month of June, a man appeared, (Mr. T. Corby, of Ecton) whose ministry proved a decided success. God's children were fed, refreshed, and strengthened. Zion lifted up her head. Redeemed souls were added to the church; the chapel became filled with attentive hearers, which continues to the present time with evident tokens that the word of the Lord is not preached in vain. The heart-felt language of the people here is,

"Great things for us the Lord hath done,  
In providence and grace."

The acceptability of the minister led the people to invite him to the pastoral office, which he accepted and entered upon his stated labours here on the first Lord's day of the present year, with many encouraging prospects. Since then the friends have thought that as the Lord had so manifestly answered their united supplications on the former occasion, and had done more for them than they had either asked or hoped for, it was but right they should appoint another special meeting for thanksgiving. A thanksgiving meeting was accordingly held on Monday evening, Feb. 8, 1858, when it was truly cheering to witness the lively sense manifested by them of the Lord's goodness, and the earnestness with which his help and blessing were implored on behalf of his servant, and the people among whom he labours. May their prayers be abundantly answered, is the heart's desire of

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

KINGSTON, SURREY.—Ebenezer Chapel, Victoria Road, Norbiton, Feb. 9th, 1858. Mr. C. W. Banks preached in the afternoon from 2 Samuel vii. last verse to a very attentive audience, and spoke sweetly of the Lord's blessing resting upon his house which were accompanied with divine power to our hearts. At 5 o'clock nearly one hundred sat down to tea. At six o'clock, a few fancy goods were sold in the vestry, given to the church by a friend for the cause. At half past six, the evening service began. Mr. Rayment opened the meeting with a few words of disappointment, as Mr. Banks and Mr. Palmer could not be there; Mr. Hazleton engaged in prayer; then Mr. Rayment made a statement of his first finding us meeting together in a room in the Bottoms; of the Lord giving us a desire for a more convenient place to meet in to worship the Lord; how the Lord made a way for us to build this chapel; that Mr. Beard, with the church, wanted it put into the hands of trustees, and hoped some friends would come forward and assist in doing it. Mr. Hazleton, then, after a few remarks, gave us a very interesting account of his own church, over which the Lord had made him overseer and said that six years ago when he

first went to his people there were only thirty-six members, and the whole of the church and congregation was not more than sixty or seventy, now they numbered above two hundred and fifty members; and that the congregation was more than three hundred; thus the Lord had made use of a poor earthen vessel; then he spoke from 2 Cor. iv. 7. We had a good time; a full meeting, and can say the presence of the Lord was with us. Yours in the covenant of grace,  
JOHN BEARD.

## REVIEWS, NOTICES, &c.

"*God is Love; or, the Glimpses of the Father's Infinite Affection for his People.*" By the author of "The Brother Born for Adversity." London: Darton and Co., Holborn Hill.

We suppose no five-shilling book on a religious subject, has met with so large, and so hearty a welcome as this volume has done. Its sale has been rapid, and its usefulness in touching the hearts, in encouraging and comforting the souls of many, even of some ministers of whom we have heard, is, to us, surprising. We think the title; the able and the humble spirit in which the work has been written, and the new line of thought in which the author has struck out, have had much to do toward giving popularity to the work. Beside this, we know not a reviewer who has not highly eulogised the work; and hence it has been ushered into hundreds of families, and is destined, no doubt, to go much farther yet; yea, we hardly think there can be found more than one section of the visible church who could find any rock of offence in all the twelve chapters which this volume contains; of course we do not include Arians, Socinians, Unitarians, nor any deniers of that unity, co-eternity, and co-equality, subsisting in the glorious Trinity of Persons in our ever-blessed God; we only include those whose *written* creed is consistent with the revealed will of heaven; although, by the way, while we so carefully exclude the open deniers of the divinity of Christ, it strikes us very forcibly that among the professing churches Christ in our day there are multitudes who, while they profess to believe that Christ is God as much as they believe He was Man; yet they so openly deny the true character of his mission; they so indirectly ignore the sovereignty of the FATHER; and so substitute the *will of man* for the essential *work of the Eternal Spirit*, that we fear their condition before a holy God is not one whit better than some we exclude from the pale of the visible gospel church altogether; but the Lord is *Judge*, as well as Lawgiver; and He will save all who, in His name, believe with a faith unfeigned, and with the heart unto righteousness. We shall not here fully describe *the people* who might not be satisfied with this book; nor can we now lay open all the reasons *why* they would raise any objection to it; these things may be done in future notices, but, as we have made several attempts to get fairly into the work, and search it as carefully as the spies did the land in olden times; and as in every attempt we could never yet get over the threshold, so now, we find it impossible to do more than give the

principal contents of the different chapters; trusting, in our next notice, to have the door opened, and to walk fairly into the several chambers of this literary house, on the floor of which is so beautifully written, "GOD IS LOVE!" In the first and second chapters we have, "*The eternity and spontaneity of the Father's love.*" Chapter III. is headed "The Father's love as displayed in being His people's God." Chapter IV., "The Fatherly Character of God considered as a proof of His love for his people." Chapter V., "The love of God as exhibited in the various other relations which He sustains to His saints." Chap. VI., "The love of the Father as unfolded by inanimate emblems." Chapter VII., "The love of God as manifested in the mission of Christ to our world." Chapter VIII., "Express and implied assurances of the love of God the Father." Chapter IX., "Declarations from God's own lips of his love for his people." Chapters X. and XI., "God's love to his people, as shown in their seasons of sorrow." Chapter XII., "God's love to his people in death, and in the world to come." We are sorry there is not another chapter or two on the distinct and divine personality, office, work, and witness of God the Holy Ghost, without whose sovereign and saving grace and power, no sinner can possibly say of God, "We love Him because He first loved us." In that great text of Paul's, (Rom. v.) he says, "Hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in the heart, by THE HOLY GHOST, which is given unto us." These are the people who, being appointed to see, and being made very jealous for the glory of every Person in the Godhead; these people, it may be, would grieve with us, that THE THIRD PERSON in the Trinity is, in this book, almost lost sight of, while, most ably and scripturally too, the love of God to his people is declared. But we shall come further into this another day, (D. V.)

"*United Prayer for a Godly Cabinet Suggested: in a Letter to the Right Honourable the Earl of Shaftesbury.*" By William Mushett, Barrister-at-Law. London: Nisbett.

The House of Commons, the Cabinet, and the whole body of England's National leaders have been rather violently thrown into commotion; and great changes are again taking place. There is nothing beneath the sun, apart from the everlasting covenant—but is mutable; and passes away. Our "PRIME MINISTER," our glorious advocate before the Royal Throne in glory, lives for ever. His councils are as sure, as firm, as eternal as himself. All his "bills" have been read the third time; they have every one of them received the Royal Signature; and they are never to be repealed. They were all read *secretly*, for the first time in the deep thoughts of our Almighty, our all-glorious and gracious FATHER-GOD;—they were read, secondly, in the Councils of Eternity, in the Covenant Chamber of Predestination and Electing Grace, before the Eternal Three: they were read on earth, by the dear Redeemer himself, when he took upon him the form of a servant, and came to do his Father's will; and by the Holy Spirit's application of the eternal atonement of Jesus in the heart and consciences of

some millions of the ransomed ones, these bills have all been sealed, and made for ever sure. In these things we are at home; but when Mr. Mushett lays before us his suggestion for "*a Godly Cabinet*" we pause; and think of many things which cannot here be written. "My kingdom is not of this world," said the adorable Redeemer himself; and whether it is his wish that he should have true godly men at the helm of our nation's affairs, we know not; but if his own dear people are led believingly to pray for it; it will be a good sign, but we cannot go into this matter now. Mr. Mushett has written some very dreaded and some very dreadful things in this pamphlet; but all the instances of prayer he has recorded are specially belonging to the Church of Christ, and had nothing to do with the world. We fear this is another specimen of confounding things which do most widely differ.

### Obituary.

Died on the 4th of February, 1858, the affectionate, beloved, and long-afflicted Elizabeth Poock, wife of Thomas Poock, of Ipswich. Her end was peace. THOMAS POOCK.

The much esteemed wife of the pastor of Hope Chapel, (in Norton Street, Twigg Folly,) Mr. Thomas B. Parker, died during the past month. The funeral sermon was preached Feb. 21st, by Mr. John Seymer.

A KNOTTY QUESTION.—Mr. Editor,—Will you, or some of your able correspondents, be so kind as to answer the following question. How is a church to act towards a member that marries a worldly person? Has the church any power over the case?—[We cannot see that the church can do more than reprove; unless the union leads to other inconsistencies, but we leave the question for more aged men to answer.—Ed.]

### REDEMPTION FUND.

Sum announced, Feb., 1858.— £90 5s. 10d.

Mr. David Meredyth Evans, King's-cross,	-	1	0	0
second donation of	-	-	-	-
"A Sinner," Orpington	-	-	0	1
Brother Willoughby, ditto	-	-	0	1
Mr. Dullely, Wooburn-green	-	-	0	1
Captain Adams, per Mr. P. H. Williamson,	-	0	1	0
Mrs. Powell, widow of the late pastor at	-	-	-	-
Matfield-green	-	-	0	2
"Thomas," Brixton	-	-	0	1
A Christian Brother outside of "Cave	-	-	-	-
Adullam."	-	-	0	2
J. Sewell, Rentinck-street	-	-	0	3
H. Johnson, Stepey	-	-	0	1
By Brother J. Greenslade, Devonport:—	-	-	-	-
Mrs. Bastone, Plymouth	-	-	0	3
Friend B. Stoke	-	-	0	1
Friend	-	-	0	0
Mr. Greenslade	-	-	0	1
S. X.	-	-	0	3
Friends at Newick, and Dane Hill, Sussex,	-	-	-	-
sent by Brother Warren, the pastor	-	0	14	0
Two friends at Littleport	-	-	1	10
Friends, at Hollingwood, by brother Gardiner	-	-	-	-
	-	-	0	2
Female friend in Chapel, Liverpool	-	-	0	2
S. S. B. G.	-	-	0	1
Mrs. Hays, Brentford	-	-	0	1
Mr. W. A. Nichols, Saffron Walden, per	-	-	-	-
Brother Wilson	-	-	0	2
Female friend, Ken-road	-	-	0	0

[Particulars of the collections for the Redemption Fund at Liverpool, and in Mr. E. Samuel's chapel, Salford, with others from different quarters, will be given in our next.]

## The Smitten Shepherd.

A SERMON BY MR. JOHN BLOOMFIELD,

SALEM CHAPEL, MEARD'S COURT, DEAN STREET, SOHO, ON SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 5TH, 1858, FROM ZECHARIAH XIII. 7.

“Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow; saith the Lord of hosts.”

THIS prophetic language, for sublimity of meaning, and majesty of style, has but few equals in the whole range of the Scriptures. It was delivered centuries before its fulfilment in the death and sufferings of the Lord Jesus. The sufferings, death, and victory of Jesus Christ were the burden of the prophecies for ages. After man had fallen, God intimated to man that Christ, or, “The seed of the woman,” should be bruised, by bruising the serpent’s head. From that time sacrificial worship became instituted. Adam, the father of the first family, trained his children as far as he was able, to the great importance of sacrificial worship. Hence we have Cain and Abel, offering their sacrifices to God. One was unacceptable, the other acceptable; one was offered without faith in God’s promise, the other was offered in simple dependence on God for His blessing. From Adam down to the prophetic economy, the same sacrificial system was observed with the same glory in view. It is said, “Abraham saw the day of Christ, and was glad.” Men under the Levitical economy saw through the sacrifices, saw through the blood-sprinkled altars, saw through the gorgeous robes the priests wore; and were enabled by the eye of faith to look to the precious priesthood, even the SON OF GOD. It is true, there were many then who did not so worship God, and is it not equally true that there are many who do not, now? are there not many who assemble from time to time in the worship of God, yet seldom ask themselves what interest they have in that worship in which they are engaged? or, what part they have in Christ, or the gospel of grace they so often hear preached? They hear of eternity but seldom ask themselves seriously and solemnly, what part they are to play in eternity. They hear of the great sacrifice, but are in darkness, and careless as to their interest in that sacrifice. We hold that things are now to a great ex-

tent as they were in days of old; many in darkness and in ignorance as to the glory God intended the great doctrine of sacrifice to teach. If we come to the language of the prophets, they still point to Jesus, the great sacrifice. Well might it be said by one, “We have found Him of whom Isaiah the prophet wrote.” That part of Isaiah we read this morning, (53rd chapter) refers to the humiliation and suffering, which Christ should pass through; also to the death, exaltation, honor, and to the great glory to which he should be raised. If we come to the Lamentations of Jeremiah for the desolation of Jerusalem; yet in them we find expressions which could only be addressed to the “Man-mediator.” The language of my text, doubtless, refers to Jesus Christ, though there have been thousands of disputes as to different parts of scripture, I don’t know of any persons who call themselves Christians, who have once disputed this text referring to Christ. This language I hold to be of solemn meaning, denoting a work of the highest and most glorious import; this text demands to be touched with reverential hands, and solemn hearts; but none but the Spirit of God can open our understandings to see the magnitude of its meaning, and the glorious results which spring out of the sufferings of the Saviour.

Let us implore God’s help while we direct your attention, First, *to the glorious complexity of Christ’s personal and official character*; he is here said to be “God’s fellow,” the equal of the Highest. Secondly, *the mysterious and vicarious sufferings of Jesus*, as set forth by this mandate of heaven, “Awake, O sword, against the man that is my fellow.” Lastly, *draw a few lessons from the sufferings of Christ.*

I.—THE COMPLEXITY OF CHRIST’S PERSONAL AND OFFICIAL CHARACTER, “God’s fellow.” Of whom could the

Prophet have said this? of whom could God himself have said it? whom did God call "my shepherd, the man that is my fellow?" He could not have referred to any other than to that Being who once said, "I and my Father are one." No other save that Being who, when in this world, was called "Immanuel, God with us." He was called "The man," "the man Christ Jesus." Now Christ was man, and perfect man, born of a woman, formed in the fashion of man, a glorious man with God, a divine man sent of God. Here is a wonder for angels, not that he was God, but that he who was God should become man; he who was before angels, sin, or death; he who gave birth to angels, should become lower than angels, even to suffer death. Here is a mysterious matter for angelic minds! to think that He who gave them birth, gave them powers, gave them capacity to worship, that He (their Maker) should become lower than angels. He was man that he might sympathize with man. He was man that he might die in man's stead. He was man that he might come into this world of sorrow to dry up the tears man shed. A man sent by God when, in Bethlehem, he threw off his glory of light; and a man, when in the garden, "He sweated as it were great drops of blood falling to the ground." Man, when he cried, "Oh, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." Man when nailed to the cross; man, when crowned with thorns, man when his side was pierced, man when he cried, "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani. My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Oh! think of the manhood of Christ, that he suffered in thy place, sinner; to bear thy guilt, to give thee victory over thine enemies, even sin and death. Christ was man by the mysterious constitution of his person. He was God's equal, and man's fellow. He was a man of dignity, a man of power. Had he not been man, he could not have died; had he been merely man, however pure, however good, had he not been the God-man, "God's fellow," he could not have atoned for sin, or wipe away our stains. This term, "Fellow," one learned man says, means a man of power; another says, it means a man's neighbour; another, a near of kin; another, a man my equal, intimating relationship, fellowship. Mr. John Stevens says, the word in Hebrew, when translated, means neighbour, near one, companion, associate.

Now what we may gather from all these, and I have read not a few, is, that the term expresses equality, similarity, identity of nature, of the person of Christ, with God himself. It indicates a mysterious union of natures. One who could say, "My Father is greater than I," and he who could likewise say, "I and my Father are one." One in essence, one in power, one in wealth, one in felicity, and one in everlasting glory. Then the mysterious constitution of the person of Christ was necessary for the discharge of his mediatorial work as the qualification for him to be the Great High Priest unto God. He must be man's brother, and God's equal. By this constitution of his person, we see how the poor sinner is enabled to find repose in him; had he been the High and Lofty One who inhabiteth eternity *only*, in whom no poor sinners would have found repose; or, had he been man only, he never could have ransomed our souls from the grave; and God would never have said, "deliver him from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom." The constitution of Christ's person is such that he can weep with us, and he can talk with us; he can sympathize with suffering humanity, for

"He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he has felt the same."

Then Christ is called my Shepherd. Isaiah saith, "He shall feed his flock like a Shepherd." Christ saith of himself, "I am the Good Shepherd." David saith, "the Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." Christ is the Shepherd of his people, he is the Shepherd of his Father, he is the Great Shepherd who "had power to lay down his life, and power to take it again." And Christ is the Protector of his people; not only the Great Deliverer, but the Great Protector. He who gave us an existence, maintains that existence; and he who gave us spiritual life, he who gave us faith, hope, and love, maintains these graces of the Spirit in our hearts. It is Jesus who protects us from every storm, who keeps us and preserves us from the fierce attacks of the evil one, and supports us amid the machinations of hell itself.

II.—We notice THE MYSTERIOUS SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST as set forth by this mandate of the Most High, "awake, O sword!" not the sword of the creature; not the sword of despotism; but of justice, of inexorable justice! "Awake,

O sword!" That sword which has been sleeping for ages. Jesus went forth in the council chambers of heaven: he there engaged to maintain the rights of God, though at the expense of his own life's blood. The engagement had stood four thousand years before; on the hill Calvary, God unsheathed the sword of justice. At length God saith, "awake, O sword, against my Shepherd, against the man that is my Fellow." It was doubtless this engagement Jesus referred to when he said, "ought not Christ to suffer, and enter into his glory?" We read, when Adam was turned out of the garden: when he lost his prestine glory, the glittering sword of justice guarded the tree of life; and that sword would have continued, had not Jesus paid its demands; had it not pleased the "Father to bruise him; Jesus was wounded by his Father's sword; which was unremitting in its claims; inexorable in its exactions. Jesus said, when the sword was aroused from the slumber of ages, "Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me;" as though he said, I can bear the vicious cup of man's anger, or the malice of devils, but this cup, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done." What a bitter cup must that have been—the cup of the Father's righteous indignation against sin; the cup of the hidings of his Father's face: "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." The sufferings of Christ were vicarious: he suffered not for himself; he merits not suffering; he who had the worship of angels, "He was wounded for our transgressions." He left the bosom of his Father, and suffered for others, amid the railings of men, and the laughter of devils.

Let me, my hearers, ask you, what think ye of Christ? Not what think ye of yourselves? can you forget Christ, who has not forgotten you? Wonderful his love! mysterious his sympathy! and, lest we should forget his sufferings, he instituted the supper, saying to his people, "do this in remembrance of me." Then the sufferings of Christ were unparalleled. We read of the sufferings of men, of patriarchs, of prophets, of apostles, and of a "noble army of martyrs," but we must not compare them for a moment with the sufferings of the Lord Jesus! It is true, those men who suffered in days gone by, suffered in a noble cause; it is true, the world was not worthy of

them, they suffered by the hands of wicked men; by the promptings of the fiends of hell; their sufferings were great, but not to be compared to the sufferings of the Saviour. We may be in trouble, we may have suffering, and fear the Lord will forsake us, but the Lord will not forget his children; he cannot forsake his people. But, the Lord did forsake his Son, the Son of his bosom; when devils and wicked men were doing their worst, and Jesus' followers, (those who professed to love him) also forsook him; when all the world were up in arms against him, saying, "away with this man, crucify him! crucify him!" it was then the Father forsook him: what must have been the intensity of his sufferings when he uttered that language which almost thrills through one to repeat, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" This was all for sin; Christ bore the burden, endured the shame. He vanquished the powers of sin, smiled on the dominions of the grave; and now "sitteth at the right hand of God."

III. Lastly, let us draw a FEW LESSONS FROM THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST. The first lesson we learn is the awfulness, and terribleness of sin. What a dreadful thing sin must be! what an awful reality! don't let us, my hearers, think sin a trifle, if so, we must come to the conclusion that the sufferings of Christ were trifles too. But if the sufferings of Christ were, as they are set forth to us in the Scriptures, unparalleled (and don't dispute them,) what a dreadful reality then is sin! Christ did not suffer for trifles; he did not suffer to alter the nature of sin; but he *did* suffer to remove the awful impediment to the flowing of mercy to guilty sinners. He suffered not to alter the character of God, but that the justice of God might be maintained, and the love of God be manifested to fallen man. Yea, "Christ suffered to take away sin by the sacrifice of himself." He died that man might live. Christ paid the penalty due to sin, that the ransomed might go free. Read the history of the world, friends, and see what a terrible reality is sin! See how this fair world of ours has been blighted because of sin—we read that God drowned the world; we read again, that God brought down sulphureous fire upon the cities of the Plain; and this was all because of sin. Sin has poisoned every pleasure,



damped every prospect, and enfeebled every power of man. Depraved, indeed, is the heart of man, but the world we live in is beautiful, as the poet says,

"Every thing is beautiful,  
It's only man that's vile."

Another lesson we learn is the inexorable justice of the divine government. Rather than God would have his rights trampled upon, as the moral governor of the universe, rather than have his honour clouded, he spared not his own Son. God did not give an angel: He did not say to Gabriel, you must yield up your seat, your honour, and happiness, and go into yonder world, and take to thy angelic nature, the nature of man, that you may die for man. No! He spared angels. He spared man, who ought to suffer; but He spared *not His only Son*, but freely gave him up to die for guilty man! Again, we learn the infinite holiness of the divine character; at the cross we learn, "Holy! Holy! Holy; Lord God of Hosts!" no where else is the holiness of God seen in utterances so majestic, and sublime, as in the sufferings and death of Christ on the cross; it is there spoken in language we cannot speak, in language we cannot fully understand: for in every tear, every sigh, every groan, and every drop of blood, the Saviour spoke in accents we cannot dive into:—"Holy! Holy! Holy! is the Lord God of Hosts!" Another lesson is the infinite love of God: and the infinite resources there are in God. These are some of the things we learn, my hearers! Wouldest thou know the love of Christ? Wouldest thou know the "heights, and depths," of the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge? If so, seek to be near the cross. That is the place we learn the holiness of God; the righteousness of God; the awfulness of the majesty of God; and, the infinite resources of God, by which he can smile upon the sinner, without giving up his rights.

Then again we learn the harmony of all the perfections of the eternal Godhead. "In the salvation of a great number, which no man can number." Justice is no longer hostile; if so, mercy could no longer save, even with her sea of tenderness with all her blessings, with her ocean of wealth. If justice were hostile to salvation, no soul could be saved. But let me direct you to the cross, if you would see "Justice and Peace" meeting together, and "Righteousness and Truth

kissing each other." At the cross, frowning Justice is appeased by the boundlessness of the sacrifice; and mercy sheds tears of compassion, tears of sympathy, and tears of love on guilty man. Can we say, my hearers, with the apostle, "God forbid, that I should glory, save in the cross?" Let us remember, "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." May God add his blessing. Amen. J.K.

## EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS,

### LETTER XLII.

Most excellent Theophilus, after having, in my last, set before you simply the truth of the resurrection of the body, I now proceed to set before you the order of the resurrection of the saints of the Most High, together with some of the main circumstances leading thereto.

Now, mind that the apostle is speaking in this 16th of Corinthians, of the resurrection, not of the unjust, but of the just; not of the resurrection of the lost, but of the resurrection of the saved, and of the resurrection of the saved only. We must keep this in view, otherwise we shall be misled; while the chapter itself is one great and effective argument against the doctrines of the Sadducees of that and every age, and nation. Before I proceed then, to set before you the two points—*how* the dead are raised up, or with what body they come, I have first to set before you, the *relative order* of the resurrection.

Every man will rise in his own order. Christ was the first-fruit, then, they that are his at his coming. To almost everything pertaining to the welfare of the Israelites, there were first-fruits: children, cattle, harvest, and vintage; and these first-fruits belonged especially to God; and these first-fruits were, when accepted of God, a kind of pledge, an assurance, of the safety, well-being, and excellency of all the rest; their children were to be as olive plants round about the table; their cattle were not to diminish, nor mildew or blasting to come upon their harvest or vintage. So then, is the Saviour. He is the pledge, the assurance, of our safety, well-being, and excellency; for all the good we have, we derive from him, being born of an incorruptible seed which liveth and abideth for ever. He is the firstfruit of the flock, the *sacrificial* Lamb, and if his sheep can never diminish, not one can be lost; and as the corn of wheat, which fell into the ground and died, and is risen and become the first-fruits of them that slept,—so he will gather his wheat into his garner, not a grain shall be left behind.

But, my good Theophilus, mind this one thing, that the Lord of life and glory, is the first-fruit only of those, who, by divine ordi-

nation belong to him. Now, as all that belong to Adam died in Adam, so all that belong to Christ, live in him; that in Adam, as is solemnly self-evident, all the human race died, so in Christ shall all the redeemed race live; for the redeemed shall return and come to Zion; and then cometh the end, when He shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority, and power.

Now, you see some of the circumstances leading to the great event: all rule is to be put down. Now, mind, as I have before told you, the apostle is here speaking of the destiny of the people of God, and of them only. What rule, authority, and power, then, are these which are to be put down? What, I say, are these principalities which are to be spoiled and put down, but the rule of sin? Sin hath ruled unto death, but this rule is to be put down; and already, my good Theophilus, is this glorious work begun in your soul; already has the light of salvation broken in upon you; already are you turned to the stronghold—the blood of the everlasting covenant; already, by faith, do you begin to lay hold on eternal life; already have you found that the precious blood of Christ has infinitely more power to rule over you in a way of hope, than sin has in a way of despair. The blood, then, of the everlasting covenant is the stronghold to the prisoner of hope, and so sin shall not keep dominion over you, seeing you are not under the authority of the law, but under pardoning and reigning grace, against which grace you cannot wilfully sin. He that is born of God sinneth not, for the incorruptible seed of truth remaineth in him, and keeps him in love, sincere to the truth as it is in Jesus.

But not only the ruling power of sin, but also the authority of the law over the conscience is to be put down, and the conscience and the soul delivered therefrom, and become dead to the law; but is brought under another law, for the soul is not without law to God, but is under the law of faith, of life, of love, and of liberty, and thus prepared to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light. But do we make void the law through faith? Nay, verily, for if the law demands perfection of love to God, and man, that perfection can be found nowhere; nor can we come into possession of it anywhere, but in Christ Jesus. So that in relation to the saints the law will finally be doubly fulfilled; first, in the life of Jesus for them; and second, by them being perfected in love. And thus is the law fulfilled both for man and in man.

But here is not only the rule of sin, and the authority of the law, to be met, but also a power, another power; and, do we not read, that "through death the Saviour destroyed him that had the power of death, that is the devil?" So, my good Theophilus, the devil

with his lies, delusions, and murderous enmity against the truth, is not to have dominion over you; for Jesus must reign until he hath put all enemies under his feet. Now, mind, this refers to the enemies of his truth, and people; for he that despiseth his truth, despiseth him; and he that despiseth only a little one belonging to Christ, despiseth him. Now all these enemies shall be crippled and unable to reach the people of God to do them any final harm; for "he keepeth the feet of his saints; but the wicked shall be silent in darkness;" and when by faith we are standing on the vantage ground of the completed warfare—standing on the rock of eternal truth—standing on the borders of the land of promise—standing in an even place—standing in that righteousness which meets all the demands of law and justice; then we have to look forward to the final destruction of the last enemy, death.

But, mind this, my good Theophilus, the Saviour, though he puts down the rule of sin, and has delivered us from the law and its curse, and so takes its authority from our souls, and has, and does, and will, put down the power of Satan, yet he will never put down the covenant, the counsels, or purposes of God the Father. No; he will never change the special for the general; the certain for the uncertain; the new covenant for the old; an earthy thousand years' kingdom for the heavenly and everlasting. Therefore, saith the apostle, "when he saith all things are put under him, it is manifest that he is excepted which did put all things under him." And indeed, so far from any lowering of God the Father in the immutability of his counsel, it shall be that when the whole election of grace—all the true Israel—shall be made free, and thus all things essential to the final and glorious liberty of the sons of God shall be brought about, it shall be then, that as the Son of God did in his humiliation do the will of God, was subject to God—to the will of God; so, in final glory, the Son of God will still feed his Father's flock, "The Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and lead them to living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." And if he delighted to be, in his humiliation, subject unto the Father, how much more in his exaltation will he delight to do the will of God! It was for this joy set before him that he endured the cross; nor can we see how in any other way God can be all in all; for if the new covenant order of things were altered, and an angel, or any mere creature, brought to govern in the world to come, then such creature would be something, and God would not be everlasting. But as Jesus Christ is both God and the Son of God, then hereby God, Father, Word, and Holy Ghost, will be all in all. Can anything be more suitable than this order of things? either to support us

now, or to make us happy in that eternity which lieth before us? And hence, that you were baptized as expressive of the death you have by faith in Christ, all death you have in him unto sin, the law, and death itself; and also the resurrection-life you have in him. So that those Corinthians acted most absurdly who, while by being baptized they practically acknowledged the resurrection, yet in theory denied it; and the apostle turns this into an argument against them, saying, "What shall they do (with their Baptism) that are baptized *for dead*;" for so is the meaning. This Scripture is a puzzle to many, and innumerable have been the learned conjectures of men as to its right and proper meaning. All the ambiguity originating in the use of the definite article—"the." "They loved not their lives unto the death," is a sentence which would suit the genius of our language better without the article, "They loved not their lives unto death." So here leave out the peculiar structure of the original, and simply *angle-cise* the sentence, which it is perfectly right to do, then it will read, "But what shall they do (with the public profession they have made) that were baptized *for dead*."

Thus, my good Theophilus, you see the order of the resurrection, and also that way in which the Saviour will reign until he shall present the kingdom to God, even the Father, without fault or flaw, or any such thing. To this blessed hope and glorious appearing of our great God and Saviour, may we ever press; so prays

A LITTLE ONE.

## Our Australian Mail.

OPENING OF MOUNT ZION PAR-  
TICULAR BAPTIST CHAPEL,  
LITTLE BYRLE STREET, GEELONG, AUSTRALIA.

[From our own Correspondent.]

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—Good news from a far country is at all times acceptable to those who are interested therein. And, as I believe there are very many who really love Zion for Christ's sake (apart from those who love her for so-and-so's sake;) and are glad to hear of our Covenant-keeping Jehovah's gracious dealings with her, I feel very happy in being able to bear testimony to the greatness of his mercy, the tenderness of which is over all his works; how unspeakable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out. I say again, the temporal prosperity of Zion is a cause of great rejoicing to those who love her, and whether it be here or there, still the good hand of God is seen and acknowledged by those who have eyes and hearts with which to see and understand. Let such rejoice that the God and Father of our dear Lord Jesus has in this far off land, and in this town, gathered together a people who know him, whom to know is life

eternal. That he has in great goodness, but in his own time, given them a place in which to worship the Lord, the mighty God! before whom angels veil their faces, and the spirits of just men made perfect bow themselves. Hallelujah! You are no stranger to some of the ups and downs which have befallen us here; but we can say with the gracious Hannah, "There is none holy as the Lord, neither is there any Rock like our God. They that stumbled are girded with strength; he will—(everlasting blessings on his holy name) "he will keep the feet of his saints, and the wicked shall be silent in darkness; for by strength shall no man prevail." I feel myself greatly privileged in being permitted to impart to you the pleasing intelligence that the particular (aye, very particular) Baptists of this town have now a very nice stone chapel (situated as above) in which they meet as under their own vine, none daring lawfully, to make them afraid. It is about twenty nine feet, by forty, with brick vestry, baptistry, &c. There is ground enough belonging to it, to make the chapel twice the size if necessary; God grant it may be. The ground, fifty feet by seventy six, cost £150. The building of the chapel and vestry £676, making together the sum of £826. We are established purely upon the voluntary principle; which no doubt has rather a strange sound when the golden circumstances of Australia are taken into account; nevertheless, so it is. Now as we are not a numerous body, nor a wealthy body, you will not feel surprised to learn that £500 of the above sum is secured upon the chapel, at, to you the enormous, but to us the low, rate of £10 per cent per annum interest. The rest of the cost of land and building, £326, is nearly all paid. This, through the goodness and mercy of our God. It is not much more than twelve months ago, that five of us gave ourselves to the Lord, and to one another for his dear sake in Church fellowship upon the premises of New Testament order.

The chapel was opened on the first day of November last, being the first Lord's day in that month. Our brother John Bunyan Mc Cure had the opening in his own hands, for our brethren Allen, and Ward, of Melbourne, could not leave their own churches to come over and help us on that day, which I for one greatly regretted, seeing that in all probability they may never have a similar opportunity of bearing witness for the Lord of Hosts. However, the power of the Highest was there, and a good day, a holy day was accorded unto us. He was known unto us in the breaking of bread. His condescending grace brought us by faith to see the stream his flowing wounds supply; and by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost we were constrained to sing,

"But since my Saviour stands between  
In garments died in blood,  
'Tis He instead of me is seen  
When I approach to God,"

How full, how free is the rich mercy of God in Christ Jesus to poor unworthy sinners made to feel their woe; and by the mighty power of God the Holy Ghost brought nigh by the precious blood of Christ; justified by the all

glorious unimpeachable righteousness of him the Holy and the Just One, who, nevertheless, was smitten stricken of God, and afflicted, and who suffered the just for the unjust!

On the Monday evening, we had a public tea meeting, and our little place was quite full; we did not make any charge for tea. The contributions, which were entirely voluntary, amounted to £42 9s 6d. Our brethren Ward and Muritz, of Melbourne, with other brethren and sisters in the Lord from that place, were present, and a profitable evening was spent in speaking of and to the great things contained in the perfect law of liberty. The subjects were Election, and Particular Redemption, brother Ward; Justification, myself; Glorification—brother Muritz. Who can tell? Many were there who never heard the ringing notes of the gospel trumpet before. Oh! may its peace speaking music cause many a cast down soul to dance for joy in this life, and in the solemn article of death, to sing the song of God and the Lamb. Thus, then, our barque is launched—our Father's at the helm—his faithful word, our compass; our anchor, sure and steadfast, is the hope which maketh not ashamed, *because* (ever efficient and soul strengthening "*because*") the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the HOLY GHOST which is given unto us. Our present prospects are very fair; our gospel is indeed without money and without price, for our dear pastor and brother preaches to us without fee or reward. And I would say, by the way, that any servant of the Lord who comes here must come with no other view than to preach the gospel for Christ's sake! For those who love the very truth are so few in number, that when the rent of a place in which he declares the unsearchable riches of the gospel of God, and other expenses are paid, there will be little left. But there is plenty to do. And those who feel as Paul felt, and who like him, can work with their own hands, are just the men for this place. In addition to all which I have here said, I have more cheering news to impart yet. Many are pricked in their hearts, and the living word is made known by the instrumentality of our brother McCure, to those who were dead; sinners are converted to God. And those who aforetime were filthy, are now made clean. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name." At the time of opening we had five candidates for believers' baptism, three of whom were brought under the word and ministry of our brother McCure. The baptism took place on the evening of the last Lord's day in November. It was really a solemn time; our gracious God bearing testimony, as in my own experience he has again and again, to the sacred ordinance of his house. "Whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed," not for his deed. Is not this where we like to come? to be blessed in the deed: feeling the unmistakable voice of God the Spirit in the conscience saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it: he hath done

great things for us, whereof we are glad!" Therefore unto him, Father, Word, and Holy Ghost, we will ascribe all the glory henceforth and for ever. Your's faithfully,

CHRIS. S. FRIEND.

Geelong, Australia, Jan. 16, 1858.

### MELBOURNE.

LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA, TO MR. BIDDER.

"THE Lord hath, doth, and ever will bless his own gospel. Blessed be God. Amen."

MY VERY DEAR SIR, and Brother in the Lord,—For a long time have I wished to write you a line, feeling you will be glad to know whereabouts I am. We arrived in Melbourne safe through mercy, with as much comfort during the voyage, as we could expect, and at the present time, much to be thankful for in temporals, but much more in spirituals; and have cause to bless the Lord that he hath not cast me off and left me to my wretched self; feeling as I do, more and more, how much I need him every step I take. How true it is, "He brings the blind by a way they know not, maketh darkness light before them, crooked things straight, and never forsaketh them; this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

I shall ever esteem it a mercy that I was privileged to hear you preach his great salvation. Many a time since has the savour thereof refreshed my soul in my pilgrimage, both at Romsey, and here in Australia; a living ministry is precious to living souls, because it savours of a living loving Christ, suited to all our needs, when he gives me faith to touch the hem of his garment, I am whole; he is

"My sweetest note in every song."

My soul hath felt such sweet peace drop into my heart, (when I have been as it were overwhelmed with trouble) under your ministry, that its savour will never be lost; for I shall praise the blessed Three One Jehovah through eternity for the strength and comfort the God of all grace hath put into my soul when setting under your ministry, when I have been in a very needy state and condition, although seventeen years have rolled away since I was in Yeovil, the savour of the truths I then heard is still sweet to my soul. Blessed be God.

I am now favoured with another, whose lips are touched with a live coal from off the altar, a Mr. Ward: he tells me that he knows you well. I believe God has a work for him to do here; I have good reason to believe that a work of grace hath been wrought in my husband under Mr. Ward's preaching.

Remember me most kindly, dear Sir, to your wife and family, and believe me to remain, yours affectionately, for Christ's sake,  
P. S. Remember me to your wife and family, and believe me to remain, yours affectionately, for Christ's sake,  
П. С. Вспомните меня к вашей жене и семье, и верю, что я остаюсь вам преданно, ради Христа.

Compton Cottage, Cecil-street, Melbourne,

Australia, September 1st, 1857.

P. S. Do favour me with a letter.

# THE NOBLE ARMY!—THE FAITHFUL BAND!

"THESE ALL DIED IN FAITH."—HEB. XI. 13.

By faith the righteous Abel(*a*) brought  
 A better sacrifice than Cain;  
 The firstlings of his flock he sought  
 To give the Lord, nor gave in vain:  
 He saw afar the Lamb of God,  
 For sinners slain,—the Promised Seed,—  
 Yield up his life, and give his blood,  
 Whereby from sin his church was freed.  
 Bless'd sacrifice! the God he loves  
 The offering of his soul approves.  
 Bless'd sacrifice! though Cain him slay,—  
 Abel shall live in endless day.  
 By faith good Enoch(*b*) walk'd with God,  
 Nor fear'd while daring sinners mock;  
 He too—like Abel—saw the "blood,"  
 And stood secure on Christ the "Rock."  
 A speck of light on earth's dark face,  
 He shone resplendent 'midst the gloom  
 Of ruling sin, and dire disgrace,  
 Which hasten'd the ungodly's doom.  
 Bless'd walk! which led from earth to heaven,  
 While sinners to the deep were driven.  
 Bless'd walk! cast up by precious faith,  
 Which 'scaped the grave and dreary death.  
 By faith, the preacher Noah(*c*) saw  
 A mocking world 'gainst heaven conspire,  
 To set aside Jehovah's law,  
 And haste the vengeance of his ire.  
 Then, moved by holy fear, he wrought  
 A wonderful ark, by God's command,  
 To which his family he brought,  
 And saved from death the favoured band.  
 Bless'd ark! that screen'd the righteous few  
 While sinners would themselves undo.  
 Bless'd type of Christ, the "Ark of God,"  
 Who is his people's safe abode.  
 By faith, the patriarch Abram(*d*) left  
 (Obedient to divine command)  
 His father's house, to seek the gift  
 Of God,—the rich, the promised land.  
 He sought and found, and here sojourned  
 A while in tents as pilgrims do;  
 By which frail tenements he learn'd,  
 Through faith, a heavenly house to view.  
 Bless'd earthly Canaan! but not free  
 From sin, and strife, and misery.  
 Bless'd heavenly Canaan! pure above,  
 Where all is joy, and peace, and love.  
 Through faith, to Abraham Sarah(*e*) bare  
 (Although, she doubting, laugh'd before,)  
 Isaac, the true, the legal heir  
 Of promise,—now she doubts no more:  
 Whence sprang from one, (vast progeny,)  
 One though as dead, a mighty host,  
 Numerous as stars which stud the sky,  
 Or sands which bound the ocean coast.  
 Bless'd sons of Abraham, if ye be  
 The sons of him who makes you free;  
 Bless'd—though on earth ye strangers are,  
 And pilgrims in this world of care.  
 By faith, the venerable sire  
 Of Isaac(*f*) met the dread command,—  
 "Go with thy son to mount Moriah,  
 "And sacrifice him with thy hand."  
 He reasoned not with flesh and blood,  
 But took the wood, the fire, the knife;  
 And, virtually gave up to God  
 His son, his heir, his joy, his life.  
 Bless'd Abraham! in thee we see  
 Faith in its heavenly purity.  
 Bless'd Isaac; type of that dear Son  
 Who for our lives gave up his own.

By faith the aged Isaac(*g*) blessed,  
 And warned his sons of things to come:  
 Jacob, (*h*) by faith, this gift possess'd,  
 And told his numerous children's doom.  
 By faith, when dying, Joseph(*i*) gave  
 Commandment where his bones should lie;  
 Spake of the chosen seed, enslaved  
 In Egypt, and their liberty.  
 Bless'd vision, that saw Israel's seed  
 From Egypt's thrall and bondage freed;  
 Bless'd, still more far, the soul which sees  
 Its freedom from sin's penalties.  
 By faith, the infant Moses(*j*) was  
 By his fond parents long concealed;  
 Nor dare we say the secret cause  
 Of this was not to them reveal'd.  
 By faith, when forty years of age(*k*)  
 He left the vile Egyptian courts,  
 Not daring longer to engage  
 As actor in their heathen sports.  
 By faith he stood before the king,  
 And made the haughty monarch quake;  
 Forth from the land did Israel bring,  
 And all their galling fetters break.  
 By faith, did trembling Israel(*l*) pass  
 The watery walls on either hand,  
 Which closed upon the mighty mass,—  
 Proud Pharaoh, and his impious band.  
 By faith did Israel's(*m*) leader shout,  
 Whence fell the stubborn city's wall;  
 By faith, poor Rahab(*n*) perish'd not,  
 Amidst its desolating fall.  
 Gideon(*o*) by faith, with feeble band,  
 The Midianitish camp o'erthrew.  
 Barak, by faith in God's command  
 The numerous hosts of Sisera(*p*) slew.  
 By faith, Manoah's(*q*) wavering son  
 Successively his foes annoyed;  
 And Jephthah(*r*) the despised one,  
 By faith, the Ammonites destroy'd.  
 By faith, young David(*s*) met and slew  
 The vaunting Philistine of old;  
 Of Samuel, and the prophets too,  
 Most wondrous acts of faith are told.  
 There goes a prayer of faith to heaven(*t*),  
 The nether heavens responsive wait,  
 The stubborn clouds at once are riven,  
 And Israel trembles at its fate.  
 Into old Jordan's(*u*) sacred side  
 The leprous Syrian descends;  
 Faith triumphs o'er his native pride,  
 And 'neath the rolling waves he bends.  
 There sits a prophet in yon den(*w*)  
 Secure, by faith, where lions prow!;  
 And there three Hebrew youths(*x*) are seen  
 Walking amidst the burning coal:  
 There stands a man of world-wide fame,  
 He holds this wondrous gift of God;  
 Great Martin Luther is his name,  
 And Europe trembles at his nod.  
 Thus faith its wondrous power displays;  
 Stern death and sin their prowess yield;  
 Before its active agencies  
 Both men and devils quit the field.  
 Great God! if I possess this gift  
 Increase it more and more I pray,  
 O, may thy Holy Spirit lift  
 My wavering soul from day to day.  
 Speak, by thy witness, to my soul,  
 Whisper the word "cease sorrow cease,"  
 This shall m' unbelief control,  
 And bid me live and "go in peace."  
 Long Lane. WILLIAM PEARCE.

(a) Genesis iv. (b) Genesis v. 22, 23. (c) Genesis vi. 14. (d) Genesis xii. 1. (e) Genesis xviii. 9. (f) Genesis xxii. 1. (g) Genesis xxvii. (h) Genesis xlix. (i) Genesis i. 20. (j) Exodus ii. (k) Exodus iii. 15. (l) Exodus xiv. 14. (m) Joshua vi. 20. (n) Joshua vi. 25. (o) Judges vii. 19, 20, 21. (p) Judges iv. 15. (q) Judges xv. 16. (r) Judges xii. (s) 1 Samuel xvii. 49 [t] 1 Kings xviii. 44. [u] 2 Kings v. 14. [v] Daniel vi. 21, 22. [w] Daniel iii. 25

## THE LATE CAPTAIN KING:

(FORMERLY OF DEPTFORD,)

HIS AMAZING CONVERSION TO GOD WHEN OUT AT SEA:  
HIS DELIVERANCE FROM DEATH, AND  
HIS HAPPY DEPARTURE TO GLORY.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EARTHEN VESSEL.)

DEAR SIR—I had the privilege of being intimately acquainted with our dear friend and brother Captain King, the last ten years of his life; and have very frequently heard him relate the Lord's marvellous dealings with his soul:—indeed, it was his most earnest wish that I should pen from his mouth his experience, but opportunity never offered.

As I am so familiar with his call by grace, I have taken upon me to record it as a testimony of Divine Sovereignty, in calling whom he will; and when, and where he pleases.

Our dear friend, when about 43 years of age, had set off on a voyage to the Southern Whale Fishery; it being the 9th voyage he had taken round the Cape: he was then in full vigour: a worldly-minded man; with no fear of God before his eyes. As he was coasting Portugal, somewhere near Lisbon, it being a very fine morning, he was walking on deck, admiring the splendour of the scene before him, and the trees laden with fruit; when a voice seemed to say to him: "*who made all these splendid fruit trees?*" &c., himself answered, "*why God Almighty, to be sure!*" The former voice replied, "*No I did:*" when, instantly, the captain was thrown down on deck by an invisible power; and was siezed with the most tormenting pains of body and soul, too horrid to be described; feeling sure he was possessed; and was fast sinking to hell. I have heard him declare he ate nothing for five weeks; and was reduced to a skeleton: he could not sleep or rest any where: at times he saw flames of fire flashing before his eyes—and for many days had the smell of brimstone and sulphur that he knew not how to endure it. In the midst of all this, he said there was now and then a cry for mercy, though in despair of ever obtaining it.

One morning, sitting up in his cabin in great distress, he saw the figure of a most beautiful man, naked down to his loins, sitting by his side, who, looking at him, said, "*if I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me.*" He replied, "*Lord, I have been convinced of that ever since I was struck on deck.*" Then the vision disappeared, and the "*if*" in the sentence left him in doubt as to whether he *would* wash him from his sins or not, which doubt was the cause of dreadful

distress. He was not aware at this time that they were scripture words; which made it the more remarkable; and in his cabin, on board a ship, with no one to speak one word of gospel consolation, and the crew all terrified at him, declaring he was possessed of the devil, as he used to roll on the floor, and groan at times as though mad. He was obliged to leave the ship, and return to England as soon as an opportunity offered, to the great surprise and distress of his family; every one thinking him mad: but it was the burden of his sin, so intolerable. He never could enter into worldly matters again; all his concern was, about his soul.—"*lost! lost!*" was his cry for many months. He was mercifully preserved from the most violent temptations, especially to self-destruction. Nearly three years elapsed before deliverance came. He was constantly wandering from place to place, to hear the truth, and to be tried by it; and many where his hopes and fears. He often received hope, and help from dear Watts Wilkinson, of blessed memory; and he was, in the Lord's own time, the honoured instrument of setting his soul at liberty. Previous to this he had a dream that he went to chapel, and the Lord Jesus was in the pulpit; and handed him a small note; which when he opened, he read, "*Thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee.*" Then he thought he received from the Lord's hand some milk, which, for sweetness, surpassed any thing he had ever tasted. This dream was (he has often told me) realized in his soul's experience in Lothbury church, in June, 1824: the date of the day I forget.

He was much exercised that Tuesday morning; and had to struggle hard against a power preventing him, as he walked from Deptford. When he got as far as Unicorn Yard, Tooley-street, he said, "he turned back, but the word of the Lord came with such power that he proceeded onward, encouraged with a "*who can tell?*" so that ere he was aware he found himself under the sound of dear Wilkinson's voice; and there deliverance was wrought for his poor distressed soul; and then was "the word found sweet to his taste." Then he was sure Jesus was his beloved, and he his blood-washed child. Then he declared he could weep over his once suffering Lord; and mourn that

quity, and are expressly mentioned by the beloved John. The principal customers of this Bank are young persons. I hope my young reader is not one of them. If he be, I advise him to take out his cash as soon as possible; for this bank has seldom been known to go on for many years, without a failure. Ruin ultimately devolves upon its supporters; in the shape of disease, poverty, disgrace, or shortness of life. It offers an extravagantly high rate of interest, for money invested; in which consists the secret of its success: for, it has more customers than all the other Banks put together. Millions of human beings, of both sexes, have sold their very bodies, their eyes and their limbs, to purchase shares in this Bank; to say nothing about their souls, which they would have sold too, if they could. The Prodigal Son was one of these dupes; and was nearly destroyed by venturing the whole of his fortune here; and was only rescued by his Heavenly Father. The wise Solomon too, with all his wit, was nearly swallowed up; but happily, he lived long enough to write a precious book, exposing the whole concern.

The fourth in the list is, the **BANK OF ΗΕΤΕΡΟΔΟΧΥ**. Its managers are "False-doctrine, Heresy, and Schism." Amongst its supporters may be enumerated Papists, Unitarians, Mormons, &c., (and I am afraid our priestly Puseyites should not be left out) most of them holding a part of the truth, but having the other part fatally mangled and distorted. This Bank may be known by its being entered by a very wide gateway, which is called Error. Over this gateway is a large statuary figure, representing a woman riding on a scarlet-coloured beast; very wonderful to behold. She has, in her right hand, a cup; and the whole is supposed to be allegorical; representing the principles of the business which is carried on, within the establishment. (Rev. xvii.) This figure is hideous enough, by-the-by; and, I am happy to say that many good and great men suppose there is a probability of its soon coming to decay, beneath the corroding breath of Fulfilling Prophecy. May the Holy Spirit teach these people better; and save us from cursing those who are thus left in ignorance.

The fifth is the **BANK OF DESPITE**. This Bank is under the management of three principals; whose names are Hardheartedness, Obstinaey, and Conceit. The children of Belial do business here. Amongst them were formerly the characters who spake of stoning David; who murdered the martyr Stephen; who lay in wait to kill Paul; and many others like them. Also Atheists, Deists, Sabbath breakers, and despisers of God's word and worship. Here, might once be seen, Eababekah the impious, who challenged the Lord to battle; and the desecrating Belshazzar, whose blood was mingled with his wine. Oh, if God were like man, mockers would be the last to find mercy; for man forgives an injury sooner than an insult. Ah, vain man, thou mockest! Hear, and fear! Two can play at that game. "The Lord will laugh at thy calamity; and will mock, when thy fear cometh."

The sixth, is the **BANK OF UNRULY EVIL**. I do not know who are the managers of this Bank; for, it is by no means a respectable establishment; and is not considered to be so, even by the world, that lieth in wickedness. The principal characters who invest their capital here, are swearers, liars, the ribald, and the profane; "whose mouths are full of cursing and bitterness; the poison of asps is under their lips." This Bank is mentioned by the Apostle James, so that it is of ancient date; and it bore the same title, even in his days. Our Lord Jesus Christ must have had an eye upon its proceedings, when he said, that for every idle word that men should speak, they should give account thereof in the day of Judgment. The customers of this Bank are persons who are dangerous to meet with; for they carry a poisoned weapon about them; which is calculated to set the world on fire, and which is set on fire of hell. (James iii. 6-8.)

The seventh, and last I shall mention, is the **BANK OF CRIME**. This is Satan's delight, where he spends much of his time, and where he has even private apartments. The managers of this Bank are Remorse and Death; and Judgment and Hell are the cashiers. However, their characters are so notorious, that they are seldom visible in the business (Prov. i. 17). Therefore they leave the public arrangements to a certain official, whose name is Chance; though he has no real power behind the scenes. This building was erected in the first ages of the world, by Cain. Many centuries afterwards, it was considerably enlarged by Manasseh; who surrounded it with a moat, which was filled with innocent blood. Since that period it has been modernized, in front, and even ornamented; so as to take off a little of the ugliness of the structure. (Matt. xxiii. 27.) Great encouragements are held out to beginners; and, from such, very small investments are not refused, though they are expected to enlarge them in their future deposits; and vast success has followed this plan of business. (2 Tim. iii. 13.) Here, Joseph's brethren began with jealousy; and ended with intended fratricide. Here, Haman began with a personal hatred; and ended with plotting the destruction of a nation. Here, Judas began with theft; and ended with selling his Lord and Master. And what shall I say of the world before the flood, and of the men of Sodom, and of others; who went on from bad to worse, till the earth groaned with their iniquities, and then burst forth in flood and fire, to rid it of its burden? Now I shall conclude.

My young friend, art thou one who hast risked thy stakes in these bubble concerns; and hast begun to think it a losing game, and to repent of thy folly? Hear what Jesus says: "I counsel thee, that thou buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that though mayest be clothed." Let me advise thee to change thy Banker. I told thee before, that the Royal Bank of Salvation would give thee cent per cent, on thine investments. Nay! it has sometimes promised much more than that; even "a hundred-fold in this present life, and

in the world to come, life everlasting." That is just ten thousand per cent. The Charter of this Bank is full and free; and, as to its righteousness:

"No time can change its glorious hue;  
The robe of Christ is ever new."

This Bank is rich in goodness, rich in grace, and rich in gold. It is like Noah's ark, full of life; like Joseph's granaries, full of corn; like Solomon's chariot, full of love; like the temple, full of glory. It has a plenary fund for every contingency; and its issues are as nothing, when compared with its reserves.

Isa. lxiv. 4. If thou wilt begin to lay up with Timothy, thou, shalt be as rich as Barzillia, when thou becomest old; and shalt, like him, be invited to visits David's palace, where thou shalt spend thy life in pleasures for evermore. EPHÆTUS.

P. S.—There is another Bank, mentioned in the Book of Proverbs. I challenge my young readers to write me what it is; though I will tell them so much as this: that it is not one which refers to what is called flagrant sin. I have often seen its emblem growing, when I have passed through a field of corn.

## Our Churches, their Pastors, and their People.

### A FISHERMAN AND PUBLICAN PRAYING TO GOD FOR MERCY;

BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE

*Conversion and Ordination of Mr. T. Drake, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Hungary Hill, near Farnham, Surrey.*

THE interesting services connected with the above event were holden on Monday, November 16, 1857. Mr. B. Bowles, of Poplar; Mr. Casar, of Guildford; C. W. Banks, of London, and Mr. Taylor, of Ropley, conducted the worship. In answer to the questions put by C. W. Banks, brother Thomas Drake gave replies, embodying the following details, which were listened to with great attention.

Dear Brother Banks,—I am much desired to give my experience of the Lord's dealings with my soul; and call into the ministry of the gospel of Christ. My prayer is, that it may be for the glory of God; and for the encouragement of the tried family of God. I will, by God's grace, first give you an account of my conversion from the service of sin to the love and service of the blessed God. I shall not mention many of the sins I lived in, only just to show that I am a living witness to what the poet wrote—

"He watched o'er my path, when  
Satan's blind slave I sported with death."

One of the sins I lived in was fighting; but my God never suffered anything seriously to happen to me; but that I should be fit for his service when it pleased him to call me by his grace. At the time of my conversion to God, I lived at a little village in Middlesex; I kept a beer-house, with a deal of custom to it. In May, 1835, my wife was confined, and I was in my 29th year. A tract distributor, named Samson, (now a deacon of the Baptist church at Harlington), had called at my house for some years; and invited me to go and hear a minister named Masingam; but I made some excuse. A God fearing woman, then nursing in my house, pressed me to go. I said "I will, as they teach little Tommy in the Sunday School." I went; but nothing took hold of my mind. After meeting was over, the minister said Mr. George, from Harrow, would preach there the next Lord's-day. When

next Lord's-day came, I went to hear Mr. George. Nothing took place but thoughtfulness: his text was—"And Jacob dreamed; and beheld a ladder set on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and, behold, the angels of God ascending and descending on it." After service, it was given out, there would be a prayer meeting on Thursday evening. I do not think any one said anything about it; I do not know that it crossed my mind till about six o'clock on the Thursday evening; when I was in my little fishing boat, on the river; when I thought in my mind—*there is a prayer meeting to-night. I wonder what that is! How I should like to be there!* Something said, "You cannot leave your fishing tackle." Another one said—"Lock up your boat and go!" This voice I obeyed, and ran nearly all the way; and was just inside the chapel, sat down close to the door; Mr. George read Matthew xviii. 20, and spoke; and asked what we thought Jesus was there for in the midst? He said he was as near to one as the other; he asked if we thought he was there to hear what the preacher said? I thought "to be sure." He said that was not all: Jesus Christ was there to hear if there was a poor sinner there to pray to be pardoned of his sins. I felt I was a great sinner; and I can truly say in the sight of God, that very moment, grace taught my soul to pray for mercy to God. I went home praying to God for mercy; and the next morning when I went to look at my fishing tackle, I found myself on my knees, between two and three o'clock in the morning, praying to God for mercy. I went on praying, and God said to me—"Come out, and be separate; and I will be your God; and you shall be my son." A good deacon, named John Hunt, saw me; conversed about my soul; said to me, "Seek, and you shall find;" but he said, "you cannot serve God and the devil." I believed what he said to be true; and I did not care



what I did, if I could but know that God loved me. I now began to love the people of God, and God's house, better than all the world: and Jesus said to me—*I love them that love me; and if you love me, keep my commandments.*" These words came with such power to my soul, that, as I belonged to a Benefit Society, and could not go amongst them any more, I sent them word to take my name off the book. Some called me a fool; but God smiled upon my soul like the sun at noonday; and I did not regard what man said. I then could run in the ways of God by his blessed grace. I shut up the beer-house; and went two miles to the house of God, with the people of God, and can truly say, that my heart often burnt with love, hearing the people of God talking as they went to and from the house of prayer. Jesus Christ very soon brought me not only to see the order of Believer's Baptism, but to love it; and the first time I saw it administered, I sat in the gallery, at Harlington chapel, and felt ready to jump into the pool. I told out my feelings to some of the people. Some trembled at me because I had been such a ringleader in wickedness; others rejoiced, and told Mr. George; and he very soon had me before two of the deacons, and they had me before the church; and I was not happy until I went, not to the water, but *under the water*, like my Lord and Master. And the text in the *Christian Almanack*, was—"Thy word is a lamp to my feet, and a light to my path." I could say, "All thy ways are ways of pleasantness, and thy paths are peace." After I had received the right hand of fellowship into the fold of Christ, I could truly say in the sight of God—

"Here would I find a settled rest,"

and felt myself at home. I wanted to pour out my heart to God for my dear wife and family, and began to have family prayers in my little parlor: and to hold a prayer meeting up stairs in our bedroom, and a young man who had been, as he said, a backslider, which I could not understand in my first love to Christ gave me some good instruction, and warned me not to neglect a throne of grace. God, by his blessed grace, led me to him for grace to keep me from the world, and it appeared to be a very dangerous place to get part of my living by keeping a house where men of all characters came to drink. It made me very unhappy; I felt I must give it up, and trust to God for a living. I asked the blessed God about it; and he said to me distinctly, "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added to you." I had just as much faith then as believed what God had said to me, and when asked by my father, what I thought would become of me, if I gave up the beer-house, (for he knew I was doing a deal of business,) I said, "I have nothing to do with it;" for God had promised to keep me. I therefore gave up the house, and trusted in that God who has been as good as he promised, and

"His love in times past forbids me to think  
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink."

The Lord would, however, try my faith and prepare me for usefulness. He removed me to Harlington, where the brook seemed to be drying up very fast, and I could not see where the spring could come from; this made me, and my dear wife (who had been brought to love the Lord in truth,) to pray that he would be pleased to appear for us in Providence. Within a few days, the Lord, in a wonderful way and manner, appeared. I received a letter from a gentleman that I had not heard of for eleven years, to ask me if I would come, and look over some work which he would give me five shillings per day; but it was one hundred and twenty-four miles away, and I thought I should be too far away from the people of God, whom I can say I loved at that time nearly as I loved myself, and I believed they loved me for the sake of Christ. I showed the letter to one of the deacons; he said, "It was going away from the people of God." I told a good old and tried brother; and I told him we had been praying to God, and he said, "It was an answer to prayer." This I believed to be true. I went down, agreed with my master to begin work the next day; but when night came, I wished myself back again; I got no lodgings the first night only where ungodly men were. When the morning came I told my master I must go back if I could not get quieter lodgings. He said he would see for me. I next inquired for Baptist believers in the little village, called Dipole. There was a Baptist cause. I found a few friends very dear to me. There was one tried old brother, named Shaw; he was well acquainted with the doctrine of election; and the final perseverance of the saints, which I hated then, but, blessed be God, it is the glory of my heart now.

Here I began to speak in the name of the Lord, who, in his providence, removed me back to Harlington, and from Harlington to Stanwell; where I was led to begin to preach at Stanwell-moor with a brother named Rush, with whom I laboured for some years, not without the blessing of the Lord in the conversion of sinners.

But I was troubled about the Electing love of God; and came to a determination, never, never, to preach any more, and to go where no one knew that I ever did preach. God, in his providence, had blessed me in temporals: I believe in the year 1848, me and my wife had saved a little more than £300; so I went down to Farnborough, in Hampshire, and took one hundred and nine acres of common land, at a low rent. I felt now no one should know what I was; I have been out on the common many a time to pray to God; for I could not do without that; but God's time drew nigh, when he had determined for me to open my mouth for him. One day, as I was building a shed, to put my cattle in, up comes a preacher, and asked me if I knew who he was? I said, "no;" he said he was a preacher; I asked him what he preached about? he said "he preached about Christ." I then asked him where he came from—and what party he belonged to? He said "to a party sent out by Christ." A little after this,

my dear wife asked me to go to Aldershott, to hear him; I went, and when I got to the house, where the people meet together, I asked if there was preaching there? they said, "there was, but they had no one to preach—will you preach to us?" they said to me. I do not think I had ever seen one of them before. I told them I could not preach; but I would tell them about Christ. I commenced by singing. The house was full. Something said to me; "if you were never called before; you are called to night."

I asked a few of the friends to come up to my house on the Common, on the next Lord's day in the morning; we had a little meeting, as there was no baptist cause open in the morning, and I was not one of those professors, who like to give God part of his own day, but the whole of it, and say with the poet

"Thy Sabbath days can never be too long."

On Sabbath morning, instead of never preaching any more, I found myself preaching to a little congregation in my house, and in the afternoon went to Bethel, and as soon as the service was over, the minister came and shook hands with me, and asked me where I was going in the evening; I told him to Aldershott: he said, "that was where he was going;" I told him I was glad; for he could preach to the people, for their preacher was gone away; but he told me he was going to Aldershott to hear me.

One day, in the following week, he came to my house, and after a little conversation, he said "he should like me to speak at Bethel." According to his wish, I went to Bethel on Lord's day, and I tried to speak, and after it was over, we agreed to unite together in the blessed work of God; and I found him to be a brother till death parted us.

I began to feel at home with the people of God, and his work to be the glory of my heart; but God's purposes were in the dark cloud; my trial of faith and of love has been severe.

I was living at Staines; but a union had taken place in my heart, with the friends at Aldershott, Bethel, and Ewshott; and, by God's grace, I endeavoured to walk down, or go by train, to preach once or twice to them, in each month; and many a time I have walked down, because I have not had money to ride; but the Lord blessed my labours; and gathered into the Church of Christ several precious souls, who will be some of God's jewels in heaven. I felt a pleasure to walk twenty-one miles, and preach two sermons on Lord's day, and get up by two o'clock on Monday morning, and ride part of the way by the mail train, and walk seven miles and get back to work for my daily bread.

In the year 1852, Satan tempted me to give up preaching, and I can truly say, in the sight of God, I made it a matter of earnest prayer to God, for to shut my mouth, or give me a token of his divine pleasure. In September, 1852, to my surprise, I received a

letter from a member of the church of Christ at Bethel, to say that Mr. Smith had died suddenly; would I come on Lord's day, to preach to them? I went down, and to my surprise found Mr. Joy in the pulpit, at that time I asked God, (in earnest prayer,) what step was to be taken; as I was the only member of the little church, who attempted to speak, and the proper way seemed to me, was to call a church meeting, and there I wished the members to make it a matter of earnest prayer to God, what they had better do, or whom they had better choose as their leader. After a fortnight's earnest prayer, as to whom they should like to be their preacher, the lot fell on me, one of the least of God's saints; this ty united me more than ever to the cause at Bethel; and the blessing of God rested with his word, in the hearts of some who came to hear the blessed word of God.

I began now to secure the chapel for the people of God, as it seemed likely we should lose it, for our brother Smith had not left it in his will for the people of God. I therefore went to his widow, who was a member with us, and asked what she thought her dear husband intended to do with the chapel. She said he intended to give it to the people of God. I therefore besought her to do what her husband had left undone, and she said she would give it into my hands if I would take the place the church had appointed me to. She did this, and by the blessing of God I have had a trust deed made, and have chosen trustees, with myself, that the particular Baptists might have the chapel for ever, and the cause is flourishing.

I have had deep trials since; and was tempted to give up my office to Mr. Betts, but these words came into my mind, "*See that no man take thy crown;*" and these words following, "*Ye shall have souls for your hire, and seals to your ministry.*" I said, "That's enough, Lord, if I can but see the blessing of God upon my labours. This was like a fire in my heart. Forward in the work of the Lord I went, and have proved his words to be true.

The next step is, what led me to the day of ordination? It was to me a mysterious way of God, when brother Banks consented to come and preach our anniversary sermons at Ewshot; but he said he was going to Reading, to the ordination of brother Wale; and he would like to see me there. This seemed to me to be right that he should see me before he came and preached for me; as I did not know he knew me. I therefore made up mind to go if it pleased the blessed God, not because of the ordination, for I hated the very name of ordination, but as I thought I should like to see brother Banks before he came to Ewshot to preach. On the day appointed, I reached Reading; and in the afternoon listened very attentively while the deacon gave the state of the church; and of their becoming acquainted with brother Wale, and when brother Wale had given in his call by grace, and the work of the ministry, as he was closing what he had to say, these words came to me, "*Art thou ashamed to testify of Christ?*" I said to thou-

self, "No, Lord, I am not ashamed, for I believe it is of God's appointment, and not man's." Very strange to say, at the same time, it was working in the hearts of some of God's people, and that arose from a word spoken by a person who is not a member of the visible church of Christ. The minds of some of the people was told to me, and we called a church meeting, and desired to have an ordination day; and the day appointed was the 16th of November. No one can tell what I had to go through, but I knew I had the glory of God in view; and I trusted in that God who says, "My grace is sufficient for you;" and blessed be his dear name I experienced his faithfulness in the fulfilment of his promise, for we had our little chapel full, and our hearts made glad, while our dear brothers were speaking, and we were drinking in that river which makes glad the city of the living God. **STAINES.** **T. DRAKE.**

### THE CHURCHES IN PLYMOUTH.

[We have various communications from the West of England. The following extracts demand attention.—Ed.]

Plymouth, March 8th. **BROTHER THOMAS JONES** has visited and given us a good sermon in How Street: every one seemed overjoyed to hear him. Here in the West we watch for the witness prayerfully in our hearts. An old, worn out, drowsy, stern dry ministry, will not do for us. We are very hungry, and very lean, and must have one of God's anointed servants; who has full authority to go in before the Lord for provisions and bring them out, with his face shining with oil, and his words coming from the Lord right into our souls. If you cannot get us such; do keep them home. We have a second Rudman here, a Mr. Emmington, a man of great talent; and the Holy Ghost is bringing in his ministry with divine and with extraordinary power. These are golden days, as when Brother Rudman was in Trinity Chapel. Mr. Emmington is in Stonehouse; the Chapel Mr. Isbell left; and all the afflicted ones get food; he is about 22 years of age; has been preaching, at times, one year; he is here for three months.

**JAMES GREENSLADE.**

Another correspondent from Plymouth says: I was informed that poor Jenkins's funeral sermon was preached at Trinity the same evening, we had Mr. Thomas Jones at How Street.

How short his career in that locality! Is it not probable that the unhappy litigation in which the chapel is involved became a means of his affliction and death? If this were so, who will be held accountable for the slaughter? Would to God that Christians were more regardful of each other's feelings and life; and would cease from biting and devouring one another. Mr. Jenkins was much esteemed for the short time he had been at Plymouth. He was singularly unfortunate in his remarks on believers' baptism, as thereby, he offended some, and pleased nobody. That was a subject he never understood. It is always a delight to me to hear of the ac-

ceptance and usefulness of my brethren in the different places I visit, and I had this satisfaction at Plymouth, where generous and general acknowledgements were made of edification and profit under the ministry of Messrs Foreman, Field, Cozens, &c. &c. May all our Master's servants have much of his Spirit, and be increasingly blest in the work. No one seems to have been more favoured in these towns than the Editor of the **VESSEL**, and he cannot have, anywhere, more ardent friends. A case was related to me which I thought sadly suggestive. A pulpit in Devonshire, occupied by a minister, who stood well with his people, was refused to a brother minister, on account of some temporal reverses, and from that time a gradual consumption set in, and a cause, previously strong, dwindled down to a shadow. Ministers and people in this our day, might bear a few good faithful sermons from Col. iii. 12. With good wishes, I am, your's in Christ.

**A TRAVELLER.**

**LITTLE MOORFIELDS.**—Dear Sir, I feel pleasure in stating our brother George Webb, is the chosen and honoured instrument, in the hands of the Lord, of building up the drooping church, late in Red Cross Street, now White Street, Little Moorfields, for many years under the charge of brother Whittaker, who left for Tunbridge Wells. Mr. Webb, was honoured last Wednesday night, (March 3,) to baptize five persons, four females and one male, one of the females bearing the name of Lydia; she has seen four score years pass away; and in her 81st year was constrained to follow her Lord's command in the despised ordinance at Mr. Haslop's chapel, Squires Street, kindly lent for the occasion. **JOHN PRICE.**

[It is a pleasure, indeed, to us, to hear of some young men who are springing up as faithful witnesses for God's new covenant Truth; and we know of no two brothers more permanently acceptable than George Webb; and his brother, in John Street, Holloway. We heartily wish them both God speed.—Ed.]

**GRAVESEND.**—Wednesday evening, Feb 24th, 1858. Mr. Stringer baptized by immersion, nine believers on the confession of their faith, at Zoar Chapel. Previous to baptizing, brother Nichols read and solemnly implored the divine blessing.

Mr. Stringer (at the head of the pool) addressed the audience from John i. 25, "Why baptizest thou then?" Noticing, 1st, why we baptize. 2nd, who we baptize. 3rd, the way we baptize. 4th, what we baptize for. 1st, why we baptize? because Christ commanded it, apostles practised it, and it is New Testament church order. 2nd, who we baptize? regenerated sinners which are living, loving believers in Christ. 3rd, the way we baptize? by immersion, as a solemn scriptural emblem of the sufferings, death, burial, and resurrection of Christ. 4th, what we baptize for? to shew legal obedience to the laws of the King of Zion. Decision for God and a desire to glorify his holy name. The chapel was crowded to excess, with listening spectators. Good order prevailed, and the presence, power, and blessing of God was felt and enjoyed. All the opposition to this God-glorifying ordinance by its antagonists from pulpit and press, will more and more tend to confirm and substantiate it as a bible truth, and a divine reality.

To follow Christ is our delight,  
And men may scoff in vain;  
We're taught of God, and know tis right,  
To glorify his name.

**T. STRINZOR.**

## PAUL'S PATTERN OF A GOOD PASTOR:

AN OUTLINE OF THE CHARGE DELIVERED AT  
THE ORDINATION OF MR. R. S. BIRD, AT CLAPHAM,

THE public recognition of Mr. R. S. Bird, as pastor of the Baptized Church, meeting in Cranmer Court Chapel, took place on Monday, March 15th, 1858. The services were holden in "Garner Chapel," (kindly lent for the occasion.) In the morning the introductory discourse was delivered by Mr. Caunt, of Ebenezer Chapel, Greenwich, from the words "Jesus Christ being himself the chief cornerstone:" its design was to lift up JESUS as the Foundation of the Church's salvation, and the ever-flowing Fountain of every spiritual mercy. Mr. Caunt has lately suffered in his body, from a fall; in his affliction severe darkness of mind, and sharp temptations, exercised his soul; but it has been rendered useful to him, and to his ministry. Mr. Caunt asked the usual questions; and the replies rendered by Mr. Bird were peculiarly marked by evidences of sincerity and genuineness; a full report of which we hope some day to give from his own pen.

In the afternoon, Mr. Thomas Attwood, of Camberwell, offered the Ordination prayer, most affectionately and fervently. After which, an address to the newly-chosen pastor was given by C. W. Banks; in introducing it, he said, "Circumstances sometimes call for more stringent Charges than the present occasion requires. Here there is no necessity for stating Ministerial Qualifications; brother Bird is well known by many to whom his ministry has been useful; and the Church at Cranmer Court, after a long acquaintance with him, have unanimously called him to be their pastor; and, as he is in many senses, a tried man, I shall simply deliver a kind brotherly word to him; fully assured that the Lord alone can preserve him in honour, in fruitfulness, and in a happy pastoral course of real usefulness. Last night, after three heavy services, I retired, and on coming to the word of the Lord, my mind fastened upon these words—*Be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.* 1 Tim. iv. 12.

From these words, we may draw forth three things for reflection:

I. *The persons with whom the pastor has more particularly to do*—they are "the believers."

II. *The position he is called upon to occupy*—"be thou an example of the believers."

III. *The particular things in which he is to be an example*—"in word, in conversation," &c., &c.

I. The persons—*believers*. Three things are implied in the term believers: 1st, a report has been made to them; the Holy Spirit having quickened their souls into a spiritual existence; the law having brought the sentence of death into their feelings, on account

of transgression; and they being brought down to the position Watts describes:

"Buried in sorrows and in sins,  
At hell's dark door we lay:"

in this dark valley Mercy comes with the tidings of salvation. *It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.* The Gospel trumpet is blown in their ears; it reaches their hearts; it gives life to the hopes of their souls; so that, 2ndly, *they give credit to the report*; they so believe the tidings of mercy as to be assured that CHRIST came to save sinners—that in no other way can they be saved; and like the leper, they cry out, *Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean*; and, this report is so applied by the Holy Spirit, that they receive it into their affections, and by a practical obedience, *lay hold of it*, and publicly put on CHRIST in the Ordinances of his House; in a separation from the world; in fellowship with his people; and in some wrestlings of soul and communings of spirit at the mercy-seat. These are believers; they are of the seed of Abraham, of whom it is said, "He believed in the Lord, and it was counted to him for righteousness." This faith for the most part, cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.

II. The position, or practical character of the pastor,—*be thou an example to the believers*. There are many terms by which the pastor's work is set forth, such as a *father*, a *ruler*, a *shepherd*, a *teacher*, &c.—but the term *an example*, seems to comprehend them all. The minister *should be a model man*,—a copy, a living, speaking, walking copy of the spirit of the gospel. Ministers are not angels; they are men of like passions with others; they have their infirmities, and weak parts. Still, the true servants of Christ have advantages over many, which advantages are productive of good results in their lives, when in their proper sphere they move. As for instance, the men whom Christ calls to be pastors and preachers to his people, are generally men who have gone deep into soul trouble, and high into gospel fellowship; and these two have a mighty influence in moulding their minds; giving a tone to their spirits: and curbing and crucifying the outer man. Besides, there must be a constant, and a careful study of God's Holy Word; there must be much close thinking upon Divine things; there must be habitual nearness to God in prayer; there must be private preparations for, and a public administration of, the ordinances of the Lord's house; there must be frequent intercourse with the sick, the dying, and the dead. We go into our large hospitals; and there we hear the groans, and see

the sorrows which sin produces; we turn from these public sepulchres of grief, and go into the cottages and chambers of the deeply afflicted; we must be always hearing the confessions of poor, convicted, and trembling souls, the desires of hoping spirits, the joys of pardoned children, and the songs of the ransomed.

All these things, (under the Spirit's anointing grace,) must tend greatly to stamp the man with impressions, which must be read and seen, more or less, by all who have to do with him. It is not the sermon in the pulpit merely; it is not the black and the white which make up his attire; it is not a pretended sanctimoniousness. No!—it is a solemn, earnest, out-spoken, steady, persevering, and continuing character and carriage, assimilating to the spirit and the letter of the gospel, which renders the servants of Christ, (in the main feature of their lives,) *the living epistles of Christ, known and read of men*. Perhaps there is not one rightly taught servant of Christ on the earth, but mourns over the prevailing infirmities constantly felt to be in and about his person! Nevertheless, the pastor who is not to some extent, an *example to believers*, cannot expect to meet with much good success in his work. All ministerial failures proceed, principally from the want of an *internal knowledge of truth: from a lack of ministerial and practical decision for truth; or, from frequent inconsistencies of character*. Oh! that the Lord would himself speak these words most powerfully, into the hearts of thousands of his dear servants:—*Be thou an example unto believers*.

*An example*.—The word *example* is sometimes drawn from that which would imply a *Pillar, with two arms, pointing two ways*:—an uplifted arm of warning on the one hand, and an arm pointing upward and onward, on the other. The tone and tenor of the pastor's life and labour, is designed to warn men of the danger of sin and error:—*Warning every man, and teaching every man*. A minister must not be seen smiling upon sin of any sort; or favouring error of any kind; he has been plucked as a brand from the burning; he has been delivered from the curse of a broken law; he has been taken by sovereign grace from the power of Satan; he has been constrained to fly from all false refuges of lies; he has felt the force of those words:—*if the righteous scarcely be saved*:—what, then, are his inmost feelings? why, such as cause him to *frown upon evil, and fly from error, with all the power the Lord bestows*. In these things he is an *example of warning to believers*. This is not all. He has so heard the gospel as to receive it; he has so seen Christ as to love him; he is so under the influence of the Holy Spirit, as to know that all his springs of life divine, are in the Lord: hence, he looks to Jesus—smiles on the gospel—sheds holy tears in viewing the cross—casts his eyes of faith and pure desires to heaven; and labours most ardently to lead up the minds, thoughts, affections, and desires of all around, to him that sitteth upon the

throne, and to the Lamb for ever. An example to believers.

We have not room this month for the six specified things, in which Paul exhorted Timothy to be an example: these will come in next month.

Mr. T. B. Parker, of Hope Chapel, Twig Folly, preached in the evening. We pray the struggling cause at Cranmer Court, Clapham, under brother Bird's ministry, may rise, and increase for the ingathering of many souls.

— — —  
MR. CARPENTER—HIS DEACONS—  
AND THE  
BAPTIST CAUSE AT DUNSTABLE.

MR. EDITOR.—It is almost four years since I was moved, in the providence of God, to Dunstable; since that time I have attended the ministry of Mr. Carpenter, (formerly of Mitchell-street, St. Luke's, London,) at the old Baptist chapel, in this town. I have heard him both with profit and comfort; he is a faithful and decided preacher of the gospel, keeping back no part of the price, but boldly and faithfully dividing between the precious and the vile. He possesses what could never be obtained by learning,—great originality of thought, and a very fruitful mind in the Scriptures: so that there is a freshness and a variety in his ministry, very acceptable to the people, among whom he has laboured for ten years. It must be encouraging to him to see the work of the Lord prospering in their midst; for many are called to a knowledge of the truth, and saints are comforted, and built up in their most holy faith. The Lord has also given him God-fearing, honest, upright, consistent, tender-hearted deacons; men, whose hearts and souls ardently long, and pray, for the prosperity of Zion; and for Zion's ambassadors. "*How beautiful upon the mountains,*" (they exclaim,) "*are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings!*" Their heart's desire, and prayer to God for the church at Dunstable is,—that the union and peace so long enjoyed, may be continued. A sermon, which will long be remembered by many, was preached on Sunday Evening, February the 28th. The subject was *Believers' Baptism*: the text was 2 Sam. xv. 15. "And the king's servants said unto the king, Behold, thy servants are ready to do whatsoever my lord the king shall appoint." After a brief introduction, he noticed,—1st, the King—2nd, the servants—3rd, the appointment—4th, the willingness of the king's servants, to do his pleasure. The arguments in defence of believer's baptism were powerful and conclusive. The people listened with marked attention, and I trust much good was done; for the chapel was densely crowded; much good order prevailed. After the sermon, Mr. Carpenter baptised two males and three females; most of whom professed to have been called under his ministry. It was a season long to be remembered. The Lord's presence was felt and enjoyed, and we can set our seal to the truth, that Jehovah frequently manifesteth himself in the adminis-

tration of this much-despised but glorious ordinance. The following Lord's-day, March 7, Mr. Carpenter addressed the baptised very affectionately, from Acts ii. 42. *And they continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine, and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.* 1st, he briefly stated to them, the nature of a gospel church; 2ndly, the end and design of a gospel church, and 3rdly, the duties of members. On the last part, he made some useful, excellent, and practical remarks; "stirring up their pure minds by way of remembrance," and admonishing them one and all, "not to forsake the assembling of themselves together."

May the Lord long continue to bless the labours of our brother Carpenter, at Dunstable, and may they long enjoy peace! Oh, how good it is, for brethren to dwell together in unity. Mr. Editor, you can unite with us, and say—

"My soul shall pray for Zion still,  
While life and breath remains;  
Here my best friends, my kindred dwell,  
Here God my Saviour reigns."

A LOVER OF ORDER.

#### AN ANOINTED PILLAR OF PRAISE.

[It is evident, from testimonies constantly coming to hand, that the Lord has "made bare his holy arm" in Orford Hill Chapel, Norwich; for which we would glorify his great name. The following is a small sample of much that has been sent us.—Ed.]

DEAR SIR—I write a few words to you relative to the cause of God, at Orford-hill. I can conceive of no one thing so desirable in this sin-cursed world, as to be made useful by God, to any of his dear people, and it must ever be to you a sweet reflection, that the Lord put it into your mind and heart to request John Corbitt to come to Norwich; that was but the unfolding of one of the leaves of the volume of which the poet speaks in such sublime strains,

"Chain'd to his throne a volume lies  
With all the fates of men;  
With every angel's form and size  
Drawn by the eternal pen.

"His providence unfolds the book,  
And makes his councils shine;  
While every leaf and every stroke  
Fulfils some deep design."

The time was come for the Lord to favour Zion in this very, very, dark corner of the earth; and it must rejoice the hearts of all the dear saints, that are rightly affected, to read, or hear, what great things the Lord has done for us, whereof we truly are glad. I can, from my heart, say, "bless the Lord for sending us such a Shepherd; one whom he has made faithful to the souls of his fellow mortals, whether saint or sinner; and through whose instrumentality my soul has been brought from a state of wearisome perplexity, to enjoy, at times, the blessed and happy liberty of the gospel, and to be looking forward to that happy, happy home, where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

"A hope so much divine  
May trials well endure!"

I desire to be cautious, remembering the words, "let not him that putteth on the harness, boast himself as him that putteth it off." I desire to rejoice that the Lord has given me this hope, and he has promised that "the bruised reed he will not break, nor quench the smoking flax;" with many other great and precious promises, on which at times I lean with some humble degree of confidence, of which I knew nothing twelve months back. I say, thank God for sending us one fitted by himself for a great and glorious work, and may that Almighty Friend who has thus blessed us make us really and constantly grateful to him for his great goodness; may our souls adore him for that unmerited grace that has snatched us as brands from that everlasting burning; may it be his Divine will to continue to us our dearly loved pastor many years, and supply him as hitherto with abundance of "the old corn of the kingdom;" and keep us all in health of soul and body, for Christ's sake, is the prayer of one of the weakest in hope. A. E. C.

Norwich, March 15th, 1858.

#### THE THANK-OFFERING OF THE CHURCH AT ORFORD HILL.

To the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

Dear Sir,—It has fallen to my lot to address a line to you on a matter of some importance, because it has to do with eternal things. The Church meeting at Orford Hill, Norwich, has signified a wish publicly (through the EARTHEN VESSEL,) to thank Almighty God for his great goodness toward them in remembering them in their low estate; and you also, as an instrument in the hand of God, for sending among them a man, in the person of Mr. J. Corbitt, to preach the word of truth in this dark wretched city of our's, where errors abound to an alarming extent: and never was the truth as it is in Jesus more needed than at the time which, in the wise order of a gracious Providence our friend came to Norwich, (he having acceded to the wish of the church and congregation to take his standing among them.) We now call him our pastor, and the general feeling is great gladness of heart. I and some of my brethren look back some fourteen months, when we saw a chapel next to empty, and we had many prevailing fears respecting the cause of God here; its appearances said, the doors of the place will be closed, and "Ichabod" might be written on the walls; but that God who seest not as man seest, had thoughts of peace towards us, for while we were looking on outward appearances, our God was working in secret, as has been shewn to us by the power of God being made manifest to heal the breaches, and bring life and immortality to light by the preaching of his servant. We are very happy to say there is a work going on; and we who made the subject a matter of earnest prayer, and have witnessed the change, are compelled to exclaim "What has God wrought?" What a

wonder-working God is the God we adore!  
We have proved him

"A faithful unchangeable Friend,  
Whose love is as great as his power,  
And neither knows measure nor end."

Many have been added to the church; some by Baptism, some from other churches; and others who have been wanderers, without any certain dwelling-place for years, have found a home at Orford Hill, and have said, "We will go with you, for we perceive that the Lord is among you." It has been said, the people in Norwich would not come to hear the truth; but this has been disproved, as our place of worship is well attended, and many come to hear the word of life, for which we are glad. The work of applying the word belongs alone to God, and there appears to be much good going on in this respect; and we desire to render thanks to the name of that God who does as he will in the armies of heaven, and amongst the inhabitants of the earth. Our friend has his heart made glad by seeing that he is not labouring in vain, nor spending his strength for nought; and I humbly believe the prayers of the people are daily ascending to the throne of God, that he would not only bless, but *abundantly* bless his work of faith and labour of love; and that many may be made manifest here that shall be his joy, and crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus. In the name of the church, your's in Gospel bonds,  
JOSEPH FIELD.

Deacons—ROBERT TALBOT,  
JOHN GOWEN.

#### THE CITY OF EXETER RISING FROM THE GRAVE.

[It has long been said that the gospel could not flourish in Cathedral cities; and, from our own observations, and from experience, we have feared the statement is too true. We have been in Canterbury, Rochester, Winchester, Salisbury, Gloucester, Bristol, Norwich, Peterborough, Exeter, Ely, Oxford, Cambridge, and other cathedral and collegiate cities; and in scarcely any of them, has the gospel had a standing of any extent; but, we are led to hope, better days are coming. This month, from Norwich and Exeter, good news is to-hand. We extract the following from a closely written epistle from Exeter.—Ed].

DEAR SIR—I have long witnessed the distressing state of professing churches in Exeter, (almost given up to idolatry, Arians, Socinians, Arminians, and Papists;—) almost starved, tossed and driven about, seeking food, and finding none; ofttimes our eyes failed with looking upwards, and the earnest cry burst from our hearts, "O, Lord, we are oppressed, undertake for us." We rejoice to say, blessed be his name, he has heard and answered our feeble prayers in a most mysterious and unexpected way, in sending us that highly favoured servant of Jesus Christ, Mr. Z. Turner, with the glad tidings of a free, full, and complete salvation. The glorious realities are faithfully, unctiously, experimentally, powerfully, and fearlessly proclaimed; and the Lord has set the broad seal of his approbation on the ministry of our brother. Those who seemed to be pillars in the church, proved themselves

enemies; nevertheless the work of the Lord is going on most blessedly. On Thursday, March 4th, seven persons who were baptized at Bartholomew Chapel, lent to us for the purpose, when our dear pastor, Mr. Turner, took for his text Acts ii. 41, 42, &c., taking the model church for his pattern; and preached an excellent sermon, full of godly zeal, christian philanthropy, firmness and decision. Our opponents were surprised; our friends comforted; and the young recruits feasted on the fat things of the gospel by which their souls were refreshed and strengthened to pass through the ordinance with joy. The baptizing was attended to in a very orderly manner: profound silence pervaded every mind while they beheld the redeemed by blood follow their lovely Redeemer in his own appointed way.

On Lord's day, March 7th, the young disciples were united to the Church of God at Zoar Chapel, when brother Turner pressed upon them forty-nine exhortations, seven for each, which by God's blessing will make them fruitful in every good word and work throughout their pilgrimage. Glory to God such a day has not been witnessed at Zoar for many years. Now my dear brother will you invite any godly ministers, who may be passing through this place, to stop and preach at Zoar? They will find an hospitable church, and a warm-hearted brother in Mr. Turner. I am a ten years' subscriber to the *EARTHEN VESSEL*,  
W. SHEPHERD.

77, Sidwell Street, Exeter, March 12, 1858.

#### SOUTHWARD.

*Sick Visiting Society, Unicorn Yard Chapel, Tooley Street, London.*—The annual meeting of this useful institution was holden in Unicorn Yard Chapel, on Tuesday, March 16th. In the afternoon, Mr. Atwood, of Camberwell, read and prayed; Mr. James Wells preached a useful and most acceptable sermon from Phil. iii. 16: a good company then sat down to tea; and, at half-past six the public meeting commenced, presided over by Thomas Pocock, Esq., whose recent illness appeared to give rise to some most excellent and truly Christian introductory remarks. The report of the society was read by C. W. Banks; after which, Mr. Pocock introduced Mr. John Foreman to the meeting, who proposed the adoption of the report, in an address of great length, commenting on the mysterious order of Divine Providence—the privilege of being enabled to help the afflicted poor—and the benefit resulting from organised committees—in a profound and masterly manner. The pastor of Mount Zion Chapel was evidently quite at home in his work that evening. Mr. Chivers seconded the motion; Mr. James Wells pleaded for a collection for the Society, in which he sympathised deeply with his ministerial brother Foreman; and succeeded in securing to the fund nearly eight pounds. Mr. B. Wale, of Reading, proposed the officers for the ensuing year—and the chairman closed the meeting acknowledging a vote of thanks to himself and the officers of

the Society. It was a thorough good meeting; and the committee of the Sick Society feel grateful to the chairman, the ministerial brethren, and to the friends, for their united efforts. Among the ministers present were—Thomas Jones, of Blackheath, J. Whitteridge, Edgcombe, Sack, Butterfield, E. Davis, and many others, who could not speak to us for want of time.

ASHFORD, KENT.—In Ashford, since Mr. Tappenden was called home, there has not been any permanent prosperity in stirring gospel matters. A small congregation now assembles for the worship of God, in the Joint Stock Hall, North Street, Ashford. Mr. E. L. Moat, who formerly preached here, has left, and Mr. G. Bradshaw, of Canterbury, now labours among them, to the comfort and edification of the people. We have been favoured to peruse some testimonials of Mr. Bradshaw's usefulness. As a Christian brother we have long known and esteemed him; he has walked in darkness, and "laboured under load;"—if now, the Sun of Righteousness arise, and shine upon his soul, with healing power, his ministry, will, doubtless, be of a lastingly useful kind. We hope a gospel church will soon be formed—a house for Christ's glory erected,—and that "the little one may become a thousand."

SQUIRRIES STREET CHAPEL, BETHNAL GREEN.—We held our annual tea meeting, Feb 23rd, 1858. We never had a more crowded, or better meeting; much praise is due to those active friends who so disinterestedly, and gratuitously, toil on these occasions for the comfort of the many. Our subject was "THE CAUCAS;" and when our friends sang his lofty praises melodiously, they gave God their best in the service of song. Brother Sack supplicated the divine blessing; brother Plack spoke upon the "Foundation;" brother Chivers on the "One True and living Church;" brother Bowles upon the "Churches Ministers and Servants." These were the three speeches of the evening, rivetting the attention, and well sustained in spirit and ability. Our venerable friends Wallis, from Bexley, and Firman, from Hackney, also spoke sweetly of the consolations of the tried family. Our young friend George Webb, (a member with us), and who is labouring with much acceptance in White Street, Finsbury, where Mr. Whittaker labored for many years,) also spoke well upon the subject of the Church's enemies. Brethren Bracher, Ballard, Harris, Keyworth, and E. Minton gathered around me in the chair, and their presence was truly refreshing after my late trying affliction. Yours in best bonds,  
W. T. HASLOR.

MAIDSTONE.—A Public Tea Meeting was held Feb. 22nd, at Mote Road Chapel, to recognize Mr. John Dixon as pastor of the Church there. There was a good company. After tea, a hymn composed by the pastor for the occasion, was sung very heartily; the senior deacon prayed, and gave an address; after which he introduced brother Dixon as the newly-elected pastor of the baptized church of Christ meeting in this place. Brother Dixon then gave an outline of his conversion, his call to the ministry, his belief, and of the way in which he had been brought to this sphere of labour.

Another hymn was sung, brother Boasey, (one of the deacons) made a short speech, and prayed. Then we sang the hymn commencing,

"With heavenly power, O Lord defend  
Him whom we now to thee commend."

Afterwards Deacon Wager addressed us, and prayed for our peace and prosperity. Then the pastor gave out a hymn on the desirableness of

continued love and unity prevailing among us, and closed the meeting with supplication, and the benediction. "And now, O Lord, let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish thou the work of our hands upon us!" Psalm xc. 16, 17.

A hymn, composed to be sung at the Recognition of Mr. John Dixon, as pastor of the baptized Church of Christ, Mote Road chapel, Maidstone.

Thou, Lord of Zion, God of grace,  
Now let us see thy smiling face;  
Accept the praise thy people bring,  
While of thy sovereign love we sing!

Leaving the world at thy command,  
And thither brought by Mercy's hand,  
As sinners saved, we tell of this;  
For God is our's, and we are his.

Our souls united unto Christ  
As our great Prophet, King, and Priest,  
Revere his word, obey his laws,  
And would uphold his righteous cause,

'Tis members, deacons, pastors too,  
That constitute thy church below;\*  
But thou, Lord Jesus, art our Head;  
And 'tis by thee our souls are fed.

Spirit of Truth we now implore  
More of thy teaching, unction, power;  
And here let souls be born anew,  
To love our Lord, and serve him too!

O let the union we declare  
Be bless'd divinely more and more;  
'Till raised to heaven, we sing and praise,  
Our Triune God in perfect lays!

J. D.  
\* The Church in its New Testament form, or order.

## New Books.

### A FEW WORDS ON THE REMAINS OF THE LATE MR. CHAMBERLAIN, OF LEICESTER.

OUR first notice of two volumes, entitled "*Selections from the Correspondence of the late Rev. Joseph Chamberlain.*" (with sermons and recollections, written by his widow, and published by Mr. Henry Morgan, of the Crescent, Leicester,) was given last month. We proceed now simply to notice the commencement of his natural, his spiritual, and his ministerial life, which to all lovers of the Huntingdonian school, are events of no small interest. Our sympathies with the late William Huntington, the late Isaac Beaman, and many others, (except in the matter of believer's baptism) have always been very strong, and, as we pass on, we see nothing materially to alter or lessen our attachments. There are eccentricities, defects, extravagancies, and infirmities about us all. We all confess we are poor, sinful creatures, and at our best estate, in ourselves, are vanity. Let it not, then, be ours to multiply grievances, but to search after graces. Let us never trade in an exhibition of vices, but in testifying to the virtues which the Spirit of God may have brought into the vessels of mercy. Let it not be ours to follow the best of men in those things where they were *but men*; but rather, let us follow, if it be the weakest of the Lord's flock, in those things wherein grace led them to follow and to honour



Christ. We have been so near to the regions of the lost; we have sunk so deep in despondency; we have proved ourselves so utterly unworthy of the least of God's mercies, that, instead of magnifying the notes in good men's eyes, we would so repent of the beam in our own, as to feel more deeply grateful that there is a fountain that cleanses from all iniquity, a charity that covers all deformity, and a Saviour that will present every regenerated and believing soul unblemished and complete before his Father's heavenly throne, with joys divinely great. There is a class of preaching and praying men we cannot love, because we cannot feel or see the Spirit of Christ in them; nevertheless, as far as we can believe that they have *the truth* in them; and are concerned to serve the Lord, so far would we ever desire to serve them; on the other side, there is a class of men, whom we do most sincerely love, although they never condescend even to notice us. God forbid, we should ever measure good men by their conduct towards us, or ours. We desire increasingly to know no man after the flesh; but to know them *in Christ*; to love them *in Christ*; to pray for them, and to serve them, because they belong to Him. Of this class of men some are now living. Were we now to meet them, we suppose they would pass us by, as Haman passed by Mordecai; yea, they do not fail in secret to lay reproach upon us. Pulpits we could name, and parlors we could mention, have rung with violence. But "the Lord reigneth." And the delightful, the soul ravishing facts, that he sometimes gives us a little nearness to his throne—gives us messages to carry to his people—gives us a lively hope of immortal blessedness—gives us our hands full of work in his vineyard: these things lift our hearts above the sons of men; and enable us to say, *none of these things move me*. Here is a case in point: we have been in Leicester many times. Had we called on Mr. Chamberlain, ten to one but we had been spurned from his door. Were we in Leicester to-morrow, his bereaved church would, doubtless, sooner assemble for months without any preacher, than stoop to invite us to speak to them: but what of all this? Do we the less esteem Mr. Chamberlain as a servant of God? Not one atom. Do we think the less of his bereaved church? Not at all! If then, we enter too largely, as some may think, into Mr. Chamberlain's remains, if we extol the grace of God that was in him, and if we rejoice greatly in the work that was done by him; let it not be said, we do so, because he was a Baptist—for such he was not; let it not be said, we do so, because he favoured us; or because we expect to be favoured by his people, nay: but let the truth be spoken: we do it simply because these volumes contain such a mass of purely spiritual, and sterling gospel matter, that to do otherwise than we hope to do, would be a sin not to be pardoned by the thousands and tens of thousands who look to the *Earthen Vessel* for some of that heavenly treasure which only our great High Priest can give either to us or to them.

Whether it be Joseph Chamberlain, of Leicester; or Thomas Drake, of Hungary

Hill; whether it be General Havelock, or the poor "Converted Convict" (whose letters we have just published in a separate pamphlet) it matters nothing to us: whether it be a Peer in the Parliament, or the meanest peasant in one of our remote provinces—if the grace of God shines in the man, of that grace in the man, we would talk, and write, and sing, as long as breath shall in our bodies move.

Our extracts from the volumes referred to, touching the *threefold commencement of Mr. Chamberlain's earthly career*, are, of necessity, deferred until the May number appears.

#### THE NEW WORK,

### 'GOD IS LOVE.'

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

SIR,—In very sincerely thanking you for the frequent and eminently favourable notices which you have been so kind as to give in the *EARTHEN VESSEL*, of my new work, "*God is Love, or, Glimpses of the Father's Infinite Affection for his People*," will you add to the obligation by allowing me to make a remark or two in reference to the conclusion of your review in the number for this month, in which you express regret "that there is not a chapter or two on the Personality, Divinity, and Work of the Holy Spirit."

If I know my own mind, there is no subject in the Word of God to which I attach greater importance than to the Personality, the Divinity, — and the Work, — of the Holy Ghost; and should I be spared, I hope to devote to that great and glorious subject, a separate volume. But in this instance, as it is distinctly stated in the preface to my volume, I had one great object in view, namely, to unfold the infinite love of God the Father to his people, and thus to aid in drawing out their affections more fully and habitually towards him, on the principle that "we love him because he first loved us."

But though, for the reason I have given, I have not, in my present work, gone into the subject of the Person, the Deity, and the Work of the Holy Spirit, you will see from the Preface to the volume, as well as in many places in the body of the book, that I distinctly recognise his Almighty agency in the work of conversion and sanctification. If you could make room for my Preface, which is but short, I should be exceedingly gratified, because it places more clearly before the reader the views with which I wrote the volume, and the circumstances under which it has been penned, than I could do in this letter. But should you not have space for my Preface, I am sure you will readily give insertion to this explanatory letter. THE AUTHOR OF "GOD IS LOVE."

#### PREFACE.

"THE great object of this Volume will be seen in every page. It is to establish and illustrate the glorious truth, that 'GOD IS LOVE.' In another little work lately published by the Author, under the title of 'THE BROTHER BORN FOR ADVERSITY,' he has sought to set forth the sympathies of the

Saviour in the sorrows and sufferings of the saints, in those scenes of trial through which they have to pass on their pathway to heaven; and in this Volume he has endeavoured to bring home to the minds and hearts of all believers, the consoling and sanctifying conviction, that God's heart is ever full to overflowing of affection for his people. The Writer knows from experience the tendency there is in the minds even of those who have been renewed by the Holy Spirit, to turn away from God the Father, as if they discerned a perpetual frown in his face, and to seek for rest and repose in Christ the Son. It is because he not only believes but knows that this feeling is deplorably prevalent even among the best of God's people, that he has laboured with so much earnestness to point out the error, and to show how dishonouring it is to God, as well as subversive of the Christian's own peace of mind. The importance which the Author attaches to the subject, will be his excuse for the frequency and emphasis with which he brings that peculiar aspect of it before the mind of the reader.

"It may be right to remark, in reference to the occasional instances in which he has twice quoted the same passage of Scripture, that it will be found on every such occasion, that the second quotation has been given for the purpose of illustrating an aspect of Divine truth, different from that which the first was intended to establish.

"If the work, in the Author's own estimation, possesses any merit at all, it chiefly consists in the vast accumulation of conclusive Scriptural proof which it contains, of the great and gracious fact,—that the heart of the Father is at all times, and under all circumstances, infinitely full of the most tender love for his saints.

"The Author has only further to state, that never, perhaps, was a work of the kind written amongst so many interruptions, and under circumstances so unfavourable to that frame of mind which is necessary for the production of such a volume. This has arisen from the peculiarly distracting nature, and the extreme pressure of the professional avocations of the Writer. Still, with all its imperfections, he humbly hopes that the book may be owned and blessed of Him, to promote whose glory, in conjunction with the comfort of His people, it has been penned; and should it ever come to the Author's knowledge that a single saint has received the slightest benefit, or derived any measure of comfort from the Volume, he will feel amply compensated for the labour he has, at very great inconvenience to himself, expended upon it."

[We must add nothing this month.—Ed.]

"*My Journey to the North: a brief review of London, Liverpool, Manchester, the Staffordshire Potteries, Macclesfield, &c. &c., London: Partridge & Co.*

THIS forms the third number of "*Words by the Way-side*;" and is descriptive of the exercises both of mind and of body, experienced while travelling and preaching in some parts of the north. Of course we shall

not find fault with the work. Others may do that; we will simply select a specimen paragraph, and leave further notice for a more convenient season; after a few introductory pages, the writer says:—

"For the first time in my life, I am to preach to-morrow in Liverpool, if the Lord will; and we are steaming onwards through wet and wind: I will now, therefore, silently wait on the Lord, hoping some vital message of love, truth, and mercy may be given.

"I was preaching at Wooburn Green, in Bucks, last Wednesday; when those three things which David desired in Psalm cvi. came pleasantly to my mind—(I did not understand them then, nor did I attempt to speak of them: but in travelling this morning they have sprung up with a little more sweetness; he says)—'Oh, visit me with thy salvation, that I may see the good of thy chosen; that I may rejoice with the gladness of thy nation; that I may glory with thine inheritance.' Here are three distinct desires flowing from one New Covenant blessing—that is, God visiting him with his salvation. These things, I trust, may alone occupy my mind in Liverpool to-morrow, that by them, under divine unction, the souls of the people may be fed, united, and comforted. [It is singular, that during the whole of my preaching tour, I could not take these words as a text; although they so much occupied my mind.]

"The first sentence appears peculiarly and individually applicable to God's elect as distinguishing them from all dead formalists, and from all openly profane persons. There are some things which may justly be called '*the good of God's chosen*;' which things by an enlightened mind, and with the eye of pure faith, may be seen. As, first, for instance, to see a bold, unbelieving sinner brought down into the dust of a deep and genuine repentance, and godly sorrow for sin, crying for mercy; *is good*. I remember well two special times in the early part of my life, when this was my case. I think the first was at Rye, in Sussex. I was then about twenty years of age; I had finished my apprenticeship in Cranbrook, and was printing a little weekly paper for a gentleman in Rye. I was very unhappy; I was a poor, sinful, wretched creature. One Sunday I went, I think, to the church in the morning, to the Baptist Chapel in the afternoon, and to the Wesleyan Chapel in the evening. I had neither felt nor found anything at the two first places; but in the Wesleyan Chapel, the minister thundered into my soul so dreadfully, that I could not sit; I crept out, went to my lodgings, retired to my room, and there on my bed I groaned and sighed for mercy; but none I found. In less than twelve months from that time, I was staying in my mother's house; and my beloved brother John (who is now Chaplain in Portsmouth; then a real seeker;) was with me in our bed-room, and observing my distress, he pressed me hard to pray. After refusing, I did fall on my knees, and groaned out a sigh and cry to God for mercy; but I found none at that time. To be brought into such a state is good, for three

reasons—first, because none but the Holy Spirit can bring us there; secondly, because there are many precious promises connected with such a condition; and thirdly, because he who brings us into that deep humility, will most certainly lift up and exalt us in due time. Oh, yes: it *is good* to be brought down from high and dangerous places; and when down it *is good* to have some one seasonable promise to come and speak to you; as Ananias came to Saul of Tarsus, and said—"Brother Saul," &c., and, then, such a state is good, because it is the certain prelude, and passage to a brighter and better estate; for, it is true, that "the Lord is high unto them who are of a broken heart; and saveth such as are of a contrite spirit."

"That I may see the good of thy chosen," says David; "If by any means I may save some," cries Paul; and I think there are few Christians who do not long to see proud, ignorant, unconverted sinners brought down to repentance, and to earnest prayer. "To see it," is expressive of a great desire; it also means, that the sight of one in soul-trouble, is very precious to behold. Another "*good*" belonging to God's chosen is that of a seeking and waiting spirit. Some pretend, and perhaps in a natural sense, they do wish, to be saved when they die; but they neither seek after, nor do they wait upon, the LORD. When, then, you see souls in earnest, running to hear the gospel, waiting on the Lord in meetings for prayer, and in searching his word: this is a good thing. But the LORD JESUS CHRIST himself is the *good* of God's chosen. It was good of him to become their surety—to take upon him their nature—to be charged with the curse and condemnation of a broken law for them—to be smitten, bruised, and crucified, that they might live. His complex Person and character—as Almighty God and perfect man—must be good. His obedience and righteousness, as it freely and fully justifies all who do aright believe, must be good. His precious blood, as it works by the Spirit's power, both cleansing and cure, must be good. His intercession is good. His Spirit, giving life to dead souls, is good. His Gospel, his Covenant, his Ordinances; all he is, and has, is good. To see this, was David's great desire—"that I may see the good of thy chosen"—to see Christ come in the Gospel—to see Christ come into the midst of our churches—to see Christ come by the Holy Spirit into the hearts of poor seeking saints—to see him keeping them from evil while they live, and to see them comforted by him when they die—this is indeed to see the good of God's chosen. Oh, that I could believe and pray to see this at Liverpool to-morrow; and in my own place for many years to come."

"*A Biographical Sketch of Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B.* By the Rev. William Brock.—London: James Nisbett & Co. This handsome three and six-penny volume contains a well written review of the *external* life of Henry Havelock, exhibiting him as a noble warrior, and an undaunted professor of Christ's gospel. We are challenged to produce evidence of the *vitality* of his faith. Our

opponents will not be satisfied perhaps, with the evidences we may adduce; but we are pledged to furnish the proof. If we fail to fulfil the pledge, it shall not be for lack of searching. But we hold on for a while.

"*Half-hours with our Metropolitan Ministers.*" London: J. Stevenson, Paternoster Row.

THE fifth number of this monthly serial professes to give a likeness; and some account of the life of the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*, and a sermon by the pastor of "Unicorn Yard Chapel." It is not for us to say whether the likeness is correct or not: we leave that for others to decide: but from the love that we bear to the Editor of these "Half-hours" we hope that in his work of illustrating the ministerial character, he may be instrumental in leading many to the *Great Master* of assemblies; our knowledge of ministers will profit us little, if we know not him they are sent to preach.

"*The Saviour and his People. An Anniversary Sermon, preached at Walgrave: by W. Palmer, of Hemerton.* London: Houlston and Wright.

Sixty-three closely printed octavo pages, exploding almost every known theological error, expounding every gospel principle, and furnishing illustrations and Biblical renderings, from a variety of sources: all in one sermon for sixpence. There is—and we speak not extravagantly—more plain and powerful salvation-truth in this sixpenny book, than in thousands of things now called sermons. Seekers after the good old paths, will heartily thank Mr. Palmer for a body of divinity, so compact, and yet so comprehensive! We think it his master-piece.

"*Swedenborg's Writings and Catholic Teaching,*" &c. London: William White.

THE sacred peculiarities and essential properties of truth are sometimes more clearly discovered by the exposure of counterfeits. We thirst for such a holy warfare, seeing the enemy is rallying his forces, and dares to trust himself upon us. In this work Swedenborgianism and Puseyism are at issue. The house is divided: down it must come; but from the conflict between the Old Church Porch and the New Church Porch, we shall gather a lesson or two for our readers by and bye.

"*The Convict Converted: an Autobiography. A faithful and original narrative showing the onward dangerous course of intemperance, and exhibiting the sovereign grace of God manifested through the gospel as preached by a Chaplain in a convict prison.* London: Partridge and Co.

THE author of this genuine narrative says, in his introduction: "The Narrative and Letters forming this tract, were written on a slate in the Convict's cell, certainly without the remotest view to publication. But to withhold such testimonies to the power of divine grace, would be a sin for which the writer of this introduction *will not be responsible.*"

## Reflections on the Ramsgate Sands, during a Storm.

"The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves."—Psalm xciii. 3.

THUS spake the Psalmist, and thus I thought while viewing the Ocean, during the late severe gales. It was truly a majestic scene! the rolling billows lashing each other to fury, whilst rolling forth (almost) in notes of thunder—the praise, power, and omnipotence of him, "who holds the winds in his fist, and measures the waters in the hollow of his hand."

But what do my eyes behold? Yonder are two vessels in distress, close to the harbour. See! see them toss and roll! lashed by the angry waves, and drawn by the furious wind: they will soon be wrecked. Yes! yes! before I could reach the spot, their masts snapping like reeds, fell overboard, and the crafts, but a few moments before all right and tight, are now shivered, scattered, wrecks!—What has become of the crews?—Are they saved? Yes! all saved, but one poor boy. Over him the waves rolled with relentless fury. What a fearful storm! Yet, what, ah! what is this compared with the rude hurrican when Adam fell? when the Euroclydon of hell (with the rolling billows of temptation,) in Eden, shattered the human bark; engulfing in the ruin, the whole cargo of posterity with which it was laden! (Romans v. 12—21.) This was, indeed, a tremendous wreck. And hath sin, guilt, and shame, swallowed up in irretrievable woe, the whole human race? No! no! "Wonder, O heavens, and be astonished, O earth!" Jehovah eternally, absolutely, and unconditionally, by his own act of sovereign election, secured to himself from this dire wreck, "a number which no man can number," in CHRIST (the Ark of the Covenant,) before all worlds. What matchless love and grace is this in height, depth, length, and breadth, incomprehensible! Lord, let me know and feel it more and more, by the unctuous shedding abroad of the same in my heart, by the Holy Ghost raising me from all the depths of sin, wretchedness, and woe, in blissful hope of ere

long seeing thy face with joy, according to thine eternal purpose, Holy Father, which thou didst purpose in Christ Jesus, before the foundation of the world; and evidenced in thy visiting upon him, the iniquities of all thy elect; thus manifesting thy hatred to sin and love to the sinner, by pouring upon him the cataracts of vengeance, (due to thy people,) bruising him instead of them.

Cheer up, then, ye Spirit-taught, law-wrecked, and broken-hearted sinners! the felt sense of your ruin, fits you for the reception, by faith, of the blessedness of Heb. vii. 25; 1 Tim. i. 15.

Ye tried, buffeted, tempest-tossed travellers to Zion! remember, no storm can rise—no waves of sorrow can hurt—nor can winds of adversity blow upon you, without the permission of him, whom the waves and winds obey! Oh! what a scene will that be, when Jesus shall "a second time" come to take vengeance upon all his foes, clothing them with everlasting confusion!

In that great day of his wrath, when rocks shall leave their seats, mountains their base, the sun and moon be darkened, setting to rise no more;—stars falling from their orbits—the heavens rolled together as a scroll—the elements melting with fervent heat—the whole machinery of the universe be out of gear: time's crazy wheels ceasing their motion; stopping to go no more: and all creation become a wreck! In that great day, how will it be with thee, my soul?

Dear Reader, how will it be with thee? Canst thou by faith, now say—"I know whom I have believed?"—hast thou the token? (Exodus xii. 12, 13—23.) Is it bound in the window? (Josh. ii. 21.) Dost thou bear the mark? (Ezekiel ix. 4.) Possesest thou the witness? (1 John v. 10.) Art thou looking for Titus ii. 13? Then it is, it must be, well with thee, (Isaiah iii. 10.) My soul! what canst thou say in recollection of thy sin, folly, and unworthiness?—The shoals and rocks on which thou hast stranded? (Lamentations iii.

20,) and yet, through the rich mercy of a covenant God I know something of Isaiah xli. 9, with Song ii. 16; Job xix. 25—27; Gal. ii. 20, and Philippians iii. 8—13. And now, ye timorous, trembling, bleating lambs! ye who love to think upon the precious name of Jesus, hear what he says to you (Malachi iii. 17.) "*and they shall be mine,*" &c. Then, surely, you will join with the poet:—

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress;  
'Midst flaming worlds in these arrayed,  
With joy shall I lift up my head."

Come, blessed Comforter, come magnify thine office in our hearts; impart a holy fervour to our love; strength to our faith; stability to our hope, and God-glorifying fear to our confidence.

Lastly.—There is the wreck (2 Sam. xiv. 14; Hebrews ix. 27,) which fills many with dread; yea, they are in bondage by reason of the fear it engenders. (Hebrews ii. 15.) Why this tremour, dread, and fear, ye blood-redeemed "sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty?" Although death's shock shall rend the union now subsisting between the soul and body, the disjunction will be for a short season only.

Death may destroy, the grave may enclose, corruption may mar, and worms feed sweetly upon these tabernacles of clay; yet, be not dismayed; thy Jesus says, "He will be death's plague, and the grave's destruction, and repentance shall be hid from his eyes. "He that raised up Christ from the dead, shall also quicken our mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in us:" and the Holy Spirit declares by the apostle, "*So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.*" (1. Cor. xv. 52—54.) And then shall the Church triumphantly exclaim, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? how short-lived thy dominion and power; "for we are more than conquerors through him that loved us," &c. With whom we shall reign for ever and ever in that land where the inhabitants shall no more say I am sick, yea, there shall be no more death, curse, pain, sorrow, care or conflict. For the former things shall have passed away."

God grant that both writer and reader

may rejoice in the glorious prospect, "press forward towards the mark," &c. "looking unto Jesus the Author and Finisher of our faith" who is the same yesterday, to day, and for ever." Heb. xiii. 8. Our Father is at the helm to steer us, in spite of storms, winds, waves, shoals, rocks, sands, and every impediment of whatever name, or form, in whatsoever quarter they may arise (whether external internal or infernal) safe into the haven of peace.

"Where we shall bathe our weary souls  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across our peaceful breast."

ISAAC COMFORT.

Ramsgate, Oct. 25th, 1857.

## THE SOLDIER OF THE QUEEN,

AND

## THE SOLDIER OF THE CROSS;

*A Brief Review of the Christian Character  
of the late*

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR H. HAVELOCK.

WE have referred to this great man's history before; we have pledged ourselves to produce evidences of the *reality* of his faith in Christ, and of his saving knowledge of Jesus; if those evidences were forthcoming in the records given of him by those who had the best sources from whence to compile their memoirs.

We must confess that we cannot find any satisfactory *details* of the *time when*, or of the *manner how*, he was specially and savingly called of God, out of nature's darkness into the light of the gospel kingdom; but then, two things are to be remembered:—First, the Major either has not left any written account of his conversion to God; or if he has, it has not been clearly given in any of the yet printed and published documents. In the second place, the hitherto published memoirs of this great soldier have been compiled by persons whose state of mind led them rather to hold back, than to give prominence to, any spiritual, supernatural, and heaven-wrought declaration which, at any time, he might have either written or spoken. We are inclined to believe that the richest and most powerful evidence of Major-General Havelock's religion laid in secret between his atoning and reconciling God, and his own soul. We cannot think that a man whose whole life gave expression to his faith in Christ, and his devotion to our Saviour's name, could be destitute of the inner and of the spiritual life. "Some hearts (says the

writer of the review of William Rhodes' life) open to God *suddenly*, some *lowly*, in some cases, the external means are violent as the earthquake which shook open the prison at Philippi; in others, they are gentle as the morning light upon the flower; but how rarely do we hear of the Spirit converting a soul without external agencies of some kind!" These words convey a large amount of deep truth. Divine sovereignty is as fully displayed in the *manner* of its working, as it is in the kind of *men* it deals with. Therefore rashness in judgment, and severity in criticism on the condition of such men as Have-lock was, is, to us, exceedingly dangerous, if not most painfully anti-christian.

We believe there are thousands in our professed churches of truth, who can hardly tell the *when*, the *where*, nor the *how*, of their conversion, and yet, if truth be spoken many of them are ranked among the most spiritual, the most consistent, the most useful, the most decided members of our different Christian communities.

The conversion of William Rhodes, of Damerham, is a striking illustration of the *silent*, the sudden, the absolutely secret and sovereign way and manner in which some are called of God to a knowledge of himself. Believing William Rhodes to have been a sterling Christian, we must confess that the following narrative of his conversion is to us most delightfully grand. William Rhodes descended from two poor mortals, sunk in darkness, poverty, and woe of every kind; and not until he had entered upon his teens, did he ever have one word spoken to him about his soul, nor did one ray of light enter his mind; but at Ringwood, a young man tried to prevail upon Rhodes to go to meeting. Rhodes had a native hatred to the name of religion; and determined never to look into it. One night, in this dark determination, he laid him down to sleep. Hear what he says of it:—

"It is thirteen years on the second Wednesday of this month, since I became a Christian. . . . On that Wednesday night, poor Henry again conversed with me on religious topics, and invited me to go with him to meeting on the morrow evening; I was touched by his kindness, but felt utter distaste and contempt for his piety. I would not promise to go when we parted, I mused upon it, and determined *never* to go. In this temper I went to sleep. This proved a memorable night to me. The moment I opened my eyes in the morning, I felt myself a new being. A fresh set of sentiments and feelings rushed into my mind and perfectly amazed me. No language I have at command will fully convey to you what I felt. All things appeared to me in a new light; I felt most vividly concerned, distressed, alarmed about my soul and God. The deep things of religion gleamed through the ignorance of my mind in dim, misty, fearful colours. All the feelings of dislike for

Henry and his religion when I closed my eyes in sleep were now completely gone, and I felt an inexpressible longing to be religious. I felt as if I had been placed in a new world in clouded moonlight; all was new, strange, and appalling; yet nothing distinctly seen. As I looked back on the dismal past, all my life appeared utter vanity and sin. This continued all the day; that was indeed a day of solemn and awful musing, of solemn and awful emotion. Religion, though I did not understand its nature nor how to seek it—religion and eternity filled every moment of thought, and appeared to me to be simply and sublimely my all. I determined to become a real Christian, whatever that might be; to renounce everything that might hinder, and attend to every thing that might assist me in the blessed attainment. I felt that I had all to learn, all to feel, and all to do for the salvation of my soul.

"In a day or two the troubled amazement of my spirit considerably subsided, my views became more clear and defined. I perceived the nature of what was working within me, and felt sure that a new life of thought and feeling had commenced. I longed for pardon; the way of mercy through a Saviour began to open before me with indistinct but delightful freshness. Oh, what divine rest and beauty I soon felt and saw in the simple plan of salvation through his death! The following Saturday I learnt a hymn, the first I ever learnt, and entered fully into its affecting import;

'And now the scales have left mine eyes,

Now I begin to see.'

"A spirit of prayer was poured upon me, and on my way home in the dark, I, who had never prayed without a form, prayed for an hour in my own language, from the fulness of my heart.

The Editor of the Baptist Magazine, says,

"Such is his own report of this strange fact, and whatever may be thought of it by the mere student of mind and its phenomena, he once assured a friend that his happy confidence in being saved never had an hour's disturbance from this time. Before it his life was one of darkness; after it, his path, though sometimes chequered and stormy, was the path of the just, shining more and more unto the perfect day.

Of his subsequent career, Rhodes says,

"After I had been conducted into the way of peace," said he, 'by a blessed and celestial hand, the service of God became my whole delight. I set myself to acquire religious knowledge with intense avidity. The New Testament I read through in about a week, and almost every page was a page of light and beauty to my mind, so that my views of divine things almost daily grew larger and brighter. At first I mixed with the Methodists, and was united to their society; but did not continue with them long; I loved them for their simplicity and affection, but could not accept some of their sentiments. My own experience made me a Calvinist; the

leading principle of this system was verified in my own mind to the life. I did not become a Christian by my own effort, but by the free bounty and choice of God."

This is a witness to the fact—that in the *conversion*, and in the preservation of the *character* of some of the "vessels of mercy" the Almighty is pleased to work in a way both mysterious and marvellous.

We heartily wish we could give the details of Havelock's conversion as clearly; and his decision for New Covenant Truths, as brilliantly, as that of Rhodes appeared; but although we cannot, we dare not think that anything short of invincible grace in his heart, could have produced those fruits and evidences of godliness which ever and anon in his life appeared.

John Marshman, Esq., the brother of the deceased Major's widow, has written the best Sketch of Havelock's career, that we have seen; but even this is much more full of his life as a warrior, than of his life as a Christian. The March and April numbers of the Baptist Magazine, published by Pewtress and Co., 4, Ave Maria Lane, contains this Sketch, and with the April number they have given a first-rate excellent likeness of Henry Havelock, engraved by Cochran, from the original portrait belonging to Sir William Norris; and we do not suppose a better history of Havelock's career will be given than the Baptist Magazine has given; but the whole of what may be termed proofs of his Christianity are so generally known, that we consider it useless to quote them.

A zealous young Lecturer—Arthur Mursell, of Manchester—has published "*An Oration*" on Havelock's death, in which there is much that is wild and irrelevant; still, upon the whole, it is an out-spoken argument in defence of the great fact, that Major-General Havelock was not only a noble and honourable warrior, but, better than all—he was in heart and life, in soul, and in undaunted service, a follower of, and a true believer in, our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST.

Havelock's thirty years' association with death, and the *cause* of his triumph in death is spoken of by Mr. Mursell in the following terms:—

"We all know the true and lion-hearted character that he maintained throughout his life, and the faithful trust in Christ he shewed in death. He had been staring right into the grinning teeth of the grim monster during thirty years, seeing the imprint of his hoof upon the stark faces of a thousand gory carcasses as they lay bleaching in the field; but he ever leaned upon the arm of Him who abolished death, and while he purchased immortality on earth with the prowess of his trusty-sword, he looked beyond the medal, or the cross, or star, to the brighter immortality of heaven. Death in a thousand ghastly shapes had been his comrade through his

prime, and down into the evening of his days; death in the camp, from sore disease and venomous infection; death on the march from hard fatigue and wasting toil and service; death in the trenches, from the cold and damp and gripping weather; death in the desert, from the heat, and dry and parching thirst; death on the field, from wounds and gaping gashes from the foeman's sword; death in the garrison, from the gaunt grip of Famine, when the granaries were low and succour far away; death in the hospital, where the groans of dying veterans echoed from the gory beds; death in the hot fight, where the young and brave poured out their blood as a libation at the shrine of freedom, and where the warm tide of life spirted from many a valiant heart, and glistened in a ghastly pool beneath an Indian sun; death written in white and purple characters on the upturned brow of young and old, staring from the eyeballs of yonder fallen officer upon whose manly breast the stars of honor gleam, death here, death there, death everywhere—this has been Havelock's companion through his three-score years. He saw how soldiers died; he saw the brave meet death without a shudder; he saw the proud and noble sons of England walk to the cannon's mouth with dauntless front, and bare an unflinching heart to the keen blade of cruel foes; he saw how cowards died, for he heard the craven Sepoy, whose foul hands were already fuming with the warm blood of little children and of helpless women, shriek for mercy from his scawling conquerer, before the avenger's sword dismissed him to the shades below. And he showed how Christians die, as well as how heroes live, for in that room at Lucknow—the garrison he defended so well—the scene of his last struggle, when the relief he had been longing for has come with the Highland files of conquering Campbell, in that room at Lucknow there stands beside the hero's bed a messenger with a happier relief and a more welcome deliverance; once more the General looks at death, his old familiar comrade, and now its bony finger points at him; he meets the summons with a smile, for behind the monster who is beckoning to him he can see a Saviour's beaming face; and calling to his son who stood beside him, he exclaims—'Come here, my son, and see how a Christian man can die.' Aye, England! thy cherished hero was a Christian. Don't hear his name reviled, nor let any take the brightest gem out of his crown!

"Look at him with his regiment, calling them to prayer; look at him training them like children to sobriety and virtue; look at him trusted by his leaders in all straits, and trusted as a *saint*, and as a leader of a band of saints. An emergency arose, and the corps whom the General demanded, were reported to be too drunk for action. "Call out Havelock's *saints*, (says he,) they are always ready, and his men are never drunk." All honour to Saint Havelock—the man who walked humbly with his God, despite the revilings of a dissolute fraternity. All honour to Saint Havelock! Every inch a Christian, despite the idiot pamphleteers who ask the question,

"how could Havelock be every inch a Christian?" O, shame upon the men who dare to say, that because Havelock was a soldier, he could not be a Christian! Out on the thought that the avenger, in the name of God, of the honour and the blood of England's daughters could not be a Christian! \* \* \* Was David less a Christian because he struggled for the ark of God, and battled for the Lord's anointed? And shall Havelock be denied the name? Havelock, who quelled the fury of the miscreant band, and tamed the robber crew? Havelock, whose conquering sword was drawn in freedom's cause, and on whose banner shone the smile of the great God he worshipped?"

### LETTER FROM LUCKNOW.

#### CAMP ALAUMBANGH, LUCKNOW.

MY DEAR, AGED, AND MOST AFFECTIONATE FATHER, and beloved Cousin, and Sister in the Lord—By the tender blessing of the same, I will once more attempt to pen you a few lines, for doubtless you will have begun to think something has befallen me; but thanks to our blessed Lord, more than I can give, I am well in health of body, and still am mercifully upheld by the sovereign goodness of God, to trust by faith in the precious merits of Jesus. Thus, I am oft as poor David was of old, my house is not as it ought to be, yet the Covenant is ordered in all things and sure; yea, though iniquity do so rage, your head shall be covered, for none is able to pluck the redeemed from out of the eternal hands of God; and he, the Most High, will do all his pleasure. Yea, thus saith the Lord, "A Mother may forget, yet will not I." Now, my father and beloved one, what do we experience of these blessed soul-cheering truths? Surely, we may confess with the beloved Peter, "Lord, thou knowest." Is this not the desire of our poor drooping souls, though so oft cast down, as to conclude with the aged Patriarch, "All these things are against me," forgetting we have to pass home to that eternal rest that awaiteth the redeemed of God. By it may we know not—the depth of sin in us we will never know. (Jer. xvii. 9.)

My dear father and cousin, I am thankful to inform you I was again somewhat comforted a few days ago by receiving a few lines from you, and to find you were well; but surprised to learn you are gone to London—a town of hateful vice; yet it comforts one to find there is a few Lots, a few Marys, and there is a good few Peters, boldly declaring, "There is no other name but Jesus whereby poor fallen sinners can be saved, yea, he is Lord of all." If ever you see James Wells, and C. W. Banks, do tell them a few poor soldiers cry for them in India, under the burning sun, that the God of Jacob may bless their labours, and bring his sons and daughters out of this Egypt. If you could

send me a few EARTHEN VESSELS, and some of the "Good Old Wine," by W. Gadsby, I should be happy.

My dear father, I hope you will find your new station to be more easy and suitable to your day; and for you, my cousin, I hope you make yourself as settled as you can, for we have no abiding city here. That for us to look for sympathy from the dead, is folly, but have all patience. Oh, that we may remember grace has caused us to differ. I am glad to find my poor sister Caroline is well. It comforts me to hear the good work is begun. My love to her, and to my cousin Simon, and wife, I am glad the light of life has shone into their hearts. I hope you will attend together for worship at all opportunities. May the Lord be in your midst to bless his word of life to your souls. I am glad to find Laphath and wife and child, are well. You call his name Arthur, but I hope not sprinkled, for that is a lie of Satan. My love to all the family.

I will now attempt to give you a little news upon this dreadful war. In my last, I named to you my not being able to advance with the army to Lucknow, but since then I have been up to Lucknow; twice the small army that was stationed there was blocked in, and the army of which my poor regiment formed a part, after going up to release them, were also hemmed in, and were worse than the first; but the Commander-in-chief came up with a good force, and released them all, after four day's hard fighting. Two companies of my regiment were also present. We sustained a great loss, but we had to retire to this camp, until an army is formed, and it will be a few days, and I expect an army of 25,000 or 30,000 will be drawn up, and it will be such as have not been heard of for many a day. Lucknow is about sixteen miles round. The fighting has been fearful: two thousand were supposed to be killed in one place; the like I never saw before. My father, I cannot attempt to give you any more news of this kind; I am disgusted at it, but I hope two months will nearly complete this, as far as my regiment will be in it.

I have now to tell you my poor brother Allen is wounded through the leg. Brother Bulgar, of the 84th, is very unwell, and is sent to Cawnpore with the sick. He is another poor sinner whom I hope the life of faith is in. He is wounded in the knee, but is doing well. I must conclude for this time, hoping all is well with you all. I long to hear from you again. I am your loving son,  
A. BAKER.

Dec. 1st, 1857.

As a good soldier of Jesus Christ, I desire to fight the Lord's battles, to his praise and my comfort.—*Romaine.*



## “A Mother’s Prayer for the Conversion of her Son:”

A POWERFUL TESTIMONY DELIVERED BY AN ENGLISH SAILOR IN THE MIDST OF  
ONE OF THE

GREAT REVIVAL MEETINGS NOW HOLDING IN NEW YORK:

*With Notes upon the Religious Awakenings, now spreading through America.*

We have the fullest details of the great awakening—and the marvellous meetings for preaching and for prayer; now holding in all parts of America; which we shall (D.V.) issue in a Supplementary Number for one penny. We can only give the following remarks—and one case of conversion, which is worth a million worlds. We call special attention to this—

MR. BANKS.—DEAR SIR.—For the last few months, there has been a great stir among religious professors, of different denominations, in this Country, on the subject of revivals; and if the accounts published be correct, there has been a great accession to their numbers. A stranger reading the statements of what is called the “Religious Awakening,” would be almost ready to conclude, that nearly all the inhabitants of the American Continent were being converted and *getting* religious: indeed, in one place in Connecticut, one of the New England States, it is said that “the entire adult population, without exception, have *embraced* religion.”

It is a remarkable circumstance, to see men of business, during business hours, in the middle of the day, leaving their different avocations, to attend what is called a “union prayer meeting,” in a City like New York, and that day after day, and week after week, and month after month, and for aught I can see at present, it may continue for year after year; although, I must confess, I have but very little expectation that any lasting benefit will attend this undue religious excitement. I shall be greatly mistaken if the major part of those, who are said to be converted at these prayer meetings, do not need to be converted again. So far as I can judge from what I have heard, read and seen, (I have attended several of the meetings for my own satisfaction in the matter) it is all depending on the will of the creature, and you, Mr. Editor, very well know that a religion which a man can take up just when he chooses, a man can throw down again, just when he pleases; and

such a religion will never do a soul any real good.

Among a large quantity of other reading matter on the subject, I find the following cheering article, entitled

### “A SAILOR’S STORY.”

The following is a verbatim report of the Sailor’s conversion:—

At one of the recent prayer-meetings in this city, a sailor rose and narrated to the congregation the circumstances of his conversion, as follows. He was a young man, a native of England, with an intelligent face and an impressive manner of speech; and his remarks were received with great attention. He said:

“I am a stranger here, and such a scene as this is one that until very recently would have been altogether new to me. Nine weeks ago I was converted, and since then have become in some degree familiar with prayer-meetings and church-services, though before that I knew very little of either. I have been a very wicked man. For one so young, I have gone into great dissipation, and have committed almost every known sin. I can hardly imagine a person to have gone a greater round of wickedness than I. I am the youngest of a large family of children. My father is dead, but my mother is living. She is an old woman, now more than 75 years of age. She is a devoted Christian, and has always tried to bring up her children to be like her, and some of them have followed her example. Several of my brothers and sisters are earnest and sincere Christians, who, with her, have oftentimes at home prayed for my salvation. But I could never endure a single thought of religion. Whenever the subject was mentioned to me, I immediately repelled it, and repelled it often with an horrid oath. The thought that the members of the family prayed for me always made me angry. I was warned against my dissipation, but went more into it the more I was warned. I grew more and more wicked every day, out of spite, and I tried to be a great sinner. At last I determined to leave home. I wanted to get away from the influence of a praying mother. I wanted to be free from all restraint, so that I might indulge myself in whatever I chose, to my own satisfaction. My mother implored me not to go. I told her I was going to sea, and would go. Her eyes filled with tears, and she could say nothing more. With whatever sins I had, I had some love for my mother, and I gave way before her tears. She

asked me to promise her that I would never go to sea until I could first obtain her consent. I assented, and remained awhile at home. A young man, who was my companion in dissipation, left England and came to this country, and after he had been here a short time returned in the same ship. He told me that I could enjoy myself grandly if I would go away from home as he had done, and that there was all manner of pleasure in New-York. I again determined to go to sea in company with him. My mother seeing that I was bent on going, could not bear the thought that I should leave without her consent, and so she gave it. I accordingly made preparations to ship at Liverpool. Just before I started, which was about the first of last December, my mother gave me a sealed letter and a small Bible to put in my trunk, and told me not to open the letter until the 21st of December. That was her birth-day, when she would be 75 years old. She gave me her blessing, which I shrank from receiving, and I went off. As soon as I got clear of home I felt at liberty. I said to myself, 'Now there will be no one to pray for me, and I sha'n't be annoyed with Bibles and texts.' I left home without any sadness, but rather with a kind of wicked pleasure; and when I got on board ship, I soon forgot all about mother, and brothers, and sisters. After we had set sail, and were well on with the voyage, a storm arose that was very violent. Just about this time I was taken very sick—not with sea sickness, but a dangerous fever. I lay in my bunk, tossing about with the ship, as wretched and as miserable as a man could be. The doctor told me that I was at the point of death, and that if I had any preparation to make for eternity I had better make it, for I had not long to live. This he repeated also in the cabin among the passengers, one of whom, an aged man, came to see me. I remember his face; it was all kindness; but I hated the sight of him. He came with a book in his hand, and said to me: 'Young man, you are almost gone; I have come to read to you something out of the Word of God.' I looked up at him a moment, and said in a rage: 'Hand me the book;' and when he offered it to me I took it and put it to my lips, and made a solemn oath that I would have nothing to do with God or with religion. I told him that if he read to me I would not listen, and bid him with an oath to leave me alone. He then went away, and I lay stark alone in my bunk. It seemed to me that I was at that moment more miserable than I had ever been before in all my life; I do not refer to my bodily sickness, but to my distress of mind. It was evening, and there was no light near me, but all was as dark as midnight. Suddenly the thought came over my mind that it was the 21st of December, and I remembered my mother's letter. I could not rise and get it, for I was not able, and my first impulse was to call one of my messmates to get it for me. But I remembered that it was between the lids of my Bible. I was ashamed to let any one know that I wanted the Bible; and I did not want *that*, but my mother's letter. I lay for some time, and at last determined to call some one.

One of my messmates came at the call. I asked him to get a lantern, and to go to my trunk and get a Bible with a letter in it. 'Ah,' said he, with a sneer, 'now you're sick, you begin to be a sinner; what do you want with that book?' 'I don't want that book, but the letter in it,' I replied. In a few minutes he brought a lantern, opened my trunk, and handed me the Bible and letter. He then left the lantern on my bunk and went away. I sat up a little in the bed, and opened the sealed package. The very first words that I caught brought tears to my eyes. They were my mother's words—'My dear Tom.' I read the letter carefully from beginning to end. It was a mother's prayer for the conversion of her son. I had been miserable before, but those words made me more wretched than ever. I then began for the first time to feel remorse for my sinfulness, and to have a fear and dread of judgment. I turned about in my bunk in agony which I cannot describe. I had been told that I could not live, and now I was afraid to die. What could I do? I began to pray! This was what I had always had a horror of before, but I was forced to come to it at last. I prayed to God to let me get well again, and made a solemn promise to Him, on my bed, that if he would only raise me up I would reform my life. The burden of my sins almost crushed me. Even if I had not been sick, it seemed as if I should have died of these. I continued to pray, and when it was expected that I would die, I was still alive, and I was kept alive, and instead of growing worse I grew better. The doctor told me then that I had had a narrow escape, and that I had been lying at death's door. As I got better, I got more and more comfort. The light gradually dawned in upon my dark soul, and its darkness was dispelled. At last, one day there came a sudden joy—a sweet peace—that wrapped round me like sunshine. My heart was happy, and while I was wondering what it was, the mercy of Christ was made known to me. I felt the consciousness that my sins were pardoned. I began to be stirred with a new life. Whereas before I hated my home, now my heart yearned toward it. My mother—oh, I wanted to see her, and to put my arms around her neck. I wanted to tell her that I had read her letter, and what I had found in it. And my brothers and sisters—I had no more desire to be separated from them, but with my whole soul I longed to see them, and to tell them that I had found the Saviour. My joy continued, and I told my shipmates of it. Some of them laughed at me, but I didn't care for that; I 'knew in whom I believed.' At last we came into port; it was on a Saturday morning. On the next day I found the Mariner's Church, and, my kind friends, I have been here ever since. I am happy to be here, and can only thank God that he has led me to himself, and has led me to you in so wonderful a way. I am waiting here to go home, and see my aged mother. She is very near the grave, and I want to throw myself upon her neck before she dies, and thank her, and thank God for her prayers for a wayward son.'

If all the experiences corresponded with the young Jack tar's, I would rejoice and give God the glory; but alas! alas! instead of it, there is little else than do, do, do, held forth, and if a poor sin-sick soul should be found among them, who feels that he can do nothing, he is puffed at, and told it is not so, and his feelings are scoffed at in the following manner:—"Now I suppose I must be three or four days serious, and then I suppose there is about a week's time in which I shall be very anxious, then I shall go through hell-gate, and come out into a safe anchorage, having a Christian hope." I say it is a shame that any man should lay out such a course as that, for the work that ought to be done in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye." "Every one who chooses may be converted before one golden hour rolls round; don't wait to be a Christian; say it, and be one. You may become a Christian now, and go home to your household to-day, and stretch forth your hands to the amusement of your wife and children, and like a Christian man, ask a blessing on your dinner." (This was said at a mid-day meeting, in New York City.) "Lord, what is man! he would be wise, though he be born like a wild ass's colt."

But I have not so learned Christ. I read in contradistinction from this, that it is "not by the will of man, nor by might, nor by [human] power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

"Gird on thy sword, victorious King,  
Ride with majestic sway;  
Go forth, sweet Prince, triumphantly,  
And make thy foes obey."

So prays your's in hope, J. AXFORD.

Mr. Banks,—Dear Sir,—One of my subscribers to the VESSEL and Standard—Mr. C. Dann—in the State of Wisconsin, has sent me 4s., desiring me to forward it to you; for what purpose you will learn by the following short extract from his letter, by which you will also ascertain the state of things religiously in his part of the country:—"You will oblige me by sending it to Mr. C. W. Banks, towards the Redemption Fund of the EARTHEN VESSEL, as I hope he will be able to continue publishing glad tidings to poor sinful worms like me. I have been in this country more than sixteen years, and have not heard one gospel sermon yet." I would here take occasion to state, that if any others in America would wish to aid in the redemption of the VESSEL, I shall be most happy to forward to you any amount they may be pleased to entrust me with. 168, Bowery, New York. J. AXFORD.

REMARKS UPON THE DEATH OF  
THE LATE MR. BOWES,  
OF BLANDFORD STREET.

DEATH has suddenly taken home another long-standing pastor of the Baptist denomination. We were present at the chapel in Blandford Street, on Wednesday evening, April 21st, 1858, and there learned from the best sources that Mr. Bowes was seized on the previous Friday with a violent internal disease, which some think has been of long standing, and in four-and-twenty hours from the time of

its attack, he was a silent, lifeless corpse. His age was somewhere about 65. The church over which he has been pastor for twenty-four years, was deeply attached to him; and this sudden stroke is to them a great trial. Mr. Bowes stood among that class of men who set out fairly and fully in THE TRUTH; but did not, in later years, give that prominence to those great doctrines of Divine grace which are specially the comfort and strength of the afflicted in Zion. There are three things to which, sometimes, these *gradual withholdings of essential gospel principles*, are to be attributed. First, and principally, it will be found that many young men set out preaching the truth, *because* they have been brought up to hear it; they have received it in their judgments; they have become zealous for it in their feelings; and being favoured with good natural parts, off they go with the *sound* of truth, while the solemn *substance* of it, by an ALMIGHTY POWER has never been, we fear, wrought in their souls. They have no *experiential* knowledge of it; no overwhelming heart and soul baptising *love* to it; no heaven-illuminating apprehension of it; consequently by and by, they become more general, more compromising, more cool, calculating, and accommodating. Alas! they do. We by no means say this was the case with Mr. Bowes. We believe he was a devoted pastor, and a good Christian, but that he did alter in his *manner*, and in the *matter* of his preaching, no one who knew him from first to last, will deny. He is gone to his rest; to his reward; to his long-loved Master's happy home, where, without one sorrow, he bows before the throne, and uniting in the songs of millions, (among whom he meets not a few of ministers and members with whom he worshipped on earth) he sings again,—

"Worthy the LAMB, our lips reply,  
For HE was slain for us."

The thought of such amazing bliss, and sometimes, we hope, it is more than thought with us, almost persuades us to linger in contemplation around the blood-washed throng: but we must descend, and observe,—we fear there are not a few ministers who are now going forth with the moonlight notions of truth, while the *power of life divine is wanting*. Was it not so, why, with every little wind, are they driven hither and thither? Ah! we are reproached and condemned by these speculators; but, when we have seen the wreck they have made in churches, our very hearts have bled within us. God is our witness, when we say we want a Paul to come again, with, "I will know, not your speech, but the power." The large amount of fashionable profession of the gospel, and the base conduct of some great talkers, have been also causes leading many sincere good men (like the deceased) to retire beneath the wings of more "*respectable*" communities. Our deep concern for the permanent well-being of all faithful gospel ministers, must be our apology for giving vent to these feelings here. The mortal remains of the deceased were laid in the grave at Abney Park Cemetery on Friday, April 23rd; of which we may give further particulars next month.

# Baptism: What does it Signify?

No. III.

## A SCRIPTURAL VIEW OF THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST.

MR. EDITOR,—As you have thought proper to open your pages to a free discussion on the merits of our Lord's own instituted ordinance of "the immersion of professed believers in water;" and, as I expect that the controversy, per contra, will mostly be a denial of water-baptism, on the plea of having been baptized with the baptism of the Holy Ghost; I therefore send you my entire mind on the subject, as written by me twenty-five years ago, in reply to the late Mr. Joseph Irons, of Camberwell. Two thousand five hundred copies of that reply were all disposed of in a very short period of time, and as no answer during a quarter of a century has ever been made, and I feel confident can never be (scripturally) made; that being the case, I fearlessly throw down the gauntlet, and enquire, who will venture to take it up? Be it remembered, that I require chapter and verse from the New Testament as a *sine qua non*. If nothing arises in opposition but windy words and bold declamation, I shall venture to walk abroad without the least fear of injury.

"The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream; and he that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully. What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord," Jer. xxiii. 28. See also verse 32. Sound gospel truth is far more dear to me than all human friendships. I am, Mr. Editor, yours sincerely,  
J. A. JONES.

Jirch Meeting, Feb. 15th, 1868.

I would declare, unequivocally, without guile, or the least particle of mental reservation; that, I am altogether agreed in the belief of the necessity of a work of grace on a Sinner's heart. That the holy and eternal Spirit, is the Lord and giver of spiritual life and light, unto all those for whom Christ died. That it is His great work and office, to quicken and enlighten; to awaken, and raise up from their death in sin; to convict and convince them of their sin and sinfulness; to cause them to cry out for mercy, lead them to Jesus; work faith in their hearts, whereby they truly believe to the salvation of their souls: in a word, to regenerate and make alive to God, and bring home by effectual vocation and calling, the purchase of Christ's blood. Without the operation of the Holy Ghost, there is no spiritual life at first; and also, without the continual influences, waterings, revivals, teachings, manifestations, leadings and guidings, of the same ever-blessed Spirit, the believer can have and enjoy, no communion and fellowship with his covenant God and Father, through Christ Jesus his

covenant Head. All this, I steadfastly believe, truly know, and, as a christian Minister, constantly Preach. But, I aver, and fearlessly maintain, on *Scripture grounds*, that it is not what is called "the Baptism of the Holy Ghost," as that phrase is used in the word of God.

When persons wish to excuse themselves from the performance of duty, it is much more suitable to the state of their minds, to be satisfied with some commonly received opinions, than to give themselves the trouble of close examination, and strict enquiry after Truth; especially if it is likely, that by so doing, they might be convinced of what they wished not to be true. Hence persons often satisfy their minds in the neglect of baptism, and set their consciences at rest, by some dark and confused notions about the "Baptism of the Holy Ghost." The nature of this baptism seems to have been very little considered and understood, by christians in general. From the manner in which it is frequently mentioned, it seems by far the greater part of the Christian world, suppose it to refer, either to the application of the word, in regeneration; or else, to those gracious and sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit, of which every real child of God is undoubtedly a partaker. Nor is it surprising that this opinion, though entirely without foundation, should be pretty generally received, if it be only considered, that Preachers frequently speak of the "baptism of the Holy Ghost," in such a way, as if it were perfectly understood that every Christian partakes of it; though they might as well teach their people to expect to attain to *sinless perfection*. In the same incautious manner, authors have written, and inculcated the same views. And so prevalent is this opinion, that the few who have examined the subject, have been frequently charged with denying the influences of the Holy Spirit, because they have asserted that the baptism of the Holy Ghost was confined to the apostolic age.

It is of great importance to the believer in Jesus, that every subject which forms a part of revelation, should be understood in the same sense in which it was intended by the Holy Spirit in the Word. They who preach the gospel, and they who understand the gospel, in a different sense from that which the Holy Spirit intended, they preach "another gospel." And it is of importance for every Christian, to be well acquainted with every branch of revealed truth; but, above all, those who are of opinion, that believers only are the proper subjects of baptism, they should study every thing in the sacred New Testament which has any relation to it: because they have frequent occasion, when

speaking on the subject, to shew, that the "one baptism" spoken of by the Apostle, in Eph. iv. 5, is *not* the "baptism of the Holy Ghost," but, *that* baptism which Jesus commanded to be administered to all believers, even to the end of the world. Upon this subject, nothing is more common than to hear *inconsiderate* persons, quote those words of John, "I indeed baptize you with water, but he (Jesus) shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost," *that*, say they, is the baptism of Christ; and seeing we possess that, water-baptism can be of no consequence. Let us then *enquire*, how far the *pretences* of such persons are founded in *Truth*, by *examining* what the baptism of the Holy Ghost really is.

It appears that "the baptism of the Holy Ghost," is a very different thing from the regenerating and sanctifying influences of the Spirit; *unless* any could prove that neither Peter, James, nor John were *regenerated* characters, when they were with our Lord at his transfiguration on the holy mount: when they also were chosen witnesses of his agony in Gethsemane; and when they ate and conversed with Jesus *after* his resurrection. Were they not regenerated, converted men, *then*? O yes, they were; but they were not then, as yet, baptized with the Holy Ghost. Will any attempt to prove that *Thomas* was in an *unconverted state*, when *probing*, as it were, the wounds, of Jesus, he cried out, "My Lord and my God." Jesus saith to him, "Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast *believed*;" but still he must, though a believer in Jesus, have been yet an unregenerated man, if "the baptism of the Holy Ghost" is regeneration: for as yet, neither himself, nor *any* of the apostles had been baptized with the Holy Ghost. *After all this*, yea after Jesus had been seen of them alive, forty days subsequent to his death and resurrection; and being assembled together with them, he led them out as far as Bethany, and lifted up his hands and blessed them saying to them, "tarry ye at Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high. Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence. Ye shall receive power, *after* that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." See Luke xxiv. 49, 50. Acts. i. 3-8.

Here we find that, "the baptism of the Holy Ghost," was something of which, at the time of our Lord's ascension, none of the apostles were yet partakers; but, they were to *wait for it* and expect to have it conferred upon them. Accordingly in the second chapter of the Acts, we are informed what this extraordinary baptism was—"There came a sound from heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind; and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them, cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were filled with the Holy Ghost; and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." Acts ii. 1-11.

It is therefore most evident, that by "the baptism of the Holy Ghost" we are to understand, the extraordinary and miraculous power, by which the *Apostles*, and some only of the *first Christians* were endued; and, by

which they were enabled to speak with other tongues, to work miracles, raise the dead, heal diseases, &c., &c. I said *some* only of the *first Christians* were so endued: the Samaritan believers were first baptized with water by Philip, and were afterwards baptized by the Holy Ghost; yet it does not appear that Philip himself was so baptized; the Word is silent respecting it. Acts viii. 12 *Twelve* of the Ephesian believers, who had been before baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus, were subsequently baptized with the Holy Ghost. Acts xix. 2-6, Cornelius, and others with him, were baptized with the Holy Ghost, and were afterwards baptized with water baptism; yea, Peter himself argues the necessity of the latter, from the fact of having received the former: not, that being believers they should not have been baptized with water baptism, had they not have received the baptism of the Holy Ghost; but, *having* so received, then, how much more so. And which appears to be one of the things commanded him of God, that *Cornelius*, &c., should DO. Acts x. 33, 48. But we have no account of the *Corinthian* believers being baptized with the Holy Ghost; though it is said "Many of the Corinthians hearing, believed, and were baptized." Acts xviii. 8. That is, with water baptism, on a profession of their faith. The *Bunuch* also was baptized with water; but we have no account of his being baptized with the Holy Ghost; yet, it is said, he went on his way rejoicing. Acts viii. 26-39.

From all these considerations, it appears that, the *conclusions* of those persons, who pretend that they need not to be baptized with water, because they have been, as they say, "baptized with the Holy Ghost," are entirely false.

But I have said, that,—by the baptism of the Holy Ghost, in the sense intended by the phrase in the New Testament, we are to understand the extraordinary and miraculous power, by which the Apostles, and some only besides of the first Christians, were endued; and by which they were enabled to speak with tongues, work miracles, raise the dead, heal diseases, &c., &c. I contend that this statement is scriptural; and, that the work of the Spirit on the soul, in regeneration and sanctification, is not at all impugned or denied, by the above. No; God forbid!

Neither do I deny, but, on the contrary, do most fully avow, that, not only are all the real members of the Church of Christ now, endued with grace; but also, that gifts are bestowed on some of them for the work of the ministry, for the edification of the body of Christ. The Lord hath bestowed on some men in their day, *Apostolical* gifts; and in the exercise and use of the same, they evinced their calling to the apostolic office. "Paul called to be an Apostle." Rom. i. 1. "I am the apostle of the Gentiles." Rom. xi. 3. "Truly the signs of an apostle were wrought among you in all patience, in signs and wonders, and mighty deeds." 2 Cor. xii. 12. Some also in the Church in new-testament days, had prophetic gifts, such as *Agabus* and others, see Acts xi. 27, 28. "Those were in the Church at Antioch certain pro-

phets." Acts xiii. 1. These persons had no doubt a peculiar gift from God of interpreting scripture, and of foretelling things to come. That scripture in Eph. iv. 11, is full to the point, "He gave some Apostles; and some Prophets; and some Evangelists; and some Pastors and Teachers." As, to some are given apostolic gifts; to some others, prophetic gifts; so also, others are intended to be Evangelists, and these are qualified with suited gifts for their work: such was "Philip the Evangelist," (Acts xxi. 8.) and others in the Apostles' days. These were not perhaps fixed and stated ministers, in any one place; but directed of the Lord, and sent by him, here and there, on their Master's business. There are many gracious good men in our day, that have not pastoral gifts, yet they are endued with most blessed evangelic ones; and are of great use in the church of Christ. They carry the glad tidings of salvation hither and thither; the Master's eye is upon them; his arm sustains them; his gracious presence is afforded them; and their painful, yet pleasant, labours of love, shall be remembered to their joy in that day. Others, are by divine appointment, to be pastors: these also are endued with suited gifts, qualifying them for the Office they sustain in the Church of Christ. These under-shepherds are more stationary than those Evangelists. They are overseers in respective and distinct Churches of the Saints. They are called workmen, and their work is arduous; they have employ enough to fill hand, head, and heart continually; yea, as it were, to drink up their spirits. *"Who is sufficient for these things?"* 2 Cor. ii. 16.

Now the bestowment of these several and respective gifts, are "for the perfecting of the saints; for the work of the ministry; for the edifying of the body of Christ." Eph. iv. 12. And so the Lord maintains and keeps up, a standing Ministry in the Church, by the giving out of spiritual gifts unto gracious men therein, whereby they are qualified for their appointed office-work in the Church: and Dr. Owen hath well observed—"If the LORD should cease to give out spiritual gifts, he need do no more to take away the Ministry out of the Church. The Ministry then must cease."

#### PRAYER ANSWERED.

AR! thou hast not forgotten me,  
All worthless though I prove;  
Still is thy love as rich and free,  
Thy matchless grace and love.  
Thou hast indeed vouchsafed to hear,  
Thy answer has proclaimed thee near.  
Spite of my trembling and dismay,  
Spite of my unbelief and fear,  
My darkness could not turn away  
Thy ready and attentive ear.  
Before I asked, that love was sent,  
Swift as the light thy Spirit went.  
And have I not a meed of praise  
To place before thy throne?  
My gentle voice should henceforth raise,  
Thy love, and thine alone!  
Oh Jesus, let me henceforth be  
Close wedded to thy cross, and THEE!  
Mount Backer, South Australia. MATILDA.

#### THE FURNACE OF AFFLICTION;

OR,

"IF THE SAVIOUR DIED FOR ME, WHY IS  
MY LOVE SO COLD TOWARD HIM?"

[ONE part of the following letter is extensively known: but the hope that it may be useful inclines us to give that which is quoted as well as those portions which are deeply experimental and original.—ED.]

DEAR PASTOR,—Once more do I venture to address a few lines to you. It is, I think, now about a year since I first wrote to you. Very dark and distressing was my path then, and it is but little, if any, better now. The past year has been one of deep anxiety, of earnest seeking, of sore distress, dark temptations, and perpetual conflict; yet it is past, it is gone for ever. I have another year less to live here, and perhaps this is the last. But am I prepared to die? How solemn, how important is this question! I see in the distance the dark valley of the Shadow of Death; I see Jordan's swelling flood through which I must pass; nearer and nearer this boundary do I daily, hourly come; soon the last step will be gained, and then, Earth, farewell; dust must return to dust, but the spirit to God who gave it. O, my dear pastor, can you wonder I am concerned to know where my future home will be? If in Christ, how bright! how glorious the prospect beyond the grave! Who can tell the glories of that world of light! Those regions of bliss! What is it to be with Jesus the loving and compassionate Saviour, who shrank not from enduring such sorrows that mortal tongue can never tell, to save lost sinners, whose just desert was hell? Yet his eye pitied them; "he saw there was none to help, therefore his own arm brought salvation." How wondrous is the Saviour's love! What are the blessings he will confer upon those happy souls who shall dwell with him alone? Who can tell the riches that are treasured up in Jesus! What are the joys of an immortal soul dwelling in his presence! If but a glimpse of him here below ravishes the eye and heart, what must it be to see him as he is—crowned with glory and honour, might, majesty, and power! To see that dear, that sacred head that was crowned with thorns—those dear hands and feet that were torn with cruel nails—his back that was once lacerated—his wounded, pierced side—that lovely form that once was bathed in blood, sorrowing, agonizing under the dreadful burden of the sins of his people; enduring the curse for them—the sword of Divine Justice bathed in the dear Redeemer's blood that it might not light upon the sinner's head! How lovely is thy cross, O Jesus! What untold blessings doth spring from it! Who can look upon a suffering Redeemer and not hate sin? How often do I mourn that I am the subject of so much sin. Restraining grace prevents its breaking out in open acts of rebellion; but O, the plague lies deep within, and it seems almost impossible that a heart so vile as mine can ever have been renewed by grace divine.

If the Saviour died for me, why is my love so cold toward him? If the Holy Spirit has quickened me into life, why am I so unbelieving? If God is my Father, why as a child can I not go to him, and delight to hold converse with him?

O, my dear Friend, these are questions I cannot answer. I look back to the time when I appeared a fair and flourishing professor; but alas! this wavering heart wandered from my God. I forgot his vows were upon me; I forsook my first love like Ephraim; I became joined unto Idols, and justly indeed the Lord might have let me alone; but, bless his holy name, instead of this, he stretched forth his hand and took the rod and chastened me, first provisionally—crossed all my fair designs and laid me low. The flowery path I thought to tread he turned into a thorn hedge; yet did I rebel more and more, when another stroke came, and this time death and affliction crossed my path—health and youthful vigour fled. Then did I enquire, “Lord, why is this?” But yet again did his hand strike, and then did I fall prostrate before him; all my bones seemed to shake; fear and trembling took hold upon me; a horror of great darkness overwhelmed me; the arrows of the Almighty stuck fast in me. Truly I could not find my paths. I seemed deserted—shut out from hope, and fast sinking in despair. Yet through all have I been sustained; and I bless my Father’s hand that took the rod to chastise, but did not destroy me. I believe I can truly say, “Spare me not, Lord; purge away my dross; make me entirely thine; only grant me sustaining grace, humility of spirit, and confidence that thou wilt do all things well, and in thine own time reveal thyself to me as a sin-pardoning God. Lead me again to Calvary, and grant me the teachings of thy Holy Spirit; for, without thee, the Three-One God, I feel I can do nothing; and if I perish, I must perish. Salvation is alone of the Lord.”

Musing one day in deep anxiety upon the dark mysterious path I have so long trodden, my spirit filled with dark forebodings lest, after all, I should prove a castaway, these words seemed to come like a refreshing shower upon my thirsty, sorrowing heart—“I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction, that thou mayest glorify me.” My doubts and fears for a time then fled, and my soul seemed swallowed up in joy, feeling that if he had chosen me, all was mine; for Christ was mine, and heaven was mine, with all the glorious realities of a never-ending eternity. But, alas! this calm was soon succeeded by a storm—the promise seemed to pass from me, unbelief took possession of my mind, and down my soul sunk again almost into despair; for I thought, “Can it be that I am one of his chosen ones, and yet delight not to pray to him; if I truly loved the Saviour should I not delight to go to him; instead of which, when I venture to approach the mercy-seat, I feel such hardness of heart, such unbelief, so many vain thoughts crowded in, that seems almost a mockery to dare approach a holy God in such a state?” At other times I feel such coldness and indifference as to live almost without prayer. O, dear Pastor, why am I thus? Can I be a

Christian, and not love prayer, seeing it is such a blessed privilege? for I believe that fervent prayer brings untold blessings from above; and I oftentimes think had I the spirit of prayer, and could wrestle with God he would grant my earnest desire—deliverance from these bonds. O, dear Friend, will you ask him to bestow upon me the spirit of prayer? Once prayer was my delight; I then took all my wants and faults to a throne of grace, and with child-like confidence depended upon my heavenly Father for a gracious supply of all I needed, both temporal and spiritual; and then peace was mine. Doubtless, dear Pastor, you know full well the value of prayer. I trust you will pardon what I say; but I have oftentimes thought if every member of your church would earnestly plead with the Lord, not once, but each time they approach a throne of grace, for the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit, making the word quick and powerful, building up believers, and converting sinners to Jesus; having a warning word to backsliders, of reproof to the wavering,—that your heart might be gladdened, seeing the work of the Lord prosper, and the house of the Lord filled. Would not the Lord of glory listen to the united supplications of a whole church, and abundantly bless their Pastor, strengthen his hands, encourage his heart, and grant power to accompany the word spoken by him? An anecdote, which I lately read, has tended to confirm the impression. I have long felt that a lack of earnest, fervent prayer has, in a measure, been the cause from whence decay has sprung; it is as follows—

“A worthy minister of the Gospel, in North America, was pastor of a flourishing church. He was a popular preacher, but gradually became less acceptable to his hearers, and his congregation very much decreased. This was solely attributed to the minister, and matters continuing to get worse, some of his hearers resolved to speak with him upon the subject. They did so, and when the good man had heard their complaints, he replied, ‘I am quite sensible of all you say, for I feel it to be true, and the reason of it is—that I have lost my prayer-book.’ They were astonished at hearing this; but he proceeded—‘Once my preaching was acceptable; many were edified by it, and numbers were added to the church, which was then in a prosperous state. But we were then a praying people; there were many who joined together in fervent prayer that my preaching might be blessed for the conversion of sinners, and the edification of the saints. It was this that, by the blessing of God, made us prosper. But, as prayer began to be restrained, my preaching became less acceptable; the church declined, and things became as they now are.’ But let us have recourse to the same means, and the same effects may be expected to follow.”

They took the hint: social prayer was again offered, and punctually attended; exertions were made to induce those who were without to attend the preaching of the word, and the result was, that the minister became as popular as he was before, and in a short time the church as flourishing as ever.

I trust, my dear Friend, you will not be of-

fonded at my sending you this simple anecdote; but it lay with great weight upon my mind, and seemed as a key to open the mystery of the cause of the decline of churches; and I thought what might not prayer accomplish? Might not the church again become flourishing like a well watered garden of the Lord? Then would the song of praise arise, and with angels round the throne, Cherubim and Seraphim, and the church, which still is one, should we join in the solemn hymn—

“Glory to the Great I AM!  
Glory to the victim Lamb!”

Farewell, dear Pastor; entreat your people to pray for you, and I believe your work will be abundantly blessed. May the blessing of a Triune God rest upon you, is the earnest prayer of an unworthy one, K. HOLLIS.

25, West Street, Neckinger, London.

[The subject here introduced, is a large and weighty one; and one that has been much upon our mind of late. “Prayer” is a special gift of heaven—a distinct work of the Holy Spirit—a privilege conferred upon the quickened elect of God—a certain forerunner of blessings to be bestowed—and an indisputable evidence of sonship and of salvation. We hope to give a paper or two upon it.—Ed.]

#### THE SECRET DISCIPLE.

“The same came to Jesus by night.”—John iii. 2.

Yes!—there was one who bent the knee,

And clasped her hands in prayer;

When there was no one near to see,

And none but God was there.

She had not learnt to brave the sneer,

Or shun the world's delight,

And yet to her were very dear

Those moments spent at night.

And Jesus met this little one,

He heard, and ran to aid;

His words were only words of love,

He did not once upbraid.

He knew she trembled to declare,

His sweet,—his sacred name.

He knew the stigma of the cross

Could flush her brow with shame.

Yet he had other thoughts of love,

More gentle ways to win;

To teach that erring little one,

Her secret path was sin.

He spread not lightnings o'er her sky,

He made no thunders roar,

But entered with his still, small voice

The scarcely opened door.

He entered,—and his sprinkled blood

Upon the lintel fell;

And with an angel's perfumed breath,

He whispered, “All is well.”

He entered,—with the crown of thorns

Around his bleeding brow;

Where is our timid little one?

Is she not vanquished now?

Vanquished! behold the streaming eye;

Behold the throbbing breast;

Look at the widely opened door;

Let fancy paint the rest.

He entered,—entered but to win,

And now the blush of shame

Will only mantle o'er her cheek,

Should she conceal his name!!

Mount Backer, South Australia, MATILDA.

## EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS,

### LETTER XLIII.

My good Theophilus, the great truth of the resurrection, rightly known, is both experimental and practical. The *experience* of this heavenly testimony is one of the greatest present advantages, as well as one of the greatest ultimate glories of the gospel. What present advantage can be greater than *die daily*? for there is a mysterious proportion between deadness to the present world, and liveliness to that which is to come. We unhappily often work hard to make the two live together, but our labour is in vain: we cannot serve God and mammon; we cannot establish fellowship between righteousness and unrighteousness, nor make thick darkness and perfect day one and the same thing, nor unite Christ and Belial, nor make infidelity and the faith of God's elect friendly with each other, nor reconcile the temple of God with the temple of idols. Yet, my good Theophilus, you feel that you are made up of all these antagonistic qualities, and that the powers which are at deadly war with the soul are strong, and are lively, and, at times, all but kill us to everything heavenly and eternal. Yet grace is infinitely rich to forgive, and almighty to govern; and the more we are blest with earnestness after God, the more we shall live to him; and so shall we go on dying to that which is only not worth living for, but which would destroy us with a sore destruction. So then, in our affection, the kingdom of God is to stand *first*, and our souls are in right and due order only as this is the case; and just in proportion as this is the case, so we die daily, and serve God acceptably. And thus, by a revelation unto us by the power of the Holy Ghost of eternal things, we so die daily that when death shall come we shall have nothing to do but depart, and be with Christ, which is far better. Nothing to do but fall asleep in Jesus. Only think, Theophilus, of this; we have only to fall *asleep*, until awakened at the last day to take possession of the kingdom, by which time, the soul having possession, will be well familiarized; and the body, when awakened into immortality, will in one moment be for ever at home.

Well then may the apostle call a denial of the resurrection an *evil communication*; and, one too of those evil communications which corrupt good gospel manners. “Awake then,” saith the apostle, “to righteousness, and sin not.” Some of those received into the church at Corinth, had not the knowledge of God; this the apostle said to the *shame* of those who received such into the church. But receiving people into churches who have not a true divinely taught knowledge of the truth is now become so common that the *shame* of so doing is well nigh de-



parted from our midst; and if men can boast of numbers they are satisfied, and are not at all ashamed to glory therein. Never were the Babel builders more numerous, or more of one language, than in the present day. The time has not yet arrived for their language to be confounded. But nevertheless, there is still a remnant, whose gospel communications are good—living, free grace communications, and which bring people into good gospel manners, and whose spirit and manners shew that they are men after God's own heart. And God's heart of love is in Christ, and that after the order of an immutable covenant. And there are some few (and they are but few) among us whose hearts are set upon the Saviour after the order of that immutable counsel which the blessed God wills so abundantly to shew unto them.

Meeting you, my good Theophilus, on these heavenly grounds, let me freely speak to you concerning the great truth that Jesus shall change these our vile (*Gr.* weak) bodies and fashion them like unto his glorious body. You observe that the apostle supposes *two* questions, and he proceeds to answer the *second* of the two first—"How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?"

The apostle gives a *fourfold* illustration of the nature of the body with which they come, that is, he uses a fourfold comparison, rising as he goes along from the *humblest* to the *highest*.

First, here is the grain of *wheat*; so that if wheat be sown, *wheat* will result. There is in the grave no change of character. The wheat, the good seed, are the children of the kingdom now, and so they will be then.

The apostle, secondly, passes from the grain of the earth to the animal world, keeping up substantially the same idea, that as offspring accords in nature with parentage, so the resurrection will be the *youth* of the present waxing old, wearing out state of things. And from Christ's resurrection, and from the last great rising morning, we shall for ever retain the dew of our youth.

The apostle has also another idea in this imagery, besides that of youthful produce. I will set that idea before you presently, after just noticing,—thirdly, the *terrestrial* bodies. These terrestrial bodies will, I should suppose, refer to something *visible*, because the apostle is here teaching *invisibilities*, by the instrumentality of *visibilities*, therefore the terrestrial bodies must mean something visible, and perhaps means terrestrial bodies in general, both animals and trees; and these all help to carry out the apostle's meaning; there is hope of a tree if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and the tender plant thereof will not cease. Job xiv. 7.

But, fourthly, the apostle passes on to

the *celestial*. The most glorious of these, set forth the ultimate glory of the resurrection body:—thus, as in the physical world, life rises as it were from death, so shall every grain of heavenly wheat rise to glory, and range as sheep over the ever-green pastures of the new earth, and shall rest at ease, and bathe in seas of heavenly rest, and fly in the open firmament of heaven, and shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever.

But there is another idea in this imagery which you do well to notice; and I wish you to observe, that after the apostle reminding us that whatever advantages are enjoyed by the fruitful production of wheat, or of any other grain; whatever privileges men have, or, whatever freedom is enjoyed by the beast of the forest; however much the aqueous tribes enjoy the wide ocean, or with whatever delight the winged tribes enjoy their atmospheric excursions; and however much earth's surface may be adorned with arbocultural beauties; and however gloriously the heavenly bodies light up the concave of heaven; with whatever majesty they go their mighty rounds; however disdainfully they look down upon puny mortals; who would attempt to disturb their harmony, impede their course, tarnish their splendour, or bring them in whole or in part under human, or even under angelic command; or however brilliant their shining faces; however constant their smiles, or however laughingly they hold their high and proud position; however little they think of a thousand years, or whatever their independence of earth, and the things thereof, all that is *meant* by this, will, in *perfection* be carried out in the resurrection, and final glory of the saints. Do you then, my good Theophilus, catch this part of the apostle's meaning? namely, that the sum of the things produced and enjoyed by these visible things, is but a shadow of that which is embodied in the ultimate blessedness of those who are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

Now the other idea to which I have alluded in addition to the above, is this, that as the blessed God has constituted a state of things here, having in it such a *variety*, has he not thus given open demonstration that he is able to constitute us as different from what we are now as one star differeth from another star in glory. He has not yet done all he can do, or all he will do; so then let the *variety* of things in the *visible* world be a figure of the contrast between our present and our future state, even as one star differs from another star in glory. The word *glory* here means *light*. So our present state is compared to the less brilliant stars, and our future state to the more glowing and glorious

stars. Such is the change that the resurrection will bring about.

You must here, my good Theophilus, notice that the apostle is not here contrasting one glorified saint with another, but is contrasting our present with our future state. There cannot, from the nature of things, be different degrees in glory. If there be, wherein does it lie? Not in holiness, for all are equally holy; not in righteousness, for we are justified in one righteousness; Jesus is Jehovah their righteousness to them all; not in knowledge, for they are all to come to the perfect stature of a man, and that which is in part is to be done away; not in happiness, for there is without exception, fulness of joy; not in capacity, for then they would not be perfect in knowledge; not in honour, for all are kings and priests to God, and all are equally the sons of God; not in reward, for the reward is of grace, and they who laboured more abundantly, it was not they, but the grace of God in them; and they who were most devoted to God, it was not them, but Christ was pleased to live and work more mightily in them than in some others. Nor can any degrees of glory be in duration, for none of them can die any more; not in worthiness, for no one is by nature worthy of the least mercy.

The difference between the dying thief and the apostle Paul, between Moses and a saved infant, between a mighty preacher of the gospel and an obscure Christian, may appear, and does appear, very great to us, but when viewed from and in comparison of the greatness of eternal glory, appear as nothing. The Alps, the Pyrenees, the Andes, and the Himalaya mountains appear to us when viewed by themselves, or rather in connection with mere undulations upon the earth's surface, these mountains, thus viewed, appear both in altitude and magnitude, most tremendous, but the merciless matter-of-fact philosopher steps in and spoils our wonder, or rather turns it into another direction, and shews by facts which cannot be gainsaid, that these great mountains are no more interruptions to the spheroid, that is the globular shape of the earth, in proportion to its magnitude, than the tiny pimples of an orange are to its rotundity, and so when we come to the perfection of Mount Zion, inequalities will vanish. One spiritual equality, one universal spiritual level, will appear; mountains lowered, valleys exalted, crooked things made straight, and rough places plain, and the glory of the Lord revealed. So believes  
A LITTLE ONE.

Spiritual life, comfort, and victory, are the effects of the faith that rests on the Word of God, that trusts God's testimony respecting his Son; but placed anywhere else, faith is a bubble breaking every moment, and nothing but enthusiasm and madness come from the delusion.—*Romans.*

## THE CHURCH AT HOME.

"A rest remaineth."—Hebrews iv. 9.

To the weary, the wayworn, the fainting, how delightful is that *one* word, "rest." It is the goal, *distant* perchance, yet *certain* that encourages forward many a sinking traveller; the anticipation of which restores animation to his movements—*hope* to his soul! "Rest!" there is an embodiment of happiness in the very sound, for as it is only to these weary ones it can be welcome, so to them it contains *all* that is most desirable—all that is refreshing—all that is inspiring!

And who so *faint*, so *worn*, so *weary*, as the pilgrims on Zion's foot path! To whom so delightful the anticipation of *rest*? The very road they tread impedes their progress; again and again they encounter impediments, and retrograde, instead of pressing upwards. A thousand fold on every side molest them if they lie down in the treacherous valley; and they are continually reminded that repose exists not for them *in* the road to the kingdom: they must be *up* and onward in their journey, unceasingly looking forward to the *end*; for *them* there "*remaineth* a rest;" they *shall* eventually recline from their labours: the hot sun of temptation, the fiery darts of the enemy, the inviting seductions of sloth, shall all be passed; and the glorious, bright, eternal *rest* shall indeed be theirs.

And, wherefore? Not that they have nobly conquered over sin, the world, and the cruel machinations of the enemy. No! but that *he* who bought them with the unspeakable price of his own precious blood has destined them before all time; to "an inheritance undefiled, and that fadeth not away." He would have his beloved bride in his own pure country—no longer weary, fatigued, travel worn, sullied by the dust of the wilderness through which he has led her, but washed in his heart's fountain; arrayed in the pure white linen of his righteousness; and basking beneath the sunshine of his smiles—at length in the possession of "the rest that remaineth!"

And who can rend away the veil and discover all pertaining to that "Rest!" No eye hath seen, nor heart can tell, what he hath reserved for his beloved ones. Yet imaginations will picture, and it is sweet to the fainting pilgrim to smile upon his heavy burden and murmur to himself—"Time will pass away, weary as I am, I will journey on, sustained by the delightful promise—"For me a rest remaineth!"

MATILDA.

Mount Backer, South Australia.

When Israel were bitten by the fiery serpents, they did not look to the tabernacle and its holy things, nor even into the Holy of Holies, where stood the cherubims, and where shone the glory of God, for if they had, they would have died; but they looked at what God had commanded—at the brazen serpent; just so must we, who are bitten by the old serpent, the devil, look simply to Christ.

## Memorials of Departed Saints.

### THE LATE MRS. IRISH

DEAR BROTHER.—I just write to say I have received a note from our good brother Irish, of Ramsey, informing me of the death of his beloved wife. He writes thus,

"My dear wife departed this life on Tuesday morning, at half past three o'clock, April 6th. For five weeks her sufferings were distressing. But, Oh! the triumphs of divine grace; her soul was firmly fixed on the Rock of Ages, so that in the midst of the greatest agonies Jesus so manifested himself to her that she was full of faith, love, peace and joy.

"Satan was permitted once to sally forth from his den furiously. I told her it was Satan who was distressing her, and making an effort to annoy, although he cannot destroy. After this, she complained no more of darkness, but begged the Lord to take her home. She did not fear death in the least; she was indeed the greater part of her life more spiritual perhaps than many of God's saints. She was a good and proper companion for a minister of Christ. My loss is her gain."

Thus writes our brother in this bereavement his God and Father has called him to bear. I know he will have your sympathy and prayers, and also the sympathy and prayers of those who know and love him much for the truth's sake. Yours in the Lord Jesus,  
D. ASHBY.

### THOMAS SANDFORD, Esq.

Thomas Sandford, Esq., of Wivenhoe, Essex, departed this life on Monday, March 22nd, after an illness of about three weeks, aged seventy-five years. He has left behind two beloved sisters and a numerous circle of friends to mourn his loss. For the last three years and a-half he has attended the ministry of Mr. Collins, of Colchester. His regularity was exemplary; his seat never vacant except when illness prevented his attendance, and that only once or twice during the three years and a-half. The Word was blessed to the profiting of his soul. For some time prior to his death, he was accustomed, after retiring home on the Sabbath evening, to talk of the sermons he had heard during the day, and how greatly he had enjoyed them, and state to his friends that until he went to Colchester he knew nothing savingly. Here it was he was made acquainted with his state as a sinner, and the way of salvation through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. The Word of Truth stripped him of all confidence in the flesh, and brought him down as a helpless sinner to seek salvation in Christ alone. During his affliction he manifested great patience in the midst of deep suffering, and whenever his suffering was referred to, he would remark, "See what I deserve; this is nothing to what I deserve; look at Job's sufferings, and see what Christ has suffered for me. Oh! I never saw myself such a great sinner," and then exclaimed, after a pause, with emphasis and power, "By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of

yourself, it is the gift of God." He was lately greatly attached to the reading of Hawker's *Portions*, and Joseph Irons' sermons but gave a special preference to the Bible. Sometimes he would remark, "I fear you neglect the reading of the Bible for the works of men." As he was dying, a friend remarked to him, "I hope you shall meet in heaven, Sir." "I hope so, never to part again," he replied. After a night's extreme sufferings, he fell asleep on Monday morning, March 22nd.

On Monday, March 29th, his remains were conveyed to the chapel at Wivenhoe, a neat and beautiful building erected at his own expense exclusively, at the cost of nearly £2000, when the service was performed by Mr. Collins, of Colchester. It was then removed to the cemetery, and deposited in the family vault, to await the archangel's trump on the morning of the resurrection. A very large concourse of people assembled to testify their respect for the deceased, while the closing of the shops of the townsmen, gave evidence to the esteem in which he was held.

On Lord's-day, April the 4th, a sermon was preached upon the occasion, in the chapel at Wivenhoe, by Mr. Collins, of Colchester, to a crowded and deeply attentive congregation, from Ephesians ii. 8, 9. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, even so saith the Spirit, for they shall rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

### MAN'S WORKS WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE OF GODS HOLINESS.

"Altogether lighter than vanity."

Poor soul! and dost thou think that thou  
can'st turn  
With thy own strength that pond'rous load?  
discern  
What' in the other scale: leave off to try  
Thy puny weight, more light than vanity.  
Here's sin original, and actual guilt,  
Which all the blood of rams and bullocks  
spilt  
In Jewish sacrifice, could not outweigh.  
Cease, cease, and throw thy bubble weight  
away.  
Vain man, not satisfied! then have thy fill:  
Put in more weight; the wanting balance fill  
With all the deeds of goodness you have done,  
If these wo'nt counterpoise the scales, then  
run,  
Bring all the righteous acts of righteous men  
To help your weight, and then get in again.  
What! still too light? Go now to Calvary,  
Fetch but one drop of blood from yonder tree.  
'Tis in! see, see! the beam begins to fall!  
One drop of Jesus blood out weighs the mighty  
all!

W. PEARCE.

The man whose eyes are enlightened, and who sees the depravity of human nature, confesses "the more I converse with mankind, the more I perceive the Scriptures to be true, and that man is not a wick' better than the word of God represents him.

## Our Churches, their Pastors, and their People.

### Letters to Emigrants.

*To those Ministering Brethren, and Lovers of Gospel Truth, who, having left their native land, and are settled in the New World, in the Colonies, and in other remote quarters of the earth.*

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE FAITH AND FELLOWSHIP OF THE GOSPEL—I cannot thank you individually, or write you separately; nor can I answer all your questions touching the state of our Zion, privately; but as I am travelling hither and thither, I will endeavour to furnish you with a few notes through the medium of this little VESSEL, and this is a small earnest of the future.—ED.

PETERBOROUGH.—April 3rd, 1858. I heard again this morning, of some of the little jealous and saucy black coats, who speak and write critically and sarcastically of my notes, which would be totally unworthy of my notice, were it not to express my pity for them, and to assure them that their labour is in vain; and I would advise them to spend their time, and use their talent in more devotion to the Master they profess to serve. With this brief word, and wishing them all good bye, I purpose, while riding from Peterborough to London, to write a note or two of this journey, in some parts of Cambridge-shire. These little notes are useful in three ways. First, they are memorials of good days spent in the vineyard of the Lord. Secondly, they furnish information of the position and prosperity of some of our brethren; which is acceptable to many thousands in Zion, not only in England, but in America, Australia, and other parts of the earth; and if,—through the medium of the EARTHEN VESSEL, I can run into a poor isolated believer's cot, in some far-off corner of the earth, and give him a report of what his dear friends are doing at home; I certainly rejoice in a work so humble.—Then, thirdly, these notes sometimes lead up the minds of my readers to a contemplation of some precious portion of God's word; therefore, while such privileges are given to me, may I be humble, grateful, diligent, and devoted to the good cause, and desiring more than ever, to have my heart right with God, and filled to overflowing with love to the Saviour, and a holy zeal for the glory of his name. Last Lord's-day morning, I had a good time in Unicorn Yard Chapel, and the congregation looked cheerful. I hope good was done. In the afternoon I went to the re-opening of the old Baptist Chapel, Cook's Ground, Chelsea; this was the text—“*For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands; but into heaven itself, there to appear in the presence of God for us.*” Mr. Wheeler is chosen pastor there; I wish him much good speed;

for there is room in Chelsea for the gospel yet—the late John Stenson's pulpit still remaining unoccupied by any settled pastor, although it is well known that some desire to see John Austin there, and as he has left Warboys, perhaps he may settle in the West for a short time. Last Sunday evening, the following words were sufficient for my text—“*HOLD HIM FAST.*” Considering they were the words of Judas, they might appear barren words to preach the gospel from, but they furnished some useful hints. After noticing Judas, as one of the twelve; and Flavell says, the Apostles were described by three terms—“the feet of Christ, the eyes of God, and the breasts of the church;” and this high office which Judas held, seemed to be the highest aggravation of his sin; after noticing Judas, we reflected upon three things as possible.—First, it is possible for a believer to hold Christ very fast: I mean, there are times, when faith, love, zeal, and prayer, help the soul to come very near unto him, and to embrace him with the deepest affection, and much intensity of desire. It is also quite possible for believers to hold Christ very loosely; and in this cold, indifferent hold of him, and in a lukewarm state of mind, many, very many, I fear, are living. It is also possible for a man, who is a believer in Christ to be so far sunk as to lose hold of Christ altogether, so far as sense, enjoyment, and the exercise of faith is concerned. But the vital bond of union between Christ and all the Father gave him, never can be broken, although in seasons of declension; in times of soul desertion; and in nights of spiritual darkness, all our realization of the union may be lost. To be enabled to hold Christ fast in the power of the Spirit, in faith, in prayer, and in gospel obedience, is a great mercy; and thus to “*HOLD HIM*” is my inmost and earnest desire.

Last Wednesday, I left home by Eastern Counties Railway, for Somersham, being invited by Mr. Joseph Flory to preach in the Old Baptist Chapel, in Somersham, which I was permitted to do; although I was not so happy in my work as sometimes. Cambridge-shire is called “the Granary of England;” a large quantity of corn is grown in that County; and in that County, too, there is a very large amount of gospel preached, and a great many churches are flourishing there. Somersham has, at present, two Baptist interests; but, it is hoped, the two will come together when Mr. Flory leaves his chapel; and this he purposes to do this year. Chatteris is not far from Somersham; in that town there are two Baptist Chapels; Mr. Joseph Wilkins is minister of one, and Mr. Griffiths of the other. I know both these good men, and my prayer is, that they may both be very useful—especially as there is a Puseyitish sort of “*Cole*” “gather”—ed there, the popish fumes of which, are by no means good. I hope the red-cover party will not

allow their unhallowed prejudice to move them, to divide, disturb, or distress the Baptist interest in Chatteris—it is high time that that species of modern Popery—that Anti-Christ of recent origin—that cruel serpent rolled up beneath the folds of a pretended deep sanctity, and assumed high pitch of ministerial faithfulness—I repeat, fearless of all that insincere men can do, it is high time, this “*stand aside, I am holier than thou,*” was exposed; for it is exercising a much more withering and delusive tendency among our churches than many are aware of. The most awful onslaught recently made in Chatteris, upon an honest Christian workman, is a first-rate specimen of what some professors would do, if they were permitted.

On Thursday morning, myself and Mr. Flory, set off for March, in Cambridgeshire; in the original and first Baptist chapel of that town, I preached that evening. Mr. David Male is chosen the minister of that place for one year, with a hope that the Great Head of the church may pour upon him such a measure of anointing power, and so crown his labours with success, that for many years he may be there settled, as a good gospel preacher; and a devoted pastor over a holy flock of the true sheep of Christ! he has a work to do if he makes a permanent stand; and every lover of Zion must pray, that David Male's work may be pure, powerful, and of extensive good to souls. I think the Lord has given him some seals. Oh! may he have many; we shall all watch him closely, and pray for him with deep concern. The chapel is very neat and compact; and I had a good time in speaking from the 46th Psalm. Mr. Forman, the pastor of the other Baptist cause in March is still growing in every sense. He is one of the few in these days, whose ministry continues to be a great blessing unto his people, and whose earnest sowing of the good seed, is followed by a copious ingathering of very precious souls. We exceedingly rejoice in this.

The next day (Good Friday,) I was engaged to preach, Morning and Evening at Whittlesea—brother David Ashby's “Zion,” and, as it was impossible to get there by train in the Morning, it was agreed that the brethren Male and Flory accompany me, and that we take the Mail train that night—sleep at the Railway Hotel on the Station, and then walk into Whittlesea in the Morning. Before we started from March, we had supper in the late Mr. Grounds's mansion; after which a hymn was sung, and the Scriptures were read, and prayer was offered: while we were on our knees in prayer, these words came to my mind; “My head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night.” These words seemed at once so powerfully to lead up my mind to the Person of Christ, and his deep travail of soul, that I was sure I must preach from them; but in what way, I could not tell. About midnight, we set off for the Mail train, the moon shone bright; air was very frosty; the roads good; and on the best things we talked, until in the Railway carriage we were safely shut. When we reached the Station at Whittlesea, we found

there was no Hotel: it was two o'clock in the morning; all was as still as death; we walked into the town of Whittlesea; not a soul was to be seen; not a sound was to be heard; all appeared to be sunk into a profound dead sleep. My companions went first to one Inn and then to another, knocking, and looking—tapping, and calling—walking, watching, and waiting; but all was in vain: we were like “THE THREE MEN WHO SEARCHED THE CITY AT MIDNIGHT,” but our searching only sunk us deeper in dismay, for it appeared as though, throughout the whole province of Whittlesea, there was not a living soul to be found—neither friend or foe—neither watchman, policeman, workman, or wayfarer man could be seen; and although my companions knocked, rattled, rung, and flung, still, all was of no avail, and none of us knew where the Baptist Parsonage was, so to walk the streets like so many Wandering Jews, appeared our doom; the sleepy inhabitants indirectly said—“there is no room for you preaching men here;” and really there was something in all this very much like unto the spiritual condition of the place; for, save in Zion chapel, there appears little more than a sleepy profession; churches and chapels in Whittlesea are far sunk down, except in brother Ashby's favoured Zion. The thought to me is pleasing now, that during these hours of vainly searching for a bed, I was kept in a measure of quietness; and this most singular circumstance appeared to help me to understand the text on my mind, better than any commentator could have done. In my text the Church said “*I sleep, but my heart waketh.*” It was so with me. I had been preaching and travelling all the week; and I was weary, faint, and sleepy; but my heart was awake to much sweet meditation. My brethren and companions were much disturbed: they thought they could soon find me a comfortable resting place; but they could not: they ran from Inn to Inn, and from house to house, but dead disappointment met them at every turn. I looked on. I neither knocked nor called; but I thought it was all well, because, although no human voice was to be heard, but the complaints of my companions, yet, I heard, a whisper within, saying “it is the voice of my beloved, saying, *OPEN TO ME, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled, for my head is filled with dew; and my locks with the drops of the night.*” I thought the night was the long dark night of the anti-deluvian age—the patriarchal, and the prophetic ages—yea, and all that night from the moment the church fell in Adam, until that night when the angels ushered into our world, “THE SAVIOUR, WHICH IS CHRIST THE LORD.” Ah! many thoughts went sweet into my soul. I saw, in the eye of my mind, that every time CHRIST came in a type, in a promise, or in a prophecy—he, in substance, said, “*OPEN TO ME!*” Oh! Yes! His heart, from all eternity, was leaping and longing to come and fulfil the covenant into which he had entered. “*Lo! I come. Lo! I come. OPEN TO ME! OPEN TO ME.*” These were his own precious words; and in the most endearing terms did the glorious bridegroom

address his long-espoused bride. "My sister"—eternal covenant oneness of interest and divinely constituted relationship. The thought that sinners such as we should be one with Incarnate Deity, was amazing great to my mind. Yea, sometimes, I almost forgot where I was; only every now and then I heard my companions rattling at somebody's door, and grumbling to themselves they would say, "would'nt care if we could get Banks in some where to rest." But Banks was internally feasting upon the beautiful words "My sister; my love, my dove, my undefiled," &c. The silent town of Whittlesea was that night a solemn place for study for me. It was "Good Friday;" and as we were wandering about houseless, homeless, and apparently friendless—this thought worked deep in my soul—"it was about this hour when Judas having betrayed him, that he was led away to the Judgment Hall, and poor Peter denied him." Who can tell the deep agonies of our Saviour's soul, while passing through the scenes of Gethsemane, Pilate's bar, and Calvary's bloody tree? I laboured to follow him in these places; and certainly I had something of Watt's spirit, when he says—

— "Did Christ my Lord suffer,  
And shall I repine?"

No, I did not.

As the church clock of Whittlesea struck three, a heavy mist began to fall upon us—and again the words spake in me:—"Open to me, my sister, my love; for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night." It was to me, as though Christ said—"I am coming full of the Holy Ghost, anointed by the Spirit for my work;" as the Father hath said—"I have put my Spirit UPON HIM," yes! "the Holy Ghost the Comforter" was in and with him, in all that life-giving power essential to his nature, character, position, and work. "The drops of the night" were not only words denoting the travail of the Redeemer's soul; but they led me to consider the many precious words he spake unto our fathers in the days of old, waiting, and travelling, until the Incarnation morning came. All the Old Testament manifestations of Christ—all the Old Testament promises and prophecies concerning the Messiah, were so many "drops of the night," and when he came, his locks were filled with them; they were all fulfilled in him, "and of his fullness have all we received, and grace for grace."

About six o'clock, I met a man who told me where the Baptist Parsonage was. I knocked:—in a moment, the kind pastor "opened to me,"—the tale was soon told, and for three hours I slept in the beautiful bed, which had all night been waiting for me; and I had all night been searching and looking for it; and, although I shall ever be thankful for that night's sacred contemplation in the silent streets of Whittlesea; still, my weary frame was glad enough to lay down and rest. Of course, I preached in the morning from the text I had studied all night. Among the large congregation then gathered together, I saw before me my two brethren—

Male and Flory, who had also been to rest. But when I read my text—"My head is filled with dew; and my locks with the drops of the night"—they looked hard at one another, as much as to say—"Is he going to tell the people all our sorrows?" I said not one word about it; I went to the text as well as I could; but the preaching was exceedingly poor to my mind, after such a night of study and thought.

I must close. We had a good anniversary that day at Whittlesea. The spacious chapel was filled; Mr. Irish preached sweetly to us in the afternoon; and at night I was as happy in the Gospel as I can be on earth. Brethren, I thank you—and, if the Lord spare me, you shall soon hear again from—C. W. BANKS.  
2, Eldon Place, London. S.E.

"ZION," GOLDINGTON CRESCENT, ST. PANCRAS.—Dear Brother Banks,—There are always some of the Lord's family who are looking out, both here and in Australia, for the arrival of THE VESSEL, anxious to see whether it contains anything in reference to that part of God's church worshipping at Zion. It is with pleasure I tell you, that on Good Friday last, we held our annual meeting. The object being the liquidation of the debt. We were favoured with the company of nearly 200 to tea; presided over by our Pastor: all were happy; and many were heard to exclaim: "This is the best meeting we were ever at." We gave them the best of everything; and the proceeds (being entirely voluntary) amounted to £14. You see, that at Zion there are still those that possess principle. The churches, I feel sure would do well to imitate so good a plan. At half-past six the numbers present reached nearly 600. Mr. James Nunn took the chair, supported by brethren Rowland, Pearce, Vaughan, Godsmark, and Christian. Their remarks were good; one and all being led out in a peculiarly happy style, calculated to uphold the truths of God; and were listened to with great satisfaction. It was stated by the Treasurer that during the seven years and a half, that the debt had been reduced by the voluntary principle, nearly £100 every year; the present paid off amount being nearly £800. The singing was much admired; our friends having practised several choice pieces; which were sung with great spirit and exactness; and elicited universal satisfaction: it was indeed a happy evening; the result approaching £20. JAMES MARKS.

CLARE, SUFFOLK.—On Sunday April 4th, 1858. Mr. Pells preached in the morning to a densely crowded congregation from 2 Col. 12. Buried with him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with him through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead." After which, Mr Pells baptised a man his wife and five others, one of which number was for a neighbouring church. In the afternoon at the close of a sermon founded on Acts xiii. 31, "His witnesses unto the people." Mr. Pells addressed six of those whom he baptized in the morning, and received them into full communion.

**LITTLE MOORFIELDS.**—The Old Baptist Church for many years meeting in Red Cross Street, in the city, under the pastoral care of Mr. Whitaker, have, (since his retirement to Tunbridge Wells,) removed to White Street, near Finsbury-square. The first anniversary of Mr. George Webb's becoming their minister, was holden on Lord's-day, April 18th; and on the following Tuesday the public recognition of Mr. George Webb, as their pastor, took place in Ebenezer Chapel, Buttlesand Street, Hoxton, (lent for the occasion). Mr. Ball, of Wandsworth, conducted the services—Mr. Flack read the Scriptures, and implored the divine blessing. Mr. W. Palmer gave his views of a Gospel Church; Mr. G. Webb, at considerable length declared his conversion and call to the ministry. Mr. Hazelton offered the ordination prayer in terms most appropriate and sincere. Mr. Geo. Wyard gave the charge in a most excellent, comprehensive, and fatherly spirit. C. W. Banks addressed the Church; Mr. Bell closed the meeting, which was pleasant and profitable to many.

**KEPPLER STREET.**—The third anniversary of Mr. Milner's pastorate, was held on Thursday evening, March 25th. A goodly number sat down to a well provided tea, and all seemed very happy. At half-past six o'clock, the public meeting commenced, over which the Pastor presided. After a song of praise, Mr. Pells, of Clare, implored the divine blessing to rest upon Pastor and people, and also on the proceedings of the then present meeting. Mr. Milner, in his introductory address, spoke freely of the uninterrupted union that did happily subsist between himself and his people. Brethren in the ministry were called upon to address the meeting from a few verses contained in the 65th Psalm, and that in the following order—Brother Green spoke from the 9th verse, Anderson 10th verse, Austin 11th verse, Wyard 13th verse, and Williamson 18th verse. Each address was well delivered and listened to with the utmost attention, after which the Pastor closed the happy meeting by prayer. That Pastor and people may long be thus happily united; yea, even until death shall sever the shepherd from his flock, is the ardent desire of  
ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

**CLARE, SUFFOLK.**—Mr. Pells having resigned his pastorate here, will (d.v.) preach his farewell sermon in the afternoon of the last Lord's-day in June next. This unexpected step has caused much surprise and grief among the friends at Clare, but as the church believe the Lord is about opening a door to Mr. Pells, where his labors may prove more abundantly successful, they how to the event, believing "the hand that wrought it is divine;" therefore he leaves with their best wishes and ardent prayers for his future welfare. And they wait in humble expectation the Lord will soon appear for them, that the church which has so greatly increased under his ministry, and the vast congregation which assemble from Sabbath to Sabbath may not have to wander from place to place as sheep without a shepherd.

**THE SUN SHINING ON SILVER HILL, WINCHESTER.**—Mr. William Chappell, formerly of Colchester, and late of Barley, near Royston, having supplied the Baptist Church of Christ in the above place, and being heard on every occasion with considerable pleasure and much profit to our souls, in the early part of January last, at a meeting called for the special purpose, after earnest prayer, and mature deliberation, we came to the following conclusion, which we are thankful to say was unanimously agreed upon, to give Mr. Chappell a cordial invitation to take the pastoral oversight of us as a church and people, which after much consideration, he felt it his duty to accept; and on Lord's-day afternoon the 11th of April following, was publicly received a member and Pastor of the church, after a suitable and affectionate address by the senior deacon, who in the name of the whole body, gave him the right hand of fel-

lowship. Mr. C. then took his place at the table, responded to the same, and gave an affectionate address to us as a Church; he then gave the right hand of fellowship to five persons, two of whom he had baptised, and three by honourable dismissions from other churches of the same faith and order, (thus making an increase of thirteen members since the commencement of the year.) At the close of which, we as Pastor and church, sat down to celebrate the dying love of our adorable Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The whole of the service was one of the most interesting and affecting we ever witnessed, there being scarcely a dry eye in the place. We would with the Psalmist say, "Save now we beseech thee, O Lord: O Lord, we beseech thee, send now prosperity." Signed,

T. H. COLE,  
W. S. EVERITT,

} DEACONS.

**BEDMONT.**—The ordination of Believer's Baptism was administered in Salem Chapel, Two Waters, Herts, by Mr. Henry Hutchinson, the pastor of the Baptist Chapel, Bedmont, on Lord's-day morning, March 28th, 1856, to one male, and one female, after a very suitable discourse from 1 Corinthians, 12th chapter, 13th verse. "For by one spirit are we all baptised into one body." The Lord was with us; every nook and corner of the chapel was crowded. They were united to the church at Bedmont on the following Lord's-day, April 4th. We baptise at Two Waters because we have no baptistry at Bedmont: the friends at Two Waters kindly giving us the liberty of baptizing there. I believe many of the Lord's family are longing to go through the ordinance, but are afraid to presume; their greatest fears are, that they are doubtful whether they have set out right; in short they are doubtful whether their religion is a right one, or a wrong one: some have sat under Arminian preachers who have told them they must be more holy and righteous, and they have waited to get better, and find they get worse, and they still get worse, for the longer they live the deeper is the conviction, they are sinners and need an atoning sacrifice.

One of the persons baptised has been a Sunday school scholar with us; the other is a teacher in the Sunday school: thus we are encouraged in that department, as we have had several of the teachers of the school and the Superintendent baptised after they have engaged in their labors.  
H. H.

## CONVERSION OF E. SAMUEL.

(Continued from page 58.)

WE left the author of "*The Triumph of Christ on the Cross*" wandering through Holland, Rotterdam, and onward to London. We pass over several pages of narrative, and falling upon the 20th page, we find a careful and striking record of Mr. Samuel's entrance into London, twenty-two years since; and of the commencement of the work of grace on his soul.

We hope this testimony will be profitably perused by all who sympathize with us in the restoration of God's elect people from among the Jews; and, especially by those who love to trace the flowings of grace in the hearts of the ransomed.

The volume from whence the following extract is made contains upwards of 200 pages, on subjects of vital importance. The work may be had at our office; or of Mr. Samuel, 1, Moliere Terrace, Lower Broughton, Manchester. Mr. Samuel says—

"In the year 1836 I came to London for

the purpose of keeping the Passover, expecting to meet a countryman of mine, who, for years, had kept his Passover in London. During my stay, I called at the same eating-house, where I heard of the melancholy news of the death of my brother. As I was sitting with my brethren Jews, a gentleman came in, seated himself at the same table, and called for a cup of coffee, who afterwards proved to be a converted Jew. He first began to talk about business, and, by degrees, he introduced religion, and the Messiah. I heard one in the room say, "This is a converted Jew." I said to the party with whom I was talking, "We will have a bit of fun with him." I then addressed myself to him by saying, "You are one who have forsaken the religion of our fathers, and deny the law of Moses; and believe one to be God, who was condemned by our Rabbis and Priests, and who was hanged on a tree—Jesus of Nazareth,—whom you say was the Son of David. Where can you prove it from our Bible?" He replied, "That he had not forsaken the religion of our forefathers, nor the law of Moses. I believe that the Messiah is come, and that Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah, and will prove it from the Word of God." I replied, "If he could do that, I will believe, but it must not be from the Christians' Bible, but ours." An Hebrew Bible was placed upon the table, and he took another from his pocket. The principal parts on which we discoursed, were Genesis xlix. 10; Isaiah liii.; Zech. xii. 10. But my companion and I considered we had gained the point in argument, therefore I said, "As he could not prove from the Bible, that the Messiah is come, much more that Jesus of Nazareth was he, I could not believe." He then replied, "That if I believed not, I should die in my sins and perish." We then commenced ridiculing him, and he left. Soon after, I also left, and while in the street, these words, "Who can tell, but that Jesus is the Messiah?" came to me very powerfully; so that the thoughts made me uncomfortable, as I believed that the very thought itself was blasphemy. I tried all I could to shake it off, and to get it from my mind. The more I tried to get rid of the thoughts, the closer they clave to me. The arrow of the Almighty was sent forth into my heart, and there it must remain. These thoughts followed me up for some time, awake or asleep, at home or abroad, which made me very miserable and unhappy; such feelings I never realized before. One day, at my apartments, I took up an Hebrew Bible, and began to examine those portions before referred to; finding nothing to satisfy me, I shut it up, when the words spoken by the Jew came to me, "If thou believest not, thou shalt die in thy sins and perish." They came with such power, that for a short time I knew not what to do with myself; not knowing whence they came, or what they meant. The uneasiness of my mind kept increasing, until I was much distressed. I remember, one evening, on retiring to rest, saying my prayers, I begged the Lord to remove the blasphemous thoughts, as I then considered them,

when these words came to me, "If thou diest in thy sins, thou shalt surely perish." I then, for the first time, went down on my knees, and wept bitterly, calling on the God of Israel to show the cause of my misery. Bending the knees is contrary to the Jewish custom, as well as to pray with the head uncovered. But I did both; how it came to pass, I could not tell. That night I had no sleep, as the thoughts of death and perishing, were dreadful to me. The Jews believe on a place of reward and punishment; but deny any knowledge of where they are going, until the dissolution of soul and body. Again, they say, death makes atonement for all their sins. That night, I tried to take comfort from this,—but, alas! it afforded me none. I believe that atonement is made by the death of one Man, the God-man Christ Jesus. Having heard there was a house in New Street, Bishopsgate Street, for the purpose that Jews might converse about Christianity: the house was occupied by a converted Jew, named Saul; he was also the clerk in the Episcopal Chapel, Palestine Place, Cambridge Heath—one day I resolved to go there. I met a gentleman in Bishopsgate-street, and inquired of him for this place. He replied, "I am going that way, and I will take you to it! When we arrived at the house, he walked in with me, invited me in, and asked me to sit down. He inquired my errand. I told him, I had heard there were gentlemen here, who would converse about the Messiah. He said that he was an Israelite, and was convinced by the word of God that the Messiah is come, and that Jesus of Nazareth was the one; also, except we believe in Him, whether Jew or Gentile, it is impossible to be saved. After two hours' conversation I left him, without any advantage from his arguments, except from the words he mentioned, "If ye believe not that Jesus of Nazareth is the Messiah, ye cannot be saved." This was like a hammer, driving the former conviction deeper into my conscience. What, said I within myself, without believing, impossible to be saved! What, must I perish eternally! This was an addition to my former troubles. One day as I was musing on the state of my mind, the words came to me with great power, "The soul that sinneth it shall die." This was in my conscience like a mighty thunder, which shook me to the centre. My whole frame trembled. I begged of the Lord to open my eyes to understand his word, to teach me things that are right, and not suffer me to be led astray. I thought within myself that I would go again to the afore-mentioned place, as the gentlemen asked me to call again. When I came there I saw the same Israelite, whose name was Alexander; who afterwards became bishop of Jerusalem. It was rather remarkable that I should find him there, as he only visited occasionally, taking his turn with others belonging to the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews. During our conversation he asked what effect our last interview had had upon me, which I related with tears running from my eyes. He gave me some tracts and his card, and told me to call upon him at his private residence



A WORD FOR THE PRECEPT;  
AND A REPLY  
TO "A SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER."  
BY SAMUEL COZENS.

[THE query to which the following is a reply, appeared on page 80, of THE EARTHEN VESSEL for March, 1858.—ED.]

MR. EDITOR.—Dear Sir—This is a remarkable age, inasmuch as a great many are very anxious, if possible, to get every *moral* and *evangelical* obligation explained away in order that their lax habits may be excused, and that their negligence of revealed obligations may find a palliating apologist in some acknowledged man of *truth*. How few there are who *dare* to talk of *duty*, to urge the precept!

I was once told by a professed preacher of the Gospel, that "he had no objection (no objection? indeed!) to the precept, providing it is used *gospelly*." What do these gentlemen mean by this? Do they mean to say that we have nothing to do with precepts, but such as are in the gospel? or do they mean that the precepts of the New Testament are only binding upon the elect? They may as well tell us that the mandates of the throne only extend to the royal family. The apostles did not so think nor so speak. They knew there were laws in the royal house (the church) peculiar to the royal family, and that there were duties incumbent upon every relation of life. That it was the duty of *every* husband to love his wife; that it was the duty of *every* wife to obey and reverence her own husband; that it was the duty of every father to avoid provoking his children; that it was the duty of children to honour and obey their parents; that it was the duty of masters to give unto their servants that which is just and equal; that it was the duty of servants to shew all fidelity to their masters; that it was the duty of kings to reign over their subjects in righteousness; that it was the duty of subjects to submit to the higher powers. Again, they say, "We have no objection to the *invitations* if (what an impious *if*!) they are qualified." Qualified, forsooth! That is, I suppose, if the invitation is given to the character invited. Well, what logic! Who ever heard of an invitation without such a qualification? and for a poor, ignorant worm to talk about qualifying what Jehovah has already qualified is arrant folly. Suppose you were to send an invitation by your servant to *certain* persons, and that servant so qualified your invitations that many whom you invited were afraid to come; what would you do with that servant? I believe many had better let the invitations alone, unless they delivered them *as* God has given them. But let us return to the precept.

*Duty* is ignored by many a professed son whose character and conduct publicly demonstrates that he is not even a servant, much less a son. Those gentlemen who regard grace as the *patron* of evil, have two apologies for their inconsistencies. One is, "We are not under the *law*." True, as Christians we are

not under the *penalty* of the law, for Christ was made a curse for us. "But, say some, we are neither under the *penalty* nor the *precept*. True, as Christians we are neither under the *penalty* of the law to be thereby damned for our sins, nor under the *precept* of the law in a *covenant* form to be thereby saved for our obedience. But will any one tell me that we are not so under the law as not to be obliged to respect the conduct it prescribes? What! shall morality be required of the *world*, and not of the *church*? What! shall *sons* seek an excuse for those omissions and commissions for which the servants shall be damned? What! has God repealed the law for his sons, and left it in full force against his servants? What! shall the son sin with *pleasure* when the servant dreads to offend his Master? What! shall the servant regard the law, and the son trample the same under foot? Delivered from the law indeed! to whom then are we responsible? Take away the law, and who can claim our homage, our fear, our love, our service, our devotion? Free from the law in the Antinomian sense, and we are free from God. Marvellous infatuation! God's law is eternal, and we shall be eternally under law to God. The devil, now in hell, is as much under law to God as when in heaven. And hence the Saviour reminded him of his obligations, "Thou (Satan) shalt worship the Lord thy God," &c. Matt. iv. 10. And the saints in heaven to all eternity will be under law to God.

The comprehensive spirit of the law is: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God and thy neighbour as thyself." These are the headings of the two tables. If we love God we shall desire to keep the *first* table. If we love our neighbour, we shall not *kill* him, nor steal from him, nor bear false witness against him. Persons who glory in not being under the law when their rebellion against God—when their practical covetousness, &c., is patent to the world, are doubly deceived. I again say, that we are not under the law in its *punative* relation to us as sinners, because our dear Redeemer died for all our transgressions of the law in this sinning world; but we are, and must remain, under law to God in its *preceptive* relations to us as creatures. The law in paradise was: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God." The law *now* is: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God;" and the law will *ever be*: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God."

The second apology they have is by placing all their faults upon the human scape-goat, called "*the Old Man*." He is a dreadful old rascal I know, and if he has to bear all that is put to his account he will have a tremendous day of reckoning. I know there are who are "putting down" (to use a vulgar expression) to the old man every day. But, who is this old man you talk so much about? Is he an acquaintance of your's? Is he any relation to you? Does he belong to you? If he does, how is it that you can so complacently heap so much villany upon his head? I ask again, Do you know who this old man is? I presume you will say, some old fellow that don't belong to me—a sort of next-door-neighbour.

But allow me to tell you that that old gentleman is *yourself*—your *very* self—that *same* self which is to be judged according to the deeds done in the body. I know what you mean by the old man, and I have had long acquaintance with him, and I have often tried to make him my scape-goat, to bear my sins into the land of forgetfulness; but it may appear strange to some that I never could take such liberties with this queer old fellow that some appear to do. No, indeed; instead of palming my sins upon some supposed "old man," I have been obliged to take to myself shame and confusion of face. When the Lord looked upon Peter after his fall, he wept *bitterly*. He did not say, "Lord, it was my old man." When Nathan went to have a little parabolical conversation with David, and brought the matter home, David did not say, "Nathan, 'twas my old man." No, No; but "I have sinned against the Lord." I think those who have such an accommodating old man, know nothing about the *new man* of the heart. I am not attempting to dispute the fact that the (sinful) flesh is against the (*sinless*) spirit, and *vice versa*. I feel this daily. But what I am speaking against, is that abominable and deceptive practice of putting every thing down to the "old man" (as though he was some distinct person from ourselves) with: "O, I could not help it—it was the old man—put it down to the old man."

*Old man*; know ye not that hell is half full, or nearly so, with those who once had an *old man* to whom they unscrupulously imputed the evil of their doings. What would they not give for an *old man* to bear the fault of their sins now? O, say some, you are coming out. Ay! and it is time to come out, and lay the ax of *Almighty* truth at the root of the antinomian tree. Thousands are deceiving themselves, I can see it—see it more particularly in the *clear* headed. Look at the Church—the Church professing the truth, and in what more than *creed* does that Church differ from the world? Can we distinguish the saints from sinners? Can we not often find more gravity, seriousness, and even morality in men of the world than in many in the Church? The Church of truth—or rather the professing Church of truth—has lost her character, and with her character her strength. I do not say that there are not some holy and blessed exceptions; ay, say you, and I suppose you are one of them—I do not say so. Indeed, sometimes I feel that I have been so *old manish* that I am afraid that I do not know anything as I ought (according to the term of my profession), to know. But I hope I am looking out of obscurity—I feel now I want the *mitre* as well as the *ephod*. Holiness to the Lord is what I wish and pray for; I know I shall be called *legal*,—I am prepared for all that. Should I be right, and that I most fervently pray to be, it will matter but little what I am called.

I trust that the Sabbath School Teacher will excuse this long preamble, I did not intend writing thus, when I took my pen; and certainly I do not for a moment suspect him of any improper motive in the question pro-

posed, namely, "Is it right and proper to teach children to pray?" I remember an anecdote—which I believe has been well authenticated of a minister in his travels stopping at an inn, in which he conversed with a little girl who was very ignorant of every religious matter, and he taught her a prayer which he requested her to repeat as often as she could, and the prayer was this, "Lord shew me myself." In the morning he left. Some weeks after, he had occasion to pass that way again, and feeling deeply interested in the child, he called at the inn to ascertain the state of her mind, and to his joy he found her in great distress, the Lord had heard her prayer, and convinced her of her state as a sinner. The man of God then taught her this prayer, "Lord, shew me thyself;" that prayer too was answered, and the poor little ignorant waiting maid was made wise unto salvation.

I thought of proposing twelve questions to the Sabbath school teacher in answer to his requisition; but as I have already trespassed so much upon your pages, I must confine myself to two:—

Query 1.—*Is there THAT in the irrational part of the animal kingdom which answers to prayer?* I think there is; but they are not the prayers of *duty*, except it be of that duty which emanates from the law of necessity. As *creatures*, we are all dependent upon the great source of our being and subsistence, and this doctrine seems to constitute one universal element in the instinct of animated nature. "The young ravens cried." (Psalm cxlvii. 9.) Yes, and so did young Ishmael with the same *instinctive* cry. Gen. xxi. 17.

Query 2.—*Is prayer contemplated in the moral code?* If so, then it is a duty—a duty binding upon all, for whatever is comprehended in the ten commandments is to be *observed*. Our inability to do all it prescribes, in no wise lessens its commanding authority. I again say, if prayer can be found in the law by positive *command*, or by *implication*, I unhesitatingly avow that prayer is and must be a duty. I might add another question, which may throw a little more light upon the subject, viz: Do we pray as *sinners*, or as *saints*? As *sinners*: do I pray for pardon? I pray for pardon as a sinner: I have pardon as a saint. Do I pray for righteousness?—I pray for righteousness as a sinner: I have righteousness as a saint. Do I pray for holiness?—I pray for holiness as a sinner: I have holiness as a saint. Do I pray for wisdom? I pray for wisdom as a sinner: I have wisdom as a saint. Will it not follow that that prayer which is adapted to me as a sinner is also adapted to others as sinners. We know that we cannot teach sinners *spiritually*, we also know that we cannot teach them the gospel *efficiently*, and *savingly*. No: power belongeth unto God. Peter told Simon Magus to pray for forgiveness, not that he believed that Magus could of himself pray to God without the help of the Spirit, but he knew not that the Spirit might not attend his admonition, and lead him to sincere repentance.

When a child, I was taught to repeat the *Pater Noster*—(the disciples; commonly

called, the Lord's prayer,) to rehearse the creed commencing "I believe in God," &c; and to say the following,

"Little children be so wise,  
Speak the truth and tell no lies;  
The liar's portion is to dwell  
For ever in the lake of hell."

And that verse clung to me from my earliest days; and I must attribute my detestation of lying to that verse, which has ever been with me. I come to this conclusion, that a simple prayer can never damage a child; and *if it may*, by God's blessing, be of great service and benefit in checking youthful follies, &c.

And am, Mr. Editor, in all Christian sincerity, your's faithfully,  
S. COZENS.

### A WARNING TO BACKSLIDERS, AND A WORD TO CARELESS HEARERS OF THE GOSPEL.

MARY WILLOUGHBY died April 15th. She was baptized, and became a member of a Baptist Church at Maidstone, Kent; but being removed in Providence to Wycombe Marsh, she joined the church at New Land Chapel, Wycombe; and for a few years was an active, useful, member; constant in attendance, and was very happy in the ways of the Lord. But, alas! she got into a careless state, neglected the means; and pained the minds of her fellow members; and though the gospel was preached as well near her residence, she did not encourage the servants of God who preached there by her presence—and no wonder she was a stranger to that joy and peace she formerly possessed. But God in mercy did not let her alone in this dead state, but sent affliction to teach her and bring her again to himself, and by bitter experience she found what the Psalmist says is true; "if my children forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments: if they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments, then will I visit their transgressions with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes." She was laid upon a bed of affliction, and her sufferings were, at times, very great for near seven years.

But it produced the end intended by her Lord, and her deep sorrow and grief several have witnessed, when she said, "When in health I would not go to God's house, and now, oh! that I could meet with his people, join in praising him, and hearing the glorious gospel!" Thus the Lord was as good as his word in the next verse of the Psalm:—

"Nevertheless, my lovingkindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail."

He restored comfort to her soul, and she, at last, felt his kind, forgiving love, (though she could not forgive herself) and no doubt she is now with her Lord who bought her with his precious blood.

Oh! that you, dear reader, may be diligent in the use of the means for your soul's good, and you, poor backslider, may this speak to you, for if you really were what you once professed to be, you have sinned a very hell into your soul, although grace prevents your sinning your soul to hell. You find no time for God; but you are a stranger to peace; a blight rests upon you, and with all that smile

upon your brow, you at times feel the effect of God's frown; and know what it is to be filled with your own ways; you cannot be quite easy in the world; you cannot face a child of God; they look upon you with sorrow, to think that you once professed to love the Lord, and now deny him. Your children care not to go to God's house, because you go not there; you help them to believe the *lie* that religion is all a sham, and so you increase their unconcern for their immortal souls, and push them on to ruin.

Devils rejoice together at your sad state, to know they have broken your legs, broken your peace, and soon would break your neck if they could. May the Lord stop you, and bring you to his feet, and let you rove no more. If he does not before you are laid upon your dying bed, Oh, what a scene will that be! What poisonous asps will swarm about you, and sting you on your dying pillow!

What a lesson this should teach us all who love the Lord! What need to pray for keeping in his ways—to pray for grace to keep us humble, to keep us from sin "that it may not grieve us," to keep us from the vanities of the world, and from the deceitfulness of self-righteousness!

Our excellent brother Miller, of Wycombe Marsh, officiated at the interment of Mary Willoughby; and delivered a wholesome address on the occasion.

ONE THAT WISHES WELL TO ZION.

### REDEMPTION FUND.

*Geelong, Australia.*—Our brother John Bunyan McCure has most generously sent us a draft note for FIVE POUNDS towards Redemption Fund. We tender him our most sincere acknowledgements—and trust his usefulness and prosperity under God, may long continue, and abundantly increase.

*Liverpool.*—Given by Friends in the Chapel, Prospect-street, Low Hill, £1 4s. 6d.

*Manchester.*—Collected after sermon by C. W. B. in Mr E. Samuel's Chapel, Salford, £4 7s. 6d.  
Sum already announced - £94 1s. 10d.

Mrs N. M. ... ..	0	2	6
S. Croofoot, Holloway, ... ..	0	1	0
Per Mr T. Jones, from Mr Fleeming, Wolverhampton, .. ..	0	10	0
A. S. in stamps ... ..	0	1	0
Mrs. Atkins ... ..	0	1	0
D. Town ... ..	0	2	6
D. H. ... ..	0	3	0
Thomas Lamb ... ..	0	1	0
Thomas Rowland, Coggeshall ... ..	0	2	6
Do. ... ..	0	1	0
Per Mr Richard Channen, Mrs Chappell ... ..	0	1	0
Mrs Bailey, ... ..	0	1	0
E. S. L. S. ... ..	0	1	0
Mr Murphy, left in Dover Road, ... ..	0	1	0
Female Friend (given to C. W. B. in pulpit at Brookley,) ... ..	0	2	0
A Brentford Currier, ... ..	0	0	6
Mr John Pledger, Staines ... ..	0	2	6
One who heard C. W. B. to profit in North of England, Pemberton, ..	0	2	6
"Minimus" Halstead, ... ..	0	0	6
A Poor Maiden, ... ..	0	0	3
E. T. Marylebone ... ..	0	2	0
Mrs E. Allen, Ashford, ... ..	0	1	0
A Surrey Tabernacle Member, ... ..	0	1	0

## JOHN BUNYAN'S DISTINCTION Between the Two-fold Giving out of the Law.

[THE following is from an ancient volume of John Bunyan's writings, many of whom, we think are but little known by the Churches in this day. We have felt persuaded that the Lord would render the re-issue of it in THE EARTHEN VESSEL, a blessing to many of His own dear people. With this hopeful, and prayerful persuasion, we here give it. Before reading the following extract from Bunyan, the reader should distinctly examine the nineteenth and the thirty-fourth Chapters of Exodus.—An hour may thus be spent, we trust, much to the edification of the sincere seeker after truth.—Ed.]

THE law was given twice upon Mount Sinai, but the appearance of the Lord when he gave it the second time, was wonderfully different from that of his, when at the first he delivered it to Israel.

I. When he gave it the first time, he caused his terror and severity to appear before Moses, to the shaking of his soul and the dismaying of Israel: But when he gave it the second time, he caused all his goodness to pass before Moses, to the comfort of his conscience and the bowing of his heart.

II. When he gave it the first time, it was with Thundrings and Lightnings, with Blackness and Darkness, with Flame and Smoke, and a tearing sound of the Trumpet: but when he gave it the second time, it was with a proclamation of his name to be merciful, gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgressions, and sins.

III. When he gave it the first time, Moses was called to go up to receive it through the fire, which made him exceedingly fear and quake: but when he went to receive it the second time, he was hid in a clift of the rock.

IV. From all which I gather, that, though as to the matter of the law, both as to its being given the first time, and the second, it binds the unbeliever under the pains of Eternal Damnation (if he close not with Christ by Faith). Yet as to the manner of its giving at these two times, I think the first doth more principally intend its force as a Covenant of works, not at all respecting the Lord Jesus; but this second time not (at least in the manner of its being given) respecting such a Covenant, but rather as a rule, or directing to those who already are found in the clift of the rock, Christ; for the saint himself, though he be without law to God, as it is considered the first or old Covenant, yet even he is not without law to him as considered under grace, nor without law to God, but under the law to Christ.

V. Though therefore it be sad with the unbeliever, because he only and wholly standeth under the law, as it is given in fire, in smoke, in blackness, and darkness, and thunder; all which threaten him with Eter-

nal ruin if he fulfil not the utmost tittle thereof: yet the believer stands to the law under no such consideration, neither is he so at all to hear or regard it, for he is now removed from thence to the blessed mountain of Zion, to grace and forgiveness of sins; he is now, I say, by faith in the Lord Jesus, shrouded under so perfect and blessed a righteousness, that this thundering law of Mount Sinai cannot find the least fault of diminution therein; but rather approveth and alloweth thereof either when, or where-ever it find it. This is called the righteousness of God, which is by faith in Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe, for there is no difference.

VI. Wherefore when ever thou who believest in Jesus, doest hear the law in its thundering and lightning fits, as if it would burn up heaven and earth; then say thou, I am freed from this law, these thundrings have nothing to do with my soul; nay even this law, while it thus thunders and roareth, it doth both allow and approve of my righteousness. I know that Hagar would sometimes be domineering and high, even in Sarah's house and against her; but this she is not suffered to do, nay, though Sarah herself be barren; wherefore serve it also as Sarah served her, and expel her out of thy house. My meaning is, when this law with its thundrings doth attempt to lay hold on thy conscience, shut it out with a promise of grace; cry, the Inn is took up already, the Lord Jesus is here entertained, and here is no room for the law. Indeed, if it be content with being my reformer, and so lovingly leave off to judge me, I will be content, it shall be in my sight, I will also delight therein; but otherwise, I being now made upright without it, and that too with that righteousness, which this law speaks well of and approveth; I may not, will not, cannot, dare not, make it my Saviour and judge, nor suffer it to set up its government in my conscience; for by so doing, I fall from Grace, and Christ Jesus doth profit me nothing.

VII. Thus, therefore, the soul that is married to HIM that is raised up from the dead, both may and ought to deal with this law of God; yea, it doth greatly dishonour

its Lord and refuse its gospel privileges, if it at any time otherwise doth, whatever it seeth or feels. The law hath power over the wife so long as her husband liveth, but if her husband be dead she is freed from that law, so that she is no adulteress though she be married to another man. Indeed so long as thou art alive to sin and to thy righteousness which is of the law, so long thou hast them for thy husband and they must reign over thee: but when once they become dead unto thee, as they most certainly will, when thou closest with the Lord Jesus Christ; then, I say, thy former husbands have no more to meddle with thee, thou art freed from their law. Suppose a woman be cast into prison for a debt of hundreds of pounds, if after this she marry! yea, though while she is joined to her husband, her debt is all become his; yea, and the law which arrested and imprisoned this woman, now freely tells her, go; she is freed, saith Paul, from that, and so saith the law of this land.

The sum then of what hath been said is this, the Christian hath now nothing to do with the Law, as it thundereth and burneth on Sinai, or as it bindeth the conscience to wrath and the displeasure of God for Sin; for from it thus appearing, it is freed by faith in Christ. Yet it is to have regard thereto, and it is to count it holy, just and good; which that it may do, it is always whenever it seeth or regards it, to remember that he who giveth it to us is merciful, gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth, &c.

#### DID THE SAVIOUR TAKE UP THE SAME LIFE AS HE LAID DOWN?

DEAR MR. EDITOR—Among the many opinions relating to the Person of the Saviour, there are some very curious ones, and it is upon one of these curious opinions I will, with your kind permission, make just a remark or two.

The curious opinion to which I allude is, that when the Saviour rose from the dead, flesh and bones, but *not blood*, rose from the dead. What end this sentiment aims at I know not, or *where the authority* for such a sentiment is I know not, or by what circumstance, or by what process of reasoning such a sentiment is sought to be established, I know not; all I can say is that such a sentiment is contrary to my own opinion, and I should think it is a sentiment contrary to the Scriptures, and consequently contrary to fact and to truth. The Saviour laid down his life, but does it therefore follow that every drop of blood of his sacred body must be shed? Is there any proof that all his blood literally was shed? does the piercing of his hands, his feet and his side necessarily convey

such an idea? I think not: I believe he was, as to his manhood, a perfectly *sinless natural man*, just as Adam was before the fall, (Rom. v. 14.; Heb. ix. 14.) and that he rose again, a perfectly sinless man. When I say perfectly a natural man, I mean that he was perfectly *human* when he rose from the dead; it is true flesh and bones only are mentioned, but then the reason for this is both simple and clear (Luke xxiv.) when he appeared suddenly in the midst of the disciples, they were affrighted, and supposed they had seen a *spirit*; but he said, "behold my hands and my feet: that it is I, myself, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have." Now, to have said a spirit hath not flesh and bones and *blood*, as ye see me have, would, we at once see, have been improper; because you cannot with propriety say a spirit hath not *blood*, as ye see me have: he mentions, therefore, only the visible substance and outlines of the body, and thus spake (as he always did do) as the occasion required. The blood is the life, and he took up the life that he laid down. Here he very materially differed from us: we shall not rise by the self-same life that died, because our natural life is vitiated, corrupt, and must see corruption; but he "whom God raised from the dead," saw no corruption, therefore he needs *nothing new* to raise him from the dead: for his natural life never was corrupted: "his life was pure without a spot, and all his nature clean." But we need *something new* to raise us from the dead, and something new, by which we shall be raised from the dead. He is the resurrection and the life, but he himself could rise from the dead *as he was*, and thus show that while "by man came death, by man came also the resurrection from the dead." So I understand it, that just as Adam was when he sinned, or rather *before* he sinned, just such was the manhood of Christ when he rose from the dead: for the children being partakers of flesh and *blood*, he likewise took part of the *same*; that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the Devil.

Well, then, he certainly rose the same as he died, a *partaker of flesh and blood*, for it was *with our nature* that he was to conquer sin, death, and Satan. Is it then likely he would rise without one of the *essentials* to perfect manhood? For myself, I have not so learned Christ. I believe his manhood was precisely the *same* in his resurrection as in his death: if it were not so, how could the purpose be answered? Look at it; he took flesh and blood to conquer and put away sin and death, and to destroy the power of Satan, but if *death retained* an essential part of his manhood, where, then, would be the completeness of the victory? *We* are very differently situated. *Our victory* is not by anything *we* naturally possess, for our victory

is the *gift* of God, and is, by what the Saviour hath done for us, and this victory for us, is realized by us, by the faith of the operation of God the Holy Ghost; but the Saviour's victory was his own *personal* achievement, and so the same person who conquered all our sins in death, conquered also and triumphed *over* death: so that he dieth no more, death hath no more dominion over him.

And thus it appears that until he *entirely* finished his sojourn on earth, he remained in the (sinless) likeness of men; and that as a partaker of flesh and blood, had conquered: and as perfect man, as partaker of flesh and blood, he ranged, after his resurrection, over the battle-field, and sees with *perfect* satisfaction, everything he had done. And had he to live his life, and die his death over again, not one thing would he alter; all the time he staid on earth *with* us, up to the day of his ascension, he was, like us, a partaker of flesh and blood. But what the kind of change of state his manhood underwent in its ascension to heaven, we shall better understand when we come into the light of perfect day; it was by the perfection of his atonement that he entered heaven: by his own blood, that is, by his death, by the all-sufficiency thereof, he entered into the holy of holies, to appear in the presence of God, *not against us, but for us.*

And though the wounds in his feet, and hands, and side, were, after his resurrection, still visible, yet there appeared nothing in other respects different from his general appearance before his death, for even the disciples going to Emmaus would have known him from his appearance, were it not that their eyes were holden that they should not know him.

But above all, let us be careful how we speak of this wonderful Person, for he is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints, and to be had in reverence by all them that are round about him.

I have, Mr. Editor, made these few remarks by *request*, and singular as may be the notion of the Saviour when he rose from the dead having no blood in his body, yet it is a notion which involves more consideration than I have here space to dwell on. I therefore conclude that the Saviour took up the *self-same* life which he had laid down; that his flesh and blood were *not* corrupt flesh and blood; for of *corrupt* flesh and blood, the Apostle says that it cannot inherit the kingdom of God. He, therefore, will "change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body."

CAMON.

"Our accountability to God was so great, that none but the Almighty shoulders of Jesus Christ could bear the burden."—*James Wells.*

## EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

### LETTER XLII.

My good Theophilus, I will now proceed with a few more remarks upon the resurrection of the body. I will notice how the body is to be raised up, the state to which it is to be raised, the prospect for which it will be fitted, together with the desirableness of this ultimate state of things.

How, then, will the body be raised up? The body will be raised as it appears to me, in a way that will require every perfection; every attribute of the Most High God, and as the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is to raise the dead, will not this great event be a full demonstration of his Godhead, and to the confirming of every one of his friends, and confusion of his foes?

The living are to be changed, and the dead to be raised in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. Here, then, must be *Omniscience*; that is, infinite knowledge, for if there could be *one atom* unknown to him that raised the dead, he then could not know that the resurrection is *complete*: something may be gathered up which ought not to be gathered up, or something left to be consumed with the earth, which ought not to be consumed. The Messiah will indeed then demonstrate that he knoweth all things. This infinity of knowledge is one of the seals of our security, and it is a seal that standeth sure. The Lord *knoweth* them that are his.

*Omnipresence* is also essential to the resurrection, for it is only where he is, that the dead can be quickened, but the dead as well as the living will be found in the four quarters of the globe; and they are to be raised not as they were called by God, one by one, or one at one time and another at another time, for they are to be all raised at the same time, even at the selfsame moment.

*Omnipotence*: for what but Almighty power could raise, in a moment, the dust into immortality of a number which no man can number, and at the same time lift them from earth to heaven, even to the heaven of heaven's most glorious height, that they may not have a lower heaven than the Saviour himself, but that where he is, they may be also.

*Eternity*: for the resurrection is for eternity, and that eternity to the saints maintained by the Person, and by the Priesthood, of the Saviour.

*Holiness*, to assimilate them to himself, and present them holy, and without blame, before him in love.

*Love*: for what but great love could or would raise us up into joy unspeakable and full of glory? and this glory follows in accordance with the work of redemption.

*Skilfulness*; he guides them now by the skilfulness of his hand, and feeds them according to the integrity of his heart: but what will be the skilfulness needed to so construct the body that it shall, without fault or flaw, drawback or hindrance, go rejoicing on to all eternity?

Thus shall the Saviour appear in his om-

niscience, omnipresence, omnipotence, eternity, holiness, love, and skilfulness; when every empire, every province, every city, every town, every village, every house within the "wide, wide world" shall be broken up; not one stone shall be left upon another. Land-slips, volcanoes, and earthquakes, are but symptoms of the approaching event of nature's final groan. Old Father Time must give up the ghost. There are already some signs of his nearing the autumn of his age; the days (peradventure) of affliction which now keep the nations in darkness, will soon be shortened, and then comes a more extensive spread of the gospel of the grace of God, and a great harvest of souls ingathered to Christ. Then cometh the end, and that end will be *sudden*, it will be in a *moment*. The earth will stay her course, and yield up her living and her dead.

How these things can be, can be explained only by the will and *ability* of him who *says* it shall be so, and as the universe came into being at his word, it shall pass away at his word.

But look, most excellent Theophilus, not only at the glory of the Saviour's mighty power in raising the dead in a moment, but look also at the five-fold contrast given to us by the Apostle in this 15th of Corinthians.

It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption. Incorruption! what does this mean? First, it means *freedom from disease*; and secondly, freedom from all *liability* to disease or death. This, then, I will call substitution the first.

Second, honor for dishonor. Sin is our corruption and our dishonour; and so the body sinks under the weight of its own dishonour; but it is raised in glory; fitted for nearer approach to God than perhaps the highest angel can ever reach: for Jesus passed by the nature of angels, and took upon him the seed of Abraham, and so shall the body be for ever buoyant, bold, glorious, happy, and bright as the morning star.

Third, power for weakness. It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power, all its Godlike powers will be mighty in oneness with the soul to range in the boundless pleasures and delights of God and the Lamb; no time lost in sleep; no clogging from sameness: everlasting good tidings meeting and following them everywhere; no loss to regret; no foe to fear; no sin to startle the conscience, to burden, or to distress; no accusing devil; no frowning world; no false brethren; no clouds to obscure the vision of a smiling God.

Fourth, spiritual for natural. It is to be raised a *spiritual* body, not *etherial*, but it is to be *substantial*, or it would not be a *body*. The body then is not to be turned into a *spirit*, but yet the body is to be spiritual; that is that the sights, scents, sounds and touches of the heavenly world will in perfection be recognised and enjoyed by the body; whereas, in our present state, the body, in its various senses, is only fitted for *this world*: though, my good Theophilus, you are enabled, upon the whole, to "present your body a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God," yet it is not

by any delight the body has in the service of God, that you are enabled so to do, for now it is merely a natural body; but then it will be a spiritual body.

Fifth, it is to be not an earthly body, but a heavenly body; as superior in all its powers to Adam in an earthly paradise, as is the glorified body of the Saviour to the heavenly paradise. Here, then, will be complete personal conformity to Christ: for "we shall be like him," and "see him as he is:" and for all the nearest and dearest natural ties and affections will be substituted heavenly ties, and pure, perfect, infallible, immortal affections; for we are to be perfect in love, and we shall know each other there by remembrance, much as two persons brought to know the truth, recollect each other while each was in a state of nature, but then this part of their knowledge does not *much* interest them, for they have the same union of soul to those whom they did not know in a state of nature, as to those they did know in a state of nature; but this part, as I have said, of their knowledge does not *much* interest them: it is their knowledge of, and oneness in the truth, that supremely interests them. And so it will be in heaven, their perfect knowledge of each other with whom they sojourned on earth, will not *much* interest them; it will be their then present state and prospects which will supremely unite and interest them: and, therefore, the feasible fables of wives and husbands, parents and children, making a part of the delight in heaven, have no place in the Bible! for if you carry this notion into eternity, most terrible consequences must follow: namely, that if the presence of one who was an earthly relative gives delight, then the *absence of others* must create distress; therefore, every *human tie* must *perish*.

I am aware that in thus speaking I am robbing the effeminate ladies'-man kind of preacher of a very essential element to his *pathos*, an essential element to his charity, and sometimes an essential element to a good collection; and nature, as these soft-tongued prophets well known, is much easier affected by its own fables, than by the facts of the gospel.

But, my good Theophilus, be not thou like unto them; for in God's truth you must know nothing but the truth, and for the truth sake, let who may oppose, whether it be wife, husband, child, parent, or any other relative, you, I say, for the truth sake, must take up your daily cross, and "know no man after the flesh."

Thus then, you see, though some things in this order of things seem hard to flesh and blood; yet, there is enough of glory to more than make up all the sacrifice, which nature has to make — all tears for ever wiped away.

Prospect. But look for a moment at the passport with which, on the resurrection morning, you will set out for your *endless* round of pleasures, mixed up with none but those whom you in *perfection love*—God and the Lamb, angels and saints. How good and pleasant it will be to dwell in that divine

unity, we must be there to know: the whole glory thereof is *unspeakable*. Thy sun will never go down, thy moon will not withdraw its brightness, thy person and inheritance for ever; the Lord shall be unto thee thine *everlasting* light; and thy God thy glory; the days of thy mourning shall be ended."

Is it then, any wonder that those who have, through grace, known most of the Saviour—most of the love of God,—have a desire "to depart and be with Christ, which is far better;" that they have hastened on by faith and love, to the coming of the day of God; and though the heavens will be on fire, and be dissolved, and intermediate elements melt with fervent heat, and though worlds unnumbered will loose their equilibrium, and after rolling thousands of years in silent majesty, and uninterrupted order, will burst into fragments, and fly in wild and universal disorder; helping, with infinite fury, to tear each other to pieces; yet drawn to, and falling upon the orb, which has ruled the day; the collision of broken fragments, to reach their final grave, their collisions will be so fearful, that the loudest thunder ever heard, is, in the comparison, but a mere whisper, and hardly that, when these broken worlds are drawn to the sun, and there formed into one boundless funeral pile, so that with infinite thunders, shall be heat, infinite in intensity, and the sun shall do its last office: shall burn to annihilation the worlds it has lighted and controlled; and then, with infinite struggle, the sun itself shall turn dark, tremble, stagger, roll to and fro—begin to rend in twain; and then a groan shall reach to hell's tremendous deep, and heaven's wondrous height: hell trembles, heaven is silent! What awful vibrations are these! how slowly their thunders lessen! Some mighty angel! tell me what meaneth this? take a wide survey through the vast expanse! Gabriel comes with solemn looks, and yet an under smile, and brings the tidings true! He it was, the king of time, dying,—the king of time is dead; and time itself shall be no more: nothing but eternity left for the lost and the saved! though then, I say, all this must take place, yet you have a gospel of holy conversation,—a gospel of Godliness. Now, in this gospel conversation, and in this gospel Godliness, what *manner* of person ought you to be? Well, you ought to follow the faith of those, to whom Jesus Christ was the *same* yesterday, to day and for ever. Now, you will meet with some, of such ill manners, that they, in the course of a few years, preach or profess half-a-dozen Jesus Christs;

"Such turn and twist at every blast;  
Rust to a point, and fix at last."

I trust never to see you this manner of person, for I am sure it is a very bad manner. But, the Lord hath turned to you a pure tongue, and has brought you into oneness with the great mystery of Godliness—God manifest in the flesh. So that you have wherewith to hasten unto the coming of the day of God; being justified by faith, you have peace with God; and you are to be diligent, to see that you are found in this peace;

and your hope is in the blood of the everlasting covenant, and by which you will be found without spot; for the blood of Christ leaveth no spot; it cleanseth from all sin. You must be diligent to look to this part also, of your standing; and also, you must not draw back from the truth; you must not apostatize, for then you would not be found *blameless*. Thus, then, to be *found* of him, as you do pray to be found of him, you must be justified by faith, and so be found of him in peace; and you must be washed in his blood, and so be found of him without spot; you must hold fast his truth, and so not to have to bear the blame of apostacy; hence, says the apostle, "that I may be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law; but that which is through faith of Christ, the righteousness which is (not of man, but) of God by faith." And in this way, and this way only, you will find that death has lost its sting—the grave has lost its victory, while you will be, through God, more than conqueror—he giveth you the victory.

Thus, I have tried to set before you the truth,—the order; and, in this letter, a few remarks (though very feebly,) upon the glory of the resurrection. I say feebly, for what can you expect of such

A LITTLE ONE?

## PRAYER AND PRAISE

FROM AUSTRALIA.

[We give the following epistle *verbatim*—its originality, spirituality, and savour; will fully compensate for its literary defects.—Ed.]

DEAR BROTHER BANKS—Although unknown to you, yet you are well known to me, and my dear partner in life. We are now living on borrowed days, having passed our threescore years and ten; and, bless the Lord, not a wrinkle or a furrow on us, coupled with every blessing of good health, and rich provisions from our God, for body and for soul; for time and eternity. I desire to bless God that ever the EARTHEN VESSEL was in our possession, and that we have been enabled to read it, and enjoy its savory contents. My very dear friend, Mr. Marks, has sent me some late numbers of this year, which rejoices me much, in finding you are in some measure delivered from some of your trials. Dear Brother, we sincerely wish we had it in our power, when in England, to have contributed to your welfare; but now, I have, I trust, such refreshing truths to tell you, as will cheer you up, and your church. I have before me the blessed Word of God; I open it; I sincerely asked my Lord to allow me to send you a word for your comfort. I opened on John ix., the words—"and as Jesus passed by, he saw a man which was blind from his birth." Aye, think I am such an one; and what then of it? why this—Jesus hath opened my eyes, and I have been a blind beggar by the way side, and must say "'twere folly to pretend,—I never begged before." (*Vide* dear Hart.) My dear brother, I think the



whole of this chapter belongs to me, it is my experience. "And they cast him out." Yes, and in my early days, I were cast out. But again,—“Jesus heard they had cast him out; and when he had found him, he said unto him, dost thou believe on the Son of God? And he said, Lord I believe, and he worshipped him.” Now my soul, what is thy testimony? O thou art the blessed Christ of God! my Everlasting, Dear, Dearest Lord, to whom I am so greatly indebted, loved of and by thee; accept my thanks, blind as I have been, and begging still at thy mercy; do still vouchsafe to look on me and mine. We crave an interest in your prayers. I have said this chapter is mine, but I must go further than this; I claim nothing less than the whole Word of God, as my comfort, rule, and guide. I could write you a long tale of God's goodness, and what he has done in me, as well as for me, this half century of experience. But the Lord still blesses us, in this, our adopted land.

There are many Godly ministers in South Australia, and very many of the dear children of God in Adelaide. I must give you some little account of us South Australians. We have, in Adelaide, twelve places of worship, wherein is, I believe, a church of Christ, this, in itself is blessed.

In North Adelaide, is six places, different denominations, but Christ, and him crucified is the gospel preached to all coming sinners; two churches of England, and gospel ministers are over them. Our Baptist churches keep aloof, one from the other—no union, as I see. This is not what should be. I am well persuaded for some time, our Baptist churches should be under some better guidance and arrangements, than what they are; I do not see why they should not be united as one throughout the land. Union is strength, and God will bless such doings. Why are your periodicals so full of so many grievous complaints of our dear watchmen being bereft from churches, entirely through spleen, and ill designed persons, who are for ever bickering, and raising calumny, and separating themselves, and dividing churches and ministers sent by God to them? I, as an old man, am ashamed of the conduct of many of our professing churches in England to their ministers. I love the dear servants of God too much, than not to speak my mind.

If you were unitedly to adopt the principle of amalgamating all the Baptist churches in England, and send your ministers from Circuit to circuit, and provide for them as the Wesleyans do, you would not have these troubles of your own, engendering on you. But, no, you must have separate causes; it must be our cause, and Mr. So and So we belong to. I ask brethren, is the church of Christ one in heaven? then you should be united in one on earth. From whence cometh divisions amongst you? &c., &c. My brethren, see to it! let no longer this anarchy and misdoing reign amongst you! Up, and be doing! such captivity must not be any longer! “Arise, shine, for the glory of the Lord has risen upon you.” But, methinks I hear

you say—It is impossible. It is not a reply. “All things are possible to them that believe.” Sound the alarm through the land, and mend your ways, and be assured God will bless the effort to build up your faithful churches, and cherish his dear watchmen.—Son of Man! warn this people. Ah, say you, but I thought you was going to comfort me; well, so I am—“May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the blessed Spirit, be with you all, evermore. Amen, and amen. Your's sincerely,  
JOHN DANIEL.

Poplar Cottage, Fullerton, near Adelaide, South Australia, November 3rd., 1857.

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MEMOIR OF  
THE LATE JOHN KEEBLE.

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MR EDITOR—Upwards of thirty four years have run their eventful round since JOHN KEEBLE, one of the illiterate of men, was directed in the order of an All-wise Providence, to come to London, and labor in the ministry of the word at Blandford Street Chapel, at a time, when things wore a gloomy aspect there, and the last embers were ready to expire. His labours among that people comprised a period of twenty-six years. Many hundreds of immortal souls obtained spiritual profit under him, and four hundred and ninety-seven members were added to the Church during his Pastorate.

I have before me the funeral sermon preached by Mr. John Chinn, of Walworth, on the occasion of Mr. Keeble's death. It is, on such a subject, one of the most important sermons I ever read. It is exceedingly scarce, so that a copy can rarely, if at all, be obtained at any price. Had I the means I would reprint it, But I will draw out the *essence* of that sermon, so far as *John Keeble is concerned*, together with his *wonderful obituary*, for the pages of the EARTHEN VESSEL. It is far too valuable to be lost. There is not a memoir in all my “Bunhill Memorials,” of three hundred ministers, that transcends it.

I only add, that as the Blandford Street Church is now in a widowed state by the death of their late pastor, Mr. J. B. Bowes, should the Lord in his Providence, send them a minister as like-minded, and as sound in the truth, as was John Keeble, it will be one of the greatest blessings that can be conferred upon them. But such faithful men of God are as rare now-a-days as white Africans. I am, Mr. Editor, Your's in the Lord,

J. A. JONES.

Jireh, May 15.

(To be continued in our next.)

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ON THE SIN  
AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST.

Matthew xii. 31, 32.

It has often occurred to my mind that not a few of the Lord's dear children have been, and often are much tried, and exercised respecting the subject at the head of these remarks; the writer many years since was sorely afflicted on account thereof; he searched the word of God, and eagerly sought the opinions of good, and gracious men upon it, but could find little or no relief; the enemy continually assuring him that this sin was laid to his charge; he tried to decypher its meaning, prayed earnestly to comprehend it, but its ambiguity seemed to increase. At times he was led to conclude it to be the pointed rebuke our Lord gave the Pharisees when they charged him with working miracles under the influence of Satan; but then he himself adds "all manner of sin and blasphemy, shall be forgiven unto men;" also, "whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man it shall be forgiven him," and this, most assuredly, was against *him*, although in a certain sense it might be considered against the Holy Ghost; he being one of the Persons of the ever blessed Trinity. And in his Mediatorial character the Spirit dwelling in him more abundantly so, that thus speaking against him was virtually sinning against the Holy Ghost. Thus he thought of those who not only spoke against but actually *crucified him*; and yet in his expiring moments he prayed "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Luke xxiii. 34, beside which it appeared to him, that amongst the number who maliciously cried, Crucify, crucify him, not a few of *them* were amongst the number blest under that memorable sermon preached by Peter on the day of Pentecost, and were brought to receive the word with gladness, were baptized, and added to the church. Acts ii. 41. Then the writer thought, as it is affirmed by some, a sin against knowledge. If so, it would appear to be chargeable on the greater part of the human family, and not a few of the people of God are constrained to acknowledge before the Lord in deep humiliation that such, more or less, may be brought against them every day of their lives: which constrains them to cry out with the prophet "From the sole of the foot, even unto the head, there is no soundness in it, but wounds and bruises, and putrifying sores." Isa. i. 6. "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Rom. vii. 24. But what is the sin which cannot be pardoned? and from the punishment due to it, there can be no escape? he was often saying in an agony, "have I committed it? O, is it chargeable upon me? I am lost, irrecoverably lost!" O what anguish of soul did he experience! how earnestly did he cry, and groan, out unto the Lord that *he* would decide this doubtful case unto him! Months rolled on, but at length a still small voice was heard, which brought the long wished for, and desired relief. Yes! that sweet voice almost audible:—"he that hath committed this sin, was never distressed about it." "Enough! thou gracious Lord; it is thou that speaketh; thou

knowest it has been my burden, that it has caused many sleepless nights, agonizing days, but the *echo* was heard again "*he that hath committed this sin, was never distressed about it.*"

It may be, as before mentioned, that some of the readers of your *VESSEL*, may have thus been tempted and harassed: if so, may the dear Lord speak in like manner unto them, that their fears like mine, on this matter may be removed.

I have put my ideas in a poetic dialogue if you think well to affix it do. Yours in Gospel Bonds,  
W. CHAPPELL.

A DIALOGUE  
ON THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

BETWEEN

A MINISTER AND A BURDENED SINNER.

MINISTER.

Esteem'd friend, your looks bespeak despair;  
Come, and unburthen to me all your care;  
Perhaps I may a word of comfort speak,  
That, by God's help may give you some relief.

BURDENED SINNER.

You're right, dear sir, I do feel much deprest,  
For night and day I scarce get any rest;  
My soul beset by an infernal host;

And fear I've sinned against the Holy Ghost.  
M.—That's sad indeed, nor can I wonder much,  
If this should be thy case, that thou art such,  
But may you not in this mistaken be;  
And giving way to the great enemy?

S.—Ah no! I fear this truly is my case,  
The more I think, the more it I can trace,  
I've sinn'd against both light and knowledge too,

And sure to endless torments I must go.  
M.—Such reasoning as this does not appear  
Sufficient ground, for such forboding fear,  
Since many have such exercises felt,  
Who feel assur'd, they're sav'd from sin, and guilt.

S.—But sure there ne'er was one who felt within,  
So great a load of unbelief and sin,  
So prone to yield to every doubt and fear,  
And yet amongst God's living ones appear.

M.—O yes! but few exceptions can be found,  
In those who build upon the solid ground  
Of God's eternal, and unchanging love,  
And hope to dwell amongst the blest above.

S.—But do you think amongst that favoured race,  
Who know they're sav'd by free and sovereign  
grace,  
That there are such whoever felt within,  
They had committed that most awful sin?

M.—O, yes, indeed! and not a few of such  
Have been distress'd and harass'd by it much  
Till they, like you, have given way to fear,  
And sunk into the depths of dark despair.

S.—O could it be! that one e'er sunk so low,  
And yet found mercy! Sure it can't be so;  
Since no forgiveness can be found for them  
Who have been guilty of this dreadful sin.

M.—True it is so! but then thy great distress,  
Doth clearly prove that such is not thy case;  
Since those who really have thus guiltily been  
Rest quite secure and feel no plague within.

S.—O could I but believe this was the case,  
A little gleam of hope, I then might trace,  
For this I know it has my burden been,  
Distress my soul, and spoil'd all peace within.

M.—Cheer up, my friend, you have no cause to  
mourn,  
Since Jesus bled your sins for to atone,  
And may you soon by him, be brought to see,  
This awful sin does not belong to thee.

S.—May it be so, and I some comfort take,  
From the kind words you thus in friendship  
speak;  
And may the God of love your message bless.  
To all like me, who may be thus distressed.

## "ZION" AFFLICTED

WITH WAVE UPON WAVE.

WHILE an unusual number of interesting communications demand our attention, we are constrained to make room for the following (in some sense) melancholy and painful narrative of the removal of almost an entire family by death. We feel persuaded that thousands of our readers will very keenly sympathise with our much and long afflicted ministerial brother, who has again been bereaved. We have now, for some years, looked on both sides of Mr. James Nunn's history. On one side, we have seen him in *ministerial prosperity*;—he has been the honoured instrument of building a beautiful house for the publication of the gospel:—*there*, the Covenant-making—the Covenant-unfolding—the Covenant-keeping God of Jacob has made him a blessing:—*there* his Heavenly Father has given him an affectionate people; a field of usefulness; and a little cot of quietude and composure. But on the other side of his history, we have long witnessed the heavy afflictions which have like a succession of waves—beat upon him. In almost every sense he has been severely tried. His bodily affliction—his loss of children—his other bereavements and piercing trials—have often appeared enough to sink him into the grave: but yet he lives: and, as a monument of sovereign, saving, pardoning, grace, we honestly, fearlessly, most earnestly pray, he may yet be spared: and more than ever honored as a righteous servant of a most compassionate, and merciful Master.

Brethren—when ye have read the following, forgive this flowing out of the Editor's heart toward an afflicted brother, and then, "*go ye, and do likewise*:" Yes! let your sympathies and your prayers be poured out for him—Ed.

MR. EDITOR.—Mrs Lydia Lewes, the second daughter of Mr. J. Nunn, of "Zion," Somers-town, departed this life April 26th, 1858, (in her 28th year) for the mansion prepared for her by her LORD JESUS CHRIST, whom she loved and adored, although she could not always say, "I know he is mine, and I am his." She had the living evidence in her soul that she loved him, because she could always say, "*I wish, I hope, I long, to say assuredly, he is my dear Redeemer. I long to feel assured, he is my dear Saviour: that He died for me!*" In the midst of her heavy affliction, and in the various attacks of the enemy upon her poor mind, she would often say, "It will be well at last." She had no doubt of Christ's ability to save ever to the uttermost; nor of the sufficiency of his precious blood to *cleanse from all sin*; nor of his righteousness to justify. Her trouble, at times, was as to whether she was *interested in him*.

Satan worked with her as he often does with many of God's people, by taking advantage of afflicting circumstances, to suggest to her mind, as to whether these things would be, if she was the loved child of God, by which suggestions, her poor mind was often exercised,

while wave upon wave kept rolling in upon herself and family.

About eighteen months previous to her departure for the kingdom of glory, the sea of trouble broke in upon her. She was confined in November, 1857, with her fifth child, a son, the *only son*. About a month after her confinement, and before she had recovered her strength, her beloved husband was laid up with rheumatic fever; his life at one time despaired of. Before his recovery, appearances of sickness began with her children, and in a few weeks, death took hold of the *only son*; a few hours after, one of the daughters; *both were conveyed to the silent tomb together*. Shortly after, death took the third child, and hurried it to the tomb.

Poor Lydia Lewes! Her health began to break. She drooped under the fatigue and pressure of repeated scenes of maternal affliction. Cheerful, at times, she would say "*all is well: and shall be well!*" but at other times, depressed and tempted, she was left to say, "*why all this?*" two out of five only left, and one of them pining away. Presently death takes the fourth, so that within the short space of four months, four of her dear offspring are removed to the tomb; leaving the poor mother drooping under a consumptive disease. Her eldest child only spared. For several weeks she was evidently sinking; but was able to sit up some part of the day, until about a week before her departure. On the last morning of her earthly pilgrimage, she partook of some bread and milk, laid her head upon her husband's shoulder, asked for the smelling-bottle, took it in her hand, dropped upon the pillow, and swooned away into life eternal, without a moan or a sigh—truly she fell asleep in Jesus—and is blest. Her remains were laid with those of her dear children in Abney Park Cemetery. Mr. J. Vaughan, of Mile End, gave a short and comforting address on the occasion.

### ONE OF THE FAMILY.

[Thus, then, the husband is bereft of his wife—the father of his children—the minister of his daughter—and the church of its friend. It brings to mind that emphatic little word of Paul's, "*Yet a little while*." These four words might be placed as a label on all things. Have we darling children? Have we beloved friends? Have we any earthly delights? Then write on them all—"*Yet a little while!*" and they will all be gone. Have we crosses to bear? Deep afflictions to endure? Write on them—"*Yet a little while*," and they will soon come to an end. But of much greater importance than this are the words of our Lord, "*Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh*." There are four things which are absolutely necessary for a comfortable readiness: a life interest in the everlasting Covenant; pardon and peace by the precious blood of the Lamb; a measure of deadness to the world; the house somewhat set in order. For the bereaved husband, father, and minister, we pray that these things may be so possessed, as to give resignation to all their trials.—Ed.]

## “The Sinner Saved:”

OR,

A FAITHFUL AND IMPARTIAL REVIEW OF THE WORKS OF THAT  
EMINENT SERVANT OF GOD, THE LATE WILLIAM HUNTINGTON.

[The benefits resulting from good tempered, gospel-spirited controversies, are incalculable. We are as much opposed to acrimony as to hypocrisy—and can no more consent to publish anything contrary to TRUTH, than we could consent to be poisoned. Without the slightest hesitation we adopt the Apostles words, “*we can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth.*” therefore, in giving a series of papers from different correspondents, respecting the different phases of the life and labours of the late William Huntington, we previously announce that we are not prepared to endorse all that may appear; but, in those papers we purpose to give, we think, there are lessons to be learned, and spiritual profit to be derived, that will justify our proceeding in the consciences of thousands of our readers. The following arose out of “R. R.’s” animadversions on Mr Huntington, and is the first of several yet to come.—Ed.]

### TO THE EDITOR.

In your January number, I find a letter signed “R. R.,” to which is affixed this title, “*The late Mr. Huntington, a Baptist in Principle; a Sprinkler in Practice.*” It is not my intention to enter the field of controversy, but to subjoin a few extracts from the writings of Mr. H., from which we may gather his real sentiments on the Ordinance of Baptism, and not take the one-sided surmises of “R. R.,” who is one of a party for whom, as a body, that master in Israel, had very little sympathy. Doubtless there were exceptions in his day, as there are now. I could name some few of whom the professing world is not worthy; who, like Mr. H., would scorn hypocrisy in matters of faith; or dissimulation in practice; (although holding the opposite view on Baptism;) men fearing God, and hating covetousness! Before I have done I trust, I shall be able (from his own works) to wipe that vile aspersion of hypocrisy, and dissembling inferred by “R. R.’s” letter from Mr. H.’s memory. “R. R.” also says, that Mr. H. seldom, if ever mentions the subject of baptism in his writings. This shews that he is not very conversant with them; if this was the case, he would have discovered that Mr. H. considers the Scriptures to set forth baptism by the outpouring of the Holy Ghost; and that it represents to us the necessity of the Holy Spirit in regeneration; and clearly does not hold that both ordinances are meant to signify and represent the same thing. Moreover, Mr. Henry Biroh, of Cranbrook, who was an intimate friend of Mr. H., informed me of some conversation he had with Hun-

tington, when he told him the following circumstance in reference to baptism. Mr. H. said when he lived at Thames Ditton, and had hardly a shirt to his back, he used to preach occasionally in London at the chapel of Dr. Gifford, who was a Baptist. After the Dr.’s death, the church invited Mr. H. to become their pastor, at £300 a year, on condition that he would submit to immersion. (This offer was tempting indeed to a poor man). Mr. H., on thinking it over as he was returning home to Thames Ditton, had an amazing alarm raised in his soul and conscience, by the following awful scripture coming to his mind with great power and majesty, which completely settled that matter with him for ever!—“Woe to the idol shepherd that leaveth the flock! the sword shall be upon his arm, and upon his right eye! his arm shall be clean dried up, and his right eye shall be utterly darkened.” Zech xi. 17. This he took as a severe rebuke from his Lord and Master, that if he trod that path his ministry would be without power and unction; and his mind become barren and bewildered; and this perilous condition was to be dreaded more than death itself, (of which he had no fear whatever,) but great dread of the Holy Spirit’s influences. And further, I have great reason to doubt the statement about Mr. H. wishing to be immersed by Mr. Burnham, or any other person, at any time; nor do I believe, from what I have read in his works, and heard from his immediate friends and attendants, that he ever was in favor of baptism by immersion—but on the contrary, his faith and practice was always in favor of the baptism of the infants of believing parents. Mr. Thomas Gravener, who lived at one time in a domestic capacity with Mr. H., related to me this circumstance, as occurring between Mr. Burnham and Mr. Huntington: “Mr. B. called at Mr. H.’s house one evening, to speak to him respecting baptism, and when Mr Burnham’s name was announced Mr. H. went into the passage, with a candle in hand to see him, (which did not appear he was very welcome,) and the wind blew out the light: Mr. H. immediately remarked, ‘ah! there: I found you in the dark and there I shall leave you.’” This was very significant indeed to my mind, when it was told me, and it still remains the same.

Before I proceed with the extracts, I would just refer your correspondent “Timothy,” for a reply to his “Six Questions on Infant Baptism,” to a letter in the Book of Martyrs, of the martyr Philpot (a copy of which I send you,) which he wrote to a loving brother and fellow-prisoner in Newgate, (when he was in the prospect of being put to death for the

truth,) in reply to the anxiety on the subject of Infant Baptism, wherein Mr. Philpot removed the scruples and comforted the mind of his poor, weak brother, and plucked the feet of his fellow-prisoner out of the net of confusion, wherein Satan had been permitted to entangle him. Also, the works of that Prince of Divines, Dr. Thomas Goodwin; the immortal Calvin, Luther, Dr. Owen, the learned Thomas Boston, and Barry's unanswerable work on Baptism; and I might add (perhaps,) *all the reformers of the sixteenth century, as well as the orthodox fathers of antiquity.*

But I shall not enlarge, only to proceed with two or three extracts from Mr. H.'s works.

The first is from the "Destruction of Death by the Fountain of Life." Printed in 1805, page 24, speaking of the waters in Ezek. xlvi. 8, 9, he says:

"The sea is this confused and sin-disordered world; the fish are elected sinners, which the apostles, who were made fishers of men, were sent to catch; the blessing that attended these healing waters is *eternal life*: every thing shall live whither the river cometh. This same blessing is couched under different ordinances: such as circumcision and baptism; 'for by one spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles; whether we be bond or free; and have been made to drink into one Spirit.' 1 Cor. xii. 13. And this drinking into one spirit is explained by Christ himself, 'Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.' John iv. 14. This is the one baptism of which water is an outward sign; and circumcision in the flesh is no more than a sign likewise, for it is said that, 'Abraham received the sign of circumcision, a seal of the righteousness of the faith he had, being yet uncircumcised.' Rom. iv. 11. For true circumcision is performed by God himself, as it is written, 'and the Lord thy God will circumcise thine heart, and the heart of thy seed, to love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, that thou mayest live.' Deut. xxx. 6. Hence, baptism and circumcision *are both one thing in the spiritual meaning*; for both give life; and hence God says, 'all these nations are uncircumcised, and all the house of Israel are uncircumcised in heart, therefore, I will punish the circumcised with the uncircumcised.' Jer. ix. 25, 26. Yea, more, the New Testament tells us that that is not circumcision which is outward in the flesh; on which account all who are regenerated by the Holy Ghost, are said to be baptized into one Spirit which *makes baptism and circumcision to be one and the same thing, in the explanation God gives of them, who is the best judge of his own meaning*; and hence it is plain also to be baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire amounts to the same thing as circumcision," &c., &c., &c.

The next extract is from Mr. H.'s work entitled, "The Emblem of the Spirit," printed in 1808, page 85:

"From all your filthiness, and from all your

idols, will I cleanse you, saith the Lord.' We are washed from sin by the blood of Christ, and sanctified by the washing of regeneration; but what is it that cleanseth us from all our idols? what is it that removes all these from the heart and affections? I answer, this is done by the Spirit of burning, and the spirit of burning is the the spirit of love. 2 Tim. i. 7. The Spirit having cleansed and justified us, a spirit of judgment then operates, as the spirit of love, and sheds abroad the love of God in the heart; and having much forgiven we love much; and when God is much loved, idols are lightly esteemed; and, to be plain, this is our spiritual circumcision: 'and the Lord thy God will circumcise thy heart, and the heart of thy seed, that thou mayest love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, that thou mayest live.' Deut. xxx. 6. 'All circumcision in the flesh is no more than a sign.' Rom. iv. 11. God himself declares, 'it is not in circumcision which is in the flesh.' Rom. ii. 28. True circumcision stands in the two things: first, in the forgiveness of sins; 'in whom also ye are circumcised of Christ.' Col. ii. 11. And the second is, to love and adore a sin-pardoning God. This circumcision is God's work, and he does it that we may love him with all the heart, and with all the soul, that we may live; live to him in this world, and live with him in the world to come. And it is plain that, when the whole heart and soul love God, no room is left for idols. This is the shining of a flaming fire by night, and the smoke is the perpetual incense of spiritual prayer, attended by the fervour of the spirit and its grace. This is our circumcision typified under the Old Testament; and this is our spiritual baptism prefigured by water under the New: **THE SIGN WENT BEFORE, THE SUBSTANCE FOLLOWED AFTER**: 'I indeed baptize you with water, unto repentance; but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose, he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire.' Matthew iii. 11.

"This text has puzzled many good men, because of the distinction made by the copulative *and*: 'He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost *and* with fire.' Hence some conclude that the descent of the Holy Ghost upon us is one baptism, and the fire, signifying fiery trials, is another. But as *this baptism succeeds circumcision, and in the Holy Spirit's sense is one and the same thing*, baptism by the spirit is receiving him as one everlasting comforter; *this is Baptism by the Holy Ghost,*" &c.

Furthermore it may shew that Mr. H. was friendly to the baptism of infants, by the following quotation from his works, "The Loss and Restoration of the Image of God in Man." Printed in 1802, page 127, speaking of the glory that attends a work of grace in the heart:

"Upon all the glory there shall be a defence;" (Isaiah iv. 16.) and this glory beams forth in every renewal of that work, &c. Put all these fruits of the spirit together (which are before treated of) and it will give you a

little light into what the scripture calls the *new man*; and the reverse of all these is the *old man*. I have no doubt but some of you must remember having heard these words out of the Common Prayer Book of the Church of England, mentioned in the baptismal service, "Grant that the *old man* may be so crucified in this child, that the *new man* may be raised up in him, that all things belonging to the Spirit may live and grow in him."

I shall not trouble you further, thinking I have quoted sufficiently from Mr. H.'s works to convince my unprejudiced reader that Mr. H. believed that *baptism succeeded circumcision and spiritually sets forth the work of the ever blessed Spirit in the work of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost.*

I am, Mr. Editor, yours in the faith and hope of the Gospel,

J. WHITE.

Yalding, Feb. 12, 1858.

THE AUSTRALIAN ECHO REBOUNDED.

LINES on reading an Article in the EARTHEN VESSEL for May, 1858, signed, Matilda, Australia, "There remaineth a rest to the people of God."

We long for that moment the summons shall come

To leave this vain world, and arise,  
And rest in those mansions of glory at home,  
Prepar'd before time in the skies.

How peaceful and happy those regions will be,  
Shut in with our Jesus from sin;  
From all that oppress'd us we then shall be free

And there to his praise ever sing.

With tormenting fears we shall ever have done,

No place can be found for them there;  
No weakness, or pain, will in Paradise come,  
But pleasures eternal to share.

Here trials and sorrows may frequently come,  
And Satan hurl many a dart;  
But all he may say cannot keep us from home;  
For Christ hath our names on his heart.

Here losses and crosses are often our lot,  
From the world we have much to endure:  
Whether all will go well, is often our thought;  
Is our title to heaven quite sure.

How sweet is communion with saints while below,

But, alas, how seldom obtained;  
There no interruption shall we ever know,  
When heaven's bright summit is gain'd.

How lovely the prospect the saint has in view,  
When time and its cares are all gone;  
When he to sin, sorrow, and death bids adieu,  
To be with his Father at home.

Then speed on, lagging time, and hasten away,  
That holds us from all that we love;  
Soon may we behold that bright glorious day,  
And be with our Jesus above.

J. W. BECKETT.

West Ham, May, 1858.

THE PULPIT AND THE GODLY MINISTER.

DEAR SIR.—The following lines of dear Cowper, respecting the pulpit, and the character of a godly minister; may be suitable for ministers and hearers. Your's affectionately,  
H. P.

THE pulpit, therefore, (and I name it, fill'd  
With solemn awe, that bids me well beware  
With what intent I touch that holy thing,)  
I say the pulpit, in the sober use  
Of its legitimate, peculiar powers, [shall stand,  
Must stand acknowledged, while the world  
The most important and effectual guard,  
Support and ornament of virtue's cause.  
There stands the messenger of truth! there

stands  
The legate of the skies! his theme divine,  
His office sacred, his credentials clear:  
By him the violated law speaks out  
Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet  
As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.

He 'stablishes the strong; restores the weak;  
Reclaims the wanderer; binds the broken heart;  
And, armed himself in panoply complete,  
Of heavenly temper, furnished with arms  
Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule  
Of holy descriptive, to glorious war  
The sacramental host of God's elect! [were!  
Are all such teachers? would to heaven all  
I venerate the man whose doctrines and whose  
Coincident, exhibited lucid proof [life  
That he is honest in the sacred cause.  
Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,  
Were he on earth, would hear, approve and  
own:

Paul should himself direct me; I would trace  
His master strokes, and draw from his design;  
I would express him simple, grave, sincere,  
In doctrine incorrupt; in language plain;  
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste  
And natural in gesture; much impress'd  
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,  
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds  
May feel it too; affectionate in look  
And tender in address, as well becomes  
A messenger of grace to guilty men;

In man or women, but far most in man,  
And most of all in man that ministers  
And serves the altar. In my soul I loathe  
All affectation.—'Tis my perfect scorn;  
Object of my implacable disgust:  
He that negotiates between God and man,  
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns  
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware  
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful  
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul;

To break a jest, when pity would inspire  
Pathetic exhortation, and to address  
The skittish fancy with tales,  
When sent with God's commission to the heart!  
So did not Paul. Direct to a quip,  
Or merry turn, in all he ever wrote!  
And I consent—you take it for your text,  
Your only one, fill sides and benches full.  
No: he was serious in a serious cause,  
And understand too well the weighty terms  
That he had taken in charge. He would not  
stoop

To conquer those by jocular exploits,  
Whom truth and soberness assail'd in vain.

## Memorials of Departed Saints.

### A MINISTER'S TEARS OVER THE GRAVE OF HIS CHILD.

AN OBITUARY OF ISABEL SEARLE, WHO DIED THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1st, 1857.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—Your kind enquiries to my sorrowful note, induces me to send you some particulars of my dear departed child, which may be preserved in an EARTHEN VESSEL for many days.

Many thanks for your previous letter of consolation, which came to hand just as the waves of affliction were rolling most heavily over us. Few in the ministry have evinced towards me much sympathy—the scarcity of it makes me prize more dearly that which I have received.

The last Sabbath in August, I preached a funeral sermon for my late revered mother, which was the last time my beloved wife was at the house of God, previous to the illness which so nearly carried her off. One more Sabbath after that was the last also which my child attended; my wife, prostrated with fever, for seven weeks, she never crossed the threshold of her chamber door; in the next room lay my suffering child, whose agonizing cries fell harrowingly on her afflicted mother's ear, while unable to move a step towards her, to soothe her dying hours. And though we cherished hopes that the mother might be spared, yet it was fully evident by the rapid progress of that violent disease, that death had marked my child as its own. At length the dear sufferer's cup was full, exhausted nature could endure no more; the sun went down while it was yet day. Just fifteen years and three months she lived, and then "she died."

And although God has mercifully spared our other eight children, yet do we feel there is a *vacuum* made in our home, which never will be filled up till we shall all meet again, if sovereign mercy permit, in that heavenly home where death shall never invade, or cause grief to those who dwell there.

During all these weeks of trial, I was strengthened to preach in the evenings, save one. The next Sabbath after my dear child's departure on the Thursday, Mr. Rothery most kindly sent an offer to preach for me as soon as he heard of our bereavement. His kindness in the hour of woe, I shall never forget. My dear brother Messer came to see me the same night, previous to his departure for the country. After the sermon, I administered the Holy Supper, with an anguished heart to my sorrowing and sympathising flock; one of my members, Mr. F. Cave, had kindly preached for me in the morning, while I watched at home by the couches of my loved ones.

On Sabbath evening, Oct. 11th, I preached her funeral sermon to a densely crowded congregation, from 1 Cor. xv. 16, 17, 18; after which, I gave the following account of her illness and death.

My departed Isabel was the child of many prayers; and though I would not, as some

foolish parents do, eulogize the departed one, as the best, to the wounding of the feelings of sorrowing children; yet would I not detract from her well remembered usefulness, for in all domestic duties she bore her full share; so that not a place but tells us of her loss, which her dear aunt (to whose extreme kindness, by the blessing of God, I owe the life of my beloved wife) writing to me says, "your loss is irreparable; for Isabel was the pattern of a child." She was willing and anxious to attend the house of God; and it has sometimes grieved me, that from the needful care of the little ones, she could not always go where she wished. And many an anxious eye have I directed to the place where she sat, that the word spoken might not be in vain. We have sometimes indulged the hope that the good seed of the kingdom was sown in her young heart, though the earnestly desired development was not yet come. As she was naturally forward, I may have erred in not fostering an impression—yet was I cautious not to force on that which might be merely impressing, instead of divine convictions. I felt that it would be most for her own good to wait, and see if it were the Lord's work. May my most indulgent Lord forgive me, if I have erred in that matter; but had I known I should have lost her thus early, I fear from the anguish which often bows my spirit, that I might have been like Uzzah, and essayed to put my feeble hand to the work. But as it was, we felt it our duty to watch and commend her, with my other children, to God and the word of his grace.

It was observed by many how deeply she was affected on the occasion of her dear grandmother's funeral sermon. Dear girl, she little thought how soon her own would be preached by the same lips—she was there but once more! when I preached from Isaiah xxviii. 16, 17; a solemn text to be the last that mortal ears should listen to. I was led to speak very solemnly on the *last time* that some should ever hear the words of life: little did I think I was giving the warning to my own child. But so it proved; for never did she enter there again. Owing to the serious progress of my beloved wife's illness, I kept her away from the sick room as much as possible, and attended so closely myself, that twice, through sheer exhaustion during that fatal month, I thought I should be laid down, having sat up eleven nights successively, with but one interval, and without rest even by day. I spared not myself, all though by God's mercy, I took not the infection; I was carried through ten times more danger than my dear girl had, and yet she took the fever, and in one sad fortnight, was no more. Apparently the strongest amongst us—yet though hidden from our view, the recording angel had written, "that her days

were numbered." The attack at first seemed slight, but a change took place—the fearful disorder rapidly progressed—medicine was of no avail—we gave up all hope—on! on! with fearful strides, the deadful fever pressed, through her panting veins; night and day did I pour out cries and tears to God; yea, the very walls would tell ye, had they tongues, how in burning agony of soul I have sought the sparing of her life; and, oh! when one morning, I looked at her a few days before she died, my heart sank within me, I felt all hope was gone: in agony almost unsupportable, I paced the room alone, while I thought of David's heart rending cry, "Would to God I had died for thee, oh, Absalom, my son! my son!" Not that I adopted the word as my own, for I am not insensible to the mercy of life spared for my family and my flock. But as no ray of light dawned on my darkening sky, I felt the solemn need of seeking some token from the God of heaven of the safety of her soul,—that priceless soul,—for whose eternal happiness I had so often wrestled with the Lord, with earnest words and tears.

The terrible disorder of which my child died, was of that character as to preclude the possibility of gathering up much that, as a dying testimony, shall console the hearts of those who are left to mourn her loss. When not racked with intense pain, the sufferer is mostly, in a state of dreamy unconsciousness called, *Comma*; yet are we left not altogether in the dark. About two nights before she died, I was called to see her at three o'clock in the morning, she anxiously expressing her wish for me to come to her, to give her something to drink. As I gazed at her in deep anguish of spirit, I felt that now was the time for me to elicit something from her if possible as to the state of her mind. I said, "my dear 'Bel, you are very ill, do you think you shall get better?" "I think I shall," was the reply; at which I sorrowfully shook my head, and said, "but if you do not get better you will die. Do you think you shall go to heaven?" After a pause, she said, "I am not fit to go to heaven." It smote my soul with anguish, though it was not uttered in the tones of despair, but diffidently, and in much humility. I felt the need of words from God, Oh! 'tis a solemn position to stand by the dying and to feel how powerless we are to choose most fitting words when every moment is precious. "Well, (I replied) whosoever will may come now." "Yes! (says she, with clear and distinct utterance) "and him that cometh I will in no wise cast out!" "But you can pray now." "Oh! (said she,) I have prayed to him on this bed to save me." "Yes, dear, I doubt not you have prayed to him to restore you to health again; but if he answer not that prayer, where is your hope?" "On Jesus—all else sinking—sinking." I had to supply the words for her to complete the verse, "Then you can say,

"Jesus! lover of my soul?"

"Yes," After a few more words of like character, she paused, when with a marked emphasis which I shall never forget, (I give

her own words,) "*Christ Jesus died on the cross to save sinners—the very chief of sinners, and I am the chief!*" "Are you dear Bel?" I said, (amazed at the fulfilment of the ancient prophecy, "out of the mouth of babes," &c.) "He ever lives to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by him." This effort wearied her; she relapsed into a stupor, and never more was she able to sustain any conversation, for her throat rapidly grew worse; the disease had been restrained till she gave me her dying testimony; her last hours drew nigh. The next day her revered grandfather called to see her, but even that familiar voice which she had so often heard in prayer, failed to arouse her. The next day, which was her last, she was the subject of painful and constant changes; the sad and sorrowful prelude of the parting hour. I said to her, "Bel, do you know me, dear?" she recognised me, but could scarcely articulate, "I know you." In the afternoon, at five, having occasion to go out, and not at all expecting her end was so near, I bade her good bye. As well as she was able, and with full consciousness, she tried with an effort I shall never forget to say, good bye. None but the ear of parental love could have caught those broken sounds. Poor dear girl, I had her last dying farewell, and never will my ears lose those parting tones till I meet her in that land where partings are known no more.

After this she rapidly grew worse, and it was feared I should not return to see her die; however, I did. About ten o'clock at night, I was watching, with my friends Mr. Sustman, by her side, in conversation respecting her, when all at once that solemn stillness that seems to pervade the chamber of death, pressed its sorrowful seal upon my spirit and forced from my lips the mournful utterance, "can she be gone?" In a moment I grasped her hand: it was cold; I felt her chest, it was yet warm; and while, as I stooped to kiss the pale cold forehead, one gentle sigh escaped those parched lips. That last sigh—I shall never forget it; I seemed to inhale it as it marked the silent departure of her spirit, I trust, to that tearless land where she is for ever free from the the sins and sorrows of this sin-blighted world. Not a struggle or a groan did mark the moment of her release; she never moved, so placidly did she depart, for it seemed as if she had nestled her poor anguished head beneath the wing of the angel charged to convey her spirit to the eternal throne. Often in the moments of her delirium had she repeated those words." One gentle sigh her fetters broke; and so she found it; for not one ripple moved upon the dark waters of the river of death.

"My dead child." I kissed her cheek—her brow—no more could she respond to affection's touch; her poor racked, weary head, had taken its last long sleep, yet there played around those clay cold features, a smile more sweet and gentle even than in life, till the last moment, she was hidden from our eyes which seemed to say, "oh! death? where is thy sting?" Oh! what a night of bitter



agony was that, when her poor mother, on her sick bed in the next room, heard the half-smothered sobbings—the fearful truth, that the stroke had come, could not be withheld from her; she wept till she had no more power to weep. What added to the intensity of her affliction was the painful fact that she could not once go to see her suffering child, while her shrieks of pain prevented her own rest.

On Monday, October 5th, she was, by my dear father, interred in Abney Park. We had our last sorrowful look down that deep, cold grave. I was surrounded by my own children who are spared through mercy; and by my children in the faith of the gospel, who mingled their tears with ours; and then we left her till the morning of the resurrection, in humble hope that Jesus will then claim every atom of her dust as part of the purchase of his blood.

There, on the coffin of her dear sainted grandmother, who just five years ago ascended to her God, my child is laid in the family grave, though the kindness of her beloved aunt; beneath them lies my revered father-in-law, who also sleeps in Jesus. She lays upon that dear aged bosom where so often, in infancy, she found a resting place. Oh! the ecstatic joy of their meeting, when that grave is opened by the power of God, and they all three rise together to meet the Lord in the air. Till then we have bidden her a long, a last adieu. We have a little longer to do battle with the cares of time, and in the bivouac of life, to prepare for the struggle, in which we hope to say, "nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors." &c.

Close now thy bosom, faithful tomb;  
Still keep these treasures in thy trust;  
Now give our sainted relics room,  
And let them slumber in thy dust.

Although I have thus passed through deep waters, a blessing has attended the ministration of the word in conversion and edification.

The spiritual condition of the church is far more encouraging than it has been since we have been at Hoxton. Though we are very poor, peace prevails in our midst: we have had three baptisings in the last five months; twenty members added to us in the course of the year. I am, dear brother, your fellow labourer and companion in tribulation,

J. P. SEARLE.

## GONE HOME.

We record the happy departure of our brother Paul, who died at Bath, on Sunday, February 21, 1848, triumphant in the Lord. His funeral sermon was preached by Mr. Frederick Wheeler, at Providence Chapel, Cook's Ground, King's Road, Chelsea.

Our brother was called by grace, forty-four years ago, under the ministry of the late Mr. Denham, Baptist minister, then of York-street chapel; he was deacon for many years with Mr. Cromwell, at Widcombe, Bath. He was a Militia man in the Bath Militia; and often on guard at the French prison,

where, many times, he spoke to the prisoners, who understood English, of the great salvation by Jesus Christ. I knew him intimately, while he was in London, for two years; and many were the conversations we had on the work of God for us, and the work of God in us; and, truly, "our fellowship was with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ." I found him a friend indeed; many times has he come with a message from God, to my soul; and I have found it good. Six years ago he wished me to preach a funeral sermon for him, if he went first; he was a pensioner on the Acad Pilgrims' Society, which Society, I pray, may have the blessing of God.

The sermon was preached on Lord's-day, April 10, 1858, from Ezekiel xli. 3 and 4. "Then went he inward." First, the inward wisdom,—the inward salvation,—the inward strength, and the inward manifestation by the ministry of the Holy Ghost. Secondly, The measurement. All the trials, times, troubles, and difficulties of the Lord's saints are by measurement

"Not a single shaft can hit,  
Till the God of love sees fit,"

Fourth verse.—The measurement of twenty cubits, length and breadth before the temple. The length and breadth of all religion,—all true religion,—must come up to the measurement of Jesus, our Mediator; of God our Father, and of the Holy Spirit of God in covenant, or our religion is nothing worth; for, if that religion does not come direct from God, it will not lead to God.

We read the following last words our brother uttered, a few days before he died, (written by a niece). On Thursday morning, I said to him "you are going home!" He said, "I believe I am;—bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name! Precious Jesus! precious Jesus! I want to praise thee more for all thy mercies; but O my sinful, backsliding heart." He said he enjoyed the Monday evening very much—that he had a Benjamin's portion. To a friend who came in after, who expressed regret at seeing him where he was, he said—"sorry! why are you sorry? I am not sorry,—I am going home." He continued in the same happy state through the day, speaking in the same strain to several friends, who came to him. On Friday morning, to another friend, he rehearsed much of the Lord's dealings with his soul; his confidence in the Lord remained unshaken, though his frame was not quite so bright as the previous day. To one friend he said "if they say anything of me at the chapel—let them say—I am a sinner, but saved by grace."

On Saturday, he slept much through the day, and was kept in the same peace of mind through the night, though suffering much the agonies of death, his mind was still peace; he was in mental prayer many times. A short time before he died, he moved his hands and exclaimed, "Blessed Jesus! blessed Jesus!"—thus falling asleep in Jesus, his last end was peace.

F. WHEELER.

LAST MOMENTS OF A SISTER IN  
JESUS.

SHE whose last moments we here record, departed this life, April 13th, 1858, aged seventy-four years. She died from a gradual decay of nature, which increased upon her for the last seven months previous to her decease. The last four of these, great weakness overtook her; so great as to impress her mind that her end was fast approaching. From that time until her death she appeared to be waiting her heavenly Father's call. Eleven hours before she died, she ceased to cough. Her youngest daughter writes:—

"She sent for me, and my eldest sister; we immediately repaired to her bedside. She appeared very low; took no notice of me, until I spoke to her, asking her how she was. She replied, 'Very ill.' I then said, 'Are you in any pain?' 'Oh! no,' she said. I asked her if she was happy, to which she replied, 'Yes, very happy, but do you think that when I get to the gate, I shall find it open?' I answered, 'Yes, mother, you have no need to doubt that.' She then said, 'I feel God all-sufficient; on him I place all my trust.' Looking up, and fixing her eyes upon me, she exclaimed as loud as her feeble voice would allow her, 'Shall we all meet in heaven?' I replied, 'I hope we shall, mother.' 'All heaven is love,' she said, 'nothing but love can enter there.' I then left her, but returned in a few hours. She was still sensible, but sinking very fast; and, by the moving of her hands, appeared in prayer. I said to her, 'Are you still happy, mother?' She replied, 'Oh! yes, quite happy.' I could distinctly hear her pronounce the words, '*Lord Jesus, receive my spirit*;' and made answer, 'When he has completed his work in you, he will, mother.' 'Yes,' she replied, 'so he will.' The last time I saw her, (about an hour before her death) she took no notice of me until I said 'Good night, mother,' when she said 'Good bye, my children; live in love and unity with each other. Good bye, my child.' Before I was permitted to see her again, her happy spirit had sped away to take its everlasting rest. Like a shock of corn fully ripe, she was gathered into the garner of the Lord."

Deptford.

JOSEPH BURKE, Jun.

"MY FATHER KNOWS."—(Rom. viii. 15.) "My father knows," calmly replied a little child, in reference to a trial which had befallen him: "*My father knows*," he again repeated. On another occasion, "My teacher has set me a long lesson, and it seems *very difficult*, but '*my father knows*,' he will help me to understand, and make it easy to me." In short, it was not difficult to perceive, that the child's oft-repeated and favourite motto, including help, security, and consolation, was, "*My father knows*." Whatever his trial, need, or difficulty, his *first* desire was, to let his father know; he *then* seemed to have no further care or want; here was full confidence, entire security, and repose. Christian! may not a lesson be learned from the faith and practice of this little child?

The Earthen Vessel Pulpit.

THE  
BOUNDLESS LOVE OF JESUS.

BY DAVID WILSON,  
*Of Saffron Walden Essex.*

"Unto him that loved us."—Rev. i. 5.

What a glorious subject for our contemplation is the love of Christ to his chosen! This love is the source of all our salvation, the inexhaustable fountain, whence flows all those streams of mercy that make glad the city of God. His love commends his character, and carries with it the strongest claims on the believer's gratitude. 1 John iv. 19. It is an interesting exercise to the renewed mind to survey the many evidences of love that present themselves in the history of the Redeemer's personal ministry. Love was the animating, pervading principle of all his discourses, for grace and truth ever dwelt upon his lips. It was love that prompted him to preach good tidings to the meek; to comfort the mourner; to invite the laboring and heavy laden to come to him for rest. It was this principle that dictated the reproofs, the admonitions and warnings which he so very tenderly administered in his intercourse with his disciples, with whom he always conversed as a father with his children. How amazingly did his love shine forth under his severest conflicts in working out our salvation! How did he seem to forget his own troubles in furnishing his distressed disciples with such stores of heavenly and solid consolation. See John xiv. xv. and xvi. How unspeakable the love that snatched the thief upon the cross from hell, and carried him safely to heaven! Surely in the conduct of Jesus we have love displayed that has no parallel! But however delightful it is to contemplate the displays of the love of Jesus in his state of humiliation, we must look higher, if we would understand the nature, the achievements, and the extent of this divine principle. We must consider his love as God and Mediator. This was the principal that induced him to undertake, and accomplish the work of our redemption! This is a boundless subject! Eph. iii. 19. Who can tell how much is comprehended in the words, "Him that hath loved us?"

Let us, my brethren, attempt to glance at this unspeakable subject. We notice.

I.—The antiquity of this love. If we would trace it to its origin, we must ascend beyond the end of creation, and penetrate eternity that preceded it. We are assured that God choose his people in Christ *before* the foundation of the world; and in this manifestation of love we cannot doubt that the Lord Jesus, on whom the execution of the plan was laid, was united with the

Father, and the Holy Ghost in this choice. In Prov. viii. 23—31, we find the Redeemer saying, "I was set up from everlasting," Such was his love to his people, that he rejoiced from all eternity in the prospect of coming to them, dwelling with them, blessing and saving them with an everlasting salvation. Let us look back to the period when God alone existed in infinite blessedness and glory, before he had formed the earth and the world, or had given existence even to the angels; in that grand and awful solitude, when the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, were perfectly happy in their own perfections and in their mutual enjoyment; yet even then his thoughts towards us were thoughts of kindness and love, his councils councils of peace.

Indeed, if he had not loved us from eternity, he could not have loved us at all; for our conduct is calculated to awaken displeasure rather than love. Therefore, his love must be a *sovereign, spontaneous love*, springing from his own goodness and will. There was nothing meritorious in the objects of this love to call into action. It was not obtained by any grateful acknowledgement, dutiful service, or any moral excellence in us. No, for we were not only destitute of all moral and spiritual excellencies; but we were fallen, guilty, defiled creatures, in rebellion against him who loved us.

It was an act of condescension for God to create angels and men. It was an evidence of great benevolence in him to continue his kindness to his creatures while they remained upright and faithful to him. But these are not the triumphs of his mercy. He saw the misery, ruin and rebellion into which they would sink and yet, amazing! he loved them and undertook for their salvation to fulfil the law, endure all its curses, to satisfy and glorify divine justice on their behalf. Was ever love like his! He loved us. His love is an extensive love.

It embraces the whole election of grace: all that the Father gave him of every age and nation; regarding with tenderest affection, every sigh of the poor spiritual prisoner, healing every broken heart, sympathizing with every mourning soul. And having given his life for all his sheep, he sees of the travail of his soul and is satisfied, in their eternal salvation.

"His love is an enduring love. Having loved his own that were in the world, he loved them to the end."

The love of Christ is perfectly exempt from the caprice which is found in mere human affection. Its gifts and calling are without repentance. It never leaves its objects; but abides with, protects, leads and brings them all safely home to their eternal rest in heaven. Isa. liv.

"Unto him that loved us." This is the

language of a quickened soul, who has an experiential knowledge and enjoyment of the love of Jesus. "Unto him that loved us:" this is not the language of mere speculation or hearsay persuasion; but that of a renewed mind,—the feeling, the gushing out of profound gratitude, to the manifested, realized and admired lover, "who is the chiefest among ten thousand;" and for the display of such love that has nothing like it amongst the children of men; no other love is worth naming: he hath, he only hath so loved us. All other love sinks into comparative insignificance with this love. "This is love divine, infinite, eternal, which embraces the whole family of God in Christ Jesus, and extends its kind, considerate and compassionate care, to every member of the family. "Loved us:" thus it is precious to each, because it comprehends each member, weak or strong, sick or well, in time and eternity.

It is this love that commends all the gifts of God—this love from which they all flow, gives them all their claims. This is the glorious possession of all the heaven-born children. Here they have riches immense, unloseable and eternal.

O how great is the blessedness of those who know the love of Christ experimentally; whose hearts have been touched, melted, and subdued by it! But it is only God the Holy Ghost, that can communicate this love, and the spiritual knowledge of it to the soul; therefore, the Apostle Paul prays for the Ephesians (iii. chapter.)

My brethren, this is not a matter of speculation, but of heaven-born feeling. If we know this love, we shall return it; (1 John iv. 19.) for love begets love.

But how does love manifest itself?—in frequent thoughts of the object beloved,—in strong desires for communion with him,—in sincere endeavours to do his will,—in affectionate imitation of him.

Let me ask you then, "What think ye of Christ?" Is he the supreme object of your affections? Do you delight in his person, work, and offices? Is he your all and in all? Do you love to obey and follow him? "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." This is the language of Jesus himself. The Apostle John has given us a most beautiful summary of the evidences and effects of Divine love. See 1 John iv. 16—21.

Dear brethren, I must leave the other parts of the text until another time. May the Lord command his blessing on you and his word. Amen and amen.

DAVID WILSON.

Saffron Walden, Essex, Nov., 1857.

If we are not built on a firm foundation, the flood of God's anger will soon sweep us away—our own refuges are sure to fail us.

## Our Churches, their Pastors, and their People.

### RECOGNITION OF MR. C. MARSTON, AT DEVIZES.

On Monday evening, May 3rd, a special service was held in the Old Baptist Chapel, Devizes, with reference to the settlement of Mr. C. H. Marston, as pastor over the church. The desire of both minister and people being, to escape the formality usual in public recognitions, it was determined simply to hold an evening service for the purpose of general thanksgiving and mutual consideration of the responsibilities connected with the event.

The service was opened by the singing of a hymn, after which, Lieut. W. R. Aikman read the 85th Psalm, making a few practical remarks, suited to the occasion. Thanksgiving followed for the special mercy of God in setting over the church a brother in whose ministry so general a confidence was felt; and supplication was made for the effectual blessing of God to rest upon the soul of the pastor, upon his ministerial labours, and also upon the church.

After a second hymn, Mr. Aikman addressed the congregation from Psalm xc. 16, 17. After noticing from the Psalm, the vanity of man, the determination of God to rebuke sin in his people, the shortness of life, the true wisdom of consecrating it to the service of God, he observed,—

I.—That Christianity is entirely the work of God, being the result of personal election unto everlasting life by the sovereign will of God. That the free reception of this mercy by the few, while the multitude, according to the counsel and purpose of God, are passed by, should lead the possessors highly to value this gift. That the whole progress of the inner work in the soul, depending entirely upon the gracious operation of the Holy Spirit, should induce a humble, submissive walk with God. That the effect of this life in the soul of the genuine believer would ever be the desire and the prayer that the work of God should appear in him, and through its outshining upon the members of his family that the glory of God should appear to them also.

II.—That the beauty spoken of was not the personal righteousness of Jesus which is imputed to the people of God. This is ever upon his believing children, and their shortcomings cannot cause it to remove, but that this beauty is the spirituality of God, or the beauty of holiness in the image of Jesus. Having particularised the leading features of this beauty, humility, meekness, devotedness to God, love to the brethren, sympathy with the poor and afflicted, the speaker endeavoured to lay upon the consciences of the brethren the fact that possession of this beauty by individual Christians and by the church, was glorifying to God, and the true end of their vocation in Christ Jesus.

III.—That the prerogative of establishing

the labour of the hands of his servants belonging exclusively to God, it was absolutely necessary, in order to his blessing, that Christian labour should be according to knowledge, and in purity, and in a spirit glorifying to the Divine name; that the absence of these in much of the labour of the present day rendered it only wood, hay, and stubble, which should be burned up in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The Lieut. concluded by pointing out earnestly to the brethren, that the grand means appointed by God for the carrying out his mysterious purposes of grace and mercy being the ministry, they should seek grace highly to value and to esteem their brother whom the Lord had so evidently sent among them; should consider his manifold trials, temptations, anxieties, and infirmities, and exercise all forbearance and Christian love, not forgetting continual importunate prayer for the power of the Holy Ghost to rest upon him as the minister of Christ, ordained by God for the peace, prosperity, and advancement of the church of Jesus.

Mr. Randall, one of the deacons offered an earnest prayer for the blessing of God upon the union that had been made, acknowledging the divine goodness which had already attended the ministry of his servant, and begging that the union might be one of lasting usefulness.

Mr. Marston observed that had more time been at command, (yet his own feeling would have prevented his saying all he would have liked to say) he had wished to give some simple statement of those truths which he desired ever to maintain, but one word would embrace all: "Salvation is of the Lord." He felt and realized the total ruin and utter helplessness and nothingness of man, and cast away with abhorrence all that savoured of human merit, free will, or creature power. God's salvation flows alone from his own sovereign will, manifesting itself in the wondrous gift of Jesus as all and in all, and through the power of the Holy Ghost brings each redeemed soul into living spiritual union with Jesus. God's design in all, was his own glory, and he must contend for that salvation which not only exists for his people but is wrought in them, bringing them into association with him in seeking that glory, even as it shall soon bring them into association with him in the realization and manifestation of that glory. It was not only a salvation wrought for, but wrought in, the elect, shewing itself in the fear of God, the work of faith, and the labour of love which he must maintain as the salvation which was of God. This was the word of salvation which he aimed to preach.

That word he aimed to preach affectionately. He coveted the loving spirit. He sought to preach faithfully. Faithfulness and love were good handmaids. He would that every time

he preached, so far as his efforts went, every man might find his own state described, and have the testimony of God upon it so clearly pointed out, that so not shunning to declare the whole counsel of God, he might indeed be clear of the blood of all men. He wanted to preach *discriminatingly*, that there might be no uncertainty in the sound of his trumpet, no mingling of law and gospel, flesh and spirit, precious and vile. He wanted to preach *profitably*. John had no greater joy than that his children walked in the truth; might that joy be his. If his people were cold, contentious, worldly; if no souls were gathered into the fold, where should be his labour? He wanted wages, souls redeemed and sanctified for his hire, and fruit abounding in the church as his seal. He looked at these things, and his heart often sank while he cried, "Who is sufficient for these things?" yet he knew that the grace of God was sufficient. Therefore would he again remind the dear brethren of one of his earliest messages, "Pray for us." When he found them a prayerless people, he should surely find them unbled, and he would that in prayer they should pray that his soul might have its place close in prayerful communion with God, that the blood of the Lamb might come into constant contact with his conscience, and that the fear of God should have its deep place in his heart. He knew that to be a savour of Christ to them, his own soul must have much dealing with Christ. If God had blessed his word, surely their prayers, through the Spirit, had much tended to that end. He had indeed been with them in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling, yet determining by God's grace to know nothing among them save Jesus Christ and him crucified.

Most gratefully he thanked the friends, one and all, for their many kindnesses, and would only beg that if at any time anything should escape his lips which might appear to be inconsistent with truth that they would at once name it to him, that they might come together to the Word; and deeply grateful should he be to that brother whose greater light should, at any time, point out his own darkness, but it would be painful to hear that So-and-So had said this, and So-and-So of his own flock had said that. Hitherto, in mercy, their peace and unanimity, from the first day of meeting unto now, had been perfect. Might God preserve it! He begged their continued sympathy and prayers, and earnestly begged that the blessing of God might rest upon them.

The Doxology was then sung, at the conclusion of which, Mr. Marston presented a fervent prayer for the guidance of himself and brethren, and after pronouncing the benediction, the meeting separated, having experienced a solemn and refreshing season.

#### PECKHAM.

##### MR. MOYLE'S TENTH ANNIVERSARY.

Tea and public meetings among the churches professing to hold "the truth" have, within the past few years, assumed a prominent feature. We do not know that any particular

objection can be raised to them, provided they are carried on in a profitable and Christian spirit; and we would strongly recommend pastors on these occasions always to arrange that each speaker shall have a given subject to speak from within a given time: also to let the choice of each speaker's subject be so arranged as to be in harmony or connection with the others who may precede or follow. If this plan be carried out we are sure many very happy and profitable hours may be spent. Tea meetings are often the means of members and friends becoming better acquainted with one another, and this is frequently attended with good results.

On Monday evening, May 17th, the tenth anniversary of our friend Moyle's pastorate over the church at Rye Lane, Peckham was held; the church where for many years that honored servant of God, Mr. Thomas Powell, laboured with some success, who died in the year '47. The friends took tea together; after tea, in introducing the business of the meeting, Mr. Moyle said—Ten years have rolled into eternity since first I became Pastor of this Church; or, to be more precise, it was ten years last September since I first took the oversight of this flock. We are together still; and I think we are now more united than when we were first married. The Church had built him a good substantial, and comfortable dwelling house, for which he was thankful. Respecting the cause—he said, our progress has been gradual; but continuous: we have never gone back, but a little forward. Truth was still maintained amongst them in all its purity. Peace reigns sweetly in our midst: the church and Pastor are united and happy; the deacons work harmoniously, cheerfully, and willingly for our united comfort. This is something to say in these quarrelsome times. I don't know that we have any masters here; truly we have One whom we all not only acknowledge as Master, but adore and praise for his unspeakable love to us, a band of blood-redeemed sinners.

Mr. Congreve, (one of the deacons) gave a clear statement of the financial position of the "Pastor's House Fund." Total cost of the Freehold, Pastor's house was £328. 13s. 1d.; towards which, the Church and friends had already subscribed about £150; the remainder is borrowed at interest.

Mr. Milner congratulated the pastor on his happy and useful position in connection with his change; and gave a short address on "The Captive set Free." Mr. J. A. Jones spoke solemnly on "Gospel Confidence." Mr. G. Wyard, in a short and happy address, desecrated on the "Christian Race." Mr. Meeres gave some excellent and well arranged thoughts on "The Evidences of Divine Truth." Friend Attwood was to have spoken but want of time prevented. It was a pleasant and profitable meeting.

#### IPSWICH.

On Lord's-day, 25th April, 1858, the twenty-ninth anniversary of Bethesda Chapel, Ipswich, took place, when three sermons were preached by Mr. J. E. Bloomfield, of Sa-

lem Chapel, Meard's Court, Soho, London. And truly a good day we had while hearing our good brother proclaiming the grand truths of the everlasting gospel of the grace of God. Many hearts were made glad, the ever blessed Spirit bearing his divine testimony to the truth spoken, without which, preaching may please, but never profit. May his servants, be led more deeply to feel this truly indis- pensible branch of experimental truth in their own souls, insist more upon it in their ministry, that the Holy and blessed Trinity may be more glorified in preaching, and his people refreshed as we were favored to be on that memorable day. The Lord lead, teach, and bless our good brother, make him more valiant still, and a large and lasting blessing in Zion.

The congregation in afternoon was, from ten, to twelve hundred. A liberal spirit existed, and upwards of twenty-two, pounds collected.

This tempest tossed cause, has long been a highly favoured one:—nor is it less so now. Much, very much, have we to be thankful for: we can truly say that—

“Midst changing scenes, and dying friends,  
He is our all in all.”

Through his grace, and goodness, Christian peace, and sympathy is felt, and manifested. May the same prosperity be sought, and extended to all the churches through Jesus Christ, Amen.

THOMAS POOCK.

May 4th, 1858.

Boro' GREEN.—On Sunday, May 9th, the village of Boro' Green presented an appearance that it has not done for some time, owing to Mr. John Inward, the pastor at Ryarah, Kent, being expected to baptize seven persons in his Master's name. Spectators were in all directions wending their way toward the place! Presently, along came the Ryarah pastor, with his candidates, and their respective attendants; after the usual preliminary services, he announced his text, John 1. 25, “why baptizest thou?” 1, because it (the ordinance of baptism) was heaven's authority; 2, heaven's example; 3, heaven's approbation; 4, heaven's commission; 5, heaven's description by way of figure in reference to the sufferings of Christ. An appropriate hymn was sung, chosen by one of the candidates; then the baptizing commenced. Mr Inward took them through the water manfully, giving a short statement of each one's call by grace. In the afternoon, he administered the ordinance of the Lord's supper to the church at Boro' Green; he was at home in his work; at night he preached a sound solid truthful discourse from Habakkuk iii. 13. “Thou westest forth for the salvation of thy people; “even for salvation with thine anointed.” Noticing two things; 1, the love acts of Jehovah, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, “thou westest forth.” 2nd, the end and design “the salvation of thy people.” Thus ended another day of gladness and of delight in Zion. Boro' Green Chapel is large and convenient, they are a truth loving people. Could they get a man to sound forth the notes of the unadulterated gospel, they would be glad. May the Lord, ere long, send them a young man after his own heart, that shall feed them with knowledge and with understanding; so prays

A LITTLE ONE ON THE WALLS OF ZION.

HANESLOPE, BUCKS.—Mr. Editor—As members of one family, we love to hear of each others welfare, especially of the recovery of any that have

been in a poor sickly condition. We feel persuaded to send this, to the glory of God; and the encouragement of those who may be in a like position. “Wait, I say, wait upon the Lord.” “He hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.” For a length of time this part of Zion has been in a low state; so much so, that the hearts of the ministers who have kindly come to preach, have been grieved; and we have feared many times lest “Ichabod” should be written upon the walls, thanks be to God it is not so. We wish, through this medium, to thank you, and all those who have come to preach the gospel to us. We believe it has not been altogether in vain. For some years the two or three here have been praying God to send a man as an instrument in his hands to build the walls of Jerusalem, and we believe he has in the person of Brother JOSEPH CARTWRIGHT, of Tring. God moves in a mysterious way. After the first time Joseph preached here, he thought he could not come to Hanelope again, but this appeared the only open door at that period; and as he came, the congregation increased: not only is his preaching blessed to the believer in administering comfort and support; but others are brought to see somewhat of the beauty and excellence “of him of whom Moses and the prophets did write.” On Lord's day morning, May, 2, 1858, Mr Cartwright preached from the first chapter of John and 25th verse, “Why baptizest thou then?” He noticed, 1st, because it is of divine appointment; 2nd, the example of our Lord and Master; lastly, the Divine approbation, and heavenly benediction. After sermon, the ordinance of baptism by immersion, was administered to a young man, a teacher of the sabbath school, to whom Mr Cartwright's ministry has been highly blessed in bringing him out of darkness into God's marvellous light, and we hope, if it is the Lord's will, others will follow. There was a great number to witness. Our minister made some very appropriate remarks at the baptistry. We trust much good was done. R. B. T. B.

MR. S. COZENS at DERBY.—On Lord's-day May 2nd, 1858, we were favoured with the ministrations of our esteemed friend, Mr. Cozens at Derby, when two excellent sermons were preached on behalf of the chapel incidental funds. The morning service was a joyful season to all who were privileged to attend: we had been longing for the time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and thanks be unto his adorable name we had it—hearts were made glad, faith strengthened, hope brightened and encouraged. The evening discourse was full of heavenly counsel; the word came with great power and demonstration of the Spirit, and was watered with tears of joy and gladness; long, will our brother Cozens be remembered by some at Derby. Our fervent prayer is that he may be long spared to water many a vineyard. On Monday, a public tea meeting was held, when a goodly number sat down. After which addresses were delivered by Messrs Taylor, Walker, Merwood and Cozens. Mr. Cozens, in his able style, rivited the attention of the audience, while speaking of “the two great desideratums of the age,” viz: Character in the Church, and Salvation in the Pulpit. Mr. Cozens remarked that there must be a change in the ministry before there would be any very material alteration in the church. If Zion's saints are to shout aloud for joy her priests must be clothed with salvation. After referring to the great religious movement in America, Mr. Cozens proposed a special prayer meeting to be held at 7 o'clock on the following and every morning through the week, to pray God to revive his work in the hearts of all his people individually, and in the church universally, promising to attend the first meeting. Consequently on Tuesday morning, at 7 o'clock, we met for prayer, at which eight addressed the throne of grace for a revival of pure and undenied religion. Oh may the dear Lord bless the services to the good of our souls is the prayer of

A MEMBER OF AGARD ST. CHAPEL.

## REVIVAL MEETINGS IN ENGLAND; BAPTIZINGS IN AMERICA; CONVERSION OF AN INFIDEL EDITOR, ETC., ETC.

WE wish specially to inform our readers that an Appendix to the May number of the *EARTHEN VESSEL* has been issued for one penny; and all our readers who feel an interest in efforts made for the gathering of the yet un-called elect of God are earnestly entreated not only to obtain the Appendix itself; but to circulate it among their neighbours. We have entertained the strongest hopes, that the perusal of the facts contained in that Appendix, may be rendered a great blessing to thousands in these lands.

In that Appendix we have given a careful digest, of all the most interesting circumstances arising out of that great Religious Movement which has been gathering tens of thousands to hear prayer and preaching in America, who before, were Galio like—"Caring for none of these things." We are not carried away with this excitement. We expect, in a short time, it will considerably abate; but, that the hand of God is in it for the accomplishment of great and solemn ends, we feel quite certain; therefore, let them sneer that dare; we dare not to think lightly of it. We adore the goodness of our LORD, in that he has been pleased so to overrule the late commercial crisis of the United States, as to make it a precursor to the humbling and deep self-abasement, of thousands in that immense world of wild, forward, and proud speculators.

We believe America is being prepared for a hearty and wide reception of the truth as it is in Jesus.

In the "Appendix" referred to, we have briefly noticed "*THE FIRST MEETING HOLDEN IN LONDON ON REVIVALS:*" and we give the following extract from a letter since received from a ministering brother, expressive of his feelings on this subject. He says:—

May 5th, 1858. MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—I cannot tell you how much I felt cheered at the meeting last night: it is indeed what I have been longing and praying for, for years; and I could not help feeling we were catching a few drops of the bucket which were as an earnest of a more copious outpouring.

But I feel there are a few things we must make up our minds to, if we wish to be successful.

First, we must thoroughly make up our minds to abide steadfastly by the great and glorious truths of the everlasting gospel. I cannot believe God will own or bless anything else but his own truth. And if we once come to anything like dependance on our own doings, I believe the Lord will leave us to see what we can do, or rather what we cannot do, in our own strength. It must be the "Sword of the Lord" in the hand of faith. Second we must make up our minds to a steady unflinching perseverance, "through evil and good report." We must make up our own minds to bear sneering at not only by the world and mere professors, but by our members, our deacons, and even by some of our brethren in the ministry. But what of all this, if God be with us, which I really do think he is? But we must, thirdly, make up our minds to practice a little self-denial in the work. I should like to see every minister of truth in London with us in this movement. I should like the meetings to go through every one of our chapels, till we came to the Surrey Tabernacle, and then from thence to the Leviathan Hall.

I was very pleased indeed with our brother Wyard's address and should have liked every minister in the metropolis to have heard it. Also with our Welsh brother Williams. Likewise with our philosophical brother Boxer. I still feel my own need of the Spirit's outpouring. I want to feel an abiding sense of our lamentable state; and an incessant spirit of wrestling prayer. I want to realize the fulfillment of Isa. lxii. 6, 7. Your's very faithfully in the Lord.

\* \* \*

This letter refers to the meeting held in Unicorn Yard Chapel, Tooley Street, on Tuesday, May 4th. We have omitted the writer's name, because it was not designed for publication; but we are anxious to shew the Lord is in some measure moving our hearts in a direction which we trust will lead to a more successful proclamation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Since the meeting in Unicorn Yard Chapel, a conference and special prayer meeting has been holden in brother Flack's, in Wilton Square, New North Road; and arrangements made for special meetings in all those places

where brethren are willing to unite. This little movement will be another test to prove the sincerity of many man's zeal; but of these things we will not speak now: the desire to be helpful (under God) of arousing the sleepy portions of our churches is deep and abiding with us; and whenever the Lord opens the door for the purpose, we shall not fear to enter in.

The latest communication we have from the United States, furnish information that "the great work of God is extending, deepening, and becoming more and more powerful;" and facts of cases are furnished which we hope and most earnestly pray may prove to be the harbinger of a glorious fulfilment of some of those rich clusters of promises in the prophetic field of truth, which have not, as yet been gathered into the bosom of the living Church of Christ. There are two things we wish to avoid—the first is, we desire, in this matter to have no countenance from men who have not faith enough to see God's hand in it. Secondly, we would not discourage the weakest effort, if it come from faith and love. We could write sheets full, but we have only room for the following sentences caught hastily from the mass of correspondence daily coming to hand. It is painful to us to withhold many most precious narrations of good being done, but here are samples.

*The Presbyterian of the West*, published at Cincinnati, of the 8th inst., gives the following:

"At the Business Men's prayer-meeting, on Monday morning, in the First Presbyterian Church, Hon. Bellamy Storer, at the close of some excellent remarks, made in substance the following statement, which was listened to with thrilling interest. He said, on last Thursday morning, at ten o'clock, a gentleman rapped at the door of Rev. Dr. Fisher's study, at the Second Presbyterian Church. Being invited in, he inquired for the sexton, saying, 'I am the editor of an infidel paper in the city of New York; and travelling on the cars last night, and this morning, I awoke with a sound ringing in my ears, Repeat! repeat! and it has been sounding in my ears ever since; and passing by this house, I saw in front of it a card stating that there is a prayer-meeting in this house every noon. I wish to send a request to that prayer-meeting for their prayers in my behalf.' Dr. Fisher conversed with him for some time, and found him under the most deep and pungent conviction; and they knelt down together, and united in solemn and earnest prayer. After which, at the doctor's request, he prayed for himself, and arose from his knees, rejoicing in hope. Then he said, 'I once had a praying wife, but by my infidel influence, she was induced to change her religious sentiments. I now ask for the prayers of that meeting for her.'"

*The American Baptist* says: the aggregate of conversions reported in connection with Baptist churches alone, during the month of March, is over 17,000. We hope many are real conversions to Gospel truth.

I must say that the present Revival is essentially different from all others that I have witnessed. In them, a large amount of human machinery was manifest; in these, human agency seems to be entirely ignored, and the Spirit of God alone is the moving power.

Thousands are immersed who unite with other churches. This is so particularly with

the Methodists. Their ministers, in order to keep them in their communion, are obliged to immerse them. Nothing else will satisfy the people. You have no idea the bold Baptist views have upon the community here. Seasons of fasting and prayer are being held in all directions.

**JEWETT CITY, R.I.**—The Lord has visited Jewett City in mercy, and great has been his power. Between sixty and seventy have been converted, and a goodly number have been reclaimed. The work has moved on with a solemnity and stillness never before witnessed in this place. Old and young have been called upon to seek the Lord. Thirty-four have united with the Baptist church, to be followed by others. There has been but little preaching; but prayer—strong crying to God.

One of the pastors of Hartford, Connecticut, says that within the last four or five weeks more than 1,000 persons have called on him to converse on the subject of religion! This reminds one of Whitfield's week in London, when he received a thousand letters from persons anxious about their souls.

It has been stated, in one of the prayer-meetings in this city, that a club of profane infidels in Andover, Massachusetts, were recently discussing the subject of baptism, and using the Bible to ascertain what it said about the matter. The result of their study to know what it taught on baptism, led six or seven of them to Christ, and now they are rejoicing in the Saviour.

#### MOUNT ZION CHAPEL, HILL STREET, DORSET SQUARE.

The annual meeting of the Benevolent Society in connexion with this cause was held on Tuesday, May 18th. At 5 o'clock a goodly number sat down to tea, and about half-past 6, the meeting commenced, the chair being taken by the esteemed pastor, Mr. John Foreman. The report gave great satisfaction, shewing the expences of working the Society to have been very small; and the benefits conferred upon the poor members, to have been very great. Much regret was expressed on account of the dangerous illness of the respected secretary, and much gratitude to God for his goodness, in enabling their beloved pastor to complete his 31st year of labour amongst them, without the least deviation from the great truths with which his ministry was commenced. Brother Keyworth opened, and brother Green closed the meeting with prayer. The claims of the society were ably advocated by brethren Flack, of Wilton Square; Jones, of Jireh meeting; B. Davies, of Greenwich; and Hazleton, of Chadwell Street.

The meeting was of a most pleasing character, and the prospects of this admirable society are most encouraging. It was stated during the meeting that when Mr. Foreman first came to the cause they found difficulty in raising £80 a year, but the Lord had so blessed them, that now their charities alone produced above £200 per annum. Ye little struggling causes and pastors, take encouragement from this, and trust in the Lord.



PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, BRIDGE  
STREET, GREENWICH.

DEAR BROTHER—Our Anniversary has passed off exceedingly well. The congregations were remarkably good, and the collections were much more than we expected to have, falling a little short of twenty pounds. Our former Pastor, Mr Wilkins, leaving us at the end of 57, shook the cause considerably, but under the ministry of our young brother Davies, we are again revived, and things look much more cheering and encouraging. It has seldom fallen to my lot to hear three sermons with so much pleasure and profit as I did on the day of our anniversary. Our brother Davies seemed quite at home in his work, although evidently laboring under a very severe cold. In the morning he preached from Eph v. 25, "Christ also loved the Church and gave himself for it." And in the evening from James i. 25. "But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed." Our good brother John Foreman in the afternoon, gave us a good, powerful and savoury discourse from Psalm iv. 8, "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep, for thou Lord only makest me dwell in safety." The blessing realized on the Lord's-day made us hope for a continuance on the day following, and we were not disappointed. Our brother Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle gladdened our hearts by shewing us the excellency and glory of Jehovah's temple. So that according to his text, (Jonah ii. 4) many were constrained to say, I also will look again to the holy temple.

At five o'clock our spacious school room was quite filled with our friends who were looking after a cup of their favourite souchong, which by the kindness of our ladies had been prepared much to the satisfaction of all present. Soon after six the public meeting commenced, our brother Butterfield gave out a hymn, and brother Attwood engaged in prayer. Lively and encouraging addresses were delivered by our brethren Wells, C. W. Banks, Wyard, Flack and Boxer, brethren Fenlon and Whitteridge also taking part in the meeting. The speakers gave us some most excellent counsel, with respect to the means which should be employed in reviving the cause of God. Their advice we have, and still hope to carry out; and believing that Jehovah will bless us we desire to thank God, and take courage. I am, dear brother, your's affectionately.

S. FISHER.

Union Wharf, East Greenwich.

THE BIRTH-DAY PRESENT.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS—It hath pleased our Heavenly Father to bereave me, and my dear partner of our daughter, aged 17 years. I send you an extract from her manuscript, which she wrote the last week she was able to use her pen. After much exercise in seeking

and waiting upon the Lord, under a sense of guilt, for an assurance of her interest in him, on the 16th anniversary of her birth day, the Lord gave her that she sought for, which she calls "the best birth-day presents" and relates it in the following words:

"It was Sabbath day; I awoke early, remembering it was my birth-day: my thoughts ascended to God in prayer, that he would make it a day never to be forgotten in my soul's experience for good; and would that day enable me to believe in him as my Saviour and my Redeemer. I was still confined to my bed; and after breakfast, I read a portion of God's word with much pleasure: my heart was warmly seeking for an assurance of God's love and my interest in him, so that I said, "O Lord, this is my birth day; the anniversary of the day, on which thou didst please to bring me into this world. O grant it may be the day on which thou wilt bring me into thy family, and make me a child of God, an heir of heaven. O bless me to day! and give me a birth-day present! Thou dost know that nothing but thyself will satisfy my soul. O grant me some assurance of thy love! shew me some token for good! Let me feel that thy banner over me is love; and hear thy voice." I had scarcely finished speaking, when these words came with such power to my mind, indeed it seemed as if I heard a voice saying, "*I have loved thee; and given myself for thee!*" O Lord, I exclaimed, let me not be deceived. If they are indeed thy words let me hear the voice again. I paused and as distinctly as before, but with more power, the words came, "*I have loved thee, and given myself for thee.*" My heart was melted; and I said, Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief." Then my mind was led sweetly to contemplate the words and the more I thought about them, the sweeter they seemed. O, to think, that the King of kings, and Lord of lords, should say to a poor sinner like me, "*I have loved thee!*" O what love! how great! how vast! and not only that, but "*have given myself for thee.*" On reflection, I shed tears of gratitude; and longed to know more of the love of God, which passeth knowledge. It is quite true, that love begets love: and we love him because he first loved us, for no sooner did I feel assured that Jesus loved me, than I thought I could not love him too much: and no sacrifice would be too great to prove my gratitude to him. I said, "O Lord, if thou hast loved me, and given thyself; enable me to use all my powers to thy glory. May this be my motto in all I do:

"TO THE GLORY OF GOD."

O, WHAT shall I render? oh, what shall I bring?  
Would I could make the whole nation to ring  
With praises to God, who deserves all my love,  
While I dwell on this earth, till I meet him above.  
'Tis there; oh, 'tis there, that I hope to resound  
My loud note of praise to the grace I have found  
If ever I reach to that glorious seat,  
Myself, and my crown I'll cast down at his feet.

Thus was my heart filled with joy and peace in believing, and I went on my way rejoicing. The language of my heart was,

"I have found the pearl of greatest price  
My heart doth sing for joy,  
And sing I must, for Christ I have,  
Oh! what a Christ have I."

It was indeed a blessed day, and I found by experience the best birth-day present is an interest in God's love.

This assurance she was enabled to hold fast unto the end of her short race, at which she arrived on Lord's-day morning, May the 9th, 1858, at about two o'clock. Some of her last words were "*It is well; I am happy; I am not afraid to trust him,*" &c., &c.

We committed her poor body to the silent tomb yesterday in our burying ground at Penn, in the presence of a multitude of followers and witnesses.

Brother Cawes officiated. May the Lord sanctify and overrule this solemn visitation for our good; and the good of many others. She has left several manuscripts of short meditations on passages of Scripture. I will send you a sample for CHEERING WORDS.

Wycombe Marsh, May 17th. J. P. MILLER.

### AN IMPORTANT INQUIRY:

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF ROM. VI. 14?

[The following query was placed in our hands, while preaching in Cuddington, near Aylesbury:—We promised our esteemed brother that we would lay the matter before the Lord, and, give such replies to his queries as may appear to us to be in accordance with the revealed word and will of "Him with whom we have to do." Should any brother have clearer light into the passage than we may be favoured with, we shall be glad to receive his communication.—ED.]

TO THE EDITOR.

"DEAR BROTHER—I believe you wish to be useful to God's tried people. If you will give us your thoughts on the following passage, I do hope it may, under God, be very useful to many:—Rom. vi. 14. I know one poor soul that has been tried for years about that passage; please to give us your thoughts on it next month, if possible. May God the Spirit be your teacher. There are two things God's tried ones want to know: One is—does sin have dominion over the open backslider? It is plain he lives in known sin, but even then, does sin have dominion in the way the Apostle means? The other thing is—we want to know if there is not a difference between a partial and absolute dominion?"

W. MEEKINS,

Pastor of the Baptist Church,  
Waddesden Hill, Bucks.

[The words of Paul above referred to, are these,—"*For sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law; but under grace.*" Since the above queries were laid before us, our minds have been much exercised upon them; and on two occasions we were favoured with special unction and liberty. An article or two shall immediately be given, if we are spared—if not, we hope there are many well-taught brethren who will be able most clearly both to open and to illustrate this notable text.—ED.]

### Original Poetry.

"SORROWFUL, YET ALWAYS REJOICING."

A cup of sorrow mix'd with joy,  
My gracious Lord has given;  
O let not sin my soul destroy,  
Or hinder me from heaven.

Sorrows and joys while here below  
Become a poor believer;  
In wisdom God designed it so  
And mixed the two together.

Though sorrowful, I still rejoice,  
'Mid scenes of tribulation,  
When I can hear that still small voice,  
Say "I am thy salvation."

Though pains and evils never cease,  
Which makes my way uneven,  
Yet nothing shall I lose by this  
If I get safe to heaven.

Though waxing, waning, like the moon,  
In Christ my hope's unshaken;  
I do expect deliverance soon,  
And can I be mistaken?

What sorrows had those saints of God  
Of whom we read in Scripture;  
Surely the rugged path they trod  
Well represent my picture.

If, therefore, thou wilt keep me low,  
O, thou most wise Jehovah;  
The reason thou wilt let me know,  
When all my pains are over.

ELIZABETH.

Tilbury, April 8th, 1858.

### Gleanings from the Poetic Writings

OF THE LATE MR. THOMAS BIDDLE,

Pastor of the Baptist Chapel, Brockham.

[Before this useful servant of Christ finished his course, he requested a friend to furnish us with some portions of his writing. We hope, occasionally, to insert them, as they breathed the feelings of a true believer's heart.—ED.]

THE PASTOR'S CHIEF DESIRE.

All I want, and all I wish for,  
Is to serve the God of truth;  
I read and spread his glorious gospel,  
Love to see its precious fruit.

Feed his purchased flock of slaughter,  
Lead and guide them in the way;  
Cheer the hearts of tried believers,  
Comfort those who weep and pray.

In the dust of self abasement  
Lay the rebel sinner low;  
And to him thus filled with anguish,  
All the love of Jesus show.

Great things here, O Lord, I seek not,  
But to serve thy Church and Thee;  
Thy dear Saints on earth to comfort;  
Those in bondage to set free.

This I wish, and this I pray for,  
Grant me Lord this one request;  
To thy wisdom, grace and mercy,  
Lord, I would leave all the rest.

THOMAS BIDDLE.

[A large stock of Poetry on Christian experience is waiting for room; but three things are desirable. First, we want "*Poetry,*" not mere rhymerly. Second, we want Poetry of a Biblical Expository Character. Thirdly, we want short, pithy, savoury pieces.—ED.]

## Reviews.

*"Sermons and Special Lectures, &c. By Rev. Robert Maguire, M.A., Incumbent of Clerkenwell. London: Partridge and Co., and B. Seely, Islington Green.*

Mr. Maguire is, in some respects, a Nehemiah of modern times. We cannot say, that like that good old biblical reformer—the son of Hachaliah, and the companion of Hanani—that the zealous incumbent of Clerkenwell has “*sat down, and wept, and mourned certain days, and fasted, and prayed before the God of heaven,*” on account of the afflictions of Jerusalem, and, more than all, on account of his own once far-off condition as a sinner in the sight of a Holy God: we cannot say for certain that he has wrestled hard in prayer, as Nehemiah did, pleading by faith in the covenant-keeping character of Jehovah: we cannot answer for the deep experimental knowledge of Mr. Maguire, as regards his being enabled, with John, to say, “*and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with the Son Jesus Christ:*” but we can refer to those increasing efforts of Mr. Maguire which prove his zeal, his ability, and his success, as a great Moral Reformer, and Noble Benefactor, in that immense district to which his labors are now principally directed. Clerkenwell greatly needs a laborious man like this bold, out-spoken gentlemanly, and devoted priest of Irish origin, but now of England’s Protestant National Church; and in all his labours for the suppression of evil and the enlargement of right and wholesome principles, we heartily wish him abundant victory, and increasing prosperity. He has succeeded in crowding a recently empty church; and in many ways, he is instrumentally conferring blessings upon those committed to his care. Beyond all question, there are some men designed for *external* work; there are others for *internal* work. In the erection of new earthly temples, there is a striking difference between those powerful men who go, first, and cut down the trees, grub up the roots, break up the ground, dig down for the foundation; and those who come when the house is finished, and furnished with every domestic and requisite homely comfort. Even so, between those giant-like men who go forth among the rude masses, and reprove them for their unrighteous ways; and lay down the law before them; and such soul-comforting inside men, as Mr. Maguire’s neighbours, the brethren Abrahams, Hazleton, and others; there is a vast difference. Still, as the one is as needful as the other, it is not for us to say, they are not equally the Ambassadors of Christ. This six-penny pamphlet under the title of “*Sermon, and Four Special Lectures,*” contains, first, an intelligent and telling discourse on the character and observance of the Lord’s-day; and four Lectures on “*Sunday Buyers, Sunday Sellers, Early Payment of Wages, and Early Closing.*” Those of our readers who have, with us, mourned over the awful flood of iniquities which run down our streets on the Lord’s-days, can but be thankful that any

efforts are being made to convince our deeply fallen fellow-creatures of the degradation into which they are plunged. We shall most heartily rejoice to know that Mr. Maguire is honoured of God to lead many into a vital acquaintance with the saving powers of sovereign grace. To all benevolent Christian philanthropists, the pamphlet will be useful and might greatly aid them in their walks among those who are out of the way.

“*Conversations on Scripture.*” Nos. 1, & 2. 4 page tracts. Mr. Billing, Livery-street, Birmingham.

In short, plain, and instructive dialogues, these papers carry forth much Bible-truth: We are anxious to see more of them.

“*The Saint’s Death: a Sermon by T. W. Medhurst, Baptist Chapel, Kingston-on-Thames.* Occasioned by the death of Mrs. Sarah Ruff, aged 73.” Robert Banks & Co.

There are sufficient evidences in this sermon to prove two things: first, that Mrs. Ruff was an exercised, but genuine Christian woman. Secondly, Mr. Medhurst, in preaching, is an advocate for that gospel which embodies the great doctrines of grace, the essential operations of the Spirit, and the fruits of grace in the character and conversation of those who profess to love the Saviour’s name. Mr. Medhurst is a young man of considerable zeal; and from those who have received good through his ministry, we have heard, he is growing in the right direction. We hope the Lord will keep and prosper him.

“*Salvation by Grace: a Funeral Sermon* preached in Wiverhoe Chapel, near Colchester, upon the Death of Mr. Thomas Sandford. By J. Collins, Baptist Minister, Colchester.

Here are sixteen pages of wholesome gospel matter. One of the best funeral sermons we ever saw. It might be placed in the hands of young seekers for truth, to great advantage.

“*Letters of Counsel to Young Servants.*” London: Cash, 5, Bishopsgate; Birmingham: T. Bagg.

A cheap and useful four-penny book, which mothers and mistresses may present to those under their care with some hope of effecting good.

“*Eternal Union; or Grace Relationship between the Righteous and their Righteous Head,*” &c. By Arthur Wilcockson. Second Edition. London: H. Wilcockson, 13, Roll’s Buildings; to be had of the Author, 2, Nuckell’s Place, Broadstairs. The Author of this Poem is a promising young minister, and is favoured with excellent gifts, deeply sanctified by grace and heavenly teaching. As a writer, we hope he will meet with encouragement.

“*The Three Curacies under the Pillar of Providence.*” By a Chaplain. London: Partridge and Co. 124, pp. One-shilling.

To us, this narrative is one of surpassing interest: furnishes a beautiful outline of the struggles and successes, the disappointments and deliverances of a life labouring under heavy loads, for the glory of God.

## Memoir of the late John Keeble.

[CONTRIBUTED BY JOHN ANDREWS JONES.]

REFERRING the reader to my *introduction* as in the last month's VESSEL, I proceed in stating that John Keeble was called home from earth to heaven in the month of April, 1824, after being the faithful pastor of the Baptist church at Blandford-street, Portman-square, for twenty-six years. His funeral sermon, preached by Mr. John Chin, late of Walworth, is now before me. The *text* is most significant. "*Though I be nothing*," 2 Cor. xii. 2. "It was with difficulty he (Mr. Keeble) could be prevailed upon to select any portion for the occasion; but at last said, well if you must have a text, take this, "*Though I be nothing*.'" I have only promised the essence of Mr. Chin's important sermon, descending more particularly on him whose removal to his everlasting rest, occasioned its being delivered.

An unlettered man, scarcely able at one time to read at all, *never* able to spell, rude in speech, but not in knowledge; a scribe well instructed in the things of the kingdom of God. His ministerial labours owned and blessed to hundreds of precious immortal souls, and whose memory is as fragrant as a rose in June to this day.

"*Though I be nothing*."

These were the words of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, expressive of the mean opinion he had of himself, but whose *ministry* had been crowned with abundant success. Let us consider.

1. The inefficiency of all instruments, in and of themselves.
2. Their selection and qualifications.
3. The manner in which their duties are discharged.
4. The success attending their labours.

God, in carrying on his work among men employs such instruments as makes all the success to depend *entirely on himself*. And faithful ministers are like Paul, jealous of their Master's honour; so that he that planneth is nothing, neither he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase, is all in all. Death has deprived the church of the labours of Paul, and of Wickliffe, of the zeal of Luther and Whitfield; and though *John Keeble* can no longer edify this congregation, yet the cause of God and truth *must* advance. Ordinary ministers continue not, by reason of death, but Jesus Christ doth, who is "the same yesterday, to day, and for ever." The Lord will support his own cause by the exertion of his own power; showing his independence of *man*, and also convincing *ministers and others*, that, "*they are nothing*." God also secures the glory of all the *success* attending a gospel ministry, by the sovereign manner in which he *selects* and *qualifies* those whom he employs in the work. The Lord's chosen instruments, have not only *surprised*,

but often excited the *envy* of some who have made high pretensions to the sacred office. The well-known occupation of the Lord Jesus, gave great offence to his countrymen. They said, "Whence hath this man this wisdom, and these mighty works? Is not this the carpenter's son?" The palace and the cottage have been the honoured birth-place of the Lord's servants. Fishermen have been called, and made "fishers of men." Not a few who have been engaged in the labour of husbandry, have been called to labour in the Lord's vineyard. *Such was the occupation of our departed brother Keeble*; for previous to his entering upon the public ministry, he never rose higher in society than a farmer's servant. Human prudence and sagacity are apt to dictate to Divine wisdom in the choice of ministers; but, "the Lord seeth not as men seeth; man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." "God hath chosen the *foolish* things of the world, to confound the wise; the *weak* things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and *base* things of the world, and things which are despised &c." Why? "That no flesh should glory in his presence."

The *qualifications* also for the discharge of the ministry are equally of the Lord. To be a *good* minister of Christ, a man must be a possessor of the grace of Christ. The husbandman that laboureth must be first a partaker of the fruits; and, of all the methods employed for conveying Divine instruction, nothing has been so effectual as experimental preaching; or, what our departed brother Keeble used to call, "internal work." When the lips and the heart of the preacher keep pace together, then by manifestation of the truth he commends himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God. What has so often fixed your attention under the ministry of your late pastor? Was it the neatness of his style, and the eloquence of his oratory? Oh, no! it was the importance of the truth he delivered, and his just description of the workings and counter-workings of the human heart, under the influence of sin and grace. Like Paul, he could accompany, and at times go beyond the most elevated of his hearers; with the afflicted and tempted he could sympathise; in patience and persevering supplication, he furnished a bright example; he knew him who had said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will answer thee." He preached Christ to others while he enjoyed him for himself. "He knew whom he believed;" but in all, his humble acknowledgment was, "*I be nothing*."

But let us consider "*the work*" to which they are called. It is to preach the glorious gospel of the blessed God, and the *end* to be accomplished by their ministry, not a mere

*change of opinion* in their hearers, and that within the sinner's power, but that a new birth may be effected, a *new creation*, a resurrection from the dead in sins, a rescue from infernal power, a translation from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son. They are made stewards of the manifold grace of God, and are required to be found faithful. They have many temptations, and are men of like passions with others; but, they obtain mercy of the Lord to be faithful.

The *temptations* of your late pastor were frequent and very painful. He has often told me how greatly he has been distressed for fear he should be confounded before the people; and, how he has employed the interval between praying and preaching, in crying to God, "*Lord, help thy servant this once!*" And, said he, "the Lord has been very kind, and often made these some of my choicest seasons of personal comfort, enlargement, and benefit to others. And then, I have been tempted to *neglect* due preparation: but, we are not ignorant of Satan's devices." Our brother experienced much kindness from many dear friends; but his heart was pierced and wounded by the defection and unkindness of others. It was this, or something like it, that caused your late respected pastor, a few days before his death, when looking down on his afflicted limbs, and laying his hands on his bosom, the principal seat of anguish, to say, "A man may sustain his *infirmities*, but a *wounded spirit* who can bear?" But these trials drive the man to God for supporting grace, and constrain him to acknowledge "as we have received mercy, we *faint* not."

We proceed to observe that the success that has attended ministerial labours, proves that "the excellency of the power is of God." How different have been the *effects* produced, by the preaching of the *same* gospel at different times! In *some* cases much good has been done in a *short* time; in *others* an amount of labour has been expended, and little or no apparent fruit has been brought to perfection. Isaiah anxiously enquired, "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" Our glorious Redeemer, who spake as never man spake! still, his faithful followers were comparatively few; while under a single sermon delivered by Peter, three thousand souls were converted. So also in *this* place; the gospel has been preached in its *purity*, and with no small ability too, even from its first erection, and yet but little good appeared to attend the ministry here, for some years, so that when our brother Keeble first came to Blandford-street, *the things that remained were ready to die*; but—by his plain and humble ministry *God wrought powerfully*. Hundreds have been savingly converted; and, for many years there was as much union, Christian affection, and spiritual prosperity, as have been enjoyed by any Christian society in our day: so that of *this* church it has often been said, "what hath God wrought?" If the weapons of our warfare are made powerful

it is *only* through God. Without the special influence of his Spirit, we can neither *wound* nor *heal*. And the more humble, devoted, and useful a minister is, the more conscious he will be of his own insignificance; and while he beholds the pleasure of the Lord prospering in his hand, will exclaim "'tis his work; I am nothing."

These sentiments will receive a further illustration from a consideration of the life, ministry, and dying *experience*, of our departed brother Keeble: an account of which I shall next month attempt to give you, with much plainness and all sincerity; and without any attempt to eulogize him, who is now mercifully placed beyond the reach of praise or censure. I am perhaps the better furnished for *this* service, in consequence of my well-known intimacy with him for many years. Our acquaintance commenced in the days of his *prosperity*, and I knew his soul in adversity. Our confidence *increased* with our acquaintance; and, when *death* came, our souls were not divided. *Affliction* somewhat interrupted our *personal* communion, but an *epistolary* correspondence supplied the deficiency. It is from *this* source that I have principally derived my information.

(To be continued in our next, which will contain Mr. Keeble's most truly interesting Memoir, with some valuable additions.)

## EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

### LETTER XLV.

MY GOOD THEOPHILUS, I now make a few remarks, (and they will be but few,) upon the resurrection and destiny of the lost; that the just, as well as the unjust; the wicked, as well as the righteous; the hated, as well as the loved; will be raised from the dead. We know, from express declaration of Holy Scriptures, that there will be a resurrection of the just and of the unjust; but with *what body* the unjust will rise is nowhere clearly revealed. Some, it is true, have by *contrasting* the resurrection body of the unjust with the just, endeavoured to give us a fair idea of the resurrection body of the unjust; but the contrast, does not in some very material points, hold good; for if we say the one is as the glorious body of the Saviour, then, where is the contrast here? for although the unjust are spoken of as the children of the wicked one, yet satan has not a material body, therefore they cannot in this material respect, be like him.

Again, the just are to be raised *immortal*, but will the unjust be raised *mortal*? Will they not rather be raised in the same kind of durable existence as that possessed by satan? Yet there can be no doubt but the just and the unjust will, in very many respects, perfectly contrast with each other. The terms fox, wolf, serpent, viper, with many other terms of the like import, no doubt, most solemnly indicate the state of most awful degradation in which they shall rise; each feeling himself to

be all that which is implied in such terms; not one of them all will then be able to congratulate himself upon the possession of one good quality, yet possessing a soul capable of seeing, and feeling, the full force of such degradation. Alas! for poor, degraded, lost, and miserable man. Truly the judgments of the Most High are a great deep. I sigh as I write these gloomy lines, and, but for the humble hope, my good Theophilus, which we have in covenant mercy in Christ, I am sure that you with me, would wish you had never existed; it would, indeed, have been good for that man who dies in his sins, if he had never been born.

Now the wicked will be raised by virtue of their accountability to God, and I hope in my next letter to set this matter of human and Christian accountability to God somewhat clearly before you.

I will here just suggest that there are *three* causes of a sinner's condemnation.

I. *The criminal* cause. This criminal cause is two-fold: original and personal. 1st. The *original* is Adam's transgression; by which transgression judgment came upon all men to condemnation. 2nd. The *personal*. This will mean all sins against light and knowledge.

II. There is the *legal* cause of condemnation. The righteous law of God is the legal cause of condemnation; and from the laws, (all the laws of God, arise more from *sovereignty*, than what men are pleased to call his moral perfections; any deviation, therefore, from those laws, is a sin against his *authority*, and is therefore, a sin against all his other perfections; and this is the reason that "he that offendeth in one point is guilty of the whole." Because all laws arise from his authority, and they are holy, chiefly *because* of this. For what a number of things have the people of God done that were holy, simply because they were done by Divine authority. Take as a sample the wars of the Jews with the Canaanites; these wars, without Divine authority, would have been wholesale murder. But Divine authority precluded all fault on the part of those chosen ministers of Divine judgments. Many of the Psalms of David, apart from Divine authority, would be anything but holy. What could be more unhallowed than merely on human authority for one man to say of the little children of another man "happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones?" But before God here existed a criminal and a legal cause, and his righteous authority is shewn in carrying out penally the law, which he, not of necessity, but sovereignly, gave.

Then there is also the *executive* cause of condemnation. The *will* of God is the *executive* cause of condemnation. Take it thus: here is a man condemned to die, now his crime is the *faulty*, the *criminal* cause of that sentence. The law of the land is the legal cause; but now comes the will of the monarch. Shall the man live or shall he not? Now this will help you to see what I mean. Here is the sinner under sentence of death; "dying thou shalt die." Now it lies with the Lord to say whether or not that man shall die.

Thus it is that he hath mercy upon whom he will have mercy. He wills one by the Saviour's meditorial work to life; the other he wills by the law for his sin to degradation.

Thus, my good Theophilus, you cannot rightly respect the blessed God in any of his perfections, unless you, first of all respect his authority, cavil at his sovereignty; and all pretences to be holy and righteous will amount only to a little show before men, but in vain will you try to please God, all the time human sovereignty is put in the place of his sovereignty. Let us then tremble, and not trifle with his holy word: let his sovereignty as well as his justice be known in condemnation, and it will soon exclude boasting, and make us fly to the word of his grace for mercy and for hope.

Nor will the hell of the lost be *temporary*; would to God it were; gladly would I sound abroad, the doctrine of a quenchable fire; gladly would I hail the news, that the punishment is not everlasting; that their torment is *not* for ever and ever; that that mysterious thing, the worm, does die. Alas! what is this mystic worm? is it the *conscience*? or, what is it, for it *dieth not*? Some do say, the punishment is *not* everlasting; that the worm will die; that the torment is not for ever and ever; but that these Scriptures ought to be understood in subservience to such Scriptures that say, that the wicked shall be burned up as chaff. But I fear the figurative must be subservient to the plain and literal, and not the plain and literal subservient to the figurative: everlasting punishment—tormented for ever and ever—the fire not quenched, and the worm dying not, are terms, which, I fear, must have their full absolute force and meaning. And, beside, those who contend for a limited duration of punishment, or a second death, or annihilation by a fiery process, these admit that the unjust will have a *future* existence. Is not this admission fatal to the whole plan of the annihilation scheme; for, if they can exist at all in eternity, apart from eternal life in Christ; if they can exist at all in eternity, why not that existence be as likely to be two thousand years as one thousand years? and if two thousand years, why may it not be ten thousand years? and if ten thousand years, why not for ever? and I greatly fear it is so—I believe it is so: and I must leave this awful and infinite mystery with him to whom secret things belong, and while, on the one hand, I will not speak reproachfully of those who conscientiously hold to the doctrine of the final cessation of the existence of the lost, yet, on the other hand, I do not feel that I dare to deny the eternity of future punishment. Thrice happy, indeed, is that man who is delivered from this mysterious second death, this unquenchable wrath to come!

My good Theophilus, I have written this short letter with a heavy heart, but still it is good sometimes, at least, to go to the house of mourning, but if it make me heavy hearted and gloomy in writing it, and you in reading it, what must the *awful reality* be? We may well beseech the Lord to "teach us to num-

ber our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom;" and our days are not so many but that they are easily numbered and are soon gone, and we soon fly away. Alas! then, for all things under the sun! "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, saith the Preacher," and not able to supply the real needs, even, of

A LITTLE ONE.

## THE REIGN OF GRACE:

ANSWER TO THE INQUIRY,

"WHAT IS THE MEANING OF ROMANS VI. 14?"

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—As I very much like the *spirit* of the inquiry on the 147th page of the June number of the *VESSEL*, I will ask your permission to take some little notice of this important inquiry; not, Mr. Editor, that I for a moment deem either yourself or Mr. Meekins, who sends the inquiry, at all incompetent to clear up the question; and that, too, much better than I can do. Still, if I come with my views to the light, I shall, where I err, have the privilege of being corrected by you; I, therefore, leave my mind open to conviction wherever I may be wrong.

Mr. Meekins puts the inquiry into a two-fold form: namely,

First, Does sin have dominion over the open backslider? Does sin have dominion over such an one in the *sense* intended by the Apostle? This is the first part of the inquiry.

The second part of Mr. Meekins's inquiry is, is there not a difference between a partial and an absolute dominion? Now this last part of the inquiry is a well suggested *reply* to the first part of the inquiry.

And I think the matter may be made somewhat clear by noticing the *four-fold* sense in which sin shall not have dominion over the true believer.

First, *penally*; it shall not have condemning power over him, for "there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus," for all that are planted together in the likeness of his death, rise by *faith* into the likeness of his resurrection; and these walk by faith, and this walking by faith is what the Apostle calls walking after the Spirit. Now it is impossible to lay too much stress upon our completeness in him, for he hath by his one offering perfected for ever all them who were sanctified by God the Father, preserved in Christ Jesus, and called. They are no more under the law than the surviving widow is under the law of her deceased husband. We respect the law, and consent that it is holy, just, and good; but holy, just, and good as it is, we are not under it, for, saith the Apostle, "Ye are *not* under the law, but under grace."

What, then, are we without law to God? No, we are not, for we are under the law of

faith and love to Christ; and under all the laws and precepts of gospel life and liberty; and we love the Lord God with all our heart and mind, and strength; but it is not by the law of *wrath* that we love God, but by the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus, and that the righteousness of the law is in the *spirit* of it fulfilled in us who walk by faith in the *truth*; all other paths but that of the truth, are after the flesh.

Sin, therefore, shall not, while Jesus lives, have penal dominion over the true believer, for he is under grace. The whole work and purpose of grace is to *save*, and not destroy.

Secondly, *enmity*; enmity is the sin that distinguishes the carnal mind from the spiritual. The third chapter of the First Epistle of John, describes the wicked and the righteous by the two opposite qualities of *love* and *enmity*; nor can that chapter be rightly understood in any other way. The sin there spoken of, which proves a man to be of the devil, is the sin of *enmity against the truth*; and the righteousness there spoken of means a life of *love to the truth*. Abel loved the truth, and Cain hated the truth; one shewed practically his love to the truth, the other shewed practically his hatred to the truth. The one was not under the law, but under grace; and this grace brought into Abel's heart a knowledge of, faith in, and love to, the truth. Whereas Cain being under the law, the law worked *wrath* in him, and he burned with fiery *enmity* against the truth; as thousands of professors now do, they *profess* free-grace, they profess to believe in Jesus Christ, but their careful avoidance of God's truth, or what they call *extremes*, their cold-hearted distance from the hill country of sovereign truth, shows that they are still in *heart* under the law; they have their eyes full of the false church, and cannot cease from the sin of enmity against the truth, they cannot, that is, they have no will to cease from enmity against the truth; nay, they even think they do God service in putting down all they can the new covenant order of certain salvation. Now this sin of enmity shall not have dominion over them who are not under the law, but under grace. The law of God, the blood of the everlasting covenant, and the *spirit of grace*, are ever *dear* to them who are under grace. The sin of enmity shall not have dominion over them, to make them hate the Son of God in his eternal oneness which he has with his Father. The sin of enmity shall not have dominion over them, to make them lightly esteem, (much less make them count unclean) the blood of the everlasting covenant. The sin of enmity shall not have dominion over them, to make them blaspheme the Holy Spirit of Heavenly grace; but each, at the end of his journey shall say, "I have stuck unto thy testimonies." To this sin of

enmity they are dead, and cannot go on in hatred to the truth that grace may abound; God forbid, for how can we that are dead to enmity live any longer therein; we are dead with Christ, and we are to reckon ourselves to be dead indeed unto sin; that is, that Christ is our death unto sin, for sin can die nowhere but at the end of the law, "For the law is the strength of sin, but Christ is the end of the law for righteousness;" and there it is that sin is dead.

The members of the body are called instruments. The learned show us, that the word *instruments* in the original conveys a *military* idea; so that, as when we hated the truth, we fought against it; but now that we love the truth, we are to contend for it: we are to "fight the good fight of faith." Thus, then, sin *penally*, nor sin *essentially*, shall have dominion over you; for ye are not under a law that condemns, but under a law that justifies. Justified freely by his grace, and ye are not under a law that worketh wrath; but under that grace which in solemn oath declares will never be wrath with us, nor rebuke us, nor depart from us.

I now come to the third part of my answer to the inquiry; and I at once confess that Mr. Meekins's backslider is under sin in one of the respects the Apostle intends; for the whole drift of this sixth chapter to the Romans, shows how the Apostle would have us yield ourselves up unto God; and he would have us consecrated wholly, body, life, and spirit, unto God; and the Apostle thanks God that they had obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered unto them. "God be thanked (that ye were the servants of sin, but) ye have obeyed from the heart that form (that is, that *order*) of doctrine delivered unto you."

Now mind it does not say sin shall have no dominion over you, but simply that "sin shall not have dominion over you;" there, therefore, clearly is a difference between a *partial* and an *absolute* dominion; and also, there is a difference between an *essential* and a *circumstantial* dominion: there is a sin unto death, and there is a sin not unto death. The sin unto death is that of *enmity* against the truth; the sins *not* unto death, are such as are recorded in the Bible of Noah, Moses, David, Hezekiah, and Peter, and of many of the Corinthians and others. None of these sinned from *enmity* to the truth, nor presumptuously "that grace may abound;" nor because they were "not under the law, but under grace."

I hardly know what Mr. Meekins means by a *backslider*. A backslider, in the biblical sense of the word, is one who turns away from, and goes back from the truth; but I suppose Mr. Meekins does not look to the biblical sense of the word backslide, but only the *customary* sense attached by man to that word. "Now if any man draw back (from

the truth, for so I understand it), my soul (saith the Lord) shall have no pleasure in him;" "but (saith the Apostle,) we are not of them who draw back unto perdition, but of them that believe to the saving of the soul." Thus, then, to draw back unto perdition is to draw back from the *faith*, from the truth, from the love of the truth, into enmity against the truth. But can the true, *well-established* Christian thus draw back? Draw back from tribulation he may, saying, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." Draw back from shewing that kindness to the cause of God which he ought to show he may; and also a *great many* do in this sense draw back from that *practical* devotedness to God so desirable; he may; and who that knows his own heart has not much in this department to lament?

Now these are great drawbacks to the believer's advantages, and prevent his receiving a full reward of the things he has wrought; but even these drawbacks, bad as they are, do not constitute crucifying the Son of God afresh. These, then, I say, do not constitute drawing back unto perdition, for then not one soul would be saved; for if we drawback from the truth, we must be lost.

Now, whether Mr. Meekins's backslider, as he calls him, be a brother at all, though a disorderly one, I must leave to Him who knoweth the hearts of men, and is Judge of all.

One thing I know is that the declaration, "Sin shall not have dominion over you," will be fulfilled in *perfection* not until the last great rising day. Then, and not till then sin will lose, for ever, its last hold of us; for, although those who are born of God do upon the whole so live to God as to prove the sincerity of their love to him, and are free enough from sin to serve God, though with much infirmity, yet they are his servants, and they have their fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life. Now, mind, they have their fruit unto holiness. Now look well here to the *meaning*, which is this, that as when the Israelites abode by the one true God, their land yielded her increase, so that they had abundant fruits for thank offerings unto the Lord, and thus they honoured the Lord with their substance, and with the first-fruits of all their increase; thus, they had fruit unto holiness, that is, unto God; and so spiritually in abiding by the truth, the land of truth yields her increase, and we have much to praise the Lord for, and the end of this service of God is everlasting life. This is that hope that maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts.

But while that through grace we thus serve God, does sin throw no hindrances in our way? is there no law in the members warring against the law of our mind? do we not in any sense serve sin, and even when the spirit is willing, has the flesh no weak-



ness in it? has the believer at no time reason to say, "O, wretched man that I am?" does the believer in no sense walk after the flesh? Does he in no sense regard iniquity in his heart? What, then, must be the conclusion but this, that it is by faith in the truth as it is in Jesus, that we have a remedy for all our faults and frailties; and therefore we do not so regard iniquity in our hearts as to draw back from or give up the truth? We do not so walk after the flesh as to hate the truth. The carnal mind is enmity to the truth; the spiritual mind is love to the truth, and by faith in the *eternally perfect* atonement of the Saviour, our fellowship with God is kept up. As it was by daily washings the Levites had access to the holy things, so it is by faith in the daily cleansing blood of Christ (for he abideth a priest continually) that we have welcome and access to God, made nigh by the blood of Christ. In this way, and in this way only, can the lovers of true cleanliness, true holiness, daily wash and be clean. Thus the Lord purifies their hearts by faith. What! then, shall they run into contact with dead bodies, and touch the unclean because they are not under the law but under grace? God forbid! And especially from the sin unto death shall they be kept, and in the faith unto righteousness and life, shall they live.

Thus, then, it appears that sin shall not have penal, nor deadly, nor entire, nor final, dominion over them, and yet such is the present state of the professing world that many who need the grace of God most in the forms thus presented are the first to cry out against it. They do not seem to like it to be known that poor old nature is what it is, or that the grace of God is what it is; but we must not, for fear of the frowns of the (carnally) free and easy, abstain from feeding the flock of slaughter. We would not therefore take the sixth of the Romans without the seventh, nor the seventh apart from the sixth; and, after all we must fall back upon the testimony that "it is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed." So believes, and therefore so speaks,

A TRIED ONE.

"SIN SHALL NOT HAVE DOMINION OVER YOU."

SIN, the great enemy of man,  
Dates from the time the world began;  
Seized his whole frame, and marred his life,  
Which sowed the seeds of endless strife;  
And made the world one fearful scene  
Of vengeance, pride, and deadly spleen,  
Such vast dominions, boundless sway;  
Alas! who can this torrent stay?  
We have it in that promise sure,  
That ne'er will fail to work the cure;  
Restore our ruined race, and give  
That balm by which we all may live:  
Sin shall not in our spirit's reign.  
For God decrees it shall be slain.  
Then seeking sinner now rejoice,  
And hear thy gracious Saviour's voice.

W. P. B.

THE BELIEVER'S EXERCISES.

What conflicts in the soul takes place,  
Of every one that's called by grace!  
At times they prove their title clear,  
And then anon, o'erwhelm'd with fear.  
Their hearts now soft with holy oil,  
They live beneath a Saviour's smile;  
And then with sorrow they complain,  
Their hearts as hard as stouë again.  
Now Christ is precious in his word,  
Its promise doth sweet peace afford.  
But soon the sacred page is sealed,  
Their joy and peace it cannot yield.  
'Tis sweet when in the house of prayer  
They meet the Lord their Saviour there,  
But sad it is to come away,  
Without a blessing all the day.  
At times when on the knee of prayer,  
They cast on Jesus all their care,  
But often mourn an absent God,  
And leave the throne with all their load.  
They find at times 'tis very sweet,  
On Christ their Lord to meditate,  
But oftner find the world intrude,  
Which drives out thoughts from all that's good  
At times they feel their faith so strong,  
When Christ's the subject of their song!  
But soon, alas! a cloud appears,  
Which tries their faith and fills their fears.  
They feel at times their love expand,  
When drawn by Jesu's gracious hand,  
But when he seems to leave his hold,  
Their ardour quickly groweth cold,  
Sometimes before their foe they stand,  
Triumphing with a conqueror's hand,  
But soon again their weakness find,  
When Satan's darts afflict the mind.  
They sometimes cheerful say 'tis well,  
And of their Saviour's goodness tell;  
Then murmur at the ways of God,  
And fretful lie beneath the rod.  
At times tho' sin and death annoy,  
They shout aloud "they can't destroy,"  
And yet, tho' strange it may appear,  
At other times they quake with fear.  
Thus all the children of the Lord,  
Do clearly prove the sacred word,  
That flesh and spirit will contend  
In them, till life its course shall end.  
Winchester. W. CHAPPELL.

"Blessed is the man to whom God will not impute sin." The promise of God is, "Iniquity shall not be your ruin." Ezekiel xviii. 30. Well, I sometimes sit and turn over these words in my mind, "iniquity shall not be your ruin:" yet, in reality, in ourselves we see nothing but iniquity, and seem to be at times a walking pestilence on the earth. Sometimes I think thus: God sees how sinful and depraved I am; and that my heart is "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Now this consideration would terrify me to death, if I did not believe in his word, that "our old man was crucified with Christ, that the body of sin might be destroyed," (Rom. vi. 6), and that it is written, "iniquity shall not be your ruin."—Chamberlain.

## A VOICE FROM AMERICA,

DECLARING THE POWER OF GOD TO SAVE HIS OWN PEOPLE, WITH OR WITHOUT MEANS, OR IN SPITE OF ALL FALSE MEANS. BEING A LETTER FROM SARAH SHELTON, THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF MRS. CORBITT, WIFE OF JOHN CORBITT, BAPTIST MINISTER, ORFORD HILL CHAPEL, NORWICH.

MY DEARLY BELOVED FATHER AND MOTHER—We were glad to hear from you, and that you are so comfortable, and that the Lord is blessing your labours of love at Norwich. What a mercy to know that there is a way that poor sinners may come unto him and be saved; he hath said in his word, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." My dear parents, there is a great deal of profession in these parts, but how much possession I cannot tell; but they profess to have a great deal—they go to chapel and say they are converted, and in a few nights they say they have found the Lord, and they are so happy; but you never hear them complain of their sinful hearts. My husband and me have been to these meetings a great deal this winter; they are of the Baptist denomination, they have meetings every night, even Saturday, also in the morning. I think they have not missed baptizing only one week out of six; one week they baptized eleven persons, and another five, and I cannot say how many the other three weeks. My dear parents, we read in the Scriptures, that in the last days anti-christ shall come; and even now there are many in the world. We went to one of these meetings, and the minister took his text from Romans vi. 16, "Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness?" The minister invited all that would come, and yield themselves unto Christ, and be saved; and then all the front seats were cleared, to see who would come to be saved. I kept my seat; and to hear the screams and cries of the people and the minister bidding them all to come, I felt myself in an awful place; I felt as if my hair stood erect, I thought they were blind leaders of the blind; and I knew I was wrong, and the cold sweat stood on me, and I felt as if hell would swallow us all up together; and I now felt these things of great importance, and such as I could not get rid of—I saw and felt that I was a sinner, and a great one too; yea, the very chiefest of sinners; and that I needed a great Saviour, and knew not what to do to be saved. Oh! the anguish of soul that I felt, I cannot tell you half; I could only think of the poor publican, and smite my breast as he did, crying, "God be merciful unto me a sinner." In this way I was made to pray for days and weeks, before I could get the least gleam of hope: one day we all sat down to tea, my husband saw that I was in great trouble, could take no tea. I felt as if my sin would drag me down to that place where hope

can never come; I felt as if there could be no mercy for me; my husband's employer came in and kindly endeavoured to encourage me, but I could not be comforted; I wanted something to come home with power to my soul, because I read in my Bible that "power belongeth to God;" and just in this extremity these words came in with delivering power, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I felt as if my burden rolled off, my conscience was eased, and my heart rejoiced, and I could and did rejoice, and praise the name of the Lord. Then those blessed words followed, "I will bring the blind by a way they know not, and lead them in paths they had not known; and make crooked things straight, and rough places plain; this will I do for them, and not forsake them." O! what blessed words are these to my poor soul now, applied by the Spirit of God to me; I have been brought to see and feel myself blind, and miserable, and naked, therefore I desire to be clothed with his righteousness; my righteousness is as filthy rags; I often have to say with Job, "O that I knew where I might find him, that I might come even to his seat. But he knoweth the way that I take, and when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold tried in the fire." I hope the Lord will make me truly sensible what I am, and what I must be, to come before him; what would it profit me to come before him with a few cold prayers, and yet be dead in sin? What will it profit me in a dying day? we read, "ye must be born again;" I hope I can say I desire these things; but I often feel when "I would do good, evil is present with me." O! this wicked heart of mine, this makes me feel my need of him; I hope he will ever make me feel my need of him; I desire to put my trust in him; we read, "it is better to trust in the Lord, than to put confidence in princes;" I know it is if we come right: "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me; and know my thoughts; and see what wicked way there is in me; and lead me in the way of everlasting life." The Lord knoweth my heart—it must be in and through him alone, if ever I am saved. Oh! my dear parents, these are the days that I want your instruction and prayers; but thanks be to God, we have his precious word to go to.

We do not go to the baptist chapel now; I have been there until I could not bear to hear them. Their minister has called on me several times; he told me, I must believe and rejoice in God's promises; but I felt as if I could as easy create a world as to do that in the state I was in; I kept going until I was starved out, and often felt as if I had not got any desire to go there; then these words came powerfully to my mind, "come out from amongst them, and be ye separated, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, saith the Lord of Hosts." This Scripture used to trouble me very much, for I thought they were all better than me; but we were forced to leave them; and we now go to what they call the Old School Presby-

terians. The minister there took for his text Galatians vi. 7, 8, "Be not deceived, God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth, that also shall he reap; for he that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting!" That was what I loved; and in the evening he took for his text, John vii. 37, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink;" and it seemed as if it was all for me; we did not make ourselves known to them; but they have found us out; one lady and gentleman came to see me last week, and invited me to come before the Church; but I shall not do that at present, for I do not know their rules of practice; but I understand they believe in sprinkling. My dear parents, do pray for me, that I may be kept by the mighty power of God, and not left to myself, or I shall fall. I remain your affectionate daughter,

SARAH SHELTON.  
America.

To her beloved mother and father,  
John and Mary Corbitt.

### "THE CHURCH IN THE CIRCUS."

WITH mingled feelings of joy and jealousy we perceive that in all directions the most evangelical, spiritual, and faithful clergymen of the Church of England, are exerting themselves in the most laudable manner, and are putting forth all their powers, to gather up, and to bring under the sound of the Word, the great masses of our rapidly increasing population. As Christians we must rejoice in every enterprise which is successful in gathering into the fold of the visible Church, the fallen sons of men; but as believers in the New Testament Order of Faith and Divine worship, we must confess we view the great and wide spreading influences of the Church of England, the Congregational, and other denominational churches—with some degree of jealousy. The great Truths of the Gospel are dear to us: the ordinances of the Lord's House, as instituted by Christ, and as observed by the apostles and first churches, are very sacred; and we would not depart from them for all the popularity and praise mortals can bestow. But when these truths are held merely in a cold and formal manner; when these ordinances are administered in connection with cold, haughty, and unlovely spirits; and when, as a consequence, our churches and congregations wither and decline: it is impossible but that we must grieve; we fear lest the candlestick be removed from us? We do grieve. Our spirits have weeped in secret; and in deep anguish we have mourned over that death-like, that shallow, that weak, that unedifying, and that severing, disuniting, stoical, theoretical, and anti-practical spirit which so alarmingly wastes and scatters the energies of our truth-espousing congregations; and we long to see a Christ-like power going forth to the help of our much-loved Zion.

The Rev. John G. F. Knapp, the Incum-

bent of St. John's, Portsea—(a Christian brother indeed) has set the churches in Christendom a noble example in the course he has pursued, with reference to opening one of the adversary's great banquetting halls, and turning it into a house of prayer; and a place where the Gospel is preached; where Christ is exalted; and where thousands are gathered together to hear the words of life and salvation.

This shilling volume entitled "THE CHURCH IN THE CIRCUS," now publishing by Partridge and Co., is, certainly, worthy of the attention of all who are longing to see the Church of Christ arise, and shake herself from the dust. We have read the work; and earnestly wished we could thus be useful to some of the thousands who surround us, deep sunk in heathen darkness and in sin. We would give extracts, but have not room this month. The following paragraph, from a Portsmouth print, will shew how highly Mr. Knapp is esteemed in the district where he labours.

PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE FROM DROWNING—We announce with feelings of thankfulness and pleasure, the providential escape of the Rev. J. Knapp, the respected Incumbent of St. John's, and founder of the Church at the Circus, from a watery grave. The Rev. gentleman was bathing on Southsea beach, on Monday morning last, when by some means he got beyond his depth, and had it not been for the timely assistance rendered by two bathers, who saw the perilous position in which Mr. Knapp was placed, he must inevitably have perished. Such a calamity would have plunged the whole borough in mourning, for the loss would have been irreparable. Our thankfulness ought to be profound, that the rev. gentleman is yet spared to us to carry on, to a still greater extent, and to a yet more favourable issue, his "work of faith and labour of love," amongst us.

MAIDSTONE, MOTE ROAD CHAPEL. The Great and Gracious Head of His Church has given us a little revival: during the last half year our congregation has somewhat increased; we have received into the church three by experience, and four by dismissal; and our Pastor hopes to baptize three others on the 27th. There seems to be an increasing spirit of prayer among us; also love and unity.

On the 16th inst we held our thirty-eighth anniversary; and were favoured with a more encouraging attendance and collections than for several years past. Our friend Milner was enabled to give us a full and rich discourse, in the morning, from Ephes. i. 9, "Having made known unto us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure which he hath purposed in himself." In the afternoon, brother Shindler addressed us from Levit. xxv. 9, 10. And brother Milner closed the day with an encouraging and instructive discourse on Heb. xi. 25, "Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." Several ministering brethren took a part in the devotional services, and friends came 12 miles, and others 7, to help and cheer us. Maidstone, June 18, 1858. JOHN DIXON.

## "GOOD NEWS" FROM CANADA.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS—I desire to be thankful to the God of all my mercies for every bestowment of His gracious hand upon one so unworthy as I am of the least of his favours: he hath kept me, and watched over me, all my life long till now; he hath humbled me under his mighty hand, and broken down my haughty spirit, and brought me near to his feet, that he might look with pity and love upon me, and cause me to desire no other portion than himself while here in the wilderness; and to make me thankful for my very existence, and to bless the hand that directed me to the place where such sweet peace and love have been manifested to my soul. But these blessed seasons of enjoyment have passed away; and I have again been left to mourn an absent God; or, through my own waywardness and sinfulness, have brought darkness and guilt upon my conscience; peace has been destroyed, and comfort put far from me; slavish fears have taken possession of the mind; and God in the distance, has been approached with dread, and no relief could be found till a healing leaf from the Tree of Life has been applied by the Good Physician, with these words inscribed thereon, "All we like sheep have gone astray, and have turned every one to his own way; but the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." This has gradually effected a cure, and wiped the guilt away; yet, with shame do I remember my sins before God, whilst I adore the grace that reconciles poor sinners to God, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and although I am far from always being on the mount of enjoyment, I trust that he does

"Now and then let fall a ray  
Of comfort from his throne."

And this, too, he does in a sovereign way: when, and by what means he sees fit, and, blessed be his holy name, (if I am not deceived,) he often makes use of THE EARTHEN VESSEL to this end. As I was reading brother Bloomfield's sermon in the April No., on "the Smitten Shepherd," I had a most blessed season of holy communion and sweet fellowship with that glorious Person, whose excellencies the dear man of God, through the aid of the Divine Spirit, was enabled to unfold; and, permit me to remark, that, here at these "ends of the earth," where we have but a soanty supply of preached gospel-truth, how much sweeter are such pieces as the above named, than those hair-splitting controversies which some (who are favored with gospel food in every variety,) seem inclined to indulge in; could they be sent here in Canada but for one year, I think it would cure them of some of their whims. We are favoured to read THE VESSEL, *The Standard*, and *The Trumpet*; and we sometimes regret that there are such

little things that cause a disunion between those servants of Jesus Christ, who all preach the glorious truths of the gospel. Here error abounds in almost every shape; yet they can lay aside their *little differences*, and hold their "Union Meetings" throughout the country; how much more ought those who hold "the truth as it is in Jesus" to forbear one another in love, endeavouring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. But we are thankful to God that he has made our dear native land, the great emporium of truth, and that some of its rich dainties we are favoured to partake of.

Perhaps you may feel interested in knowing that the Lord has a people ("a remnant according to the election of grace," even here, in Canada, one of whom he has lately called from earth to join the heavenly host above; and as I was favored to sit for a few times beside the dying bed of the departed one, I will try and tell you a little about it.

There is something sublime in the triumphs of a departing saint; the last enemy, the king of terrors, is looked for and welcomed as a friend; the dark valley is illumined by the brightness and glory of his presence who spoiled death of its sting, and the soul catches the sounds of sweet music from the heavenly mansions, and longs to wing its flight to join the immortal choir in singing the song of redeeming love; and there is something here very encouraging to ourselves,—we look back at the past life of such an one, and see that they too, like us, have been trembling, doubting souls; often fearing lest they had no part nor lot amongst God's children; we see the grace which *then* sustained them, and kept them travelling Zionward, *now* shines forth so gloriously in their final victory. These things revive our drooping faith, confirm our hope, and fill our souls with love to that dear Friend and Almighty Saviour, who never leaves nor forsakes those who put their trust in him. And sometimes, while in this blessed and holy atmosphere, we could almost gladly exchange places with the departing spirit, and rejoice to lay down this sin-burdened body, and no more go out into this world of temptation, to have the affections alienated from him who is the dearest object of our soul's desire and admiration; and who that knows the power of temptation, and his own weakness and inability to withstand it, the influence of the world in its thousand perplexing, alluring and deceiving contrivances to hold the soul in bondage thereto, and the enmity of the carnal mind against God; who that knows these things, and what it is to be engaged in this conflict, and has been favored for a short season to sit, as it were within the very precincts of the heavenly world, does not dread the thought of being again immersed in that which so often holds the soul so far from the enjoyment of God?

It is not quite a year since I first became

acquainted with our dear departed sister, (Mrs. ELIZABETH HAIGHT, of Thurlow, C. W.) so that I can give you but a very limited and imperfect account of her christian career; but, from what I can learn, she must have been a member of the Thurlow Baptist Church nearly forty years, and was always remarkable for her punctual attendance on the means of grace till prevented by infirmity and old age. She was a lively Christian, one that well adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour.

The first time I was introduced to her, I went in company with two or three Baptist friends. She lived with her son, a farmer, back in the country, with no friends who knew and loved the truth anywhere near, and had for many years been deprived the privilege of attending the public worship of God. I found her to be a cheerful and happy dear old saint, at the great age of 94 years. We were now on a long journey, and had not time to read and pray with her; at which she was much disappointed. The next time we went, she was confined to her bed from the effects of a fall she had a few days before; she rejoiced much to see us; we read and prayed, and sung a hymn, in which she joined heartily; she conversed freely on the Scriptures, and on the preciousness of Christ to her soul, and told us how the Lord first met with her, and manifested himself to her soul, which (if I remember right) is about 40 years since; she said, "I had been under deep convictions for a long time, and the concern I felt about my soul prevented me eating and resting, so that my son often used to tell me that I should certainly loose my senses if I went on that way long; and one day while in this trouble of mind, the thought struck me, that I would go to a Christian woman living at a house a short distance across the fields, and enquire of her what to do to relieve my distressed mind. I started, and while crossing the fields the Lord met me with these words, 'Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life, and we believe and are sure that thou art Christ the Son of the living God.' John vi. 68, 69. I knew who it was; I was changed in a moment, and filled with joy and peace, and saw the gospel plan, and my duty: I had not now to go and ask the good woman what I must do, but I went to tell her what the Lord had done for my soul." We left her much cheered and comforted by our visit. I have called on her several times since, but I have seldom conversed with her, without her referring to that memorable day of deliverance to her soul. I have lately visited her every alternate Lord's-day, having to pass her house to attend a meeting; sometimes other friends have gone with me. She used to long for the hour to arrive for our visit, and would sometimes count the days and hours before we went; she was always overjoyed to see us, and would at once carefully remind us, not to leave without praying with her. I am sorry that I did not write down many of her sweet remarks, but I had not thought of ever writing to any one what she said. Her only companion was the New Testament, which she read a great deal; she told us that she had read it through three times during the last

year of her life, and it is a remarkable fact that her sight had returned, so that for several years (I think 13 or 14,) she had been able to see to read without the aid of glasses till within a few days of her death; and this privilege she highly prized. She would sometimes say, "what should I do, laying here night and day, if it was not for my blessed Jesus?"

On Sabbath, 13th December last, I was rather late before I reached there; she had begun to fear that I had forgotten her; she said, if I had done so, she should have felt herself to be a miserable and deserted creature; she held me by the hand, and blessed the Lord that I had come, and asked the Lord to bless my coming to see such a poor old woman. She spoke of the happy seasons she had enjoyed in the house of God; she remarked that I had now been to meeting, but she was confined to her bed; this she felt rather keenly. She said, "pray for me, that the Lord will sustain me in the trying hour. What a good thing it is for me, that I have such a good evidence that the Lord has manifested his pardoning mercy to my soul." Here again she referred to the day when her darkness was turned to light, and her sorrow into joy; and added, "what great things the Lord has done for me." She then told me of the blessedness that sometimes filled her soul during her sleepless nights: one night very lately she was so overjoyed that she could not help singing aloud the Evening Hymn,

"Glory to thee, my God, this night," &c.

at which the family in the other part of the house were alarmed; but, she said, "I could not help it, I was so happy."

Dec. 27th.—On seeing me enter, she manifested the same joy as on former visits; and talked most familiarly of the Lord Jesus, and his preciousness to her soul. She said, "Jesus is dear to me, he is sometimes so bright in my eyes, and the way to heaven so clear." I asked, what were the feelings of her mind about meeting death! She answered, "I am quite ready whenever he shall come; but, all the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come." Again she spake of her love to the sanctuary, and to the ordinance of believers' baptism: and praised the Lord for my visit! she held my hand in her's and charged me never to neglect or forsake her while she lived. She made some remarks with reference to myself, in reply to which, I spake to her of the doubts I sometimes have of myself, when she sharply replied, "you must not always expect light and comfort, but in darkness Christ is a sure resting place for the soul."

Jan. 10th, 1868.—I called, with several other friends, and noticed a striking change in her countenance; and this was the last time I conversed with her; her mind was unchanged and happy. With strong confidence in the God of her salvation, she said to us, "when night now comes, I never expect to live till morning, which makes me feel very happy." She wished us to read to her of the birth of Christ. We did so; and she made some remarks thereon, which I do not dis-

tinctly remember; but she had much sweet fellowship with Christ in all the paths she trod on earth, and she could always speak well of her "dear Saviour." We left her quite comfortable, and some female friends visited her during the following week, and found her most happy in the bright prospect before her of heaven and eternal rest, to whom she expressed some wishes relating to her funeral.

On Friday, 22nd, she appeared to be thinking about us, and said to those in the room with her, "it will soon be time for them to come." As we came from meeting, on Sunday, 24th, we called just in time to see her alive. She could not hear or speak, and her relations told us that she knew nothing; but I am satisfied that she knew us, and manifested her pleasure at seeing us, by reaching out her hand and letting it rest in mine. We could not stay to see her breathe her last, which was about 7 o'clock in the evening, on the 24th January, 1858, at the advanced age of 95 years.

Thus fell asleep our dear sister: at evening time it was light in her soul's experience; she rejoiced much in the prospect of death, and triumphed over it: and now, she has entered into the full possession of joy, in the presence of her Beloved Lord, there at his right hand, to enjoy pleasures for evermore.

"Victorious! she assumed the wreath

For conqueror's designed:

The end of persevering faith,

And leaves her cares, released by death,

Eternally behind.

Oh! may we too maintain our ground,

From faith to faith go on;

At the last day in Christ be found

And form the circles that surround

His everlasting throne!"

Your's, &c.,

WILLIAM PECK.

Belleville, Canada West, May 8th, 1858.

## JESUS FORSAKEN.

By MR. T. W. MEDHURST,

Baptist Minister, Kingston-on-Thames.

"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Matt. xxvii. 46.

CHRIST JESUS is the Saviour of sinners, and as such to sinners saved, is the "chiefest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely." The saint, when viewing his person, exhausts the powers of imagery to set forth the matchless glories which are displayed in the person of Immanuel; the words of Jesus in our text are words of obedience, as though the Redeemer had said, "I am willing to bear the full weight of all the sins of all my people, and thus to fulfil thy will; but why hast thou forsaken me? yet still I will bear all this seeing thou art 'my God' still." And methinks Jesus said this, that his followers might have an example to follow, when storms affright and thunders roar, that then they might be enabled to say, "thou art my God still."

I. Here is, first, THE INFINITY OF CHRIST'S SUFFERING. I use the word infinite, because Jesus suffered to the full extent of his humanity: when he died on Calvary, it was as the incarnate God—as an abstract God he could not have died; no nails could have held him on the cross, no spear could have pierced his side, but in his human nature, he bore, to use the expressive words of the poet,

"All that incarnate God could bear,

With strength enough, but none to spare."

1. *Christ suffered in all his parts.* All his bones were dislocated; his hands were pierced ere he can dispense the rich blessings of his free grace; his feet must be nailed ere he can pursue swift-footed Justice with the price for satisfaction; the spear must enter his side ere the church can rest secure; his head must be crowned with thorns ere he can crown our's with loving-kindness; his back must be gored and smitten ere the law will discharge his people. Ah! friends, there is more in the sufferings of our blessed Saviour than we know of—into his deep soul travail who can enter?

2. *Christ suffered in all his offices.* Is he the Lamb of God?—as such he must be led to the slaughter. Is he a Mediator?—none shall plead for him while standing before Pilate's bar. Is he a Priest?—he must be the sacrifice and altar too. Is he a Prophet?—he must die that the prophecies may be fulfilled. Is he a Surety?—he must pay his people's debts, and die in their stead.

3. *Christ suffered from all sorts and classes of men.* The rage of hell was let loose against his matchless person: the rich and the mighty pointed to him with scorn; the Scribes and Pharisees dogged his footsteps, taunted him, watched his every word, and accused him of crimes such as Sodom never knew; calling him "Beelzebub, the prince of devils." The poor were no less guilty; they derided him; bribed by the money of the chief priests, they cried out "Crucify him! Crucify him!" and when told they were about to take away innocent blood they raised the cry "his blood be on us, and on our children!" "The lions of the pit roared upon him; the strong bulls of Bashan beset him round about." He suffered from those whom he afterwards saved; for we cannot believe, but that many who beneath the cross grieved the Saviour, are now singing his praises; yet, one we know is so engaged, for the thief just after his tauntings found mercy, and was saved in the hour of Jesu's weakness. He suffered also from his friends: seest thou that man betraying Christ with a kiss?—he has many times broken bread with him, whom he now delivers into the hands of wicked men; well might Jesus say, "If it had been an enemy I could have borne it; but it was thou, my own familiar

friend, who didst lift up the heel against me;" for the Saviour to have been betrayed by his own disciple, must indeed have been a sharp pang. Oh! church members, watch your lives, lest ye also be found betraying your Saviour into the hands of sinners. Again, in the hour of his deepest extremity, we find Peter forsaking him; Peter who had walked upon the deep at his Master's bidding; Peter, who had declared that "though all forsake thee, yet will not I;" Peter, who had drawn his sword, and cut off the servant's ear; this Peter, with oaths and curses, denies his Saviour. At the last, when the dread scene closed, when all nature seemed covered with a pall of gloom, when "his soul was exceeding sorrowful even unto death," they all forsook him and fled. But now see him suffering from the hand of his Father, he does not cry out under all the weight of calumny, taunt, and suffering, he is called upon to bear; but now he can no longer contain himself, his pent up soul with anguish bursts, as he groans out, "my God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" They that are down in the lowest depths of misery can go no lower, and thus it is with Jesus now.

II. Let us notice, secondly, *who it is forsaken*. It is Jesus, thy Saviour, O, believer! Angels! it is your Creator. Ah! well may you drop your harps by your sides, and hang your heads abashed. Well, oh sun, may you immerse yourself in darkness, for Jesus, the Second Person in the adorable Trinity, is on the cross, forsaken by his God! Sometimes in the stillness of the night, I attempt to imagine the scene. How solemn! the Mighty Maker of heaven and earth forsaken. Sure hell must tremble, while the angels with silent astonishment gather around the spot; and were it possible for them to weep, dropping the silent tear over the Redeemer forsaken. Let us now see who it is. 1. It is one infinitely near to God, for Jesus was ever with his Father, and his delight was in him. 2. It is one infinitely dear to God—for the Eternal spake from heaven to bear witness, that this was his "well beloved Son in whom he was well pleased." 3. It is one who delighted in the law of God and ever hated with an intense hatred all sin: the pure, the lovely, the transcendently glorious Jesus, who is forsaken in our room and stead.

III. Thirdly, let us inquire *WHAT GOD HAS DONE TO HIM*. He has forsaken him. In that word *forsaken* there is far more than we can conceive. 1. God took from Jesus all comfort; the Saviour went to the very extremity of grief. Looking into hell, he beheld the fiends gazing with unutterable delight, ready to seize on their prey: looking toward heaven, he beheld nought but darkness and gloom; looking within, he could find no comfort; as he in his weakness did thus hang it seemed as though there was no Eter-

nal Being, as though Deity itself had expired; this was an extremity of woe no mortal can fathom. 2. Again, Christ had all the feelings of the condemned, he endured an equivalent to all the pains his people would have suffered in eternal agonies; he, at one tremendous draft of love, did drink damnation dry. Yet the fearful pains wrung from him the agonizing cry, "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabaothani!"

IV. Lastly, *WHY WAS THIS DONE?* 1. In order that Christ might fulfil his own covenant engagement, he died as the engaged Saviour; he had determined from all eternity that he would have for himself a Church, a peculiar people, therefore he pays their debt to justice, honors the law on their behalf, and in their name, and dies as their Covenant Head. 2. Christ was forsaken, because our sins were found upon him: in him was no sin, yet as he voluntarily takes our sin to himself, he was brought under the same law as the criminal, to endure its curse. 3. Christ was forsaken, that we might go free; for, "there is now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus; therefore, poor downcast, trembling one, lift up thine head, for there is thy full discharge; Christ has suffered in thy stead, and "the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

SOME MORE

## WORK FOR "JOHN ANDREW."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR—I have read the paper upon baptism, by Mr. J. A. Jones, in your number for May, and must admit that it contains more calm argument than is often to be met with amongst the advocates of adult immersion. But I am not yet satisfied of the correctness of his views, and would like him to offer some explanation of the 13th verse of the 12th chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, and show how it can be squared with the views stated in the paper before-mentioned, especially in the fifth paragraph, where he says that *some only* of the early Christians were baptized with the Holy Ghost; and also, that we have no account of the Corinthian believers being so baptized; whereas the verse referred to is written to the *Corinthian* believers, and says, "By one spirit are we all baptized into one body." I know Baptists say that by water, believers are baptized into one body, viz., the visible church: but it would appear that St. Paul taught that *all* believers are baptized into one body, viz., the true church of Christ by the Spirit.

I remain, yours respectfully,  
Rochdale, May 30th, 1868.

G.

Preaching the Gospel is effectually honoured by the Holy Ghost, to beget souls anew to God in Christ, which is impossible to be done by offers of grace, because they are distant acts. A home offer is an absurdity in speech.  
—Hussey.

REMARKS ON MR. COZENS'S  
"WORD FOR THE PRECEPT,"

MR. COZENS's paper in the May number of the VESSEL, contains six leading thoughts upon which he has enlarged, and in each of which it appears to me, he has failed in establishing his position by the Word of God. I beg, therefore, to submit, Mr. Editor, a few suggestions to the consideration of yourself and your readers.

1.—In the first place, Mr. C. insists upon the term *duty*. Now really it is not one of the household words of Zion. It is true our Lord once made use of it, (Luke xxvii. 10,) and we think that with Rom. xv. 27, are the only places in the New Testament where it occurs. It is an Old Covenant term, and sounds harshly in the ears of the children of the New Covenant. It is almost obsolete in Zion, and is a provincialism of the Hagarenes. Those holy principles which Mr. C. would urge as *duties*, we maintain from the Word of God are the living element and delight of the new-born child of God. (1 John iii. 4) Mr. C. has unscripturally put the word *duty* into the mouth of the Apostle Paul, in the quotations he has made concerning husbands, wives, magistrates, &c. It is not so written in God's Word.

2.—*Invitations*. Mr. C. advocates the use of invitations. But then surely Mr. C. would exercise his common sense and judgment in distributing them. For my part, I love much that branch of the gospel ministry; but I dare not put my master's cards of invitation into the hands of strangers indiscriminately. No, I must most faithfully deliver them, each to the party for whom it is intended. And I cannot but think Mr. C. would do this in the gospel ministry. I think we ought to be very careful not to deceive souls, which I think we should do, if we acted without judgment here. The free-willers make sad confusion on this head. Every invitation ought to be accompanied with a distinct and honest statement of the natural inability of the creature, and of the necessity of God's Holy Spirit and grace to enable us to do anything that is spiritual: Invitations thus attended to can never be wrong, but without this, they would appear to me to be used unscripturally.

3.—*The law*. Mr. C. seems very fond of the law. Thank God I feel delivered from it. And while I respect it as God's righteous law, and a transcript of God's holy mind, still I can only love it as I see it magnified in the heart and hand of a Mediator. The *external* precept will never fetch out any good thing from fallen man; but it is the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus *indwelling* in the believer, which brings forth in us the fruits of all Godly obedience. (Rom. vi. 14; Titus ii. 11, 12). I can join with Godly Hammond, and say—

"In Christ I am found;  
The law is fast bound,  
Down with it, down with it, even unto the ground.

Proud legalists mourn,  
With anger they burn,  
At seeing their idols thus shattered and torn."

Having been married to Christ, led to Mount Zion, brought under the new and better covenant of peace and promise, we are not going back to Sinai to please Mr. Cozens. No; and it will be an everlasting task for Mr. C. to prove that any beside Jews were ever, or now are, under the Mosaic law as a code of precepts. We know that Judaizing teachers in the apostles' days sought to bring the Gentiles under the yoke, but the Holy Ghost would not sanction it. Nevertheless, regarding the law given by Moses as a transcript of the Divine mind, the Spirit of God works by it to condemn, and we, when born of God, would not break its moral precepts, because it is the law of God.

4.—*The Old Man*. This is a solemn subject. Mr. C. has certainly spoken of it with too much levity. And we believe Mr. C. has written unscripturally. No child of God, with the fear of God in exercise, will speak of the old man of sin in the way Mr. C. represents. But will Mr. C. deny that the believer often cries out before God, with the great apostle, "Now if I do that I would not, it is *no more I that do it*, but sin that dwelleth in me?" The child of God, thus, in solemn feeling becomes evidence against his own indwelling corruption: "So that with the mind *I myself* serve the law of God; but with the flesh, the law of sin." With the Word of God in our hands, we maintain Mr. C. upon this point is really unscriptural, and shows great ignorance of the subject—one with which the humblest experimental Christian is well acquainted. It will not do to speculate upon *vital Godliness*. Nor must we condemn in a legal spirit the liberty and freedom of a child of God, because hypocrites may unrighteously presume upon them. Mr. C. insists upon it, that the old man of sin is the believer's *self*; whereas the texts we have already quoted state quite the contrary. Mr. C.'s experience must be unlike that of God's children, if he is about to cease to be *old-manish* (to use his own unhappy term), and to attain improvement in the flesh. Amalgamations here are fatal. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." What a mercy it is that we have God's Word to appeal to amidst the confused statements and many changes of professors!

5.—*Irrational prayer*.—This is a strange idea. The cries of animals are not prayers. They have no knowledge of their Creator. But a *natural* man may have a knowledge of his Creator. Hagar and Ishmael, king Saul, Balaam, and others, had this knowledge. They saw God in his works, ways, and word *rationally*; and their reasonable addresses or prayers to God were heard and answered in a *temporal* way. Thus may any natural man or child pray to God as their Creator, and so shall they be answered upon old covenant ground. God thus dealt with ancient Israel as a nation.

6.—*Prayer a legal thing*. In the sense stated in the last paragraph, we can agree with Mr. C. But then, that is only *natural* prayer for *temporal* blessings; which God will hear and answer as a Creator. "Fervent, effectual prayer," which is of the Spirit, is



not a *legal duty*, but a fruit of the Spirit, springing from union to Christ. Mr. C. confounds men's general state as sinners, with a feeling sense of sinnership through Divine teaching. If men or children generally are expected to pray for spiritual blessings, we ought faithfully to point out to them the impossibility of offering *real, earnest* prayer, for divine and spiritual realities, without being first made a possessor of the Holy Spirit and his grace.

JOSEPH PALMER.  
Romney-street Chapel, Westminster.

### THE DISTANT LAND.

"The land that is very far off".—Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

LAND of the spotless and the pure,  
My spirit yearns to be  
From all its earthliness refined,  
Freed from polluting sins, and find  
A holy life in thee.

Land of repose—no weary head  
Nor heart oppressed with care ;  
Past are the scenes of mortal life :  
The sorrows, struggles, woes and strife,  
For Christ, our Rest, is there.

Land where no vapour foul can shed  
Its pestilential breath ;  
No sickening pain, no doleful groan ;  
But health divine is felt and known,  
And naught is seen of death.

Land of eternal brightness, where  
No cloud or darksome night  
Bedews with cold and shadowy gloom  
The sacred and supernal noon  
Of that sweet world of light.

Land of the ransomed brotherhood—  
Nor Cephas now, nor Paul,  
No favorite preachers are their boast,  
But Father, Word, and Holy Ghost,  
In all their songs extol.

'Tis Canaan's happy land—and He  
Who brought, with wise design,  
From Egypt, by his might and grace,  
Old Israel to a dwelling-place  
Of corn, and oil, and wine—

Doth truly, as the God of truth,  
His blood-bought people raise  
Out of the drudgery of sin ;  
Give them the witnessings within,  
And form them for his praise.

That land, though distant, may be near—  
Come, Gracious Spirit, come,  
Work in me mightily thy will,  
Make Jesus Christ more precious still,  
Then take me safely home.

Islington, G. E. RUNTING.

The cares of life, and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the word in many ; I have had both prosperity and adversity, and, bless the Lord, he has suffered neither of them to separate me from himself.—*J. Chamberlain.*

### "THE SINNER SAVED."

OR, A

REVIEW OF THE LATE WM. HUNTINGTON.

MY DEAR BANKS,—I have sent you some part of what I referred to relative to the last days of Mr. Huntington, and if you find it useful, I will write again very shortly.

ELIZABETH.

### WILLIAM HUNTINGTON'S

LAST SERMON.

BY A MEMBER OF HIS CHURCH.

Last Sabbath, June the 6th, I was favoured to hear our esteemed pastor, Mr. Huntington, when he ministered the ordinance of the Lord's Supper for the last time, and that was the last Sabbath that he ever spent in that chapel, as he only preached once after, which was the following Wednesday evening. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday were very distressing days to my mind, and being disappointed in getting work on the Wednesday, I was greatly grieved ; but before the night was over, I had to thank God for it, because my want of work gave occasion to bring me under the word, and the last sermon our dear pastor preached in Providence Chapel, for had I been employed as I desired ; I should not have heard him. I often took pen, ink, and paper with me when I went up to hear him, which I had with me that evening, and so impressed was the discourse on my mind and spirit, that as soon as I came home I began to write it off, which, after his death, I gave to his son Ebenezer ; and by him it was printed, and called *Final Exhortations*. He preached that evening from Rev. iii. 3. "Remember, therefore, how thou hast received and heard, and hold fast and repent ; if, therefore, thou shalt not watch, I will come upon thee as a thief, and thou shalt not know what hour I will come upon thee." Truly, a text more suiting to the distressing occasion could not have been selected. Alas ! it was the last sermon I was to hear from him whose ministry had been so profitable and blessed to me : and as it was blessed the first time I heard him, (which was in Monkwell-street meeting, from 1 Samuel ix. 2.) so it was this evening ; how did I wonder and admire as he went on, first in introduction, showing what had been received and heard, which the people of God were to hold fast, and never to let go or give up. 1.—The doctrine of the ever-blessed Trinity ; Three Persons in one God. 2.—The Eternal God-head Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ. 3.—God's Eternal Election and Choice of his People before the foundation of the world. 4.—The Redemption of the People of God in time, by our Lord Jesus Christ. 5.—That we must be accepted and justified in the alone Righteousness of our Redeemer. 6.—That Regeneration—meetness and fitness for Heaven—is the work and operation of God the Holy Ghost.

"All these grand and fundamental truths were proved from the unerring Word of God. These are the things that Luther, and Calvin,

and the ministers of Christ have taught; these are the things that the Articles of our Established Church now teach; and these are the things that I have been, by the help of God, taught ever since I have been in the ministry, to which many of my hearers can testify." Yes, to this my conscience could bear witness, and not only to this, but also he hath been a witness against all that heard him, and lived and died in their sins, he hath pointed out and declared to them their awful state, and unless they repented, they would for ever lie under the wrath of God: and thus justified his remark, "I am clear from the blood of all men." Many have been bold and hardened enough to say his ministry was never calculated to alarm, to arouse, and to awaken sinners; but many have been the proofs that such persons have been greatly deceived. He then entered on the words, "If thou shalt not watch,"

1st.—We were to watch by prayer against sin, that it did not get the upper hand of us, and prove our master; that we were to make use of our privileges as believers in Christ, by a constant calling on him for help against the power of sin and Satan.

2nd. To watch at wisdom's gate, to watch and attend on every means of grace; such as the ministry and reading the Word.

3rd. To watch against error and heresies; for we shall be sure to find in this day of errors, that one person will come and teach one error, and another will come and teach another error; and therefore I advise you to remember the truth of God, and cease from the instruction that will cause your souls to err.

4th. To watch the hand of God towards you in his providence, and to observe how and in what way God is pleased to answer your petitions: this is watching unto prayer.

5th. Especially to watch yourselves and to notice particularly, if your path shines brighter, or whether you get barren and lifeless in the things of God, and your own souls. If so, your path will be darker and darker. "If, therefore, thou shalt not watch, I will come upon thee as a thief." But this he intends in a way of chastisement; he will correct you for your folly, for your backsliding, in love and affection towards him; he did not come to destroy, but to save the souls of his people. And you who are kept to the pure gospel in Christ, may wonder and adore, when you consider the general apostacy of this day. There are many who once were professed friends of the true faith and of the faithful; but where are they now? they are become enemies to both. And then from the Word of God he showed the miserable state of such professors. They are become the friends of the antichristian beast. Yes, brethren, (said he) we have some who can plead well for savages, who have not scrupled to sign their hand towards the destruction of the saints of God. It is by their being by Satan entrapped into those snares that they are made manifest. He then concluded, by observing that he verily believed the time was hastening, when the friends and staunch supporters of the Protestant cause, would one by one be taken away by death, whose deaths would make room for the friends

of the man of sin, and by this means the troubles of the people of God would be increased. This last part of his discourse was left out by the request of a friend of our pastor's, as he thought it too strong and political to be inserted, which caused great grief in his son Ebenezer. He often reflected on himself for being overcome by the persuasion of Mr. B. so to do. I had the copy in my possession several years, but what has become of it now I know not: but this I know, that time has since proved that his views on the subject were quite prophetic, and that infidelity and contempt of divine things have greatly increased. This was the last time I was to see his face and hear his voice in this world. I had not a thought nor a fear of this kind. My fear was first aroused on the evening of the 12th of June, when I received a note from a dear brother in the Lord, stating that our respected pastor was much worse than on the last Lord's-day, and that he had great fears as to his recovery. That night I went sorrowful and bowed-down to bed, "the enemy came in like a flood." Well, in the morning I hastened up to chapel. Mr. Lock came into the pulpit; he was particularly carried out in prayer for our pastor, which greatly alarmed my spirit, and seemed to impress a certainty of his sickness being unto death.

Mr. Lock then preached from, "It was now dark, and Jesus was not yet come;" he treated long on the doubts and fears of the disciples during the absence of their Divine Master, and then on the doubts and fears of the people of God under their troubles, trials, and temptations without the sensible and divine presence of their Lord. He then spoke of the sorrows of the Churches of Christ during the illness or at the death of their beloved pastors, whose ministry had been blessedly useful; he then turned the subject to the particularly alarming affliction of the much respected W. Huntington, which, when he had finished, he observed, I believe that most who are now present feel interested in our pastor's affliction and feel an earnest desire that his valuable life may be spared for a long time to come. In this I heartily join with you, yet I feel it my duty to tell you he is very ill. He felt better on Monday, and continued so till Friday morning when, as usual with him, he got up at four o'clock, to forward a subject that lay on his mind. At seven he was taken much worse than he had been before; his family hastened to get him to bed; about the middle of the day he seemed to recover again, but at night he had a relapse, and has been attacked three times since; and I can now assure you he is dangerously ill. This information was the most distressing that I ever heard in that chapel.

Between this and the 30th of June, I heard various reports of our revered pastor. One would raise and another would sink my spirits. Truly it was a distressing week for my soul. I went to chapel and heard Mr. Lock from "I will satisfy her poor with bread," and heard him greatly to my profit. On my way home, I called at Mr. Ebenezer's, feeling assured that his father was better. None of his children

were allowed to go and see him. They go and send to inquire after him, and receive an answer as do other inquirers. I was this day, and have been often since our pastor preached on the 6th of June, in company with the poor and tried of the people. It hath caused every one great sorrow on account of the privation of that spiritual instruction which each hath received from his ministry. There is a goodly number that go from the East of London every Lord's-day to hear him. Whitechapel, Stepney, Ratcliffe, Limehouse, Poplar, and Blackwall; we all know each other; we are all conversant; we have all the same views; we are all of one mind in the things of God. It matters not whether it is old father R—, or young brother W—; to know more and more of our Lord Jesus Christ; to know more of his grace; to know more of the work and operation of the Holy Spirit on our own souls, is the great aim of every one. Many have been the times when my spirit hath been refreshed in hearing one or the other on our way to the chapel, relate what God has done for their souls, and at one time or other, have spoken of deliverances from every temptation and snare of the devil. I remember one Lord's-day morning walking behind two elderly saints, when one inquired of the other if he were at chapel on the past Wednesday night? The answer was, "No, I was prevented." "Oh," replied the other, "I wish you had, it was a discourse I can never forget." He then repeated the text and part of that discourse that was so greatly blest to him. "Why, friend," said the other, "though I was not there, yet I find by you my Master was." Then the other, putting his hand on his breast, and looking him in the face, said in the most pathetic and striking language, "O! brother, don't call him Master, call him Lord." His words entered my very soul, they filled me with such love and reverence towards our beloved Lord and Saviour as words cannot express. I found vent for the joy I felt by weeping. I felt the sacred effects of this for weeks, and many times in repeating it to others, I felt a vehement and an inexpressible love to the dear Saviour, equal to what I felt when the Lord the Holy Spirit first manifested himself to me in the vision of faith, as the Saviour and Redeemer of my sin-burdened soul.

But this past three weeks hath found us in a great measure as our Lord found his two disciples going to Emmaus, sorrowful and sad. On the 3rd of July, about seven in the morning, as I was in the height of the bustle and confusion of our employ, Henry Maddox (who is with me in the same employ, as he is with me a member of the same church gathered under the ministry of Mr. Huntington) came and said I have heavy tidings for you; I am grieved to tell you that our beloved pastor is no more. He has left us for a world of glory. He departed this life at a quarter before nine at night at Tunbridge Wells." He could say no more; he left me and retired. As soon as I arrived home, I told the melancholy news to my wife, and we sat down and for two hours gave vent to our grief. I have lost father, mother, two brothers, two sisters, and one child; but I never felt grief so real as I did at the death of a spiritual pastor.

## "THE OLD MAN" versus SELF.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Your love of candour, and willing desire to hear both sides of a question, will at once, I am sure, induce you to afford me a small space in THE EARTHEN VESSEL, for a remark or two on your correspondent's exposition of the term "Old Man," as we meet with it in the Bible, contained in your May number, at page 123. The words are these, "But allow me to tell you that that old gentleman is yourself, your very self, that same self, which is to be judged 'according to the deeds done in the body.'" His statement, to a great extent, comports with the truth of the case so far, that many find a ready excuse for the obliquities of their moral conduct, by flinging the onus off their own shoulders to that of "The Old Man." But when he asserts that "the Old Man is yourself, your very self," and thereby attempts to prove that the two are identical, such an assertion does not appear to quadrate with arguments sustained and enforced in the Scriptures. A few illustrations, I think would prove this. Paul, a practical man, as well as an eloquent apostle, writes in this strain: "Mortify the deeds of the body," evidently meaning our natural corruptions, or in other words, "The Old Man." Then arises the *modus operandi*? he informs us in another place, by saying, "I keep under my body," (1 Cor. ix. 27,) clearly proving there are two parties in the matter. I, that is, self, keep under my body, which is to be understood as "The Old Man," at once recognizing the two agencies acting against each other; yet your correspondent insists that there are not two distinct influences operating antagonistic, but that they are identical. Were we to give credence to such a dictum as this, it would have been worse than useless for St. Paul to address the Ephesians as we find he did in the fourth chapter, wherein we read, "That ye put off concerning the former conversation the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts;" manifestly showing a broad distinction, and the free volition of one power to shake off the dominion of the other. Then how stands it that the two are identical?

VERITAS.

May 12th, 1858.

OF THE NATURE OF THE GOSPEL.—Cassia is like Cinnamon, it hath strength to purge and cleanse the eyes; it is good also against the stinging of an adder. It is also a picture of the Gospel, which expelleth darkness and bringeth light again; and is a general physic, which we ought to make use of against all the bitings and stings of those poisoned worms, the devil, his ministers and servants.—*Luther.*

## Our Churches, their Pastors, and their People.

### NOTES TO EMIGRANTS. No. II.

To Mr. John Bunyan McCure, pastor of the Baptist church, Geelong, Australia; to Mr. Henry Dowling, Tasmania; and to all who have remembered us in the land of their adoption:—

Dear brethren in Christ, and sisters in the faith once delivered unto the saints.—As you are pleased to express your thanks for the notes, I desired to furnish you with a few more, for this has been one of the very best springs I ever knew for anniversary services. I think all our churches have been highly favoured. During the whole month of May, our meetings were as thick as time would admit, and I neither knew nor heard of one bad season.

Since I last wrote you, I assure you we have not been lazy; but my notes are so numerous, and engagements so thick at present, I can only promise that if spared until the autumn, I will then forward you a little outline of the scenes through which we have passed.

The following slip was written, among other papers, in railway boxes. I am almost ashamed to send this, it is so meagre; but, I hope, from the various notes given you this month from various sources, you will find some good news; and of many now omitted, you shall hear another time.

C. W. B.

#### RAILWAY REFLECTIONS.

GREAT NORTHERN, Saturday evening, May 29, 1858. The month of May is nearly gone, it has been a busy and a blessed month as regards the gospel. After finishing my work on "The Earthen Vessel," and writing letters hard up to near 3 o'clock this afternoon, I left all, and am booked for Sharnbrook, in Bedfordshire, where, if the Lord permit, I hope to stand up three times to-morrow; it being the anniversary day. The pastor of Sharnbrook, Thomas Corby, is to stand in Unicorn Yard to-morrow; and I heartily wish I could feel my heart going up to the Great Fountain of Life for a blessing upon my own soul; and on all the dear servants and saints, of the Most High; but after so much labour in pulpit and for the press, I feel barren, dark, empty, and unholy—surely, I may say, "in the Lord alone have I righteousness and strength." Last Thursday evening, we had a good church meeting in our old Tooley Street Tabernacle, to hear the experience of some I hope to baptize next Tuesday evening. I told the church it was now nearly 15 years since the Lord delivered my soul from the horrors and terrors of a burdened conscience, a broken heart, and the fearful forebodings of a black and endless position. Mr. Goo. Abrahams was the instrument, although he stands aloof from me, I feel grateful love towards him, and hope in the celestial terminus of

all earthly pilgrimages, and in the glorious mansions of hallowed bliss and blessedness to prove that in nothing that is essential to a sinner's salvation and to a Saviour's exaltation have I been deceived. During the last fifteen years, I have been gradually carried through the length and breath of this land, publishing as far as I could, and as well as I could, the amazing mercies of a covenant God, and now I am going where I have never been before, and must look and seek for some message from him who has said, "Lo! I am with you always even unto the ends of the earth."

SHARNBROOK, Sunday morning, May 30; Before I reached here, illness came over me, I felt very unwell, but I hope the Lord will help me to speak to, and for Him. My word this morning is Rev. x. 9, 10.

SUNDAY EVENING.—After three full services, in the midst of crowded congregations, I am compelled to return home, although very unwell. I am brought safely through another day. In the night I was so ill, that to preach seemed impossible; but, blessed be God, I have gone through three services, have found some good liberty,—been favoured to enjoy good friends; in the house and amid the family of Mr. ———, I have had every kindness nature could desire; and now homeward bound, I would another Ebenezer raise, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped me." There are three things I would name. First, this afternoon I had a sweet word to speak from,—"The sun shall be no more thy light by day, nor for brightness the moon by night, for the Lord shall be unto thee thine everlasting light, and thy God thy glory." The distinction between the gospel state, and the glory state was attempted to be shown. The rising and setting of the Sun of Righteousness in the believer's experience; the waxing and waning of Gospel ministers and gospel ordinances, in contrast with the uninterrupted freedom, felicity, and happiness of the glory state, was feebly considered; and this evening, the things in which a gospel believer can rejoice, closed the services of the day. Sharnbrook gospel church has been in existence some twenty-five years; it may be considered a daughter of an isolated church, whose bishop at one time favoured Sharnbrook with his presence, but the yellow fever has so incapacitated him that instead of standing in power, as most heartily we could wish he did, he now is considered as an object of pity, and no Christian man of sound judgment can but pity the man who would be a giant in the gospel; but fallen nature, instead of being crucified, is rampant in popish tyranny, conceit, cruelty, and dogmatism. Oh! what a mystery.

Carlton is a neighbouring church to Sharnbrook, where Mr. Evans (late of Horsham, and after that of High Wycombe,) has been pastor for some years: but, a low nervous debility has laid him by for many months; and

it is exceedingly desirable to remove him, if possible. There is every reason to hope he might be useful, if, from the scene of his sorrows he could be removed. I shall do my utmost to aid his departure; for the church there wants another pastor; and he needs a new field of labour. His position, at present, with a large, though loving and respectable family, is exceeding painful.

Neither in the town of Bedford, nor in any of the adjacent localities, can gospel truth be said to be very prosperous. In Peterborough, Wellinborough, Kettering, and many other places in these parts, there is room for a lively, faithful, and devoted man. But where are such to be found? Thomas Corby, as pastor of Sharnbrook, is useful, and much beloved.

MONDAY, MAY 31, 1858. Goodness and mercy, like two sweet and powerful angels brought me home safe from Sharnbrook, and now, by the side of the River Thames, we are steering for Chatham, there again, I hope, to lift up my voice like a trumpet, and look once more at the book of covenant mercy, redeeming power, gospel grace, and the experience of them, whose hope is in the Lord alone. The Kentish hills and valleys too, are thickly and beautifully clothed, and nature sings a silent but delightful song of praise to her reviving God. Touching the eating of the book, a thought has come to my mind this morning, that the term "bitter" is not expressive simply of that which is afflictive and painful, but also of that which is purifying, strengthening, and confirming. The revelation and reception of God's holy new covenant truth, has a most powerful and a very precious effect upon all the internal passions of the regenerated soul. The revelation of truth, to a poor distressed soul is sweet, as it opens up the mercy, the pity, the compassion, and the power of a Triune Jehovah: as it discovers the Sun of Righteousness shining in the gospel firmament: as it shews those exceeding great and precious promises, like so many bright shining stars in the spiritual firmament; and, as it unfolds the compassionate doings of the Good Samaritan—the healing of the Great Physician; and, as it seems to say—"He is able (and willing, and has promised,) to save unto the uttermost, all who have fled, or are flying for refuge, to the hope set before them in the gospel. Ah! I know the revelation and reception of truth is sweet, when, like rivers of love, it rolls into your soul—sweeps away your dreadful sense of sin, and

"Assures your conscience of her part,  
In the Redeemer's blood."

Was it not sweet to David, when Nathan said—"The Lord also hath put away thy sin, *thou shalt not die*?" Was it not sweet to Hezekiah, when he could say—"Behold, for peace I had great bitterness, but thou hast in love to my soul, delivered it from the pit of corruption: the living, the living, he shall praise thee as I do this day." The repetition of "the living" is as though he said—I am twice recovered from the dead and dreadful powers

of sin, and in this sense, I would ever praise his Thrice Holy name. Was it not sweet, when Jonah could look again, and was delivered, shouting "Salvation is of the Lord?" and when Peter had that heart-breaking look from Jesus.

Truth is bitter in the belly in a manifold sense—but, here is Chatham. "Enon Chapel," High-street, Chatham, is the gospel resting-place of many who have left that noble Baptist Chapel, in Chatham, where Mr. Lewis, (now of Cheltenham,) labored for years with the sun of prosperity shining all around him. The removal of some men from those scenes where such blessings have been poured upon them, is a source of great distress; and their subsequent amalgamation of things more congenial to the natural mind, is a dark anomaly. Ever since Mr. Lewis left Chatham, truth has been falling in the streets. The present bishop baptizes people in warm water of a Saturday evening; in fact, to make the profession of religion as palatable, as pleasant, and as popular as possible, is the order of the day. But, it will be a solemn day of reckoning for such men, if, when too late they should find, (and all deceived by them should find,) that their religion has not been that of the Bible—nor that which comes from, and leads to, JESUS CHRIST. If, from his great white throne, THE KING, to all these time-servers, should say, "depart from me, I never knew you, how inexpressibly dreadful, their condition will be! Oh, that we could, instrumentally, convince them of their folly, and of their danger too! We would not unduly alarm them; but to see men, (professing to be the servants of God, and the ministers of Christ) warping the fundamental truths of the gospel, making the ordinances of Christ's house to meet and suit the fancies of fallen sinners; these things make our souls to tremble, and fain would we shew them, if we could, their awful antagonism to all that is Biblical, and of heavenly derivation. In Enon Chapel, Chatham, there is a gospel church: we think upwards of one hundred members. But they want a PASTOR, a preacher, and a labourious evangelist in the cause of Christ.

Where, in all this world, can the man be found? If this note should meet the eye of such a man, let him send a line to Mr. Terry, Enon Chapel, Chatham, Kent.

These good folk had a most happy anniversary too, this year. Mr. Thomas Jones—their old and long-tried friend—preached three excellent sermons on Trinity Sunday; on the following afternoon, I had the privilege of speaking to them. A very large body of friends took tea together; and in the evening, a public meeting was held. Thomas Jones, W. Palmer, of Homerton, and the writer, delivered a few practical remarks. To be the honoured instrument of obtaining for Chatham a pastor, with heavenly virtue for his inner, and "gospel valour" for his outer covering, would be the delight of your companion in the narrow way.—C. W. B.

The following reports from different parts of our British Zion, are all we can give this month. There are many more in reserve:—

## GREAT MEETING OF THE SUFFOLK ASSOCIATION.

Our brother John Pella, (late of Clare,) has furnished us with an elaborate report of the great meetings of the Suffolk and Norfolk Association, holden this year at Hadleigh, in the first week in June. We select from Mr. Pella's report, the following facts. Letters from 26 churches were read, some cheerful, some sad and gloomy. "Mr Collins of Grundisburgh, gave a solemn and weighty address, lamenting the sad and low condition of our churches: referring to Germany, he said, in one year 36 churches baptized 400 persons; and in Sweden a less number of churches in the same time baptize 966. During the past year the 26 churches belonging to the Association had baptized but 93. Received by experience and letters from other churches 21. Restored 6. Separated 32 (one of which was a minister. Dismissed by letter to other churches 16. Dead 59. Total number of members 2376. Number of villages preached in, 88. Sunday School Children, 1527.

In the afternoon of the day, Mr. Jackson, of Colchester preached from 2 Thes. iii. 1. It was a most appropriate discourse for the churches. In the evening Mr. John Bloomfield gave us a good sermon from Acts ii. 1, 2, 3, on "the great out-pouring of the Spirit." It was full of useful and telling remarks. Mr. Bird, of Rattlesden, conducted the Wednesday morning early prayer meeting. Mr. Pella says, "I said to several brethren, may God grant us a second edition of such a meeting. It was truly blessed." And at 9 o'clock the special prayer meeting commenced, conducted by Mr. Harris, of Rishangles, when seven ministers pleaded most earnestly for heaven's blessing.

It was now half-past ten o'clock, the tent was crowded to excess, and hundreds were standing outside. Mr. Hill, of Stoke Ash, preached the Association sermon, from "The Lord God is a sun and a shield," &c., &c. From the time Mr. Hill commenced this sermon until the end, it was one continuous out-pouring of brilliant and blessed ideas, illustrative of grace and glory. By many it was considered "the greatest sermon they ever heard." It is hoped Mr. Hill will allow it to be published. In the afternoon, Mr. Collins preached the closing sermon from "Wilt thou not revive us again?" These happy meetings were brought to a close by singing—

"Blest be the tie that binds."

We hope next year to hear of larger accessions to our churches. The Association, in 1859, will meet at Fressingfield. J. PELLA,

### OPENING OF THE NEW SCHOOL ROOM, EAST LANE, WALWORTH. TO THE EDITOR.

SIR, I attended the meeting announced on your June wrapper, to open the New School Room, adjoining and connected with those who were lately members of East Street Baptist Chapel; a spot dear to hundreds, where they have sat and listened to the

voice of that venerable and honoured man of God, Jeffery Moody, who for many years laboured there in usefulness, great peace and harmony. From the wording of the notice, a degree of curiosity was excited,—it said, "the Trustees, with the teachers that were turned out of the old school at East Street Chapel, respectfully inform the members that were severed from the church," &c. Here we are told that "teachers were turned out" and "members severed." The circumstances are exceedingly painful. As far as I am informed, it appears that most or all of the former deacons of East Lane have resigned their office, and left since the present minister has held the pastoral office. During the time of holding office with him, they commenced the building of a new school room on a plot of ground joining the chapel, and held on lease by them and others. During the erection of the building the deacons felt it to be their duty to resign. Part of the cost had been collected and paid during the time of their holding office: but the builder failing to obtain the balance due to him, took legal proceedings against two of the ex-deacons, the pastor, and one other person, as members of the building committee, for the amount. The pastor sought and obtained protection and release; Mr. Porter paid the builder his balance and expenses, and so put an end to litigation. Possession was then taken by the Trustees of the building; and the opening was announced for Tuesday, June 8th.

The proceedings were commenced with a tea meeting, to which a good number sat down. Shortly after the opening of the doors, Mr. Chislett, and a few of his friends, entered the building: Mr. C. took possession of the chair placed for the chairman; and his friends occupied part of the platform. After tea, exactly at the time announced, Mr. W. Beach proposed, Mr. S. K. Bland seconded, and about 300 persons voted, "that Mr. J. Porter take the chair." Upon being desired to leave the chair, Mr. Chislett refused. A scene followed which we shall not attempt to describe; suffice it to say, Mr. Chislett was forcibly taken from the chair, and removed from the building. As early as quiet could be restored, the proceedings were commenced with Mr. Porter in the chair, who briefly noticed the object of the meeting.

A report, signed by the lessees was then read, from which we extract the following:—

"The many painful circumstances that have transpired during the last three years in connection with the church at East Street Chapel, have caused the Trustees and Lessees, and many other members to separate themselves therefrom. \* \* \*

The rights of the Trustess were considerably infringed by the forced dissolution of the Sunday School \* \* \* The Lessees considered the appeals made to them by their fellow sufferers, who were severed from the church, and felt it was necessary to use every exertion to stay such proceedings. Through the Lord's goodness they have succeeded with regard to the School premises; \* \* \* but they cannot but regret that the spirit of opposition which obliged them to take forcible possession of their own, keeps them for the present out of that which virtually is their own also \* \* \* Mr. Porter having had the remaining cost of this place

(about £190) fall on his shoulders, has cheerfully paid it; and has also fitted up the building for the Sunday School and for the accommodation of those friends who may resort thither for prayer on Tuesday evenings."

Mr. S. K. Bland moved and Mr. Rayment seconded the following resolution:

"This meeting sympathizing with those who were recently members of, and worshippers with the Church at East Street Chapel, as well as with the teachers of the School, desire to unite with them in expressing their gratitude unto the Lord for his goodness in not leaving his people utterly destitute, seeing he hath preserved to them a place wherein they may meet to call upon his name."

The meeting was further addressed by Mr. R. Alldis, of Somers-town; Mr. Read; Mr. B. L. Green; Mr. Long, of Tring; Mr. W. Beach; and Mr. Young, of Alfred-place.

The School room is substantially and very prettily built, and is capable of seating about 400 persons. On this occasion it was most tastefully decorated with mottos, banners and ever-greens. R.

#### UNION OF CHURCHES AT CROYDON,

On Whit Tuesday, May 18, one of the most interesting meetings ever witnessed, was holden in the old Baptist Chapel, Pump Pail, Croydon. This chapel was built in 1729; and the church has always been steadfast in the truth. On the present occasion, a good number sat down to tea at five o'clock; at half-past six the meeting commenced. Mr. Moyle read the 133rd Psalm; Mr. Bracher, in a most earnest and impressive manner, implored the Divine blessing; after which, Mr. Moyle, rose and spoke to the following effect—"We all know the object of our meeting here this evening; it is that of union; I approve it much. Union is God-like, for God is one—union is Christ-like, for Christ and his people are one; in fact union is Christianity. I am very glad to see our brother Woodington here; I shall say the same thing before his face I intended saying behind his back; he has, after nearly ten years pastoral labours among you, resigned, because his work is done: very proper he should do so; he came to you with a most honourable Christian character; he has left you with the same; he preached to you with the ability God gave him; no man can do more; he left you in a better position than he found you, inasmuch as you have now a larger chapel than when he came; so that you have nothing to complain of in him, and he has nothing to complain of in you. With respect to the other church, they after a long and prayerful attempt to profit here, left you, and formed a church a short distance from here; they were not members of your church, they belonged to the congregation it is true; but they were perfectly at liberty to go or remain. God never intended that one man should be useful to all his people; he has appointed pastors after his own heart; and has also appointed the scene of their labours; there is not one of these people that dare say, our brother Woodington did not preach the truth; yea, and the whole truth; but as it did not feed their souls, they did quite right to go where they could hear; and the Lord appeared to be with them. Persons sitting under my humble ministry, and cannot profit, I will always rather they should leave; their remaining always begets a spirit of whispering; if any person comes to me with a whispering tale, I always say, "well, I will be sure and tell the party what you say, I will be sure and do it." Oh dear! no, Sir, I did not intend you should tell them, I came to you in confidence, I thought you were a friend." "Yes, so I am a friend of yours, but I am also a friend of the absent party,

and because I am a friend, I will be sure and tell them what you say." By this means I manage to get rid of whisperings. Now, be sure you have no whispering among you; if there were no listeners, there would be no whisperers. An old divine used to say, he would have the whisperer and the listener both tied up together, the one by the tongue the other by the ear. Mr. Moyle then called upon one of the brethren to give some account of the leadings of Providence in bringing the two churches together. One of the senior deacons then read the following statement:—

"Our beloved brother and late pastor, Mr. Woodington, after being nine years pastor of this church, (during which time he lived and walked in harmony and peace with the deacons and church, and was much respected by all who knew him in the town;) having, after a serious consideration, resigned his pastorate, considering his work was done in Croydon; consequently, this church was without a pastor; and the church meeting in the school-room, being likewise without a pastor, and both churches being of the same faith and order, it appears to have been the unanimous wish, that the two churches should be united; that by so doing, we should not encourage those small causes, for which the present day is so noted.

"That by uniting the two churches, we might be able under the Divine blessing, to raise a sound substantial cause; finding a feeling favourable to the union was prevalent on both sides, a meeting of the deacons was convened, at which the utmost harmony and good-will prevailed; each deacon being desirous to promote Zion's interest only. After which, the deacons went to their respective churches, and there the greatest unanimity prevailed—on both sides it was unanimously resolved the two churches should be united, and after much prayerful consideration, and earnest appeals to the God of all grace, that he would guide us in so important a step, and that he would own, honour, and bless and approve with his divine presence. Considering that all the movements in providence have pointed in this direction, therefore we are assembled here this evening, that we might be united in one church, and that from this time forward, we shall be recognised as one section of the church redeemed out of all nations, kindred, tribes, tongues and people, and are anxiously looking forward, and expecting to be among the number, of whom the Saviour says—'Father, here am I, and all whom thou hast given me.' These, dear Sir, are some of the leadings of Providence, in bringing the two churches together."

A shew of hands was then called for from the members of the two churches if they approved the union: a number of hands were held up; the contrary being called for, no one holding up their hand, it was declared unanimous.

Mr. Moyle then united the hands of the senior deacons of each church, and Mr. Keyworth implored the Divine blessing on the union. Mr. Moyle then said,—it is now my duty to congratulate you upon the step you have taken, which I do most heartily, and pray God it may be a long, a lasting, and prosperous union. After giving some excellent Christian advice, which will not easily be forgotten, Mr. Moyle called upon Mr. J. L. Meeres, who said—I am to address you upon a subject suited to the occasion—the subject of "union." What shall I say concerning it? God is all union, if I look at the Trinity, there is union; if we speak of redemption, there is union; if we speak of all the great and glorious doctrines of grace, there is union; if we speak of regeneration, there is union—in fact, the Bible is a book of union—it is full of it; and ought not we as Christians, be united to each other? It is the work of Satan to divide; but it is the work of God to unite; I close, wishing you every new covenant blessing. May you live in peace one with another, and may the God of peace dwell with you.

Mr. S. K. Bland sought the Lord's blessing to rest upon the service. May God graciously hear and

answer the petitions offered for Zion's peace and prosperity. Amen.

AT CHATTERIS, in the Isle of Ely, we have to praise the Lord Jehovah! indeed all the Redeemed family have daily; but we refer to a special day last Lord's-day, the 6th of June, it was a day that gladdened the hearts of Zionites; Mr. Joseph Wilkins, (late of Greenwich) is our preacher at Zion Chapel, and his ministry is owned and blessed much to his and our own satisfaction; he baptized five persons on the day aboved mentioned. We have a bricked place in our chapel yard, where perhaps about fifty bystanders could see the immersion of the candidates, and perhaps about one hundred persons might hear; but the minister and other friends disapproved of this place; and another was not only sought, but obtained; a place some of your readers will know, called Borough Pond, about a mile out of the town; and it was delightful to see the whole line of road, lined with carts, gigs, and family busses. It is a good place for a baptizing, and I hope will often be used instead of those contracted baptistries. It is believed upwards of two thousand spectators were there; a fine opportunity for a minister of Jesus Christ to address his fellow creatures on the ordinance instituted by Christ himself. There was good order, although so large a congregation around the pond. Our minister addressed all classes of persons; great attention was given; and we hope some good done; this took place at 3 o'clock, in the afternoon; a very affectionate address was given in the evening to the candidates, amidst a large congregation in Zion Chapel, from the words, second chap. of Ruth 12 verse; then the supper, and the new members (four females, one male), received affectionately into the church. Such a day we have not had in Chatteris, since the days of our then reverend pastor, Mr. Thomas Bonfield. O, that many more may follow! Amen.

OXFORD HILL, NORWICH. Dear Mr. Editor—We feel no small degree of gratitude and thankfulness to our heavenly Father, and to you, his servant, for the good success which it has pleased the Lord to crown the labours of our minister, at Oxford Hill Chapel, Norwich. Surely the Lord's arm was never made more bare, or his hand more visibly seen, than with us. We held our anniversary, on Sunday, May 30; Mr. Wilkins, of Chatteris, preached three excellent soul-stirring sermons; the attendance and collections were good, and in the evening, the chapel was literally crammed. On Monday evening, May 31, Mr. David Ashby, of Whittlesea, preached a good warm gospel sermon. June 1, we held our annual tea meeting, when near 250 sat down to tea, which, for quality, order, and attendance, could not be bettered; all played their parts well; and much honour is due to the deacons for their ample provisions; to those who prepared, and served it up, and to those who partook, for their unanimous expression of satisfaction; many said it was the best tea-party they ever attended. The evening service commenced by calling Mr. George Emberson, (one of Mr. Corbitt's late deacons from Chelmsford,) to the chair; who, after a short address, read a hymn, and then called upon Mr. Joseph Field to pray, which he did in a solemn and impressive manner; he then called upon Mr. Corbitt to relate his call by grace, and to the ministry, which he did, in a striking and instructive manner. One of the deacons then read the leadings of providence, in bringing Mr. Corbitt amongst them. Mr. Wilkins then called upon the members of the church to stand upon their feet, to shew their willing acceptance of Mr. Corbitt as their minister, which they did unanimously, in much cheerfulness. The deacon and Mr. Corbitt then joined hands, and in the name of the Lord, Mr. C. expressed his willingness and pleasure in accepting the charge, and the deacon, in the name of the church, expressed his delight in the union, and hoped that God would honour and bless the union to pastor and people. Mr. Wilkins then addressed

the church on their relative, and spiritual obligations to their minister, in a most instructive and spiritual manner; indeed, there was so much gospel order, and spiritual information in his address, that many say they never heard a more suitable charge. Mr. Ashby then delivered a congratulatory address to Mr. Corbitt, upon the honour God had put upon him, as a minister in the Lord's cause; and, having known Mr. C. many years, he rejoiced to know that he had never changed his sentiments, and told the people that he thought it impossible for any person to be deceived by John Corbitt, for he always hung his heart outside of him. A hymn was then sung, and the meeting broke up in cheerfulness. God be praised for remembering Norwich. AN OBSERVER.

O ur cause was low; our faith was tried;  
R evive our cause, O Lord, we cried;  
F orsake us not in time of need.  
O send a man thy flock to feed.  
R estore prosperity, and we,  
D ear Lord, will grateful be to thee.

H is gracious ear he kindly bent;  
I n mercy he JOSEPH CORBITT sent.  
L ong may our minister and we  
L ive in sweet gospel harmony.

C ause multitudes to us to tell  
H ow Christ hath saved their souls from hell.  
A pply with mighty power the word,  
R eached by thy servant, gracious Lord!  
E ach eye of faith make bright that's dim;  
L et thousands bless thee, Lord, for him.

N e'er leave us, Lord, nor let our foe  
O ur peace disturb, or discord sow.  
R evive each drooping tender plant  
W ith oil, or wine, or what they want.  
I f 'tis thy will vouchsafe to grant;  
C ause us to love thee, and impart  
H ealth, peace, and joy to every heart.

W. WALTERS.

PLYMOUTH, June 9th, 1858.—Dear Brother Banks. In the midst of the numerous and deep afflictions with which Zion is being exercised, it is truly refreshing to bear tidings that the God of Israel is visiting his fainting, but yet pursuing children, in this neighbourhood, with tokens of his love. For some time past, our beloved Zion has been in a state of extreme disorganization. We have had confusion for order; division for unity; darkness for light; famine for plenty. Many are still living in this neighbourhood, who know and highly value the truth; and we still hope that Plymouth, long famed in Israel for her love to the pure and unadulterated gospel of free and sovereign grace, is not forgotten by the Lord. For the last few months, a change for the best has been gradually progressing. A spirit of prayer is poured out upon the people, a spirit of expectation for the unfolding of the mighty purposes of mercy, is abroad among the people; while our glorious Immanuel is going forth in the ministry of his word, comforting the afflicted, and cheering the souls of the poor and needy with his blessing. At How-street there is a gathering of the scattered "flock," under the ministry of our esteemed brother, Mr. Collins, who, during the last month and this, is here as our supply. The word has been richly enjoyed, and made a blessing, I have reason to believe, to many. The old friends are returning; the congregation has greatly increased. Some of the most eminent servants of the Lord have been raised up to serve their Lord in the ministry of the Word in Plymouth and its neighbourhood; and still here and there are to be found



those whose trumpet gives a "certain sound." At Stonehouse, the labours of Mr. Emmington are blessed; thither some of our friends from How-street have gone in the time of dearth to seek good, and have been fed there. We wish them, both minister and people, every blessing. At Devonport, our friend Mr. Westlake is labouring, whose ministry is gradually gathering some of the Lord's redeemed. Then we have Mr. Doudney, in the Establishment; Mr. Babb, at his chapel; also good supplies at Trinity and Mount Zion. CHRIST IS PREACHER! We do rejoice. We have had some of the excellent of the earth to supply at How-street, and among the many, the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL'S visit has received a cordial welcome. Desiring you, my dear brother, every New Covenant blessing in Christ Jesus, I remain affectionately,

Yours,

ZION CHAPEL, NEWICK.—Mr. Editor, The cause of God here is surrounded with enemies; but a short time back it was tempest tossed, and those to whom it was dear at times, feared it would become a wreck. But blessed be God, his goodness was greater than our fears, for the cause has since revived; the congregations have increased; and sinners are being brought out of the quarry of nature into the glorious liberty of the gospel, under the ministry of our dear pastor, Joseph Warren. "The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our Refuge."

On Wednesday, June the 2nd, we held our anniversary. Our dear friends, C. W. Banks, and Samuel Cozens delivered unto us the word of life. Mr. Banks preached in the morning from Isaiah lx. 1, "arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." We can say it was a refreshing season to our souls. After the sermon was over, our pastor rose to give out the concluding hymn, but his heart was too full; he said he felt constrained to give a little history of the text, as concerned himself. He said, shortly after he came among us, in a time of deep and sore trial, he received a letter from one of his spiritual children, and as soon as he opened it, his eyes met with the words of the text. "Arise, shine." &c. And the Lord blessed the words to him, removed the trial, and opened the way before him, making the crooked places straight, and the rough places plain; and he again felt that morning a renewing of the old text. After the service was over, a good number sat down to dinner. At half past two o'clock the people again assembled; Mr. Cozens, in his able manner, delivered a good sermon. Upwards of 100 persons, partook of tea, which was well supplied. Mr. Banks preached in the evening, and in his powerful style, riveted our attention, while he held up to our view the dear and adorable name of Jesus. He led the seeking sinner to know, that if the name of Jesus was written in his heart, he had more than men or devils could take from him. He went on to shew us that the preachers of our day are ready to preach anything, and any name but Jesus; and also the blessedness of that people, where Jesus was written up, and held up to the people as the all and in all. May the Lord bless both his servants, making them an extensive blessing, to the church of the living God. On Sabbath morning, March 14, our

pastor led three candidates through the ordinance of Believer's Baptism, in the presence of a crowded congregation. Two of the candidates were mother and daughter; the other our pastor's partner in life; and it was quite a time of rejoicing, to see two believers, nearly fifty years of age, walking in Jesu's footsteps, thereby shewing to the world, they were made to bow to the footstool of grace. A. Cook.

The Retreat, Newick.

DORCHESTER HALL, HOXTON NEW TOWN.—This Hall was re-opened on June 13th, by the brethren Searle and Wyard. A sermon was also preached by Mr. C. W. Banks in the afternoon, June 15th, on the occasion of the removal of the church and congregation of brother Searle, from Hoxton Tabernacle. Mr. Banks came to the Hall, direct from Euston Station, after a fatiguing journey; but he preached a cheering and appropriate sermon from Jeremiah xv. 11, "The Lord said, verily it shall be well with thy remnant; verily I will cause the enemy to entreat thee well in the time of evil, and in the time of affliction." The friends were full of joy, at the excellent gospel matter our brother was enabled to give utterance to; after which, to the disappointment of brother Searle, and the meeting, he left, having to preach at Unicorn-yard the same evening. Comfortable tea was provided, after which, there was a delightful meeting. On the platform were several ministers, among whom I noticed brother Long, of Tring; Mr. James Nunn, Mr. Butler, Mr. Cave, Mr. Williams, and others. Our space will not admit of detail, but one circumstance caused a most affecting sensation: it was the presentation to Mr. Searle of a very handsome Bible, as a token of an affectionate daughter's regard and appreciation of a parent's concern and prayers for her present and eternal welfare. We believe the afternoon service, and the proceedings of the evening, will be followed by God's blessing.

A COUNTRY PARSON.

HALSTED, June 14th.—I have the pleasure of informing you the cause of God is looking up, through the labours of our well-beloved pastor, Mr. John Thurston. He baptized five candidates in our new baptistry, on June 6th. One sister had been bed-ridden; we never expected she would be favoured to come up to the house of God again; but she has been raised, not only to go to the Lord's courts, but to manifest her attachment to him by first giving up herself to the Lord and to his people, openly professing herself on the Lord's side. Previous to baptizing, our pastor preached from John i. 6, after which he came down from the pulpit, led the candidates down into the water, and baptized them in the name of the Holy Trinity. In the afternoon, he preached a solemn discourse from Zechariah 13th chapter, part of 7th verse. "Awake, O sword," &c. Then the newly-baptized were received into the church, after a suitable and seasonable address on their present position and their future condition in the church of God. The ordinance of the Lord's supper was administered; the Divine and Heavenly presence was powerfully felt and enjoyed. In the evening, our pastor preached from 43rd chapter of Isaiah, 11th verse, "Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord." Thus a day passed over at "Providence," which, I believe,

will not be forgotten by the pastor, candidates, the church, and the living in the congregation. "What has God wrought?"—we may well say, "Not unto us, O, Lord, not unto us; but unto thy name be all the praise." I am happy to say the Lord is blessing the labours of our pastor, amidst all his deep trials (which are not few). We are at peace in the church; may it continue and abound. I expect our pastor will baptize again shortly, at "Providence." The Lord has highly blessed his labours since (in love and mercy,) he sent him to preach to us the Word of Eternal Life. THOMAS ROOT.

POPLAR.—The annual services commemorative of Zoar Baptist Chapel, William-street, East India-road, were held May 23rd. Br. Haslop, Wyard, and Bowles were the preachers; the weather was unfavourable, and the congregation rather below the average attendance; nevertheless, Zion's King was present to bless, and comfort, and heal. On the following Monday, Lutheran Stringer preached an excellent gospel sermon; a large number sat down to tea. At the public meeting the pastor presided; after prayer by brother Haysman, he gave a report of our position, shewing peace prevailed; love and concord were maintained; and signs and wonders were following the preaching of the Holy Child Jesus. The following ministers then addressed the meeting: brother Stringer, on good things; brother Flack a good hope; brother Nunn a good man; brother Chivers, good news; brother Cann, a good work; brother Butterfield, a good land; brother Bracher, a good home. Brother Martin concluded with prayer. Though the meeting was densely crowded and prolonged to a late hour, the attention of the people was riveted, and the greatest order prevailed.

Raise high the banner of the Cross  
On Zion's every hill;  
Ravely prepared to suffer loss,  
E'er yield to proud freewill.  
Resolved, while you your arms can wield,  
To die before you quit the field.

Blessed by Jehovah's powerful word,  
On to the conflict go;  
With God the Spirit's two-edged sword  
Lay towering rebels low.  
E'er long the victory will be won;  
Soldier of Christ! fight on! fight on!

WHY BAPTISE A PERSON THE SECOND TIME?—Dear brother Banks. I herewith send you a brief account of our last baptising. My reason for so doing is to meet the enquiry, "Why baptise a person the second time?" On March 3rd, I baptised five persons at Cave Adullam chapel, Stepey (kindly lent). A great number of persons were present; quietness and solemnness pervaded the whole service. Text chosen was from Romans vi. 3, 4, "Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptised into Christ, were baptised into his death?" The proper persons—called; dead to sin, alive to the nature and significance of the ordinance. The proper mode—immersion; a being buried, a proper deportment, "even we also should walk in newness of life;" were the chief things insisted upon. One of the persons baptised by me, had been previously immersed by the Rev—; but according to her own statement, at our church meeting, she had gone through the ordinance in a state of

ignorance—the Lord not having opened her eyes until she had been led in the order of providence to Zoar, Poplar. Therefore, considering her motive was carnal, and not spiritual, the act of an unbeliever, and at best but a dead offering, it could not be termed *Believers' Baptism*; or in any way acceptable to him, "who seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh at the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh at the heart." With this view, and according to her own wish, she again passed through the sacred rite; being able now to give to any one that asketh, a reason of the hope that is in her, with meekness and fear. They were received into the church on the following Lord's-day when they were suitably addressed, and the right hand of fellowship given them by the pastor and deacons. Your's in the gospel,  
ROBERT BOWLES.

HANSLOPE, BUCKS.—The anniversary of the Baptist chapel was on Monday, June 14th. C. W. Banks preached in afternoon, from 1 Cor. xi. 3, (most savoury and profitable) dwelling especially on the three distinctive heads of the text: God, the Head of Christ; 2nd, Christ, the head of man; and 3rd, man the head of the woman. The company took tea. In the evening, a public meeting was held. Brethren Banks, Pym (of Newport Pagnell,) Parker, of London, and others, spoke to our edification. It was a joyful meeting; the hearts of the pastor and people were quite cheered up. We wish our brother Joseph Cartwright success in the name of the Lord. His ministry at Hanslope has been very useful. W. R. Long, Pastor of Tring.

LITTLEPORT.—On Lord's-day, June 13th, the ordinance of believers' baptism was celebrated at Littleport, in the river Ouse, in the presence of about two thousand spectators. We commenced the service by singing that precious hymn,  
"Jesus, and shall it ever be  
A mortal man ashamed of thee?"

Mr. Flavell, of Erith, offered prayer; Mr. Beacock (late of Wantage) gave an appropriate address. There was good order, and the presence of God realized. In the afternoon and evening Mr. Beacock preached two weighty gospel sermons. Our chapel was full; praised be our God for all his favours. He is still gathering up the jewels of his love, from the fall of Adam. Littleport cause has been struggling on for years; but mercy's drops still fall; the plants are watered, and God is with us. Brother Wilkins, of Chatteris, and brother Alderson, of Willingham, preached on Tuesday the 8th, our anniversary. The word spoken was blessed to many.

JAMES JESSOP, Deacon, Littleport,  
GLENSFORD.—That greatly-beloved servant of Christ, Robert Barnes, still lies near the end of his journey. His Master is with him; and the church and congregation are wonderfully favoured with good supplies.

ASKERT, BUCKS.—We held our anniversary, May 18th: three sermons were preached by Mr. J. Bloomfield, and Mr. Williamson, of London. There had been a debt dragging on the chapel for more than 20 years; the balance yesterday morning, was £57 17s. 3d. The debt being referred to at the tea table, one of the deacons offered £5. The Rev. gentlemen nobly took it up; an effort was made; and before they left the chapel last night they had the pleasure of knowing that, with collections and promises, the debt was entirely removed.

J. THOMPSON, Pastor.

MR. WEBSTER, MR. SPENCER,  
AND  
THE CHURCH AT HARTLEY ROW.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS—Having been favoured with a visit from Mr. Spencer now supplying at Zion, and received from him a satisfactory explanation of the unpleasant meeting in Hants, as related in the March number of the VESSEL, allow me to request the insertion of the following particulars in the next. Mr. Spencer declares that he did not know me when coming to speak to him, and only when a friend said, "Do you know that gentleman?" did he recognize me. My impression was then, that he had no intention to speak, and would not have noticed me had not my waiting for, and approach to, him, attracted attention. With this feeling, the confidential note to you was penned, while suffering from exposure to the severity of the weather in this unfortunate journey. Therefore, after the candid avowal of Mr. Spencer, that portion of the charge must be *unreservedly withdrawn* with an expression of regret on my part, that any portion of my communication to you should have given rise to it.

And now, in reference to the second part the question might be asked, "What would you have thought if a junior minister, in a place where you had preached with acceptance, had passed by you into the pulpit, not even offering a kind word in prayer when there, or in any way noticing you?" The impression on my mind was, that the preacher belonged to a party whose standard was exclusive. Under this influence my letter was written, and under it should still have remained, but for the assertion of Mr. Spencer, "that he belonged to no party," and that he judged that having been invited by the church to the pulpit, he had no authority to ask me to take a part of the service. Allow me here to say, my conduct would have been different under such circumstances, to him, even with his explanation. Regretting that it had not been made at the time, my mind is now relieved of the unfavourable influence produced, and can assure him that my pledge is given that such a collision shall never again occur.

And now thirdly, as the charge has been extensively circulated that they "had not invited me." To this assertion, my unqualified negative is given. After supper on the 24th of January, the deacons and friends expressed their thanks for my visit, and then asked me to come again as they had a difficulty in procuring supplies, and it was then a critical time, the union about which many fears were expressed, being recently formed. They said the first open Lord's-day was the 4th in February, and inquired if it would suit me? My reply was, "If it will be of any benefit to you, you shall have my services." Nothing was said about consulting the church, or writing. Therefore, it was entered in my diary, and fulfilled to my sorrow. It must be apparent that no pecuniary advantage was gained

by having nearly 200 miles to travel, my supply to pay 10s., my accommodation at the inn for two nights; yet it is my firm opinion that it was purely a mistake, and the people did all that could have been expected in treating me kindly, and collecting 20s. towards my expenses. The weather was very severe, and from its effects my system severely suffered.

Imploing the Great Head of a chosen and blood-bought church, to bless your person, ministry, and editorial labours, I remain, your's very affectionately, in the work of the Lord,

JOHN WEBSTER.

Timbrel Villa, Trowbridge, Wilts.

June 11th, 1868.

[Our remarks on this in our next number. —Ed.]

## OBITUARY.

### MRS. THOMAS SMITH.

Died on the 21st of April, 1868, Mary, wife of Mr. Thomas Smith, Baptist Minister, Wootton, Beds, aged 28 years.

The last few years of her short life, she was a remarkable instance of suffering affliction, and of patience. In addition to her other severe bodily afflictions; she was the subject of paralysis of the nerves, to such an extent that she was for years as helpless as a child; and she could neither articulate words, nor masticate her food when put into her mouth.

She was weaned from the world a long time before she left it. She looked forward with perfect calmness to the period of her dissolution, with a simple faith resting upon the Saviour. Deeply convinced of the sinfulness of her heart and life, she was humbled in the dust before God and yet was enabled to believe and trust in the mercy and merits of Jesus, whom she loved and revered as her almighty Saviour and Redeemer.

Her end was peace, and her remains were interred in the burying-ground, adjoining the chapel by Mr. Thornber, of Bedford.

It is remarkable that in the last particular she had her wish. Her desire always was, to be buried in Wootton by the side of her two infants, but circumstances seemed for a time to forbid it. Her husband had felt for some time uncomfortable in the place, and had fully determined to leave it, and look out for another sphere of labour. Hence the publication of this in the VESSEL last summer; and many efforts were made to remove, but they were all frustrated, and in a remarkable manner; for when there appeared a way, he was laid aside with fever, which settled the matter at once, and thus her request was granted, and God's word fulfilled. In the best bonds,

THOMAS SMITH.

GRUNDIBURGH, SUFFOLK.—The last Sunday in May was a glorious time with us who love the truth in these parts. Mr. Samuel Collins, our pastor, baptized thirteen persons. The service was out of doors. Not less than 2,500 persons were counted around the water. Mr. Collins is not only a successful and happy pastor; but over the churches in these parts, he is a useful and devoted bishop. The venerable George Wright, of Beccles, was not able to preach the Association sermon this year.

# THE GREAT MYSTERY AND PERFECT GLORY OF The Gospel Dispensation.

[PRINTED BY SPECIAL REQUEST.]

"Then the heathen that are left round about you shall know that I the Lord build the ruined places, and plant that that was desolate: I THE LORD HAVE SPOKEN IT, AND I WILL DO IT."—Ezekiel xxxvi. 36.

HERE is a Glorious Proclamation! At the bottom of it, Jehovah puts his name; signs, seals, ratifies, and confirms the message, and writes, "I, THE LORD, HAVE SPOKEN IT; AND I WILL DO IT!"

A Scotch divine, Dr. Guthrie, calls this, "*the Gospel in Ezekiel.*" Let us see how God preached the Gospel Himself; let us listen to the words whereby the Almighty opened up the mysteries of the New and the Everlasting Covenant, unto his ancient servant, *Ezekiel.* Dr. Hawker's words on Ezekiel's prophecy are very instructing: Ezekiel means "*the strength of God.*" The strength of God is most wonderfully displayed in this prophecy; in raising up the prophet; in revealing heavenly things to his mind; in leading him by degrees up into an exceeding high mountain, and in not only shewing him the glory and power of the Heavenly Temple, but in enabling him to wind up the whole, by proclaiming, "*and the name of the city, from that day shall be, THE LORD IS THERE.*" In setting a limit to our thoughts, for a moment, let us notice:

I. *Through what medium, and in what manner, the Lord hath spoken.* "I the Lord have spoken."

II. *The Great Blessings he hath promised.*

III. *The reason he assigns for thus speaking.* This is given negatively, positively and frequently. Negatively, "*Not for your sakes, do I this, saith the Lord God, be it known unto you.*" Positively, "*I had pity for mine Holy name sake, which ye have profaned among the heathen, whither ye went.*" And this is again and again repeated.

Lastly, consider, the Oath, and Solemn Promise of the Lord. "I the Lord have spoken it; and I will do it."

I. *Through what medium; and in what manner the Lord hath spoken,*—"Thou son of man, prophecy unto the mountains of Israel, and say, ye mountains of Israel, hear the word of the Lord."

"*EZEKIEL.* The Prophet. His name is very significant, meaning *the strength of God.* The ministry of this man seems to have been carried on by signs and representations, more than by open preaching. The Lord said that Ezekiel was for a sign unto his people. Ezekiel xxiv. 24, 27. And in nothing perhaps do the customs and manners of mankind differ more, than in the method of communication to each other. Language is

rather an imperfection, notwithstanding all we boast of its beauty, than an accomplishment. It is most useful in numberless instances, suited to our present state. But in the world of perfection to which we are hastening, the communication of ideas will have a more complete and quick order. The Word of God tells us as much, in saying, that in that blessed place, 'whether there be tongues they shall cease,' 1 Cor. xiii. 8. In the eastern countries, and in the days of the Prophets particularly, and even now, modern travellers say, that generally more than half the transactions of life are carried on by signs. The Prophets delivered their messages by gesticulations and signs, similar to what was then in common use in common concerns, and thus made their message familiar and easy to be understood. Thus Ezekiel's removing unto captivity, digging through the wall, not mourning for the dead and the like, were declared to be tokens and signs respecting the Lord's dealings with his people. So Jeremiah's girdle hid by the river; the potter's earthen bottle, the wooden yoke he wore about his neck; these were all to the same amount, speaking by action, instead of words, and much better understood by the people."

The Lord began with Ezekiel preaching unto him by signs and representations. And it is in this way "the God we adore" oftentimes preaches unto us now—although as the Psalmist says—"God speaketh once, yea, twice, yet man perceiveth it not." The sermons and the signs whereby the Lord preached unto Ezekiel, are of great import. Those sermons will never be out of print, they will never be without meaning: new editions of them will be given out from time to time, so long as the sun and the moon endureth. Those sermons preached unto Ezekiel will be the standing laws of heaven—so long as the Church is in the wilderness—and even when "the Lamb's wife hath made herself ready," even then these good old sermons will be treasured up in heaven; and often will they be read again in the full blaze of eternal glory, shewing forth the infinite wisdom of THE GREAT THREE ONE in leading his flock so carefully and correctly "by the right way" that they might come unto the city of habitation."

The Great Bible, out of which the Lord preached unto Ezekiel, were, "THE HEAVENS:" and the four first texts were "the whirlwind;" "a great cloud;" "a fire

unfolding itself :” and, “the likeness of four living creatures :”

The exposition of these four texts—and the substance of these four sermons—are to be given in the next paper—as time doth not now permit me to transcribe them : only the framework of the discourse can now be furnished.

Secondly—then, *the great blessings Jehovah promised* : Ezekiel’s prophecy is nearly full of them : but let us simply look at the *Seven fold Triumph of Grace*, as it stands in immediate connection with these most precious words : “*I the Lord have spoken it ; and I will do it.*”

Grace triumphant, as it rolls, like a mighty river, from beneath the throne of God, unfolding the depths and beauties of our Heavenly Father’s love, toward his people, brings to them the following perfection of promises, therein are contained every essential mercy, for time and for eternity, so that the Psalmist might well say—“*no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.*”

First—there is grace triumphing in the absolute gathering and bringing of the whole election of grace, the whole house of Israel, from among the heathen, gathering them from all countries, and bringing them into their own land. This I consider to be the first manifested blessing : *an effectual Call by grace divine*. I find some of the best of men in the olden times, and almost all the free-will and duty-faith men in this and in other kingdoms, are everlastingly talking about “*offered grace*” and offering Christ : rejecting Christ, and rejecting the Spirit. Can any such sentiment, or feature in the ministry, be justified from the Scriptures : did Christ, or did the Apostles, thus authorise preachers, to talk to men ? It is high time this lifeless idol, this unmeaning branch of the gospel ministry, be examined, exposed, and banished from the earth. Preach the gospel to men with all the powers you have. Persuade men by all the arguments you can use. Warn them of their danger ; and point them to the great and glorious Refuge set before them in the Person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ : but until he comes and alters the parable, and makes the true virgins to say, that they have oil to give, grace to give, Christ to offer and salvation to bestow, never let puny proud mortals stand in their pulpits ; and talk of offering Christ, *o*, of God’s *offering* grace ; “*weeping,*” as some dare to say, because men will not embrace and receive his offered mercy. All such preachers must be like Miriam, when the leprosy was upon her, “*half-dead*” at the least : and I think, like Moses, we should try and pray unto the Lord to heal such poor half-dead, if not wholly dead-priests, and set them right : for the Lord says in ten thousand places, “*I will*

*bring them.*” “*I the Lord have spoken it,*” and “*I will do it.*”

My engagements prevent me from writing more now. Next month. (p.v.) I will resume,

C. W. B.  
2, Eldon Place, London, S.E.  
July, 1858.

## ROBERT FLOCKHART.

A NARRATIVE AND A REVIEW.

THERE are two Scriptures which I have looked at with wonder and astonishment. The first is Paul’s words to the Philippians, “*For me to live is Christ !*” and the second is that to the Corinthians, “*They which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again.*”

Perhaps there have never been many who could say honestly, “*For me to live is Christ.*” When, then, we do really find a man whose life and labours declared such was the case with him, we certainly ought to hold up such a man ; first, as a confirmation of the truth of the Bible ; secondly, as a monument of the power of sovereign grace ; and, thirdly, to encourage all who profess to love, and desire to live, for our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

ROBERT FLOCKHART was such a man. Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, has edited, and sent into the world, a book which is most interesting and pleasing, as a proof of the exceeding riches of the mercy and power of God in saving sinners, and in making some of the worst of men, the brightest and most useful Christians.

The work to which I refer is called “*THE STREET PREACHER.*” It is published in Edinburgh, by Messrs. Adam and Black ; and for 2s. 6d. can be had, post free, in any part of the United Kingdom.

For forty years, or more, Robert Flockhart was a street preacher of Christ’s gospel in the suburbs, and slums of that intelligent Scotch metropolis, the city of Edinburgh. Robert Flockhart was not a wild, inexperienced ranter : he was not a maniac or a madman : he was not an erroneous disseminator of unholly principles ; he was not an upstart, nor an ambitious seeker after popularity : he sought not to make fortunes, nor to found estates in the shape of chapels, or chapel properties : but he was a thorough, sound-hearted, practical, self-denying, Christ-exalting, and soul-seeking servant of Christ. Altogether, I think, for untiring devotion, I never read, or heard of his equal.

We are to consider that great man’s history under four distinct headings. *First—his natural life.* *Secondly—His true conversion to God.* *Thirdly—His career as an untiring itinerant Missionary, and Street*

*Preacher.* And lastly—his quiet departure for a glorious home.

1.—*His natural life*—Robert Flockhart was born at Dalnottar, near Glasgow, in Scotland, Feb 4th, 1778. The place of Flockhart's nativity was a factory for nailers and smiths. He describes it as a wicked place. His parents were poor, ignorant, careless, and knew not the value of the gospel; and in this way his early days passed away. Soon after Robert Flockhart had served a seven years' apprenticeship to the nailing trade, he enlisted for a soldier; and for many years he suffered much; sinned much; and witnessed much, tending to make the hardest heart to melt.

Above fifty pages of this book are filled with details of a soldier's and a sinner's life. There is one *great fact* illustrated and confirmed through the whole. It is this, "*there is a special providence over the vessels of mercy during the period wherein they lay in sin and in Satan's kingdom.*"

One paragraph will shew by what terrors he was often surrounded, from what awful deaths he was preserved—and, yet, how unmoved his impenitent heart remained. On page 7, he says :

"During our passage from England to the Cape of Good Hope, out of about one hundred men, thirty died. They died very suddenly. Some would be well in the morning, and be dead before night. When dead, the sailors would sew them up in a hammock, with a bag of sand at their feet, and throw them overboard immediately, because they thought the disease of which they died was the plague. Whenever a storm came on us we expected to go to the bottom, and if we had, many, if not all of us, would have gone to the bottomless bit, and I amongst the rest. I think the fear of God was not in all the ship. O the amazing patience and longsuffering of God! Yet, notwithstanding I saw his righteous judgments executed upon others, it never moved me, nor any that I saw; for to my shame I acknowledge it, I still waxed worse and worse. Though the Lord's hand was lifted up, I never saw, and though his judgments were abroad, I never learned righteousness, till he began the work of grace in my heart by his word and spirit."

Again he says :—

"Numbers of our men died soon after we arrived, and many more during the time we remained; for, although the climate is healthy, and the water good in Cape Town, yet the immoderate use of cheap wine and cheap fruit, together with immoral conduct, shortened men's days. The wicked, as the word of God says, 'shall not live out half his days.' I wonder many a time that the Lord did not cut me off as well as the rest. It was not because I was better than they. I ran greedily in the practice and commission of every sin that my wicked heart could devise, all the time I was there, and that was nearly

four years. I would be ashamed if the world knew my conduct during this period. How much more ought I to be ashamed before him 'who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, and who cannot look on sin but with abhorrence!'

"I believe that there is not a sin in the Bible I have not been actually guilty of, except murder."

In the midst of many sorrowful details of sin, misery, and awful death, there is one ray of light—just the breaking in of a little gospel light. This, in the black night of wickedness, where the soldiers were laying, seems very delightful. He says :

"But before I leave Fort-William, I have the best news to tell. The Lord sent his servants from Calcutta to preach the gospel to their countrymen in the 22nd regiment, during the time we lay there. Some of the Baptist missionaries, accompanied by a schoolmaster, came privately, and without being sent for. The officers gave orders against it; but this only made them the more desirous to come, and the soldiers the more desirous to hear. Before the missionaries came, I do not think that there was a spark of grace, in any man's heart in all the regiment. There was not so much as a mere professor; and I heard one of the soldiers say, long after (for I would not go amongst them then I was so busy with the devil's servants in the devil's work), 'that the Lord honoured that humble schoolmaster was kindling a fire in the 22nd regiment, that all the gates of hell would not put out.'

"That man, I trust, was converted himself, and he and a few more formed themselves into a church, assembling together, and exhorting one another from the Word of God, praying with and for one another, and singing the praises of God. They used to meet for worship every day. This is the way that the fire was kept in which the Lord kindled by the instrumentality of a humble schoolmaster, who volunteered his labour of love among soldiers, and had no earthly reward."

Passing over the days of his unregeneracy, I come to those of his conversion. A real change of heart; a soul quickened, and truly raised from spiritual death, by the Spirit of God, is an amazing mystery—and a mighty miracle! Nothing short of a divine power can effect this. I take a few sentences from Flockhart's own account of his conversion. I think it is one which all God's children will read with this persuasion, "that man was indeed a brand plucked from the fire."

Practical sin brought down upon Flockhart disgrace, and deep humiliation. This made him consider. Then, he was afflicted. Here are a few of his own words, descriptive of this great change.

"In India it is no uncommon thing for streams of fire to descend from the clouds, owing, I suppose to the great heat. On one occasion, I saw a stream of fire in the form of

a sword, and soon after, the Lord laid his rod upon me for my sins. I fell sick, reported myself, and was sent to the hospital. This was the second step the Lord took to bring me to my right mind.

"In speaking to the patients in the hospital, I used to swear whenever I spoke. The Lord is not at a loss for instruments to accomplish his purposes. He employed an Irish lad to reprove me. On one occasion, when I was blaspheming, he said to me, 'what a swearer you are!' I replied, 'Did I swear?' 'Yes, you did,' was the answer. Well, I thought to myself, if I swear, and do not know when I do so, it is certainly high time to give up the practice, and especially when such as you reprove me. Henceforth I was upon my guard when I spoke, lest an oath should involuntarily escape my lips. Conscience flew in my face and made me so afraid, that for a fortnight I was engaged in learning to speak fluently without swearing. I was then enabled to break off swearing, and determined not to do so any more.

"Knowing that the serjeant of the hospital was a religious man, I asked him for the loan of a religious book, which he gave me.

"The serjeant had a private room for himself, and he told me that there was a person who came and united with him in family worship, and if I chose to join them, he would make me welcome. I was very glad of the offer, and went regularly, and the Lord blessed the means of grace to my soul. Sometimes the serjeant read a sermon of Flavel's, or spoke from the Word of God, and my mind would be deeply impressed with the belief that he knew everything I did. At another time, the thought came into my mind that the Lord was whispering into his ear everything about me. I can see now that it was the Spirit of Christ telling me everything I did, as in the case of the woman. I was gradually melted down. I said to him that I would like to be a Christian. He said that the life of the Christian was a continual warfare. I replied that, warfare or no warfare, I was willing to engage in it. What the serjeant said to me in 1807 has been fully verified in my experience ever since, and will be till I give up the ghost.

"I began now to go to an empty ward to confess my sins alone before God, and to review my past life. At such times, when the patients saw me, they all burst into such fits of laughter as almost cracked their jaws. I knew the patients that laughed at me, and remarked that not one of them came out of the hospital alive.

"I still attended the meetings held by the serjeant, and at times my heart would be so overcome with the love of Christ that I would return home quite happy. I thought all the angels of God surrounded me rejoicing (see Luke xv.), and that the Spirit was applying the blood of Christ to wash away my sins, putting these sins at the same time upon my head, and I felt such a weight upon me that I was hardly able to look up. Even in this state, I would have been glad to depart, but 'God's thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor his ways as our ways.' The Lord ordered it

otherwise. I fell asleep, and when I awoke a dark horror was upon my mind; 'the horrors of death compassed me, the pains of hell gat hold upon me; I found trouble and sorrow.' The messenger of Satan was sent to buffet me. I was led into the 'wilderness to be tempted of the devil.' Awful thoughts came into my mind. I thought I had committed the unpardonable sin, and had sold my birthright. Conscience awoke, and set my past sins in order before me. God seemed to frown upon me. I did not know what to say or do. All hope of being saved was gone. The tempter said to me, that all I had experienced was only a delusion. He even tempted me to take away my own life. When walking on the top of the hospital, he tempted me to throw myself over the battlements, and I really thought I should have been overcome. However, he was thwarted in that, as I did not go there again. There was a well at the back of the hospital, and he urged me strongly to throw myself into it. I said to the serjeant of the hospital, 'Tie me to the bed at night, and keep me sure, in case he should overcome me.' The serjeant could not enter into the nature of my temptations and of course did not do as I desired him. I cannot enter into a detail of all the temptations I was subjected to; the two I have mentioned will serve as specimens. I consider the language of the apostle, in Romans vii. 9, not inapplicable to my situation at that time, 'when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died.' Sin, that had been asleep before came like a giant upon me. I saw myself in the mirror of God's law. That law was spiritual, and extended to the thoughts and intents of my heart. Dreadful and blasphemous thoughts, like sparks out of a chimney, now came out of my heart. I was afraid to open my Bible, or even to look up, for fear the Lord would send a thunderbolt out of heaven to crush me. I heard, as it were, a voice from heaven, saying 'confess your sins, confess your sins.' This went like a dagger to my heart, and I could get no rest. For nearly a month I could get no sleep. I was afraid, if I fell asleep, I should open my eyes in hell. This had the effect of making me look over my past sins, what I had done, where I had been, what company I had kept, and what sins I had been guilty of.

"After my sins had been thus set before me, the Lord scourged me for them, and made them bitter to me. I was led by the Spirit, with a broken spirit and a bleeding soul, to the 'fountain opened,' pleading for mercy, through the blood of the Lamb, to get my wounded spirit healed, my troubled conscience calmed, and my burdened soul freed from its load of guilt. Thus I continued for months. I took my Bible, and went to the most sequestered spot I could find. Being ignorant of the Bible, and my mind in darkness, I did not know where I should begin, or what part of the Word of God I should first read. I cannot describe the distressed state of my mind. I was in the horrible pit of nature, and in the miry clay of original and actual sin.

(To be Continued.)

## WHAT DO WE WANT IN THE PULPIT?

At a conference of Ministers holden in the Vestry of the Surrey Tabernacle, on Tuesday, July 20th, Mr. James Wells gave a telling Address on the essential power of the pulpit. Since then, we have received for review the second number "*Meliora: a Quarterly Review of Social Science.*" In this ably conducted Review, there is one paper on the Power of the Pulpit, which contains some few things worthy of great consideration. Many of the sermons preached, and the style in which they are preached, in our day, are more injurious than advantageous. We think there is a four-fold power essential to success in pulpit work; but which is not generally realized in our times. There is needed—1. the power of LIGHT from heaven shining through the inspired word into the regenerate mind of the preacher. Ministers pray for this! 2ndly, there is the power of heavenly Love, melting and moving all the noblest and finest passions of the heart, and setting the whole of the inner man on fire. Ministers pray for this!! Your best prepared discourses are dry and useless without this. 3rdly, there is the power of Liberty in the soul, and conscience, through faith's effectual dealing with the Person and precious blood of the Great High Priest. Ministers pray for this!!! for theological arguments—without a sense of sin forgiven, and peace enjoyed with heaven, are only skeletons which tumble into dust as fast as you form them. Lastly: there is the power of Largeness of utterance in the proclamation of the gospel. Ministers pray for this!!!! For if people have to wait for your words, and to stare at you while you are staring after something to say to them—there are not many will hear you. But I must quote from the article referred to. The writer in "*Meliora,*" reviewing the history of the pulpit, in one section of his article, says,

"Preaching may be said to have been begun with Christianity. The herald of the Saviour was a preacher. The great Teacher wrote no books, but preached to the common people. Apart from holy places, he taught in fields, on the mountain-side, by the sea-shore, and in the private dwelling. And thus acted his Apostles. Their literary works were few; but those remarkable men, who have left their impression on all succeeding time, exercised their mightiest influence by the preaching of the Word. Christianity owes its greatest social power to the pulpit.

"Christianity overthrew the religions of the empire, and in less than three hundred years from its promulgation in Judea became the faith of the Roman world. The preacher was henceforth the teacher of the people, and the pulpit the lever of social amelioration. By means of the righteousness and truth, the mercy and love, which characterised the instruction imparted from the pulpit to the people, great changes were wrought on the morals of men, and on the aspect of society.

"The influence of the pulpit in the sixteenth century was great and extensive. It awakened, instructed, and developed thought. It subdued and purified the people. It awed the might of the despot and promoted the liberty of the subject. It extended religion

and improved morals, and took a permanent stand among the beneficent institutions of Christendom.

"How much England owes to the power of the pulpit may be learned from the fact, that all the monarchs, from Henry VIII. to Charles II, were exceedingly jealous of the influence of popular preachers, and did much to restrain their public instruction and to deprive them of their livings. \* \* \*

The eighteenth century commenced in England with a frigid theology and a powerless pulpit. It was winter in the Church when all signs of life seemed to have died away. Preachers glorified in addressing their discourses to the educated, and the pulpit lost its hold upon the masses of the people. But when Whitefield and others arose, and, as men in earnest, addressed their fellow-men, the pulpit reached the people and regained its healthful influence. The greatest social fact in the eighteenth century was, what was called Methodism, and that was a result of popular preaching. It purified morals, diffused intelligence among the common people, suggested philanthropy, and aided to call forth those noble characters who have been identified with the great schemes of benevolence at home and abroad, which have engaged the practical energy of British Christians for the last hundred years. \* \* \*

The pulpit in our time is in different circumstances from those it has ever before experienced. The printing press has taken up much of its ground, and made society less dependent upon its teaching. \* \* \* People complain that most of the preachers whom they hear are simply good men, who do not command the attention of the thoughtful, and do not excite thoughtfulness. \* \* \*

"In an age like the present, when business, politics, and refinement are so earnestly cultivated, and when there are so many temptations arising from these pursuits, to disturb the equilibrium of a good conscience, it is of the greatest consequence, that those who occupy the pulpit should endeavour with solid thought, fresh and striking illustration, gracefulness; and, above all, earnestness of address, to arrest and interest their congregations, to give a right direction to their pursuits and tastes, and to exhort them 'to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things.' We believe religion to be the wholesome leaven of life, liberty, and business, and the want of it, to be the worst preparation for the excitements of politics and of trade, and for all social duties. The influence of the pulpit cannot fail to be great, when the doctrines of the gospel are faithfully and earnestly preached; but, in order that the present age may be rightly and profitably taught, there must be in the preacher, thought, as solid and suggestive; eloquence, as burning and attractive, as are found among politicians; point as precise—sagacity as keen—labour as untiring, as are evinced by men in business; along with a solemnity and an earnestness, which will awaken to thoughtfulness, and bring under the power of religious decision, the busy men, who through our exchanges and our shops, our factories and our fields,"



## EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

## LETTER XLVI.

ALLOW me now, my good Theophilus, to have a word or two with you upon the subject of accountability to God. Now as to your *legal* accountability to God, that has been entirely met by the Surety of the new covenant; and God, not of necessity, but sovereignly, gave a law, and as sovereignly determined that not one jot or tittle of that law should fail, but that its majesty should stand, and remain for ever, and is a law, therefore, to a sinner fearful, terrific, and damning. Now Jesus Christ the Lord was made under this law, substitutionally, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, and he bore our sins in his own body on the tree. What must he be in dignity and power to bear the sins of millions? Your knowing something of this your legal accountability, makes you prize supremely the blest Surety of the new covenant. Had you one sin to answer for, or one jot or tittle of the law to meet, how would you appear? whence could you find a ransom? for remember, that he that offendeth in one point, is guilty of the whole! Where, then, I say, could you find a ransom? for this one sin would constitute you a sinner, a law-condemned sinner, a lost sinner, an outcast and helpless sinner. If men did but see this, their legal accountability, and in their consciences feel the force of this, how welcome then, truly welcome, would be every testimony concerning the efficacy, perfection, and certainty of the atonement of Christ! How clearly would they see that unless the blood of Christ cleansed with eternal certainty from *all sin*, that not one soul could be saved. As for saying, that some are in hell for whom Christ died, you might as well say that Christ himself is in hell; that Christ himself is lost; yea, he was in infinitely the greater danger of the two, for he was the Surety, and all law charges fell upon him. The Shepherd smitten, but the sheep free, and free for ever. What the Saviour has done for them, is eternal, and he himself also is eternal, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

Freewill, therefore, is a liar and a deceiver, and the twaddle of half-way Calvinism is little better than freewill. Yea, in some respects worse, because more deceptive. Let, I say, your real law accountability to God be seen, known, and felt, and you will see that it is something which you cannot touch; yea, something that you can no more touch than an Israelite could touch Mount Sinai, and yet escape with his life. Saul of Tarsus did not become a true lover of Christ until his law accountability to God was opened to him, and the faith of Christ implanted in his soul. Were every one who nameth the name of Christ made to feel what their real law

accountability to God is, they would be very different Christians from what they now are; what they now sneeringly call *hyperism* and dangerous doctrine, they would with all their souls embrace, and would cleave to the truth as to their life. Oh, how would they bless that dear Surety who took all the law accountability into his own hands, set them free, and became just as much a Surety for the safety of their persons as for the atonement of their sins; he is accountable to God as much for their ultimate presentation before the eyes of his glory without fault, as he was for the redemption of their souls by his blood. It is as much his work to gather in his sheep as it was his work to lay his life down for them. The two are joined together, and never can be put asunder; and whatever men may say about the non-importance of doctrine, if they cannot be saved by truth, I am sure they cannot by falsehood; and as to what carnal carping philosophers and pharisees may indulge in as to the moral tendency of such doctrines, every saved sinner well knows that however important and excellent, good works before men may be, and are, yet the truths of the gospel have ends in view infinitely higher and beyond even the noblest purposes of this life. The truths of the gospel bring us a kingdom which is not of this world, and it is an everlasting kingdom which shall not pass away; and this kingdom comes, and the people come to the kingdom, the one, with as much certainty as the other, by the *Suretyship of Christ*.

"His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heaven;  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus given."

Unto you, therefore, my good Theophilus, he is the end of the law for righteousness. You are free, and you live, and walk, and pray, and love, and praise, and abide firm and unmoveable, by *faith in the Surety*, Christ Jesus. Here the Father is well pleased, here the Holy Spirit glorifies Christ, and here by hope you are saved.

Now having said thus much, let me get you to notice carefully this one truth, that in the final account you will have to give to God, it must be ALL GOOD, or else ALL BAD. There can be no mixture. No weighing the good against the bad, or the bad against the good, to see which is the heavier of the two. No! it must be ALL one way or ALL the other; and so, in the judgment, the Saviour will say nothing good to the one, nor anything evil to the other. But mind, I am here speaking of our final account, and of final judgment; there is an *intermediate* judgment, where things are different, but you shall have a word upon that in my next epistle to you.

Now, then, your final account must, I say, be all good, or all bad; all for you, or all against you; there is no medium or mixed

account, for every one shall be rewarded according to his works, "whether they be good, or whether they be bad;" thus you see each is distinguished, not by the *quantity*, but by the *quality* of his works, whether they be good, or whether they be bad; they that have done good to the resurrection of life; they that have done evil to the resurrection of judgment, and "for every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment, for by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." Again, "We must appear before the judgment-seat of Christ to give an account of the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or whether they be bad."

Thus you see in all these Scriptures with the one it is all good, but with the other all bad. Now let us see if we can, in holy reverence, get clearly at the meaning of these solemn scriptures: but is there any difficulty in getting the meaning of these Scriptures? No, my good Theophilus, not the least; the one little word, *faith*, unlocks them all. "*Justified from ALL things by faith.*" Now if you are thus justified by faith *from* all things, then "who is he that condemneth, seeing that it is God that justifieth." Now then, being justified by faith, what will your works and words and deeds be? what shall be your final account? what is the language in which you shall state it? for there it is all ready for you by the time you want it; and if you say, where? I answer, in the Bible. Are you a believer? I know that thou believest. Well then, what is one of the good things you do? Is it not that you keep in the faith? that you cannot move away from the hope of the gospel? You are decided for the truth, and you so contend for it as to hold it fast. You thus fight a *good* fight; a very different fight from that of fighting against the truth, for that, truly, is not a good fight, but a very bad one; for all such are sure to lose the victory, and be judged enemies at the last, nor will one of their good works be mentioned, but only their evil ones, as by these those who are not justified by faith must be judged; nor, on the other hand, will one of your faults, numerous as they are, be mentioned, because you are to be judged by the completeness you have in Christ, and by your *evidences* of interest in him. Thus you will say, "I have fought a good fight; finished my course; held out in the truth to the end; kept the faith." Again you will say, "He loved me, and gave himself for me," and that you have been enabled to profit by the talents, that is the truths of the gospel, which he hath graciously given to you; for the talents spoken of in Matthew xxv. are not personal qualities but *property*, and what is this property but gospel truth, and it is given to one in greater abundance than to another.

Well, what say you to these talents? Can you say that you do trade with heaven by them? for the occupation must be spiritual and heavenly? Can you, then, say that by these truths you are encouraged to hope in God? that you are encouraged in seeking the Lord, and in prayer? and do you wish to get more and more of the gospel, in the life, light, and love thereof, into your possession? and do you thus somewhat grow in grace that you are more and more sure that it must be all of grace? and if the Lord come to thee, can you give him a good account of *his own truth*, that you have been comforted and supported by it; that you are all the better for it; that you have, as it were, gained five talents or two talents more? That two talents of gospel truth sufficed you once, but now ten talents of this heavenly gold is not too much? Is it thus with you? If it be, then thy account and thy final judgment is thus written, "Lord, *thy talents* have gained more talents." This is your account. What say you? Ask your heart and conscience can you give, truly, such an account? or are you,—no, you are not, but I will speak to you for a moment as though you were, just where the one-talent man was. He professed to be a servant of the Lord, therefore the Lord delivered unto him, *providentially*, the law of truth, but David saith, "Grant me thy law graciously." Now here the law of truth was delivered unto this free-willer, *providentially*, and merely in the letter of it, and reckoned one talent, because the law of truth is not much accounted of in the estimation of such; he therefore lays it aside and adopts into its place a law of *austerity*; the gospel was too easy for him; it was not *pious* enough; made too much of Jesus Christ; too much of the grace of God, and not enough of the creature. Therefore he carefully conceals the law of truth, as something not suited to trade with; aye, and prides himself, too, in so doing. He would not run any hazard with this dangerous talent, but tells the Master that he knew he was an austere man, taking up where he had not laid down; so this man was judged according to his own *words*, according to his own gospel, and as he cast the talent of truth out from the heavenly commerce, he himself was cast out of the business of free grace altogether, and so rewarded according to his works, and according to his words. Could you, my good Theophilus, cast out, or set aside the truth? you know you could not. Well, then, as you give a good account of the truth, the truth will give a good account of you.

You see here nothing is said of the faults of these faithful servants, nor anything good said of the unfaithful, unbelieving servants. No doubt many infirmities mingled themselves with the services of these faithful servants: trade would sometimes be very dull

with them; they would feel at times very discouraged; have their doubts whether they should not break down; that their hope and strength would perish from the Lord; they would feel at times rather lazy, rather dull, rather indifferent; yet they remain faithful in the truth, and the Master who is meek and lowly in heart, will not remember one of their faults; but will say, "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."

But you also practically love the brethren, and will do them good and not evil; and so will be found among those who have not withholden the cup of cold water from the disciples. Thus you see something of the reward of the works of faith: you will have nothing whatever to do with any of your sins; the Surety has answered for them all; and to sum up all I can say in this letter upon this matter; you will give to glorify God, by joining with others, in giving that *good* account of yourself; for "every one must give an account of himself to God;" "unto him that 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 for ever." Would you wish to have a better account than this to give? Is your heart one with such words now? Then by these thy words, (for the Lord hath made them thine,) by these thy words thou shalt be justified.

So believes your willing servant in the gospel  
A LITTLE ONE.

## Obituary.

### THE LATE MR. ROBERT BARNES.

ROBERT BARNES, the long-standing pastor of the Baptist church, at Glemsford, in Suffolk, was one of the few men of whom it might be said, "*everybody loved him.*" and yet, we do not think the Saviour's woe belonged to him: nature and grace, in their external developments, appeared to unite to render him "a brother beloved," and a "neighbour esteemed." As we hope to have an interesting memoir of him, we only now give the following:—

On Wednesday, July the 7th, the mortal remains of Robert Barnes, the much-respected and deeply-regretted minister of the Baptist Church and congregation, at Glemsford, were committed to the silent tomb. Seven or eight hundred persons assembled to witness the ceremony. Mr. B. had steadily laboured as a minister of the gospel at Glemsford for upwards of 27 years; and Mr. Bentley, of Sudbury, adverting to his useful and laborious ministry, observed that during the last 25 years he had preached more than 9,000 sermons, all of which contain gospel truth. Mr. Ince, of Clare, read the 15th chapter 1 Cor., after which Mr. Cooper, of Wattisham, deliv-

ered a very solemn and affecting address to the vast assembly, as to the vacuum made by such a removal, and also the blessedness and glory awaiting the Christian at his entrance into a brighter and better world. Several ministers and other gentlemen took part in the solemn service, and the body was lowered into a grave at the foot of the stairs of the pulpit in which he has so many years sounded the gospel of the grace of God. The village itself appeared to share in the loss of so holy a man; the shops were closed, and many of the working class left their labour, that they might evince their deep regret with the rest by a flow of tears. On the following Sunday, Mr. Cooper improved the occasion in a very solemn address from 1 Thess. iv. 14.

### A RELIC OF OLD SNOW'S FIELDS.

Good old George Frances, his chapel, and many of his real friends in the gospel, have passed away from this changing sinful world. I have recently helped to lay to rest in Norwood Cemetery, the remains of dear old Charles Read, the father of those two most indefatigable citizens—the proprietors of the Guildhall dining rooms, nearly opposite Bow Church, in Cheapside, London; who, to their honour, as loving sons be it said, did their utmost to smoothe the declining days of their much-loved father.

The following sweet note is from the late good man's grand-child. She says—

DEAR PASTOR—"I take my pen to write a line respecting the last days of my departed grandfather. From November last, the beginning of his illness, he was very happy in his mind; and longed to be gone: his words to all who came to see him, were '*death has no terrors for me!*' He was quite resigned to the will of the Lord, whether for life or for death. Last Monday at 10 o'clock, the Lord graciously released him from a body of sin and suffering; he was blest with much patience. I once said to him—'we know that when this earthly house of our body is dissolved, we have a building of God—' he stopped me and, said, 'yes! I know I have. It is but exchanging earth for heaven.' He was speechless from Sunday evening, to the time of his death; but, in answer to my dear grandmother, if he was happy, he said as well as he was able, 'yes, pray to the Lord if you can to take me home;' he said 'there is no thirst there! nor pain.' He felt and knew death was approaching; he was perfectly sensible to the last; wished us all good bye; and wished that God might bless us: then, holding out his arms he said as loud as he could, '*come, dear Lord Jesus.*' Those were his last words; he often spoke of your visits with much pleasure; and said how he enjoyed your prayers: but now, prayer is exchanged for praise, and suffering and pain for eternal happiness. My grandfather lived rejoicing in the Lord, and died with the words on his lips '*come, Lord Jesus,*' in the seventy-fifth year of his age. It seems a severe stroke to us, but we desire to say—"it is the Lord, let him do as seemeth him good." Yours in gospel bonds. S. E. READ.

## Original Correspondence.

### THE PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENTS OF MR. JAMES WELLS.

#### A PLEA FOR MINISTERIAL UNITY.

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR—With many of your readers I rejoice in seeing that Mr. Wells is taking a different view of Mr. Spurgeon's movements to what he once did. It seems, Mr. Editor, that you were right, and Mr. Wells wrong, in your first opinions of the pastor of New Park Street. Would it not be a good thing to have a large meeting of ministers of truth, such as our brethren Wells, Spurgeon, Foreman, Banks, Flack, Bloomfield, &c., and see what could be done for the spread of the distinguishing truths of the gospel? The Baptist churches seem going over to errors of every description. We want more Foremans, Bloomfields, Wells', Banks', and Spurgeons. Perhaps if you will put this into the VESSEL, it may be the means of bringing some gloriously united movement about. If we could see our ministers more united and earnest, we should become more united as members of churches. The ministers will excuse a well-wishing layman giving advice and counsel. Your's,

A SIMPLE MEMBER OF A BAPTIST CHURCH.

King's Cross, July 10th, 1858.

[We give the above note for several reasons. First, because it proceeds from a Christian brother who is most extensively acquainted with the minds of the people who make up our truth-defending churches; he has here spoken not for himself merely; but for thousands and tens of thousands who sincerely long to see pure gospel truth extending, as extend it must, because heaven has decreed it shall throw its glorious beams of holy light into the remotest corners of the earth. Secondly, we give this note because statements have been made with much confidence and circulated with considerable zeal, to the effect that an invitation to preach with Mr. Wells was sent to Mr. Spurgeon. If, on either side, a confirmation, or a contradiction, can be given; let it be done: although, from the first, we believe Mr. Spurgeon determined not to be identified with any party; or to be strictly associated with any of the leaders of any of the existing denominations. He knew that in some things he differed from the *whole* of them; and having the strongest confidence in the kind of mission he had to work out, he has gone forth; desiring, we believe, to manifest a love to all who sincerely love, and believe in, THE PERSON and GOSPEL OF CHRIST—but

without the least desire to run parallel with any man, or number of men, who, for years, had gone before him into many parts of the great field of truth. We never expect to see the Surrey Tabernacle pastor, and the New Park-street pastor running together:—they are different men:—they have each of them a different work:—and so long as the Lord is pleased to continue them here and to bless their labours, both will have a host of friends who will hold up their hands, and encourage their hearts. But all the work is not to be done by them. There is a very large body of men rising up in the three kingdoms, and in our colonies too, who are as evidently sent of God as the two we have referred to. Let a union be formed between them, if it can possibly be done. Let it be a union in *life divine*, in love to God, in a growing knowledge of the Bible, and in a holy and consistent decision for every essential principle of revealed truth. To obtain a ministerial unity of this kind, having for its object the propagation of THE GOSPEL by all, by every proper means,—we would labour most earnestly. Among our younger brethren there is a growing desire for this; and if the venerable elders continue to look coolly upon these uprising desires, the juniors will march on without them. It is pleasing to see Mr. James Wells in the Crystal Palace, and in the Music Hall, preaching the gospel to thousands; while such good brethren as John Bloomfield, William Flack, and others, are going out into the squares, the fields, and the lanes, preaching Christ unto the people. These movements are but the beginnings of more earnest and united efforts:—and we hope “the slow coaches” will be presently hooked on to the express trains; and that “the day of God's power,” and “the set time to favour Zion,” may soon appear. We defer, for the present, many other remarks which “A Simple Member's” letter calls for; but the subject must not drop.

The following is from another Correspondent.—Ed.]

MR. EDITOR,—I read the remarks of your Australian friend, respecting union among our Baptist Churches; you breathe out the same desire, and I can heartily join you. We shall not see any great prosperity until we are more united.

I am led to these remarks by the following incident. I went the other morning to my garden to plant something for future support; in going along, I was led into meditation on

using the necessary means. I am one of those who never expect to reap without sowing;\* and I hope the little seed sown in the VESSEL will produce a good crop of union between the churches. I thought it was necessary for us to be a little charitable towards those who do not see quite so clear in every point; for the time is not yet come, when we shall see eye to eye; if we see clearer than others, let us thank God, and give him all the glory. I agree with you—"give up no part of truth! Preach the pure gospel as the Lord hath taught us."

To go on with my meditation—when I got to my garden, I found some fat sheep grazing between the plots on the road, and having a little dog with me who always meddles with that which does not concern him, he must bark at these sheep. What did they do? They put themselves on the defensive; and in order to see what they would do, I encouraged him to bark at them. To my astonishment, they withstood him to the face, and he was obliged to retreat. Now, I thought, I could see what union could do; and what the sheep of Christ could do, if they stood on the defensive. I considered my little dog in the place of Satan; who always is endeavouring to perplex the sheep of Christ: and when I saw these innocent sheep resist, and by becoming *one in the defensive*, they beat their enemy quite out of countenance, I thought thus,—if the sheep of Christ would stick together, all Satan could do, could not harm them. These sheep had one common enemy; every day we have one common enemy, the devil. Let us resist him steadfastly as they did. Let us strive together as they did:—let us face our enemy as they did: our weapons are not carnal, but mighty through God. These sheep did not turn upon one another. Neither should we. These sheep stood the brunt, until their enemy laid down; and seemed afraid to enter the combat. They walked away together; as if nothing had happened; seemed to congratulate one another; and watching their enemy (as we returned) by keeping together, they bid him defiance.

When will the time come when the sheep of Christ will be thus united to withstand their common foe?

Bexley Heath,

J. WALLIS.

\* Salvation blessings are not here intended.

## THE SPIRIT WILLING, THE FLESH WEAK.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—At the request of some whom you love in the truth, and who love you for your work's sake, I write to ask you to give us a few thoughts upon a passage of Scripture which has caused much controversy in this place. It is Matt. xxvi. 41, "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

We have heard from the pulpit that that "*willing spirit*" which was in Peter, James, and John, was a Satanic, a devilish, and an

infernal spirit; which spirit led them to sleep; and the same spirit that was willing, led and made Peter curse and swear, and deny his Lord and Master.

Dear Sir, when such an interpretation as this is given (and many, I am sorry to say, like it, we hear,) from a pulpit, called a gospel pulpit, it causeth much sorrow in many hearts. The interpretation has almost distracted one poor soul. Dear Sir, if you will notice this in your next number for August, you will greatly relieve the minds of many. We write, not for curiosity, but for the truth's sake. Your's truly,

A LOVER OF TRUTH.

[The above interpretation, we suppose, is copied from Dr. Gill, who says "it is an interpretation not to be despised, seeing it carries in it a strong reason why saints should watch and pray, lest they fall into the temptations of an adversary so powerful." but we cannot believe that our LORD referred in the smallest degree to an evil, or a satanic spirit, when he said, "*the Spirit is willing; but the flesh is weak.*" It is worthy of notice, that this passage of Scripture has been subjected to many different interpretations. Dr. Gill, himself, says, afterwards, "by the spirit *may* be meant the soul as renewed and regenerated by the spirit of God:" and most certainly this is the genuine sense of the text as the connexion positively and plainly shews. In the first place, Jesus had foretold this weakness of his disciples, (v. 31,) "*All ye shall be offended because of me this night:*" that is, when they should see him betrayed by Judas; condemned by the High Priest; and led away as a malefactor, they would stumble, stagger, be afflicted, offended, amazed, and overcome: all of which was predicted by the prophet, when by Zechariah, Jehovah the Father said, "*I will smite the Shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered.*" In the second place, "*the willingness of the spirit,*" is recognized as being in Peter, when he said unto our Lord, "*though all men should be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended.*" Here was the "*willingness*" of Peter's spirit freely declared; but the Saviour saw the "*weakness*" of Peter's flesh deeply concealed; "no doubt Peter said this in the sincerity of his heart; and from deep affection for Christ." Peter's regenerated spirit was willing to follow Christ, to cleave unto Christ, and he felt determined *never* to forsake Christ: but, Peter, little knew how weak his flesh—his natural powers, would be—when Satan should get him into his sieve. Oh! how many of us are like Peter! Before we have actually met the foe, we have felt the strength of this willing spirit, and have said, "*though all should fall, never will I.*" but, to our sorrow we have found, "*the flesh is weak.*" These few words "*the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak,*" is a large and a very lucid commentary upon the whole of the Christian's career through this world of conflict and care. These words embody the two distinct parts of the true Christian—his heart

made willing by grace to serve the LORD in a perfect way; but, the Old Adam Nature is not only of no help to Grace in its present desires; but is a downright hindrance. Of this we expect to have more to say.—ED.—]

## CHRISTIAN DUTY, AND THE PRACTICAL ANTI-NOMIAN.

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR—"Every scribe which is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven, is like unto a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things NEW and OLD." Matt. xiii. 52. There are old fashioned people, who are so devoted to antiquity, and to antiquated things, that to introduce anything new, is to them the most sacrilegious act a person can be guilty of. Ay, and there are, who are so new fashioned, that they ignore every thing that bears the marks of age, and who abruptly thrust their grandfather, Antiquary, out of doors. These OLD and NEW fashioned people are at the Antipodes, they walk over one another. *Father Ancient* says "I shall not allow any innovations." *Master Modern* declares, "I must have all things new." But, *Mr. Prudent* wisely remarks, "I shall take what of old things are serviceable, and adopt those new things which are equally advantageous and important." And as it is in the human, so it is in the religious world. There are who are so antique in their religious views and predilections, that they won't move a step out of the old covenant, and in matters of faith they know none but Moses: "we are Moses' disciples." John ix. 28. Don't talk to us about your NEW man. We know who and what he is: we regard him with pious hate. Yes, ye disciples of Moses, we know you do; and his being a *Newman*, is quite enough to provoke your antiquarian animosities. Again, there are a few so passionately attached to the new order of things, that they won't give the old a moment's consideration. As the *Ancients* say, we will have nothing to do with your NEW man (Christ): so, the *Moderns* say, we will have nothing to do with your OLD man, Moses. The man of the old school sees no comeliness in Christ: and the man of the new school sees no beauty in Moses. But a third party says, I see a *fairness*, a beauty, a glory in Moses, (Acts vii. 20; 2 Cor. iii.) at the same time I see a surpassing comeliness, and glory in Christ; and in fact, I love them both.—Moses for shewing me my danger, and Christ for saving me from danger. Moses for revealing my sin, and Jesus for redeeming me from sin. Moses for the morality he commands, Christ for working in us by his spirit to will and to do of his good pleasure.

I will show you a mystery. Moses' friends loved him, and cast him away (for salvation): the Egyptians took him, and he destroyed them. We may love Moses, (the law) but we must not keep him for salvation purposes. No: when it comes to that, we must renounce Moses, for "Christ must save and he alone." That man's damnation is se-

cured who to his dying day takes Moses and discards Christ: for my own part I like Moses very well, but I only like him in company with his brother *Aaron*, for if Aaron be present, I know he will find a sacrifice for any faults that Moses may discover and denounce. I know if they come together (I mean Moses and the Lamb.) it will be all well, but if Moses comes alone, his dreadful rod will smite us down to death and hell. I scarcely need take any notice of the persons who have so egregiously distorted my remarks; and misconstrued my meaning. I say once for all, I do not like the old man because the old leaven is within him, and the old leprosy is upon him. I do not like the old man, because with him I see *old Mr. Ignorance*, and he is the greatest fool alive, and like all other fools he has the most determined aversion to knowledge (*i.e.*) to right knowledge—and *old Mr. Lawless*; he is the vilest latitudinarian in the world; there is nothing but what he is capable of doing—and *old Mr. Infidelity*, and he is the most obstinate old fellow in existence; he believes nothing—nothing that resembles truth; but strange to say, he is the readiest man in the world to believe a lie—and *old Mr. Despondency*: a more miserable being I never knew, he is always looking at the black side of everything, and if a thing has not a black side he will very soon give it one—and *old Mr. Hatred*, he is a shocking old fellow. I have heard him say, "I love nobody, and nobody loves me." I hate the society of *Hatred*, there is something so hateful in his presence—and *old Mr. Obduration*, he is the most impudent of all the *Old Man's* acquaintances; I sometimes think I should almost like to put him into the bowels of Vesuvius; if he were an iceberg, that would melt him; but, alas, his obduration is such that no fires can melt him—and *old Mr. Pride*, though he seems the finest fellow of the lot, I never saw any one more like that person who for deceptive and destructive purposes, can transform himself into an angel of light. I could give you many more of the *old man's particulars*, but I think I have named sufficient to show that I have just cause for not liking the old fellow. But now to the *argumentum ad hominem*; and,

Firstly. A word about VERITAS. I rather like the tone of his letter, it is very pretty (though in its verbal department it is unquestionably too-far-fetched,) till we get to the *modus operandi*. And here the soft word lacks the hard argument. Indeed, where his logic begins, his reasoning ends: for proof of this allegation, read carefully and you will perceive that in the first place he makes "the deeds of the body, or our natural corruptions the old man," and then he tells us that the body is "the old man." VERITAS is certainly not very intelligible to himself—I will give you his own words: "Mortify the deeds of the body,"—evidently meaning our natural corruptions, or in other words, "the old man." Then arises the *modus operandi*! he informs us in another place, by saying, "I keep under my body;" (1 Cor. ix. 27,) clearly

proving there are two parties in the matter. "I," that is self, keep "under my body," which is to be understood as the old man. Look Mr. Editor, at the passage in its contexted relations, and at sight you will perceive that when Paul said, "I keep under my body," that he meant his *body*—his *real body*. But allow me to ask Mr. VERITAS how he could affirm that Paul could keep under his *natural corruption*, or in other words, *the old man* when he (Paul) acknowledges his own inability to stand against the *power* and to avoid the *presence* of the old man? *Vide* Romans vii. chap.

Falsity, Mr. Editor, is everywhere detestable, but in no place is it so odious as in religious controversy. *Veritas* says, "Your correspondent insists that there are not two distinct influences operating antagonistic." Did he read my piece? If he did not, he had no right to answer it. If he did, he is guilty of a gross misrepresentation; and I regret to say that this is becoming a very popular employment. *Veritas* knows that the character contemplated in my, perhaps, too caustic remarks, was the practical Antinomian. In dispensing with *Veritas*, I would remark that I perfectly concur with him in admiration of Paul's address to the Ephesians, what I have been contending against is not "putting off the old man," but putting on the old man, or putting on some supposed old man. I say supposed old man, because, to the mere professor, he is a sort of imaginary being, a mere spectre. I solemnly declare, upon the authority of God's holy word, that sin is in *propria persona*; and that sin, (or the Old Man) and the sinner, is *identical*. Sin makes the sinner, and I am a sinner in person; grace makes the saint, and if I have grace, I am a saint in person. Hence the Scotchman's paradox, "I am at once a sinner and a saint." Paul speaks of his "natural corruptions, or, the Old Man," in the personal pronoun; "I am carnal." "I do that which I would not; and he speaks of his spiritual affections, or the new man, in the personal pronoun, "I consent unto the law, that it is good." "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord." Now observe the conclusion; "So then with the mind, *I myself* serve the law of God, but with the flesh (*I myself* serve) the law of sin. I come,

Secondly, to say a word to Mr. Palmer, and it is quite clear, at the very commencement of his letter, that he never studied the rules of logic, nor the history of words. Indeed his No. 1 paragraph is what our neighbours over the water would call a *jeu de mots*. True, Mr. Palmer, *duty* is not one of the household words of Zion, and why? Because, forsooth, it only occurs *twice* in the New Testament. What a wonderful argument in favour of its disuse! If the word nowhere occurred in the Bible that would be no reason why we should not use it. Indeed, there are words in Mr. Palmer's letter which cannot be found in the oracles of God. But shall I say there is no such thing as "*experimental* Christians," because the word "*experimental*" is not a Biblical term? Why is it not one of the household words of Zion? Is it because there are no duties in Zion? or is it because it is ignored

by Mr. Palmer? or is it because the Saviour only *once* made use of it? or is it because Mr. Palmer confounds principles with duties, motives with actions, causes with effects? Mr. Palmer ought to know that principles and duties are distinct things. Does the religion of Jesus Christ release me from secular relations to my fellow-creatures? Certainly not. Will it not follow that as long as we shall hold the scales of commerce in our hands, that it will be our *duty* to give an even balance? I am sorry Mr. Palmer has no greater respect for the word of Christ than to endeavour to strip it of its importance because he spake only once.

Par. 2. Mr. Palmer is not much acquainted with the etiquette of polite invitations: no servant possesses cards of indiscriminate invitation. If Mr. Palmer sees the invitations as they stand in God's Book, he will not *deliver* them to the wrong persons, for none but those to whom they are addressed will receive them—the *thirsty* will come to the water, milk, and wine—the *pennyless* will buy, because it is without price—the *heavy-laden* will lay down his burden at the cross—and the *weary* shall enter into rest. Mr. Palmer's remarks upon the way in which invitations should be given, are perfectly gratuitous.

Par. 3. "Mr. C. seems very fond of the law." Yes, that I am, (though in all I sin oft,) and so was Jesus Christ, see his first sermon; and so was Paul—"I delight in the law of God"; and so was John—"My little children I write unto you that ye sin not"; and so is Mr. Palmer—"I respect it as God's righteous law, and would not break its *moral* precepts, because it is the law of God." Then why quibble? You are going back to Sinai quite as fast as your humble servant.

Par. 4. Mr. Palmer says—"No child of God, with the *fear* of God in exercise, will speak of the old man of sin, in the way Mr. C. represents" Who said he would, "with the fear of God in exercise?" No, Mr. Palmer, it will not do to speculate upon vital Godliness after the manner you have done.

The last two paragraphs are without any polemical vigour, and are unnoticable.

Praying most sincerely, that VERITAS, Mr. Palmer, and all other of the Lord's people, may study to promote the cause of truth and righteousness, I remain, Mr. Editor, yours in the truth,  
S. COZENS.  
12, Queen-st., Camden-town, July 1, 1858.

Combined with perfect knowledge will be the perfect love of glorified saints. Perfect love will be perfected holiness, or the soul's fullest assimilation into the likeness of God. Perfect love will be perfected blessedness. "Love," says one "is the music of the soul, which in heaven throbs with hallelujahs, and on earth swells towards God with devotion—towards man with sympathy." The love of glorified saints will be their qualification to enjoy God in the highest degree; and to hold the fullest communion with him, in the manifestation of himself in all the excellencies of his name and nature in the person of Christ.

## "THE SINNER SAVED!"

RECOLLECTIONS  
OF THE LATE WILLIAM HUNTINGTON.  
BY A MEMBER OF HIS CHURCH.

(Continued from last month.)

On the 8th of July, he was interred at Lewes, in the same vault where before he witnessed the separating of his true yoke-fellow in the gospel. They were lovely in their lives, and their bodies are not separated in death: whilst these moulder there, their spirits bow before the throne. Surely there never was more regenerated souls around a minister's corpse than was this day around our Pastor's, at Lewes. All that could, rode to Lewes, but many that could not, walked. And perhaps there never was a minister before in this country that had so many hearers to attend him, who enjoyed the peace of God in their soul's through the ministry. And perhaps there never was a minister more loved, more useful, or more eminent in preaching Christ with power to the guilty and convicted conscience, nor one who had received so clear a discernment in the Scriptures: God the Holy Ghost had revealed Christ and salvation clearly to him.

A few days after his funeral, I went to see his son Ebenezer; and from him I received the particulars of his illness and death. It appears that the enquiries after his health, &c., quite annoyed the step-mother, and there were but few she would permit to see him. She was determined to relieve him and herself from his London friends, and fixed on Tonbridge Wells. There were but few that knew of his removal: it was at a great risk, for they had almost lost him the first part of the journey; they halted a day on the road, and he recovered. The next day, he arrived at the house where he gave up the ghost. Only one of his children had seen him since they saw him in the pulpit. They became alarmed; they felt the keenest affection for him, both as a father, and a minister of Christ.

Mr. and Mrs. Blake, and Mrs. Burrell went down to Tonbridge Wells, they supped with him the night before his death. He said, "I am heartily glad to see you—I will set up and sup with you before I die, it will be the last time; I do love my children, and should have been glad to have seen them all here, if they could have come." He was very cheerful, and shewed much joy at seeing them. After supper, he discoursed about half-an-hour on the words—"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," and shewed by his own feelings and situation, what an unspeakable blessing it is for the soul who dies in the Lord Jesus Christ. He was not carried out into those ravishing sensations, like some who are brought in their first love, but as an old established servant of the Lord Jesus, he stood firm on him. He had no doubts, no fears; he knew whom he had believed; and the power of God that had supported him, and carried him through evil, and through good report: who had upheld him in the ministry in his life, and now was his joy in death. He took an affectionate farewell of his children

as they were to leave that place early the next morning. He went to bed about eleven o'clock, and at two o'clock he was taken much worse, and was evidently much weaker. Early in the morning, Mr. Morgan arrived, and continued with him till his death. He conversed but seldom all that day, only as Mr. M. would moisten his parched lips, he would often repeat "God bless you, Sir;"—"I thank you."—"and, bless his holy name." Towards the evening he appeared to feel great raptures, and often repeated—"Oh bless! Oh bless his precious name." A short time before he died, he endeavoured to raise himself up to address those around his bed; but as he found he could not articulate, he laid himself quietly down again. Soon after, a heavy shower of hail fell, and he turned his head to listen. Mr. Morgan told him it was hail striking the glass which caused the noise he heard. He then turned his head back, and soon after repeated—"bless his precious name:" then sighed and died. These are words that I have often heard him repeat in the pulpit. During his illness, he requested that Mr. Chamberlain should supply for the present; and after his death the pulpit should not be hung with black cloth; that no funeral sermon should be preached: yet there were some ministers who in their own pulpits did so; and cried "*alas, there is a great man fallen!*" whilst others rejoiced with the infidel and reproachful editors of newspapers. These sounded and trumped it through the country to the no small gratification of Socinians, Arrians and Arminians. I felt grief in hearing the rejoicings of those Philistines. I heard Mr. Tindall, of Jewry St. Chapel, preach a sermon to a crowded congregation from "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life;" in which he entered fully into our Pastor's life, ministry, and private character. As a minister, he feared no man in preaching Christ and his truth. He was of a most liberal mind in bestowing temporal things to the needy of the people. He might be esteemed to be a minister of Christ on equal footing in divine things with the best minister since the Apostles. The text was truly applicable unto him. for all the days of his ministry he had been faithful; and now he had received the crown. Indeed Mr. Lindall spoke as affectionate of our Pastor as it was possible for man to speak. His death made a great stir in London, which was followed up by several coming forth to preach and to teach, but in a short time they nearly all disappeared again, because there was no power attending their ministry.

[We purpose reviewing this great man's life and ministry, for the benefit of the thousands who are now springing up in our churches; but who have never seen or read the masterly and the marvellous records the Lord helped him to leave behind. We know there are many in the ministry, and in the visible Church, who do not sympathize with us in our views of, and feelings toward Mr. Huntington, and his works. But such persons will never move us. We are as deeply persuaded as



man can be, that a more powerful preacher and writer than William Huntington was, has rarely been found. If in this persuasion we are considered extravagant we cannot help it. We are "Huntingtonians" to the heart, except in the ordinance of Baptism by immersion. There Mr. Huntington, like Joseph Irons, and many more, was decidedly wrong. The nearest approach to Mr. Huntington's ministry that we have heard of late years, was Mr. James Wells's sermon, at Dacre Park, Blackheath, July 13. It was on Christ coming into the soul. We watched and weighed every word. It was a blessed discourse; and augured an increased penetration, and power in that dear brother's ministry, whom the Lord is blessing to thousands.—Ed.]

MEMOIR OF

## THE LATE JOHN KEEBLE.

[CONTRIBUTED BY JOHN ANDREWS JONES.]

(Continued from page 147.)

JOHN KEEBLE was born, in the year 1764, in the city of Londonderry, in Ireland, of which place his mother was a native. When he was about nine years of age, his parents removed into Suffolk. Even at this early period, the seeds of human depravity, unrestrained by education, and fostered by evil example, grew luxuriant. Singing profane songs, and the love of sinful company, led him frequently to public-houses. According to his own account he would at times absent himself from his own place of abode, three or four nights in a week, engaged in scenes of riot and dissipation, even after he was married, and was the father of two children. The partner of his youth was a prudent and industrious person, but destitute of all real and personal religion. She was preserved from a participation in her husband's folly, but she had bitterly to share in the sad consequences of his conduct, so as frequently to be reduced to want the common necessities of life.

He remarks, in one of his letters to me, (Chin) "Notwithstanding my bad conduct, my wife and I seldom had an angry word, for if I came home intoxicated, and she began to complain, I used to say, it is in vain to talk to me now, as I am not in a condition to attend to any thing you may say. And when afterwards, she resumed the conversation, I told her it was a pity to repeat old grievances."

Pinching poverty was frequently their portion. He says, "Many times have I gone to *mow* and *reap* for a whole summer's day, without a morsel of bread, and my wife has remained at home under similar circumstances; and frequently, when we have gone to the cupboard in the morning, and found a piece of bread, too small to be divided, she would always insist upon my taking it, saying, "I can do better without food than you, who have to labour hard in the fields." She did this, when she had a sucking child at her bosom. "The way of transgressors is hard." But he had his seasons of sorrow, and most powerful appeals of conscience, would arrest the pro-

gress of his folly, cause him to reform his conduct, and pursue a different course. He writes, "For more than three months I forsook my companions, spent my evenings at home; and feeling a strong desire to learn to read, I bought a spelling book, and, with my wife's assistance, I made a *little* progress. I also laid up a little money to pay our rent; and thought to appear the sober honest man. But, a few weeks before rent-day came, a *friend* called, and by fair promises, got me to lend him my all. When rent day came, my *friend* told me that he could not repay me. Mortified at the loss of my money, and of the credit of my *new-formed* character, I despaired of making any *further* effort at reformation; I went to the ale-house, and there continued drinking till I had spent every farthing I had. Thus my *best* efforts proved but as "the morning cloud, and as the early dew that *passeth away*." Hosea xiii. 3.

Thus he spent several years of sinning and repenting. But when he arrived at the age of twenty-five, it pleased God to produce an *effectual and lasting change* upon his heart and conduct; of which he himself gives the following circumstantial account: "All the time of my conversion to God, I lived next door to a good man, who used to go three or four miles every Lord's-day to meetings. There was but a slender partition between his house and mine, so that I could hear his devotional exercises, which produced in me great seriousness, and made a deep impression on my mind. My wife observed it, and became *alarmed* for fear I should become *constrained with this man's religion!* She anxiously cautioned me, saying, "These people are what they call *Ana-baptists*, and they don't believe the Bible," &c. I replied, "I do not know what they *believe*, nor what they are *called*; is this, I know, they are much better than *we* are, they pray, we swear; they keep the Sabbath, we break it; they read the Bible, and we neglect it." So by comparing *my* conduct with this man's, I felt a longing desire to be in his situation and condition. This desire increased, and, at seasons I cried earnestly to God for mercy and salvation. This was the prevailing desire of my heart, and to *obtain* it I determined to use every possible means. My prayer was, that God would make me a good man, and save my soul. The heavenly light had just begun to dawn on his soul; and while his conscience was thus *partially* awakened, he went one Lord's-day to *Ipswich* about three miles distance, to purchase provisions. On his return home, he met some religious people going to meeting. *Their* appearance contrasted with *his* conduct, caused him shame, and his conviction of Sabbath-breaking increased. He carried home his provisions, opened his mind a little to his wife, and then immediately returned again to Ipswich, with a view to find out the meeting-house. But when he arrived there, he was *ashamed* to go in, and went round to the *back* of the house, and took his station where he could *hear* the minister *without being observed*, he says, "I heard with astonishment, things that I never heard before. I

became convinced of a guilty life, of a polluted nature; I began to see something of the wickedness of my depraved heart; and how impossible it was for a sinner like me, to obtain salvation, but *as an act of God's free and distinguishing grace.*" He now regularly attended on the means of grace, and obtained somewhat of a *quiet conscience* before he knew the *depths* of his disease. So that having for a time attended constantly to most of the *external* forms of christianity, he felt some confidence in the goodness of his state, and thought that he *now* had only need to be *baptized* to make himself a perfect and complete Christian! so vain was he of his attainments, that when his fellow-labourers sat down in the field to eat their morsel, he would take his place at a distance from them, lest by coming near they should defile him. In the true spirit of Pharisaic-pride, he said in his heart, "Stand by, come not near me, for I am holier than thou." Under the influence of *this* frame of mind, he made known his wish to join a Christian Church, to a person in his neighbourhood. The good man said to him, "Do you suppose by *this* means to *deserve* the favour of God?" He replied, "Yes, most certainly." His friend pitied his ignorance, and expounded to him the way of God *more perfectly.* To this man's house, he used to go frequently, after the toilsome labours of the day; and God was pleased to bless these means of instruction, in opening up the plan of the glorious gospel, so as it became the power of God to the salvation of his soul.

Referring to *this* period of his experience, he says:—"When I was brought to believe that Jesus Christ was made unto *me* wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption, I enjoyed a very heaven upon earth. Whether I was *in* the body *or* out of the body (at seasons), I cannot tell. Sometimes, when I have been reaping in the fields, my *communion with God* has been so transporting, that (though unconscious of it,) I have spoken out so loud, that my fellow-labourers have called out to me, "John Keeble, are you mad?" O! these were happy days! when I first obtained the knowledge of salvation by the forgiveness of my sins." Being now brought to the *enjoyment* of spiritual things, he could not eat his morsel alone; and being remote from any place of worship, they opened his house for a prayer meeting, and had it *duly licensed.* This gave great offence to the neighbouring *farmers*, on whom he was totally dependant both for employ and support. They reproached him for his conduct, and *commanded* him to desist, on pain of being *driven out of the parish.* They had a parish-meeting on the subject. He replied to them, "Gentlemen, you know I am always ready to serve you day and night, but having opened my house for the worship of God, I *cannot shut it,* come on me what will. They dismissed him from his employ, and determined to starve him out of the parish. But God appeared for the relief of his faithful servant; a farmer in an adjacent parish engaged him immediately, to his great comfort, and the confusion of his persecutors. Foiled in their attempt, these

enemies to religion determined on a more formidable expedient. They summoned the poor man before the *meeting of magistrates,* which he attended. Being placed before their workshops in due form for a hearing, his accusers being called upon for their charge, said, "This man is a disturber of the peace of our parish; he has a prayer-meeting; and preaching in his house." The magistrate asked Keeble for his license: this was produced. On this the magistrate said to the farmers, "Gentlemen, have you any *other* charge against this poor man? Does he break your hedges, or steal your turnips, or is he a drunken and riotous man?" They replied, "no, he is very sober and honest." Then (said the magistrate) you have committed a great error in bringing him here; you have no more right to interrupt or interfere with *his* religion than he has with yours." His accusers received suitable reproof and advice, they returned home baffled and disappointed, and were obliged to *suppress* that malice for which they could find no *legal* gratification.

Mr. Keeble's family increasing, his difficulty to support them as a day-labouring man was frequently great. "One circumstance (says Mr. Chin) which he related to me while travelling with him from Brighton, I cannot pass over." He said, "soon after the Lord had called me by his grace, I was confined many weeks with a heavy personal affliction and brought very low. Our means of support were also exhausted. On the first Lord's day morning, after my *partial* recovery, I felt anxious to go to the house of God, though my strength was unequal to the task. And supposing I should want *some* refreshment by the way, I took with me *all* the money my house afforded, which was one penny! when I had walked about two miles, I became exhausted. I went into a small public-house, and called for half a pint of beer, that being as much as my penny would pay for. The woman brought the beer, and with it some bread and cheese, and said, "John, you look ill, take some food and refresh yourself." I did so, and enjoyed it very much; and when I had done, instead of her taking my penny, she gave me two-pence. My heart was too full to make *suitable* acknowledgements, but, when I got into the road, I could not proceed on my journey till I had retired to the side of a bank and poured out my heart in grateful tears and praises to God for his merciful interposition in my favour. It was like bread from heaven, or water from the stricken rock."

He now felt and lamented his want of education, and applied himself diligently to *acquire the art of reading.* And so intense was his desire to be able to read the word of God, that he made a practice for a long time of spending frequently whole nights, in, *as well as he could,* reading the Bible. For some time after his conversion, his whole literary store was a spelling book, and though anxious to possess a copy of the sacred Scriptures, yet his poverty forbade the purchase. At last by self-denying means, he saved *one shilling,* with which he bought an old tattered Bible, without a cover, and to preserve it from ruin

by frequent use, he bound it about with a leather strap; and when the minister gave out his text, the book was carefully untied, and he would follow the minister's references through the sermon.

While engaged in his licensed room, as already stated, a woman came before the church of which Mr. Keeble was a member, and in giving an account of her conversion to God, she said, "the first impression I ever had of the importance of divine truth, was under a sermon by John Keeble, and his preaching was made a blessing to my soul." On this he was called to exercise his gifts before the church. To this he demurred, saying, "perhaps the church may set me to preach from a text that I cannot read, and *what shall I do then?*" To this it was replied, "we will read it for you, and then you can speak from it." On this condition he ventured, and having spoken three or four times, the church was so satisfied as to decide on his going directly into the ministry. This he attributed to their partiality. God intended him as an instrument for much good, and therefore, *self* was kept out of sight. His whole experience of himself, was, "*I be nothing.*"

I shall, in the next month's VESSEL, continue this interesting memoir, with an account of his preaching, by appointment, before the Suffolk Association of Baptist Churches, which resulted in his invitation to the church at Blandford Street, and of his being greatly owned and blessed there, to the end of his days. J. A. J.

## LOOKING HOMEWARDS.

*The Suffolk and Norfolk Association, last year solicited our much beloved, and deservedly esteemed brother in the ministry, Mr. Geo. Wright, of Beccles, to write for their this year's Circular Letter, a paper "On the Glorification of the Saints." That paper appears in the Letter just issued. The spirit in which it is written, is pure, wholesome, and refreshing; the ideas perfectly Biblical, and sound, free from all fanatical, extravagant, or presumptuous speculation. It will be read by many with grateful and exalted feelings. Here are a few hastily gathered sentences as samples of the whole.*

"Our days on earth will soon be accomplished, and our living Redeemer will take the key from his girdle and unlock the grave where we shall sleep till his second coming; in the meantime, it will lighten our cares, sweeten and sanctify our afflictions and sorrows, give earnestness to our zeal, and cheer us in every work of faith and labor of love, if by faith, we realize what we shall be, and wait for it in full assurance of hope. Never will the churches be what they should be, in beauty and glory, till the children of God shall strip themselves of the garb and ornaments of worldly conformity, and by their spirit, deportment, and heavenly-mindedness, give full evidence that they are strangers and pil-

grims on the earth, contented and happy with their staff and scrip, 'knowing that in heaven they have a better and an enduring substance.' Are we not like the virgins who slumbered and slept, because the Bridegroom delayed his coming? O may God himself come to us, by the ministry of the Spirit, and may we hear his voice, saying, 'Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city;' 'arise, shine, for thy light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

"The tenure upon which we hold the inheritance of the saints in light is not doubtful; though, in moments of unbelief, we may doubt whether it be ours. Our evidences may be clouded when our title is sure. In manifold temptations we may walk in darkness and have no light. But times of refreshing will come. Fresh oil shall be supplied to the lamp of faith, to brighten and to increase its flame. It is enough. We shall see that in sufferings and sorrows all is well: all is well in God's dispensations; his thoughts are thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give us an expected end.

"The change in our state and mode of existence form an interesting fact in connection with the hope set before us. The death of the body, which originated with sin, and is part of the punishment to which we became subject as transgressors, effects a change in the mode of our existence which even the heirs of life are appointed to undergo; yet their death is not punishment; sin, the sting of death, was taken away when Christ died; and death is ours, a privilege, a passage to rest, made fragrant by grace; a blessing, not a curse, nor part of the curse: death is ours because we are Christ's, and Christ is God's. Our trembling flesh may shrink back from the dreariness of the valley of the shadow of death; but faith, the precious faith of God's elect, looks into it with 'quietness and confidence,' and not a few of the redeemed have passed through it with triumph.

"In the moment that the sleep of death falls on the eyelids, the spirit, loosened from earth, rises in joyous liberty, clothed with salvation, and passes the gates of the heavenly city to dwell in the light of a day which will never be clouded, nor come to an end: for 'there shall be no night there.

"Whatever of evil we are subject to in the present life, will cease in a moment when our change comes. Sin, the disease and deformity of the soul, the law in our members which warreth against the law of the mind, will be for ever done away.

"It may seem strange to some, but it is true that the painful sense we have of the captivating and desisting power of indwelling sin, is one fruit and evidence of our regeneration; yet so hateful is sin to those who are born of God, that they loathe themselves for it, confess it before him with sorrow and anguish, and long for the welcome, happy hour, when their purification from it will be perfect."

## THE COMING REVIVAL!

"There has been," said an intelligent pastor, the other day, "a spirit of fatalism in many of our churches for some years past." This spirit of fatalism signs its hand to the doctrine of predestination; takes a seat under some smooth talking contender for a few of the doctrines of the gospel; and there sitting down, falls into a delusive slumber;—its whole anti-practical and anti-spiritual character putting a negative upon every effort which CHRISTIAN ZEAL and a LIVELY FAITH may attempt to put forth, in accordance with that most holy injunction and consolatory Scripture, "*Work out your own salvation, with fear and trembling; for it is God which worketh in you, both to will and to do, of his good pleasure.*"

God is our witness, we have for years sighed, cried, longed, and laboured to see our own churches going forth "*like an army with banners.*" We hope a Revival is coming. There is a little movement in the minds of some of the best of men. A sermon, headed, "*The Coming Revival,*" is just published by Hatton and Co., 99, Chancery Lane; it was preached in New Court Chapel, Carey-street, by the minister, Mr. W. H. Draper. It is a seasonable discourse for the times now passing over us. All well disposed, spiritual Christians will sympathize with much here advanced, and to all such earnest believers we can most gladly recommend Dr. Thomas Guthrie's "*Gospel in Ezekiel*"—inasmuch as in that volume, that most popular Scotch divine has thoroughly delineated the several parts, the different properties, the all-essential powers, and the never-failing advantages which all such God-like, and heaven-wrought Revivals are identified with. One specimen of Dr. Guthrie's practical arguments is here annexed. In his discourse "*On the Necessity and Power of Prayer,*" he says:—

"The decrees of God, say some, render prayer unnecessary, and useless. Are not all things, they ask, fixed by these decrees—irrevocably fixed? By prayer, I may, indeed, prevail on a man to do a thing which he has not previously resolved not to do, and even although he should have so resolved—man is changeable; and I may show him such good reasons for doing it, as to change his resolution. But if an immutable God has foreseen everything, and, indeed, forsettled everything by an eternal and irreversible decree, what purpose can prayer serve? Who shall change the unchangeable, Him, who is "the same yesterday, to day, and for ever?" Thus men have argued, saying, "What profit shall we have if we should pray unto him?"

It were not difficult to expose the fallacy of this reasoning. The objection admits of a conclusive answer. We might show that the decrees of God embrace the means as well as the end; and since prayer is a means of grace, being a means to an end, it must therefore be embraced within these very decrees,

and cannot be excluded by them. I content myself, however, with simply remarking, that this objection is not honestly, at least not intelligently, entertained by any man. For, if the objection is good against prayer, is it not good against many things else? If it stops actions in the direction of prayer—if it arrests the wheels of prayer—it ought also to stop the wheels of our daily business. If it is a valid argument against prayer, it is an equally good objection to ploughing, sowing, taking meat or medicine, and a thousand other things. Might not an unwilling or indolent husbandman in spring, with as much propriety ask, what is the use of sowing? Has not God ordained everything? If I am to have a harvest—if he has so decreed—then, although no plowshare turn up a furrow, nor sower walks these fields, they shall wave in Autumn with golden corn. Or might not the patient, who sickens at the sight of nauseous drugs, as well say, take these away, I'll drink no more of them? Has not God ordained everything? Can a sparrow fall to the ground without the Father? If he has decreed that I am to live, come cholera, fever, deadly pestilence, live I shall. If he has decreed otherwise, all the medicines of the apothecary and the skill of science cannot avail to save me—cannot add one grain to the sands of my existence. Did any man in his sober senses ever reason so? With that simple question we dismiss this objection."

Deferring, for the present, any further remarks on "*The Coming Revival in England,*" we close this brief paper by simply calling attention to a pamphlet, entitled, "*The New York Christian Critic; a Review of the Revivals in America;*" from the powerful pen of BENJAMIN JAMES ROGERS, of New York city. This pamphlet contains a long epistle, addressed "To Charles Waters Banks, Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL;" after very faithfully reproving the Editor for countenancing the reports of the American Revivals, Mr. Rogers gives a three-fold exposition; first, of *American Religion generally*; secondly, of *Gospel Truth specially*; and thirdly, of *Vital Godliness in the heart spiritually*. We hope brother Rogers's epistle will be useful to many thousands who will read it, on both sides of the Atlantic.

"GEORGE WHITFIELD'S THUNDERBOLT AGAINST UNCONVERTED MINISTERS—the Heaviest Calamity that can befall the Church of God; and Dr. Campbell's remarks 'On the Great Spiritual Deadness of the Present Time.'" Such is the title of a pamphlet which we hope tens of thousands will help us to circulate through the bowels of this kingdom. Dr. Campbell, in his most searching articles, of late, in "*The British Standard,*" (the best religious journal in existence) has come out like a noble defender of the faith.

## A SEVEN-FOLD STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

A LETTER TO MR. J. B. McCURE.

CIRENCESTER JUNCTION, THURSDAY,  
JULY 5th, 1858.

DEAR BROTHER in Christ, and fellow heir of life, John Bunyan McCure, of Geelong, Australia. Grace, peace, and prosperity, be with you and yours.—I have walked this morning, with my excellent brother Thomas Lamb, from Crudwell, to this station, intending to go on to London, by the first train; but as we were disappointed of a ride, I have lost the train; and must here wait for some time. The weather is stormy—I am weary—and all here is quiet and retired; I sit down, therefore, beside the railway, and commence this epistle to you. I am grieved to find that some parties who, I think ought to have written to you from this country, have never done so. This is exceedingly painful to me, because they profess to have a great zeal for the cause of Christ, but in testing times they manifest nothing of the Spirit of Christ. There are four things, however, that much reconcile me to the burden you and I have to bear from this class of professing people. In the first place, I rejoice in the fact, that you have met all just demands; this is a mercy for all parties. I do assure you, my brother, I am aiming, in prayer and persevering efforts to do the same; and if it were not for the red, yellow, and many coloured prejudices, secret persecutions, and awful animosities of many who profess and call themselves Christians, there would soon be freedom; but I am resolved, (the Lord giving me opportunity and power,) to do all the good I can—to publish all the truth I can—to be free from all temporal embarrassments as soon as I can—and if in the Land of Holy Liberty, and in the enjoyment of a share of gospel usefulness, uprightness and devotion, I am privileged to end my days, none will have greater cause to triumph in the boundless mercies of an all-wise, all-glorious, and gracious ЯЕHOVAH, FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT, than your deeply-tried companion in the pathway of tribulation, and in the ministry of the gospel. I am thankful to find, secondly, that you have been gradually led into a large field of gospel labour and acceptable usefulness. It must, surely, be a source of amazing thankfulness to God in your heart, to see that all things have worked together for good to you! Had you remained in England, your heavy trials might have broken your heart, and brought you to a premature grave; as I have many times thought mine would have done; but—O, bless the Lord!—he had a work for you to do in Australia; and, therefore, you must go: you did go:—the Lord preserved you and yours in going; and there he has kept you in his truth, in his name, in his fear; there he has kept the fire burning in your soul, causing you still to desire to glorify Him—to preach him—and to be devoted to him:—there he has prospered you in basket and in store—in

the Church and in the world—in body and in soul—in family, and in gospel fellowship—surely, with Watts you must say—

“We have double joy to sing,  
The honors of our God.”

You must consider a great honour has been conferred upon you in making you an apostle of the Australian colonies, or a planter of gospel churches in those gold-finding and gold-worshipping regions. I fear the gold of Australia has, in many cases, been of much greater concern than the golden grace of heaven; if so, the mercy appears all the greater that you have been enabled, in some measure, to “seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness;” all other things having been promised and added unto you. The more I think of your position, the more I am disposed to think it is one of immense importance indeed. No mortal mind can measure the amazing amount of good God may make you the instrument of effecting. Oh! my brother, may the great Sovereign Ruler of the skies make you more and more fruitful in your mind, more and more faithful and fervent in your ministry, and ten thousand times more successful in turning man to righteousness,—in leading souls to the Saviour,—in reclaiming poor fallen wanderers, and in comforting and feeding those who have believed. My dear brother, do not let that beautiful boot-shop you have out there engross all your time; do give some time to the cause of Jesus. Read all you can, write as much as you can, pray always, and in all places; preach whenever your secular and domestic claims will allow. Never mind whether it be in-doors or out-doors; preach CHRIST WHEREVER AND WHENEVER YOU CAN; and, if possible, scatter little tracts and papers, pointing to the truth, in all directions. Many of our churches in England are now circulating large numbers of my little monthly, “CHEERING WORDS.” Cannot you, or your fellow labourers, do the same? Send me some “Cheering Words” in MS.; please God, I will print them and send them you for distribution; and let me know if you have any good religious publications at all in Australia.

A sober minded, Christian gentleman has just come over from Melbourne. He gives me a good account of your position, also, of Mr. Allen's, in Melbourne; and I am concerned, for your progression, in a permanent extension and establishment of pure gospel truth in all parts of those immense colonies where a kind Providence hath fixed your tent, and erected for you a gospel tabernacle.

Before I pass on to my third point, will you allow me to give you one hint? It is a scheme for more advantageously reading the Bible. Of course, I know full well, that no method, nor any amount of Bible-reading, can really profit us or our hearers, if we have not the life of God in our souls,—if we have not the unctuous power of the Holy Ghost attending our ministrations. No man on earth, I think, can more feelingly and fully rely upon the mighty and mysterious teachings and helpings of the Holy Spirit than myself. For days together, I am travelling hundreds of miles, and running from

rail cars, carts, and poney traps, right into the pulpit. If the Lord did not help me, break down, or die, I must; therefore I know that no amount of practice, no retirement, no close reading, no, nor practice, nor anything else, short of the special operations of the blessed Spirit can ever make us "able ministers of the New Testament." But, mark you, our dependence upon the Holy Spirit is to be no excuse for our not using all the means this world will afford us, for becoming thoroughly possessed of every kind of information, which, in the Lord's hands, may much tend to render your ministry a blessing in the fulfilment of the prediction, "I will give you pastors after mine own heart, who shall feed you with knowledge and understanding." Am I wrong, if I say there is a sevenfold reading of the Bible necessary to a proper, profitable, and a permanent dispensation of its glorious and immeasurable contents? I think not. Let every young man, who is anxious to be more useful than very many of the elders at present are, see if he can carry out this seven-fold study of the Bible. 1st, its *Historical*; its dates and times: 2ndly, its *Local*; its places: 3rdly, its *Natural*; containing its one great origin, and manifold design; 4th, its *Typical*; embodying the several persons and numerous places which, in some way or other, preached Christ and the Covenant, unto the ancient fathers; 5thly, its *Prophetical*; which embraces so many Biblical colonies fuller of soul-enriching matter than ever California or Australia was, or will be of gold; 6th, its *Evangelical, Parabolical, and Apostolical*, taking in the Mediatorial Life and Labors of Christ; the character and ministerial course of the evangelists; and the uprising, persecution, progression, and development of the New Testament Church in the Acts, Miracles, Movements, Epistles, and achievements of the apostles; 7thly, and more essential than all beside, is the *Vital and Spiritual experience of the Bible*. Perhaps more of this another day.

In the 3rd place, I desire thankfully to assure you that I have found many in the home churches here in England who are greatly interested in your welfare; and gladly receive tidings of your good success in your new Colony. Let this encourage your heart. There is one thing more touching the trials you have been subjected to. It is clearly evident to me, that there is a large body of people in our churches who never can sympathize with the Lord's people when temporary trials encompass them. Some good may result from my giving you the following narrative. In a retired corner of one of our western counties, there once lived two rude, unpolished, uneducated young men. Our God called them by his grace; and after that he called them into the ministry; and I have known them as useful ministers for the last ten or twelve years. One of them made use of me to remove him higher up; and when, by stepping on my back, he ascended up among the higher orders, he kicked me aside. Very kind. But all works well in the end. Leaving him, let me call

your attention to his brother. Poor fellow! I suppose! beside working hard all the days of his life; beside enduring great persecutions and afflictions; beside rearing a very heavy family, beside all the trials and sorrows common to all poor men; and specially to poor Christians, I suppose he has walked thousands and tens of thousands of miles, preaching to those churches who say, they are so poor, they cannot keep a pastor; and so they hire poor godly brethren for about five shillings per Sunday, to walk to them in the morning; preach three sermons to them in the day; and get home, at night, poor fellows, as best they can.

The poor brother, to whom I have referred, has been an exceedingly laborious supply for very many years. Very often going nearly all the week half-starved; and then when the poor man's resting-day came, this laborious ox had to walk many miles, and preach as hard and as well as he could.

One Saturday afternoon, quite worn out with labor, he set off for a long journey: almost faint by the way, an enemy asked him to refresh himself by taking a little drink, he did so, for a little while it overcame him. The enemy triumphed. The report was spread, "Parson so-and-so was ——." Satan caught the report, hired some of his deeply depraved vassals to carry it round. It was received, and instead of the Churches whom he had served, making all enquiries; and using all efforts to help, and honourably to set up, an afflicted man of God; without judge or jury, they condemned him; cast him away; and left him broken hearted; and in sorrow deeply sunk! Oh! my brother! is this the christianity of the gospel? will our Lord Jesus Christ sanction such conduct? He will not. But I am not judge. While I pity, and pray for the afflicted brother, I say, "*Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?*" This is but a sample of much in our land. God help us, all to trust in Him.

Abruptly I close until next month. I have a variety of information for you good colonists in store.

Ever in the Truth, your's, C. W. B.

## OUR YOUNG MEN IN THE MINISTRY.

NO. I.

Not to puff up any man with pride, but for the information of our friends, that no man's candle shall be hid under a bushel—and that widowed churches may know where to look for occasional help, we purpose to furnish a brief account of those young Samuels, and Timothies, whom, we hope, the Lord is raising up in these days—whom he is preparing for Zion's future comfort: even such a race of men, who, for devotion, zeal, ability, and genuine usefulness, will fulfil that delightful prophecy—"instead of thy fathers shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth." Having been into nearly all parts of the king-

dom, this spring and summer, we have had opportunities of hearing, and of witnessing the good hand of God upon many, whose ministrations stand in some power and acceptableness in the different spheres where they move. The brethren Baxter, of Nottingham; and Wilcockson, of Ramsgate; are both young men of considerable promise; and although they belong not to us as baptists, still, as they are valiant for truth, and well taught in the vitals of a holy religion—we rejoice in the honour the Lord is conferring upon them. The brethren Coughtry, of Eaton Bray; Wale, of Reading; Davies, of Greenwich; Butterfield, of Rotherhithe; Pells, of Soho; Pascoe, of Rotherfield; Cracknell, of Plaistow; and some others, we trust, are among the young pastors, who, like “the young cedars fresh and green,” will long live in the midst of Zion, to publish the tidings of mercy to the millions of the sin-sick family. We are invited to this task by the reports and letters which have been forwarded, testifying of the good the Lord is doing by them. We only select the following now:

MR. CRACKNELL'S FIRST BAPTISING, AT  
REHOBOTH CHAPEL, SHADWELL.

One of our reporters, who was present, writes as follows:—“Mr. Cracknell will be a name new to most of our readers; but, we are very much mistaken, if, ere long, his name is not as extensively known as those of some other ministers who now take a front seat on the platform of the religious world. If the “Great King,” of whom he spake on Wednesday evening, July 13th, deigns to bless his young servant, as he has blessed some others, he will be a useful man in the gospel kingdom. From the sermon preached by Mr. Cracknell on the evening referred to, in Mr. Field's chapel, we give a sentence.

The text was—“Behold your King.”—John xix. 14. Mr. Cracknell said—It might have been expected that I should, this evening, make an attempt to prove from Scripture, Baptism by immersion. But, beloved, I have found that there are but few persons who come forward to deny the ordinance; some see it right, yet themselves unimpressed with the claim of that ordinance to them, disregard it. I, therefore then, shall just look at Christ as the great King. As a King, he wears the crown of glory! as a King he has a chariot—a gospel chariot, and he goes forth therein with power: and the sinner is brought to know him; as a King he rules in his church, rules in the hearts of his people. We must look to him for all our rules; for if we do not found them upon his Word, we are wrong; let us then search the Scripture: as a King he possesses great and blessed power, and some can bless and praise that power. What think ye of this power? As a King, he possesses infinite wisdom. Some puny men defy this wisdom; they alter some of his ordinances, and turn them to please men; but his laws are wise laws: unto his disciples he said—“Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel, baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.” I say, then, follow him in baptism; thereby testify and give an outward profession of your faith in him.

MR. BRUNT, AT HUNGARY HILL.

FOR native talent, and true devotion, we have many young men rising in the ministry, equal to Mr. Spurgeon; but they have not the *external attractions*: they have not the boldness without; nor quite so much expansiveness within; otherwise their ministry is most excellent. The following is one of the many testimonies we have received, descriptive of the valuable services of one we are proud to call, our esteemed brother Brunt, now of Colnbrook, in Beds. One writer says:

DEAR BROTHER—We held the anniversary of Bethel Baptist Chapel, Hungary Hill, Farnham, Surrey, when Mr. Brunt, of Colnbrook, was chief orator. Brother Harding, of Hazlemere, opened the services of the day. After singing, brother Brunt took for his text, “yet once in the end of the world, he has appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself.” The Lord powerfully descended, and made the place of his feet glorious, leading our brother to handle the points which he deduced, like a workman which needed not to be ashamed. The place was crowded to excess. In the evening, brother Bush, of Hammondsworth, commenced the service. Then brother Brunt assumed his place, and preached from the following words, a most blessed and masterly discourse, “In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace.” Truly I can say amidst the affliction, censure, and reproach through which I have had to wade, the Lord was in our midst as the God of peace. Like a living coal from off the altar, so were his words: like the pen of a ready writer, so was his tongue; as a comforter, so was he as a teacher; likewise, from the bottom of the ladder to the top, so he ascended and descended, feeding the poor, clothing the naked, and helping those who are without help; and after nearly one hour and three quarters, he wound up the subject in a very consoling manner, and much to the satisfaction of his audience. Mr. Brunt is a master in Israel; his language is good; full of argument; decided in the fundamental doctrines; a good elocutionist; sweet in description; encouraging to the weak; and where there is the least spark of life, in him is encouragement. I do not eulogize the creature, but only as by grace he stands.

A MOURNER IN ZION.

HOW

TO PREPARE FOR AN ANNIVERSARY.

Times of trial to nations, are seasons wherein God often works upon the hearts of the children of men; and their slumbering thoughts are aroused to consciousness, while the spiritual are instructed in the vast lesson-book of Jehovah's “judgment and mercy.”

The pleasant little village of ELLINGTON, near Huntingdon, has been visited of God in mercy for many years; and the Gospel has made the hearts of many of the villagers to forget their troubles and rejoice in their God. It was verily so with them on Wednesday, July 21. Much concern had been felt because of a general affliction in the village; and it had been proposed that the anniversary, and the visit of brother Banks, be postponed; but

this was wisely overruled. It was laid upon the minds of the friends to meet on the previous evening for prayer, when, after one of the friends had poured out his desires to the Lord, the 94th Psalm was read, and with the exposition given, it was especially welcome; then three other friends, in the true spirit of prayer, fervently cried to the Lord: and the meeting proved to be one unusually fore-boding a good day. On Wednesday morning, brother Banks arrived, weary and worn with hard work in his Master's cause; but God, who had proved his strength, salvation and song, so many times before, was visibly near to help him then. The great truths of the gospel were told out in a very searching form while the savoriness of them fell with softening power into the heart of many an hearer.

The out-door arrangements for tea were excellent, the numbers were good, the order was pleasing, and the collections very liberal shewing the cause of God and truth is yet dear to the hearts of many in the village of Ellington, and around it. Changes in the providence of God with the cruelty and carelessness of some of its professed friends, have tried it, but truth and the work of God in the heart are in no way damaged, but lives and rejoices above it. May God yet add to their numbers, by owning the faithful testimony of this good and laborious Blacksmith amongst them; may the flame of holy ardour be increased, the spread of the pure gospel of Jesus be known, and the honors of a Triune God, still maintained in their midst, is the prayer of  
D. ASHBY.

**HADLOW, KENT.**—On May 22, 1858, our brother WILLIAM HOUSE, was settled as pastor over the Baptist Church, at Hadlow. No man, in these times, has suffered more; or labored harder in endeavouring to preach Christ's gospel than has the descendant of the once popular William House—the beloved father of the present Hadlow pastor. We hope we shall have cause to praise the Lord for uniting a long-tried minister, and a heavily afflicted Church together. Surely, both pastor and people do say, "This is the Lord's doings, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

**DORSET SQUARE.**—Mount Zion Chapel, Hill St. On June 27th, brother Foreman administered the ordinance of believer's baptism to four males and five females. Our pastor preached a weighty and very argumentative sermon on the occasion, before a numerous and very attentive congregation, from Acts iv. 19.  
W. H.

#### DIVINE PRESERVATION.

Jesus, my Guardian and my God,  
Thy sovereign grace I sing;  
Thou art my soul's secure abode;  
My humble praise I bring.  
Thou hast preserved my soul from death,  
And every danger past;  
Now let thy Spirit's quickening breath  
Preserve me to the last.  
Preserve me safe in every way,  
While on the earth I roam,  
Till I am called to quit my clay,  
And reach my heavenly home.  
Little Grimsden, July 14, 1858. THOS ROW.

## Our Australian Mails.

We have this month, three distinct packets. The first is from Mr. Allen, the devoted and useful Baptist Minister in Melbourne, who has just erected a new and commodious Chapel in Melbourne; and is both from the pulpit, and the press contending, in good earnest, and with some success, for the purity of Christ's Gospel in every sense. Will not the thousands of our readers rejoice; and bid him "God speed?" The second is, from our long-loved brother, John Bunyan McCure, of Geelong—containing the substance of a useful, evangelical discourse, which the Lord helped him to preach; and which is to be published in England under the title—"COME UNTO ME." His letter is of a cheerful character: the Lord is smiling on him; for this we would praise his holy name. The third packet is from Zion's long-tried friend, Mr. Henry Dowling, of Tasmania, with a bundle of experimental letters written at the ends of the earth, which we hope to give in the  
VESSEL.

### THE RIGHT WAY.

And he led them forth by a right way.—Psa. cvii.

THESE is a way which leads to God,  
And heavenly glory bright;  
That way the saints of old have trod;

'Tis rough, but yet 'tis right,  
'Tis sometimes dark, and trying, too;  
Still, sometimes it is bright,

Our God that leads us, brings us through,  
And all the way is right.

You, my dear friends, may well complain  
Of persecution's might:—  
Still, God is faithful to sustain;  
And all the way is right.

I, too, have felt the temptest blow,  
Of sorrow's chilling blight;  
And yet have been upheld till now,  
And all the way is right.

Our friends forsake us, or they die,  
And vanish from our sight;  
Nature must feel, but grace will say,  
"Be still: the way is right."

And when we feel sin's heavy load,  
Threatening to crush us quite;  
We'll turn our eyes to Calvary,  
And see the way was right.

And though we are not always free,  
We'll pray for clearer light;  
And hope in glory we shall see,  
That all the way was right.

There in our habitation fair,  
May we, with great delight,  
Still, then, from age to age declare  
That all the way was right.

Willenhall. J. GWINNELL.

**BETHLEHEM CHAPEL, SHEARNBROOK, BRKS.**—Dear Sir, On the first Sabbath in April, I baptised and received into the church five persons who had given blessed testimonies to the power of grace in delivering them from the dominion of sin, and the bondage of error. On Lord's-day, July 4, I baptised two young men, the children of many prayers, the sons of some long-standing members of the church. Truly the Lord is doing his own work here, and there is none can hinder it.  
Your's truly, T. COASY.



## THE LONDON CHURCHES : AND THEIR MOVEMENTS.

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TO THE EDITOR.

SIR—My communication for July, was not of a joyful sound; but this month, I am so full of "good tidings," that really I know not where to commence. There certainly is a REVIVAL (I hope the word is considered an "household word in Zion.") among the churches of truth. On the 29th of June, I was at Unicorn Yard. Mr. Wells preached a glorious gospel sermon in the afternoon. We had a cup of tea; and afterwards a thorough out-and-out good-spirited meeting, on the question, "*Watchman, what of the night?*" Certainly, some good London minister who had been invited, (who by the bye, said he was one of the oldest London pastors) wrote a very kind, Christian note to the chairman (Mr. Banks), saying he could not attend, but he gave us his opinion that it was "NIGHT" most truly with the churches. He thinks we have but two or three good men now; and as for TRUTH, why in all probability that is near its *final*. This good brother's letter, (which the chairman read) referred us to the giants which lived in former times, such as Gill and Brine; and asked us where we should find such "mighty men" now? Well, the letter was very beneficial, for it gave an impetus to the meeting; and brought brother Wells "right out." He told us Gill used to have as many as 60 and 70 for a congregation often, but seldom more. He believed we never had had better days for truth than now. He was sure there was more reason to thank God and take courage, than to be cast down. His answer to the query, "*Watchman, what of the night?*" was "the morning cometh." And he was prepared to use every lawful means for the spread of the gospel: his brother Davies had suggested the idea of a series of services in Greenwich Park. He (Mr. Wells,) should be glad to see such a work carried out, and would be most happy to see his name down to preach the first sermon: perhaps this was a little ambition, but he would do it with all his heart. Brother Cozens gave us a solemn and serious address on the point. Then followed friend Boxer. Brother Davies thought it was high time we awoke from our lethargy. And then we had a *new young man*, who "every one" said was "just like Mr. Spurgeon." And so he is in appearance. The Chairman said, "our young brother Cracknell, who is shortly to be settled at Plaistow, Essex, will speak." All eyes were wide open, and the fair, beardless, and pleasant faced young man gave us a few rapid thoughts on the subject. He is very fluent, active and intelligent; and promises to be a very acceptable and useful minister. Others followed, but I must say no more about "Unicorn," for,

On the 6th of July, we spent a pleasant day at the Crystal Palace. The heavens were bright and clear, and the sun shone forth in all its warmth and splendour. About 2000 friends took the "Blind Society"

Tickets. Mr. James Wells preached us a good sermon in the Palace on "the Right Hope," from the words of Paul, "and hope maketh not ashamed," &c. He first analyzed the hope; 2nd, shewed the shame from which this hope delivereth; 3rd, the reason of boldness therein; and lastly, of the destiny implied. Several ministers were on each side of our brother, among whom we noticed Samuel Cozens, Benjamin Davies, William Flack, Thomas Attwood, and others. I suppose the Blind Society will realize about £30 by the excursion. The Society is worthy of your readers' support.

This month the "Baptist Conference" have held special services during the whole month of July. The first week, sermons were preached, and prayer meetings held, every evening at brother Flack's chapel, New North Road; the 2nd week, at Bridge-street, Greenwich; the 3rd, at Unicorn Yard; and the 4th, at Mr. Attwood's, New Road, Camberwell. I understand that they have been more successful than was anticipated: and the Conference are now arranging for some open air services. Ah!—I almost forgot it,—but our good-tempered brother Bloomfield too has turned out this month, and took the heavens for a canopy, and has been preaching to large congregations in the open air.

Mr. Wells's friends have taken the Surrey Gardens Music Hall—(the same place where my good friend Spurgeon ministers in the morning, who has kindly lent brother Wells the use of his pulpit),—for four successive Sunday evenings, commencing July 18th. The Hall was full, (about 6000) and the service both pleasant and solemn. Should circumstances warrant it, no doubt they will continue the services. On the whole Southwark is most wonderfully blessed with the preaching of the gospel, both in the Church and among us Nonconformists.

I must not further indulge in these rambling remarks, only just add: that in the East of the metropolis, Mr. Bowles is about erecting a New Chapel and School Rooms. Mr. Vaughan, at Hephzibah, Mile End, (where the late Henry Wells laboured) are sorely pressed for room; and feel they ought to look for a more commodious place to worship in: they are now in treaty to buy the Wesleyan Chapel, in the Globe Road; the Wesleys have a debt of £2000 on it, but the longer they keep it the worse they get in debt; so they have offered to sell the good Freehold Chapel, which will seat between 500 and 600 to Mr. Vaughan's friends for £900.

In the South East, Mr. Butterfield's friends are arranging for building a new Chapel and School Rooms at Rotherhithe. It is pleasing to see that these brethren feel the importance of adding Sunday Schools to their places. More next month. R.

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### HOW NEW TESTAMENT CHURCHES ARE FORMED: A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE CHURCH AT YATELY, HANTS.

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About the year 1825, the Lord in his providence directed Mr. Wm. Holland, (brother-in-law to Mr. J. A. Jones,) to Yately; and having been appointed, and sent out to preach, by the Church of

Christ, at Reading, he commenced preaching the gospel in a private house. After a short time, he began to build a chapel on Croket Hill, and although many obstacles were in the way, and a prospect not of the most cheering nature, that ancient promise of Jehovah was so powerfully applied to his soul that he was compelled to prosecute the work, the promise is recorded in Isaiah xxxv. 1st and 2nd verses. The Chapel was named "Zoar," and opened the 20th of February, 1827, on which occasion the late George Coombs, of Soho Chapel, London, preached in the morning from the 102 Psalm, 17th verse; Mr J. A. Jones in the afternoon from the 2nd chapter of Philipians, 20th verse; and Mr. Cox, formerly of Reading now of Woolwich, preached in the evening. That time, circumstances weighed heavily on Mr. Holland's mind; his patience was severely tried, until the early part of the year 1832; when God was pleased (in the riches of his grace,) to bless the word to the ingathering of several souls: some of whom were constrained to put on Christ by baptism. As this time, the late Mr. Burgwin, of Blackwater, was, through age and infirmity, laid aside from the ministry, and some of his hearers, loving a free grace gospel, was induced to come over to Yately; where they agreed to unite themselves in the bonds of Christian fellowship with the few there; and on Thursday, August 28th, 1832, they met for the purpose of forming a Church on New Testament principles. The service being commenced, by singing, Mr. Lemon, now of Hartly Row, read five portions of the word, and prayed, after the second hymn was sung Mr. John Foreman, of London, stated the nature of a gospel Church, and called on the friends to relate the leadings of the Lord in bringing them together. Mr. Stone, (one of the present deacons,) replied to the several questions, to the entire satisfaction of all present: the eleven baptized persons, on being called upon, raised their right hands to shew their consent. Mr. J. A. Jones, of London, then united them to each other as a church in the usual manner. The infant church then invited their brother, William Holland, to be their pastor; when, after giving a satisfactory account of his call by grace, and also to the ministry, was declared by Mr. Foreman, the chosen and accepted pastor of the Church; and in a most solemn prayer, commended him as the minister, with the Church, to the care, and protection, and blessing, of the Lord God of Israel. Afterwards, Mr. Jones delivered a solemn charge to the minister, and Mr. Foreman addressed the Church. Mr. Holland continued with some degree of usefulness at Yately, up to the year 1838; when he was dismissed from this Church, to that of Chester. In the meanwhile God in his providence had brought the late Mr. Husband among them, who was invited by the Church to succeed Mr. Holland in the Pastorate. Under his ministry, the Lord was graciously pleased to bless the provisions of his house, and to feed the poor with bread. During his lifetime, this church enjoyed fellowship with each other; lived in the unity of the Spirit; and in the bond of peace. During Mr. Husband's last illness, and after his death, which event took place on 22nd day of August, 1857, the pulpit was filled with supplies; among whom was Messrs, Taylor, Huggins, and Perritt, the latter, after five months occasional labour, was invited to supply for six months; commencing the 1st Lord's-day in March, 1858. The 31st anniversary was held on the 24th day of May, when Charles Waters Banks preached in the afternoon from Deut. xxxiii. 16 and 17 verses. At the close of this service, although the rain was heavy, upwards of 130 persons sat down to tea. In the evening Mr. Banks took for his text Romans vi. 14 verse. Our brother Banks was led most blessedly into his subjects; and spoke sweetly on the fountain of Grace. The word dropped sweetly into the heart, and many souls echoed to the praise of the riches of that grace by which they were saved from the power of sin

death, and hell. On Lord's-day, June 8, four persons were baptized and received into the church, with a sister who was dismissed from Hartley Row, for the purpose of joining with us at Zoar. May God for ever bless, sanctify, and prosper them, in the prayer of

ONE WHO LOVES THE GATES OF ZION.

[We hope this happy Church will find, for many years, brother Perritt's ministry, a refreshing stream of living water flowing from the fountain of life.—Ed.]

#### AGED PILGRIMS' ASYLUM, CAMBERWELL.

—On Tuesday, July 8th, the annual tea meeting in aid of the Jubilee Fund for the erection of another asylum in another part of the Metropolis, was held under a spacious Marquee on the grounds at Camberwell. The company assembled for tea at 5 o'clock, after which a public meeting was held, at which Eusebius Smith, Esq., presided. After singing and prayer, the chairman in a few brief and appropriate remarks explained the object of the present gathering; viz, to forward the proposed intentions of the Committee in raising a Jubilee Memorial of 50 years mercies, more commensurate with the enlarged extension of the Society's operations. Mr. Jackson, secretary to the present asylum, read a short statement respecting its position for the past year: three of the inmates have entered into rest, and the building was free from any pecuniary encumbrance. Mr. Box, the long-tried secretary to the society, presented an account of the Jubilee Fund, by which it appeared about £120 had up to the present time been contributed, including 20 guineas from the chairman, and a few promises yet unfulfilled. Addresses were delivered by Messrs Pells, of Soho; Bussell, of Shoreditch; F. Allport, of Camberwell; and Mr. Kennett, the Treasurer; Messrs Meeres and W. K. Rowe prayed. The meeting closed by singing the doxology. Commemorative notices respecting the Jubilee Fund, &c., may be addressed to and collecting cards had of the secretaries: Mr. John Box, 13, Northampton Square., E. C; and Mr. W. Jackson, 8, Crescent, Peckham Rye.

#### BAPTIST CHAPEL, FRESSINGFIELD, SUFFOLK.

—Last Michaelmas, a friend said, I will give £10 if you can raise £30—the challenge was accepted, and to work we went. On Thursday, June 10th, 1858, we held our anniversary. By 10 o'clock in the morning were seen faces of some good old friends, and many others, who had come from neighbouring causes of the Redeemer to help us. The Bazaar Room was decorated, and plentifully supplied with fancy and useful articles: these under the superintendance of our indefatigable friend, Mrs. Brown, with the help of Miss Vipond, and others was admirably arranged. The proceeds of the day's sale, entrance, &c., amounted to £20 lls. In the morning, the service of the sanctuary commenced by singing; brother Taylor, of Fulham, read and prayed; and our esteemed brother Collins, was helped to preach with liberty and savor from Isaiah lii. 7; to the refreshing of many. In the afternoon, our good brother Pock, was enabled to speak well for his Master; both discourses were gladly and profitably received. At the close of this service the chapel was cleared; tables for tea fixed on the pews in different parts (below and in gallery) of the chapel, provisions and tea things all seemed to be moved mechanically, for in the short time of 15 minutes all was ready, and at least 250 sat down to tea. After tea, a service was expected of a somewhat different character than in which it finished; it might be most properly called a service of begging. Having £20 in hand, and £25 promised by five individuals of £5 each, it was calculated in addition to the collections, tea, and bazaar proceeds, that £10 more was required that evening. We had worked with the full intention of getting it all

the way through; our invaluable pleader, brother Collins, meant we should have it too; tried the old motto, "try, try, try again;" for nearly three quarters of an hour, how he did talk, and beg; it would have done any one good to see and hear how earnest he was in his pleadings. This followed by brother Harrie's kind and stirring appeal, offering to throw in his mite, if others would their's, accomplished our object; and more, for when all things in promise and receipt were put together, the figures stood thus, £110. 13s. 8d. Favoured with help, the good will of friends, and especially the good will of our God with us, in blessing, we desire to be thankful. Particularly do we express our thanks to some few staunch Episcopalians, a short and long distance from this village, for their contributions to the Bazaar, and to brother Rye, and for his gathering among the Horham and Rishange friends, also to two Stoke Ash friends, W. Totman, the ministers, and many others. The tea was given by 16 or 18 individuals, and all the labor connected with the day, was gratuitously done. How easy when all work with love. Your's truly,

A. Brown.

#### A GOOD DAY AT RAUNDS.

DEAR BROTHER—Many friends had considerable fear on account of the threatening aspect of the heavens; but the Lord was pleased to command the sun to shine until the close of the day. We were glad to find our old and valuable friend, Geo. Murrell, looking well; but judge of our surprize when instead of seeing Cozens, the sturdy polemic, a striping of youthful appearance was pointed out to us as his substitute: upon enquiry, we found the name he bore was familiar in our ears for often dear brother, have we heard you speak of your young friend Benjamin Davies, of Greakwich. As soon as we heard who had come, we began to hope no disappointment would be felt, and so far as we could ascertain, this hope was realized; for all seemed to take the advice of the preacher himself, who before he began his discourse, begged of them to hear as well as they could; and if the countenance be an index of the mind, we should imagine that they heard well, for the whole congregation, almost without an exception, looked happy, cheerful and contented. At 5 o'clock, nearly 300 persons sat down to tea in a large malthouse recently erected, and kindly lent by Lot Arnsby, Esq. Here, dear brother, we could not help enjoying ourselves, for the company were so cheerful, and the provision so good, that whilst it threw your London tea drinking completely in the shade, it reflected the greatest credit upon the ladies, who together with some of our male friends had provided the whole without any expence whatever to the cause, Noble work indeed! In the evening, dear old father Murrell preached an excellent sermon taking for his text Isaiah lxi. and last clause of 3rd verse "That he might be glorified." In opening his discourse, he remarked that the language of his text would be an appropriate termination to each verse in the chapter, for the object of Jehovah in all his works, was, that he might be glorified. Our brother dwelt upon the works of creation, providence, and grace, shewing how the Lord was glorified in them all. The proceeds of the anniversary amounted to nearly £22, which most certainly proves that the people had a mind to give. We found that our old friend abbott's poetic muse is still alive, for notwithstanding the onerous duties of his pastorate, he regularly composes one hymn every Lord's-day morning, and an extra one upon special occasions; we heard him say that he had in his possession more than 1100 hymns of his own composition. Amongst the ministers present we noticed brethren Clements, of Woodford, and Trimmings, of Irthingborough.

ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

READING, JUNE 28th., 1858.—The first anniversary commemorative of the settlement of the

brother B. Wale, as pastor of Providence Chapel, London Street, was holden this day. Two sermons were preached yesterday by C. W. Banks; who also preached again this morning; his text yesterday was Jer. iii. 17; and this morning it was Psalm 87, 6 & 7. "Of Zion it shall be said, "This and that man was born in her." A beautiful boothie was erected in Mr. Sykce's Nursery Grounds, where dinner and tea was most comfortably served up. In the afternoon and evening, brother Stringer, of GraveSEND, preached two useful sermons, sound in the grace of the doctrine and experience of the Spirit's testimony, and of all the services we can say, the Lord gave us good tokens. For many years the cause at London street, has had its afflictions and trials, but at the present time the favour of the Lord is found. Brother Wale's ministry is gathering in several whose testimony is commended to the consciences of the tried people of God in this Church; the deacons, pastor, and members are, in all essential things, united, and it is our most ardent desire that the present pastorate may be of a long and happy duration.

The peaceful spirit, and growing powers of our esteemed brother Wale appear well suited to the position in which we hope the Lord has placed him.

"AN OLD HUNTINGTONIAN."

MELBOURNE, CAMPS.—Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, delivered two powerful sermons in this place, on Friday, July 2nd. Tents were provided to accommodate 1000 persons; but owing to the unsettled state of the weather, not more than 600 partook of tea. There were present about 3800 to listen to the gospel as proclaimed in the afternoon. In the evening between 6000, and 7000, of all classes congregated to hear him, from the text, "come buy wine and milk without money and without price." At the close, Mr. S., in his appeal to his hearers for money, to remove the debt of the Baptist Chapel, said, last year he preached at Melbourne, for funds towards the erection of his New Tabernacle, when the amount raised by tea, and collection, exceeded that of any place in England, Sheffield excepted. We earnestly pray that God may bless his labors here, and where'er he goes to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ, and may the churches throughout the land be aroused from their lethargic state. We have much reason to thank God for the marvellous manner in which He has blessed the labors of our much loved and esteemed Pastor, Mr. E. Bailey, (not yet 20 years old; a pupil of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's,) who during the short time he has labored among us, has baptized 25 converts; and has now upwards of 50 who are earnestly seeking the way of salvation. May the Lord continue to bless him, and every faithful minister throughout the land, and may we, ere long, be visited with such an outpouring of the Holy Spirit as has been witnessed across the Atlantic! This should be the earnest prayer of every Christian.

PORTSMOUTH.—Re-opening of Baptist Chapel, Garden Row, Landport. This place which has been singularly blessed of God as the birth place of many precious souls, was re-opened on Lord's-day, July 11th, 1858. Mr. R. Bowles, of Poplar, preached morning and evening, and Mr. Keyworth in the afternoon. Both sowers and reapers rejoiced together. This place was opened through the kindness of one or two friends at Portsmouth, and Brother Keyworth requested to come and sojourn among them. A house and shop has been taken for him at Landport wherein to exercise his lawful vocation—that of a working cutler. So with preaching, and grinding razors, &c., he hopes to be able to provide things honest in the sight of all men. At present he has neither stock nor capital. What God fearing person can help him! Direct to James Keyworth, 16, Great Charlotte Street, Landport; or Rev. J. Sargeant, 23, Lion Terrace, Portsmouth.

## Baptism, and the Lord's Supper;

OR,

ROBERT FLOCKHART—A NARRATIVE AND A REVIEW.

OUR notice of this noted Scotch Street Preacher was commenced last month. His natural life—and the first work of God on his soul, was then referred to. While so many endeavour to cast into the shade things essentially connected with the Gospel of the grace of God, we feel the highest pleasure in introducing to the notice of our readers such instances of the power of God in salvation, as no believer can dispute, as no unbeliever can overturn. Robert Flockhart's testimony now stands before the Church and before the world too, as a cheering and conclusive illustration of the great promise spoken by our Lord, "And when HE, THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH is come, he shall lead you into all truth." Here is a poor ignorant soldier—a sinner deeply sunken in sin—called by the Spirit of God—and led vitally, and practically, into all those saving and God-glorifying principles which give a man to stand before the visible church, and the world lying in the arms of the wicked One, whose whole after-life was one great sermon upon that text of Paul's—one continuous comment upon those immortal words,—*"Where sin abounded, there grace doth much more abound."* The volume from whence we gather our material—(THE STREET PREACHER—published by Adam and Charles Black) contains a series of serious temptations with which the adversary assailed Flockhart after the grace of God called up into spiritual life, his precious and heaven-beloved soul. We cannot find room for them. Our desire, this month, is to shew *"How Robert Flockhart became a Baptist;"* and how, in union therewith, the Lord gave him clear and comfortable views of that *"ONE OFFERING"* whereby the Church of God is perfected for ever. Very reluctantly we omit many beautiful features in Flockhart's conversion, and in the formation of his Christian character; and come to the period when grace brought him out into an open and public profession of his faith in Christ. This is given in the following manner:

"After my two years of affliction in the

hospital, it pleased God that I got well again, and I went back to the regiment to do duty. Soon after my return, we were ordered to Calcutta, which is about seventy miles distant from Burhampore. When we reached Calcutta, we encamped in the glacis in front of Fort-William, the barracks being filled with troops.

"We remained here some time, and there being a church in the regiment (it was connected with the Baptists), and the members all knowing of the change that had passed upon me, hailed me as a man that had repented of his sins, and believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, and wished me to be baptized, and to join the church. Having first given myself to the Lord, I was willing to give myself also to them; but I was prejudiced against being baptized, and all the reasonings that man could reason would not have persuaded me. I experienced much anxiety, and even distress of mind, regarding this matter. I lost a whole night's sleep in endeavouring to find out whether adult baptism was agreeable to scripture, and sanctioned by the Lord Jesus. I spent the night in prayer to God, and in studying his word. At last I came to the conclusion, after a most careful and prayerful study of the subject, that whatever is *not of faith is sin*, and I reasoned thus with myself. When I was born, I was a weakly child, and thought not likely to live. My father, thinking it would endanger any chance I might have of life, took me, to the church, sent for the minister to *sprinkle* me, and put up a prayer, and called it baptism. My father, as I am informed, being an unbeliever, thought, if I died, I should go to heaven after being sprinkled. When, however, I became enlightened from above, I came to the conclusion that it was all sin together, because it was done in unbelief. My father was an unbeliever that held me up. I was an unbeliever, because I was born in sin, and was unconscious at the time of what was done to me, and the minister that christened me was a Moderate. He was the parish minister of Old Kilpatrick. He had a large farm near his church and manse, and although I wish to be charitable, I am afraid that he minded his farm more than he minded his flock. I read in the 8th of the Acts of the Apostles, that as Philip and the eunuch "went on their way, they came unto a certain water, and the eunuch said, See, here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptised? And Philip said, If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest. And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. And he commanded the chariot to stand still; and they went down both into the water, both Philip, and the eunuch, and he baptized him. And when they came up out of the

water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more, and he went on his way rejoicing.

"I read also, that when Jesus commanded his disciples to go and preach the gospel to every creature, he added these words: 'He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved. Believing is here put before baptism, and 'without faith it is impossible to please God.' Jesus himself was baptized in the river Jordan, and all the apostles, and all the primitive Christians were baptized. I was thus fully persuaded, in my own mind, that adult baptism was in accordance with the Word of God; and that, if I loved him, I must obey his commands cheerfully and believingly. So I gave in my name to the church in the regiment, and word was sent to the mission church in the city, that Robert Flockhart had become a true penitent, had repented of his sins, and through divine grace had believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and was recommended to the church in Calcutta for baptism and admission to membership.

"A deep interest being felt by the brethren in the regiment in my case, application was made by them individually to their respective officers for leave to go to Calcutta, distant from Fort-William about three miles, to be present at my baptism. Leave was granted, and I got up early the following Sabbath morning, and went to church in the Bazaar. The service being ended, the missionaries were kind enough to invite us to their residence, and we spent the rest of the morning in devotional exercises. After being thus occupied for the greater portion of the morning, breakfast was provided for all of us by the missionaries' wives. It was truly a most delightful and gratifying spectacle to see thirty converted soldiers sitting down together at the same table in love and unity, and the missionaries' wives serving us all with warm affection.

"It made me ashamed of myself. My heart melted with tears of joy when I thought what I once was, and what company I once kept, and now what a change had taken place. It was like a little heaven below.

"After breakfast we prayed, and we sang praises to God, and our minds were prepared, and in a pleasant frame to hear the gospel preached. Mr. Ward preached the sermon from 1. Tim. i. 'According to the glorious gospel of the blessed God, which was committed to my trust.' It was a delightful sermon. Then after the sermon there were four persons to be baptized; a civilian and his wife (the civilian was a white man, and his wife a coloured woman) a native woman, and the soldier—the red-coat. Two lines of a hymn were sung by each. I shall never forget my two lines—

'He was immersed in Jordan's flood,  
Then immersed in sweat and blood.'

I saw in my baptism a lively representation of Christ's death, burial, and resurrection.

"After the baptisms were over, the civilian and I went into a private room adjoining the church to change our dress. While doing so,

he said to me, 'How light I feel now after having performed this duty in a manner agreeable to God's word.' Having resumed usual clothing, we next went to commemorate the Lord's death along with our brethren. Seated at the Lord's table for the first time, I had faith to discern the Lord's body broken for me, and his blood shed for me. By faith I ate his body, and drank his blood, and in doing so, he made himself known to me in the 'breaking of bread.' By the ear of faith, I seemed to hear him saying, 'Eat, O friends, and drink abundantly, O beloved!' I said in my heart, 'O Lord God, this is not after the manner of men!' Tho more of his glory I saw, the lower I lay, and I was convinced that whatever I was or hoped to be, I owed it all to sovereign grace and redeeming love.

"Many have carnal views of the Lord's supper. They look no farther than the bread and wine. Faith, however, looks at Christ, and lives upon him."

We must here pause: but the subsequent life and labors of Flockhart shall be found in the "*The Earthen Vessel.*"

THE GREAT MYSTERY AND PERFECT  
GLORY OF

## THE GOSPEL DISPENSATION.

### No. II.

"I the Lord have spoken it, and I will do it."  
Ezekiel xxxvi. 36.

THE first branch of the discourse was "the medium, through which the LORD has spoken." I have been looking at the whirlwind; one of the great voices by which Jehovah spake to Ezekiel; but I cannot get my thoughts on to paper this month. I shall occupy but a very small space, by way of noticing a new volume recently put into my hands, entitled, "*The Gospel in Ezekiel, by Dr. Guthrie.*"

This volume opens with a pleasantly written chapter upon the *instrumentality* God employs in the gospel kingdom. It, certainly, is one of the deep mysteries of this dispensation, that *men*, many of them the most unlearned, the most singular, and not a few of them, who have been the most sinful, are called by grace, to be found among the devoted followers of the LORD JESUS and among the earnest and the useful ministers of the gospel. I have read the history of many who are gone home. I can throw my mind's eye over a large number of churches where we have good brethren, who as pastors, preachers, helpers and teachers, abound in all directions. A careful and charitable review of the peculiar development of their gifts; the mode and manner of their ministry, the prejudices and partialities of their proceedings, and other things, would form a book of no small value. But, leaving that field for the present, let the thought that the Lord has condescended to use man for His own glory, and His fellow-creature's good, occupy our minds for one moment. In this, as the Scotchman says, is seen "*the kindness of God to man;*" and the wisdom of God in fitting man to be helpful to his fellow-man. In the

ministry of the Word there is (beside some thousands more) a two-fold mystery. The first is, that sometimes ungodly men, I mean, men of unholy practices, apparently unconquered by grace; bad living men, or men whose end has been both doubtful and dreadful, have stood as ministers of the gospel of Christ. The second mystery is the beautiful, tho' essential, the useful, the heaven-directed sympathy which exists between the preachers God sends, and the people to whom he sends them.

I will give one or two sentences on these mysteries, and more I cannot do at present. The four great texts from which Ezekiel's God preached to him, and "*The Seven-fold Triumphs of Grace*" (as hinted at in my last,) are among the sweet labours I have yet in anticipation. But touching the men, and their minds, who are moulded for the ministry, take these few lines:—

"It is true that a man may impart light to others who does not himself see the light. It is true that, like a concave speculum cut from a block of ice, which, by its power of concentrating the rays of the sun, kindles touchwood or explodes gunpowder, a preacher may set others on fire, when his own heart is cold as frost. It is true that he may stand like a lifeless finger-post, pointing the way on a road, where he neither leads nor follows. It is true that God may thus in his sovereign mercy bless others by one who is himself unblest. Yet, commonly it happens, that it is what comes from the heart of preachers that penetrates and affects the heart of hearers. Like a ball red hot from the cannon's mouth, he must burn himself who would set others on fire. Still, although the ministry of men who are themselves strangers to piety—although a Judas or Simon Magus in office—is an evil to which the church, in every age and under every form of government, stands more or less exposed, it were a poor refuge to seek exemption from such an evil in the ministry of angels. While man may not feel what he preaches, angels could not. How could they? They never felt the stings of conscience; they never hung over hell's fiery gulf, and saw the narrow ledge they stood on crumbling away beneath their feet, and sent up to heaven the piercing cry, "Lord, save me, I perish;" tortured by remorse, they never felt the balm and power of Jesus' blood; pursued by a storm of wrath, they never flew to the Rock of Ages, and folded their wings in the sweet and safe serenity of its welcome clefts; in an agony for pardon, they never were ready to give a thousand worlds for one Christ; like a hart panting for the water brooks, they never thirsted for salvation; they never, as we have done, trod the valley of humiliation, and with bleeding feet and weeping eyes toiled along its flinty path; they never knew what it is, between them and their bright home in heaven, to see death's gloomy passage, and—more appalling still, a sight which makes the saint grasp his sword with a firmer hand, and lift up his shield on high—Satan posted there, and striding across the narrow pass to dispute the way. Never knowing what it is to have been in bondage, having neither country nor kindred here,

how could they preach like Paul? how could their bosoms burn and glow with this apostolic fire—"I could wish that I myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh!" \* \* \*

The present position of a man who *pretends* to be what he is not, is dreadful beyond all description. What must eternity be to him? Oh, that some of our haughty, high-minded, and conceited ministers, may lay this matter much to heart!

One fact, delightfully expressive of the true Christian's sympathy for his fallen fellow, closes my present paper.

"During a heavy storm off the coast of Spain a dismasted merchantman was observed by a British frigate drifting before the gale. Every eye and glass were on her, and a canvass shelter on a deck almost level with the sea suggested the idea that even yet there might be life on board. With all their faults, no men are more alive to humanity than our rough and hardy mariners; and so the order instantly sounds to put the ship about, and presently a boat is lowered and starts with instructions to bear down upon the wreck. Away after that drifting hulk go these gallant men over the mountain swell of a roaring sea; they reach it: they shout; and now a strange object rolls from that canvass screen against the lee shroud of a broken mast. It is hauled into the boat. It proves to be the trunk of a man, bent head and knees together, so dried and shrivelled as to be hardly felt within the ample clothes—so light that a mere boy lifted it on board. It is conveyed to the ship and laid on the deck. In honor and pity the crew gather around it. These feelings suddenly change into astonishment. The object shows signs of life. The seamen draw nearer; it moves and then mutters—in a deep sepulchral voice, mutters "*there is another man*." Rescued himself, the first use the saved one made of speech was to try to save another. Oh! learn that blessed lesson. Be daily practising it. And so long as in our homes, among our friends, in this wreck of a world which is drifting down to ruin, there lives an unconverted one, it can be said, there is another man, let us go to that man and plead for Christ; let us go to Christ and plead for that man; and cry, "Lord, save me, I perish," changed into one as welcome to a Saviour's ear, "Save them, Lord, they perish."

#### ANTI-CHRIST IN THE CITY OF GLOUCESTER.

[It a great variety of measures and modes, the great doctrines of grace are now assailed, modified, mixed, covered, and thrown aside, even by those who profess to be Protestants, and who declare themselves preachers of Christ's gospel. The following is a specimen. Of Gloucester, the birthplace of George Whitfield, the nursery of Sunday schools, and of other notoriety, we will give some interesting particulars another day.—ED.]

DEAR SIR—The following is a testimony against a particular form of evil doctrine lately

set forth at a certain place in this neighbourhood. Its insertion, with any remarks of your own on the subject, will oblige. The doctrine I object to is, that while the crown of life is given freely of God to all believers, the crown of righteousness, and the crown of glory have to be obtained by a believer's own exertions.

S. D.

### ON THE THREE CROWNS.

THE CROWN OF LIFE,  
THE CROWN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS,  
AND THE CROWN OF GLORY.

I believe it to be a gross and dangerous error to say and teach that one to whom God in his grace has given *eternal life*, has afterwards to work in order to obtain for himself a *crown of righteousness* and a *crown of glory*. I read in Romans viii. 30, "Whom he justified them he also glorified;" and in 2 Tim. iv. 8, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." This includes all true believers, for all true believers are spoken of by the Spirit of God as loving the appearing of Christ, nor could we understand that the Holy Ghost could recognize one as a true believer who did not love the appearing of Him who died for him.

In 1 Corinthians i. 30, I read that Christ Jesus is made to the believer, "righteousness," as well as wisdom, sanctification, and redemption. I believe that the righteousness of Christ is a finished work, and provides for the believer all he needs, both in this world, and also to stand in the presence of a holy God, "in whose presence is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

I believe that the apostle Paul, speaking by the power of the Holy Ghost, made no mistake when he declared, "Ye are complete in him," and that which is complete, needs no patching, especially with filthy rags; and God has declared by the prophet Isaiah, (lxiv. 6,) that man's righteousness, yea, all his righteousnesses are as filthy rags.

Would you, then, dear brethren, be found trying to patch up God's perfect righteousness with your own filthy rags of *self-righteousness*, and God has placed this sentence upon all man's doings. And how much worse when this wretched and soul-deluding doctrine is set forth as the very spring of service, the ground of action, the reason why we should work for God, the hope of reward; work for wages. As if it were not enough that He hath bought us at such a price, even the precious blood of his own dear Son; and why? but that he should purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works. Titus ii. 14. And again, "Ye are a chosen generation, a peculiar people, that ye should shew forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light." 1 Peter ii. 9.

Is there, then, no true ground of service?

Is there no better reason why I should gladly spend and be spent for him who hath done so much for me? There is, indeed, and it is simply this:—the love of Christ, as the apostle says, "The love of Christ constraineth us;" love to him who died, the just for the unjust; to him who washed me in his own blood. To him who pleads for me before the throne of God; yea, love to him who ever lives to make intercession for us, and who will, despite every obstacle, bring us to glory; that love of Christ shed abroad in the heart by the power of the Holy Ghost, and going out in love to all around us, and sweetly witnessing to the grace and faithfulness of God our everlasting Father.

I therefore declare my belief that to hold and teach that a man may earn for himself a crown of righteousness, and a crown of glory by his own miserable doings, is a soul-deluding and a Christ-dishonouring error, that it takes the crown off the head of Christ, and puts it on my own; and I, for one, have no sympathy with such doctrine, nor any confidence in such teaching or such teachers. S. DICKERSON.

P.S.—In a paper inserted in the *Gospel Magazine* for Dec., 1796, the late highly esteemed Augustus Toplady enters very largely into the doctrine of the "Rewards of Grace," as they are called. This paper may still be obtained, in a cheap form, from Collingridge, Long Lane, London.

### UNITED MINISTERIAL EFFORT.

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR—I should exceedingly rejoice to see good men and true, united for the spread of the *gospel of Christ*; I mean, the gospel in its fulness, purity, and vitality; and for the maintaining of gospel ordinances as instituted by the Great Head of the Church; but I fear this will not take place! if, however, there should be any stir amongst men of truth in this direction, the organization must be based upon gospel doctrines, and must harmonise with the great principles of God's truth. There must be no compromise between truth and error. What we want is, not duty-faithism, but the gospel in all its liberalities and immutable principles. What we want is the everlasting gospel, godly experience, and a practical manifestation of the life and power of God in the soul. While I write this, I have no expectation that such a co-operation as has been suggested will be carried out. With some other good brethren, I was interested sometime since in an association that was intended to carry out the principles I have named; that however, came to nothing; and now I am quite willing and happy in working in the gospel ministry without any such association. Would it not be best, Sir, for correspondents to give their names? For myself, I would not write an anonymous letter. I like *frankness* and *honesty* in all that we have to do with each other. Yours faithfully, in Christ's gospel,  
JOHN BLOOMFIELD.

15, College Place, Camden Town,  
Aug. 11, 1858.

## REVIEWS.

"*Five Sermons on the Five Points, preached during Lent.*" By WILLIAM PARKS, B.A., Incumbent of Openshaw, Manchester. London: W. H. Collingridge, 1, Long Lane. While we are sincere lovers of, and believers in, the doctrines of Election, Predestination, &c., we are also strenuous and untiring advocates for the use of all those means whereby it is possible, with God's blessing, to convince man of his error, and of his danger too. Such volumes as this "*Five Points*," by Mr. Parks, we consider to be the very best kind of means which can be used, either for instructing the ignorant,—for establishing the wavering,—or for comforting the afflicted in Zion. But why the best? Simply because THE HOLY TRUTHS of the BIBLE are freely, faithfully, and unflinchingly declared, in such unmistakable terms as never can be denied. Mr. Parks's "*Five Points*," is a safe and seasonable book for all to read, who are concerned to know the true way to heaven.

"*The Sins of the Tongue* : by Rev John G. F. H. Knapp, Portsea." London: Partridge & Co. A new edition of this useful dissertation on one of the greatest sources of evil, is now issued in the best style of printing—for four-pence. We can only, this month, announce and recommend it. Every sensible Christian who wishes well to Zion, and to the world at large, will, we are sure, do all in his power to get it read, realized, and registered in the conversations of the people this wide world through.

"*Half-Hours with our Metropolitan Ministers.*" Part I. One Shilling. London: G. J. Stevenson, 54, Paternoster Row. Omnibuses are among the most useful means of conveyance this country now enjoys: in them, the rich, the poor, and the middle classes may ride together; Christians of all creeds, characters of all kinds, here find accommodation. Just so with this Half-Hours serial. It is a pretty-looking, and very amusing, Literary Omnibus. It is intended to carry ministers of all denominations. Let us briefly notice the passengers in this first conveyance. In the front, sits the well-known Alexander Fletcher: next to him stands Charles Haddon Spurgeon, deep in meditation over some momentous theme:—further on, with folded arms, with a face full of inventive genius, and a heart beating hard for literary fame, is to be seen the pastor of the Scotch Church, Crown-court, Drury-lane, Dr. John Cumming; his neighbour is a decided-looking Christian gentleman, Dr. James Spence; near the farther end sits a fearful-looking personage, the minister of Unicorn Yard Chapel, whose connection with this work is too well known to require further mention. Last of all, there stands, dressed in full clerical robes, as on the tip-toe of willingness to set out on some good work, the serious-looking Dr. Tait, the present Bishop of London. Surely, extremes meet here!—The highest dignitary the metropolis has; the oldest servant the Scotch church pos-

sesses; the minister whose name is an household word throughout the whole of Christendom; and a specimen of that refined, pleasant, and intelligent kind of ministry so prevalent now in Congregational churches. Beside the portraits, there are ninety-six pages of biographical, theological, and some experimental matter. To such persons as love to read the origin, the progress, and the peculiar bias of ministers, this work will furnish many a pleasant "Half-Hour's" reading.

"*The Lodgers: or the Warfare between the Flesh and the Spirit.* An Allegory. By Charles Lawder, preacher of the Gospel." London: James Paul. As perhaps the first effort of a young author, we think the work deserves notice. The Christian's conflict is an old story; attempts to describe it in sermons and serials have been numerous; but it is a lesson every living soul must learn for himself.

"*The British Evangelist for promoting Unity, Zeal, and Activity.*" &c., &c. London: Partridge and Co. This is a new monthly, it contains some good articles; and furnishes useful information.

"*The Anniversary Services in Commemoration of the opening of the Circus.*" Portsea: A. King, Times Office, Queen Street. This two-penny pamphlet is full of earnest appeals in favor of evangelical effort for the benefits of the wild and wicked masses. Mr. Doudney's address must have been a thrilling story for all who heard it. Mr. Knapp, the author of that popular volume, "*The Church in the Circus.*" Also, of a pamphlet, "*The Sins of the Tongue*," is a man whose heart, hand, and influence, are most unreservedly devoted to the good of his fellow-men. He is powerfully attacking the kingdom of darkness; "the weapons of his warfare, through God, are mighty" indeed. We rejoice exceedingly in the triumphs he has been favoured to achieve.

"*A Plea for Kenilworth, being an account of the Treatment, received from the Vicar,*" &c. By Rev. JOHN P. WALLIS, Curate of Kenilworth. London: W. H. Collingridge. Price 6d. This pamphlet furnishes a striking contrast between the cold and easy state of things generally countenanced, and carried on by the old Church of England people; and that zeal and earnest effort to do good, as put forth by some in whose souls the love of Christ is burning. We hope to give an article in the next number.

"*The Lovingkindness of the Lord illustrated; or, a memoir of Elizabeth Miller, of Wycombe Marsh, Bucks.*" London: Partridge and Co.; Robert Banks and Co. This is a neat little foolscap 8vo., issued by our brother Miller, pastor of the Baptist church at Wycombe Marsh; and contains the life of a beloved daughter whom the Lord has taken to himself. The life was written by herself the last week she was able to sit up. It is simple, yet calculated to be useful to young persons. As a Sunday-school Reward book, we can strongly recommend it.



THE CAMDEN HALL LECTURE,  
OR,  
CALVINISM FAIRLY DEALT WITH.

MR. B. DAVIES AT THE CAMDEN HALL,  
KING STREET, CAMDEN TOWN.

*From a Correspondent.*

It will be necessary to state, for the information of those who were not present, that Mr. Jabez Inwards, the well known lecturer on Teetotalism, has been giving his views, in two or three lectures, on what he terms "The Dark Side of Calvinism," and it is acknowledged by those who heard him, that if his views be correct, it is dark indeed. Mr. B. Davies, of Greenwich, who was present at Mr. Inward's last lecture, determined that such gross misrepresentations should not go forth to the world uncontradicted, as the Calvinistic creed. Therefore he resolved to shew the "*Bright Side of Calvinism*," and for that purpose, delivered a lecture at the above named place, on Friday evening, the 12th August.

On the platform, we observed Messrs. Pells, Flory, Bloomfield, Wyard, Field and other ministers. Mr. Inwards also occupied a seat on the platform. The hall was densely crowded. J. Houghton, Esq., was called to the chair; and, after expressing his desire, that the meeting would abstain from all unseemly ebullitions of feeling, and give the Lecturer a patient hearing, introduced Mr. Davies, who, after referring to some of the misrepresentations, set forth by Mr. Inwards for Calvinism, namely, such as *sending infants to hell*, and *making God the author of sin*; said, he did not stand up to defend all that Calvin had said or done; but, Calvinism, in the popular sense of the term.

Calvinism, comprehended five points.—Predestination, Particular Redemption, Original Sin, Irresistible Grace, and Final Perseverance.

*Predestination.* There were those, who seemed to look at this term with the greatest horror; but, it simply meant, "to determine before-hand." All men were predestinarians; that man would be counted a mad-man, who acted without pre-arrangement. The builder who began to build without a plan, would be counted worthy of a straight-jacket. And shall we say that the Great Architect of the universe acts without a plan? The rankest Arminian would surely allow that God must have a plan in some things; though he will deny that God has a plan in all. Men are planning against God; devils are planning against men; and all the enemies of God are planning against the saints. Can we then, for a moment think God has not a plan? God sees and knows all things; the different schemes of men, even "the wrath of man shall praise him, the rest he restrains." God is not destitute of a plan, for "all things work together for good, to them that love God." With God, there is absolute certainty, there is no contingency; this is true from the experience of past and present. No doubt

there were many Christians present, and he loved to appeal to them; he would ask them to look back on their past experience, and see if they must not come to the conclusion, that "all their steps have been ordered by the Lord;" by that gracious God, "who is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind." Also, the doctrine of predestination was proved by the prophecies. He dared not to make God the author or decreer of sin. But God knew that Satan would fall; and that man would fall into sin; but, he overthrew Satan's schemes. It is also proved by the expressed declaration of God's Word. By predestination, the Calvinists mean, that God has chosen some of all nations to everlasting salvation; and leaves others in the state they were found: an example of this is found in Abraham, the father of the faithful.

Why did the Lord call Abraham alone? Why did he not call his father and mother, or his brethren and sisters with him? Because, from all eternity, the Lord had chosen Abraham. "I am the Lord that brought thee out of Ur." Why was Isaac called, and Ishmael left? Why Jacob, and not Esau? Some will affirm that God saw Isaac would be a good man, Ishmael a bad one; or, that Jacob would be a lover of God, and Esau an hater of God. Paul thought different, see the 9th chapter of Romans—"So then it is not of him that willeth, or of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy." These are things which cannot be overturned; "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but the Word of the Lord abideth for ever." Surely, then, there is no such thing as God loving, because of works. The Lecturer referred to a case portrayed by Mr. Inwards: "a young man, with religious feelings, who is anxious to serve God, desires to be saved; and to act in the world as becometh a Christian; but, over that man's head, hangs a dark and irrevocable decree: he wants to be saved, he wants to go to heaven; but, the doors are shut against him—God is his enemy—Christ will have nothing to do with him." Now, continued Mr. Davies, this case, whether a figured case or not, is not only overdrawn, but it has nothing to bear against Calvinism; for, if you point me to such a man, in such a position, I would point you to a man who is plainly a Christian. If a man has such desires, and such feelings, it is because the Spirit of God is in him—he is a Christian, because the work of the Father, the work of the Son, and the work of the Holy Ghost, are in perfect unison. Where the work of the Spirit upon the heart is influencing the soul to seek forgiveness through the blood of the Redeemer; it is because the Father hath chosen that soul from all eternity. This doctrine is full of sweet comfort and consolation; but where the bee will suck honey, nature is like the spider, sucks nothing but bitterness, wrath, and poison.

*Particular redemption.* By this we mean a particular number will be saved from the wrath to come. In this we are misrepresented by those who say that heaven will be a small place, and but thinly inhabited. We believe

there will be a number such as no man can number, out of every nation, tongue, and people. Though many die without any manifestation of the knowledge of God's grace: it is a certain fact, that half of the human race die in infancy; thereby Calvinists meet that fact, and believe God has chosen infants. We believe Christ will have the pre-eminence, and we believe the number is fixed; therefore we say, it is not a general redemption, but a particular redemption.

The Lecturer proceeded to speak of Original Sin, and Irresistible Grace. He said he did not mean that grace cannot be resisted, but he did mean it cannot be overwhelmed.

" 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,  
That sweetly forced me in."

It is not dragging, but a sweet forcing.

*Final Perseverance.* If saints could fall from grace, when we get to heaven, we should see crowns, and no one to wear them; harps, and no harpers, because some are fallen away from grace, and instead of harping in heaven, they are howling in hell. There would be palms of victory, but none to wave them. White raiment, but none to wear it. But, "There shall not a hoof be left behind."

Mr. Davies concluded by contrasting the two systems, Calvinism and Arminianism, asking which most humbles man, and which most exalts God; which most strengthens the saint, and which most encourages the seeking sinner? shewing that Calvinism was not so dark and dreadful as it had been represented; on the contrary, to the saint it was encouraging and God-honouring.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman, and also to the Lecturer, concluded the proceedings.

## SIX QUESTIONS TOUCHING ETERNAL PUNISHMENT,

BY SAMUEL COZENS.

MR. EDITOR—I have been directed to the ambiguous observations of the "Little One" in this (July) month's VESSEL, upon the subject of eternal damnation. And I regret that one of the chief oracles of the VESSEL should be at sea, without chart or compass. I opine that no one ought to write upon any subject with which he is not thoroughly conversant; and in which he does not confidently believe; especially when that subject is a theological one—a subject which is so highly calculated to effect the socials and the morals of the world that now is; and which is so intimately connected with the glory of Divine equity, justice and truth. I unhesitatingly avow, that no one ought to give publicity to any equivocal remarks upon a doctrine so solemn, who is not at a *point* on the destinies of the wicked. Paradoxes there are in the Bible—but there is nothing paradoxical in this, "in the place where the tree falleth *there it shall be.*" Paradox is a dangerous weapon in the hands of religious disputants, because it is an implement of warfare that may be turned anyway. The "Little One" may now cordially shake hands with those who ignore eternal punishment; and as frankly salute those who are

starting back from the brink of the *bottomless* pit. I mean, sir, that after writing as he has written, he can make the acquaintance of either party. Some have a very ingenious way of becoming all things to all men; and doubtless, one of the best methods of securing popularity in the world and amongst false professors, is to introduce an element that may extinguish the flames of damnation; or, in other words, to admit the possibility (as I think the "Little One" has done,) of there being a terminus to the sufferings of the damned. The "Little One" appears full of doubts upon the annihilation scheme. Or, why is he afraid? Too much vantage ground has been conceded to deistical disputers by theological doubters. We want no revivalists of the Gnostic heresy—or of Grecian philosophy, or, of the wisdom of Plato, Socrates and Aristotle—we want no exponents of Bacon, or of Butler, or of Byron—we want no abettors of Arius, or of Socinius, or of modern infidelity in the shape of unitarianism. Let the "Little One" come out boldly and plainly, and give us his candid opinion upon a doctrine of so much importance. Let him admit that transgression must involve eternal consequences; or show cause why it must not. Let him prove that the rewards in heaven are not answerable to the *eternal precepts* of the law; (Rom. v.; and x. 4,) or let him cede that the punishments of hell are answerable to the eternal penalty of the law. Matt. v. 25. If God relinquishes his claims in hell, may he not cease to reward in heaven? Is not the gift of *eternal life legally* secured to us by the obedience of our Lord Jesus Christ? Rom. v. Saints are entitled to heaven by the merits of the Saviour; and their heaven shall last as long as his merits shall endure. Sinners are entitled, or fitted, for hell by the merit of their sin; and their *sinnership* will meritoriously perpetuate their hell. The wicked will never cease from sin; and there is no just reason why God should cease to punish them. We read of some who "are gone down to hell with the weapons of war." Ezek. xxxii. 27. The weapons of war, or the *principles of hostility*, against God, will not be consumed by the pains of damnation. The conduct of devils to wit! Some may say, "God could put them out of existence." Granted, so far as his power is concerned, he could annihilate them; but so far as his eternal law and justice are concerned, he cannot annihilate them. He did not give them existence for the purpose of sinning; he has therefore a right to keep them in suffering existence now they have sinned. There is no injustice on God's part in perpetuating their existence, because he is not the *author* of the painful circumstances of their being. There is no iniquity in God's eternalizing their punishment, because they will not cease from sin. A prisoner may sin in our common gaols, and expose himself to additional punishment; and so we believe the lost will expose themselves to additional punishment by fresh transgressions against God.

Upon the hypothesis of the annihilation scheme, we argue that when *eternal* death

shall die, then everlasting life shall end; for the same Greek word *αἰώνιον* is translated *everlasting* and *eternal*; and therefore, we argue that everlasting punishment is durably answerable to eternal life. I will conclude by asking six questions.

First. Are not the inhabitants of the plain, set forth as eternal memorials of the wrath of God? Jude 7.

Second. If we were not threatened with eternal death, would he have promised us eternal life?

Third. If transgression did not involve eternal consequences, would he have brought in everlasting righteousness?

Fourth. If we were not exposed to eternal punishment, would an eternal sacrifice for sin have been required? "He hath obtained eternal redemption for us."

Fifth. If we were not liable to eternal damnation, should we have been saved with an everlasting salvation?

Sixth. If the same words, which predicate the *eternity* of the *Father* and of the *Son*, are predicated of the *rest* of the righteous, and the *punishment* of the wicked; will it not follow, that if the punishment of the wicked may, come to an end, that the righteous—(nay, more, that God himself, and Christ himself) may come to an end also? The words *εἰς τοῦς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰῶνων* occur many times in the Apocalypse. First, in reference to the *eternal* dominion of Christ. Rev. i. 6. "To whom be glory, and dominion, *εἰς τοῦς*," &c. Secondly in affirmation of the eternal life of Christ (verse 18,) "behold, I am alive," *εἰς τοῦς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰῶνων*. In the 4th chapter, and in the 9th verse; in the 5th chap. and 13 verse, the same words are affirmed of Him. In the 7th chapter, and 12th verse, the same words predicate the eternity of God. In the 11th chapter, and 15th verse, the same words mark the eternal reign of Christ. In the 14th, chapter and 11th verse, the same words declare the eternal doom of the wicked. In the 20th chapter and 10th verse, the same words proclaim the eternal doom of the devil. In the 22nd chapter and 5th verse, the same words publish the eternal reign of the saints in glory. The eternity of damnation is then most certain; for it is predicated in the very same words in which the Eternal God predicates his own eternal being, Christ's *eternal* government, and the saints eternal rest.

Mr. Editor, I write not for the sake of controversy; neither do I give my opinion from any ill feeling to the "Little One," but for the sake of truth and justice.

Praying that we may understand more clearly the deep things of God, I remain, Mr. Editor, your's in the Gospel. S. COZENS.

—*And hope maketh not ashamed.*—That is, this hope will not disappoint, or deceive. When we hope for an object which we do not obtain, we are conscious of disappointment; perhaps sometimes of a feeling of shame. But the apostle says that the Christian hope is such that it will never be fulfilled; it will not disappoint; what we hope for we shall certainly obtain.

## MR. GEORGE MURRELL.

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR—During the past week it was confidently stated in London, that our long-valued and venerable brother Murrell (of St. Neots, Huntingdonshire) was no more. Anxious to obtain correct information upon the point, I steamed off to St. Neots. On Sunday morning, I walked to Mr. Murrell's Chapel, and upon my arrival, I enquired of a friend outside, who was expected to preach that morning? In reply, my country friend said, he hoped Mr. Murrell would be well enough to preach. You can easily suppose I was somewhat surprised. I immediately said, but is not brother Murrell dead? My informant said, he was't last night. I was astonished. Upon further inquiry, I found that George Murrell was STILL ALIVE, though exceedingly weak. He has been very ill, and was unable last Sunday to preach at all. I waited outside the chapel till he came from his little house next door, and taking his hand, I asked him how he was, he said, "through mercy, I am better—I am mending slowly." He is very feeble, and seemed to me totally unable to stand or preach. However, I entered the chapel and he the pulpit. It is a neat, clean, plain chapel, with a gallery all around, I should suppose it will hold about 500 persons. It was comfortably full. Mr. Murrell took this text, (Isaiah xxvi. 20,) "Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers and shut thy doors about thee; hide thyself as it were for a little moment, till the indignation be overpassed." I must not stop now to give you even an outline of the sermon, but possibly I may next month. —It was solemn and encouraging; and must have been very acceptable to such a congregation of experimental Christians as attend Mr. Murrell's ministry. The whole of the people seem wonderfully attached to their pastor; and as far as church matters go no minister could be more blest,—but—"lest I should be exalted above measure there was given me a thorn in the flesh." Where we ought to expect the greatest kindness there sometimes we receive the greatest pain. George Murrell is not without his "thorn." Time will not admit of more now. R.

St. Neots, Huntingdonshire.  
Sunday, Aug. 22.

[The report of Mr. Murrell's death ran through the metropolis rapidly; and was announced as a fact, from more than one pulpit. Beside this, a brother minister, recently labouring near St. Neots, wrote us a letter positively stating the time and place of Mr. Murrell's death, and gave us almost his last words. It is painful to find how easily falsehoods are circulated. Surely, people should be more careful how they publish or receive reports.—ED.]

## The Earthen Vessel Pulpit.

### THE POWER OF GRACE:

THE SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON PREACHED BY JOHN LINDSEY,  
OF TROWBRIDGE, ON FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 12TH, 1858.

"My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness."—2 Cor. xii. 9.

MY dear friends, I feel placed in a position this evening to test the verity of the words I have read in your hearing. My situation before you is decidedly a very solemn one, and I have had some very anxious thoughts about it, but as the dear Lord has brought me thus far, I will, by his divine help, and as his Holy Spirit shall aid me, proceed to give you a few thoughts upon the words I have read you as a text; and in so doing, I see three distinct points to be dealt with, and dwelt upon. 1. *The Speaker, or Promise-maker, the Lord.* 2. *The Promise itself.* 3. *The parties spoken to, and what it implied on their part, namely, inability and insufficiency.*

The people of the Lord are a tried people. They are an exercised people, and their sorrows are peculiar to themselves. Show me a man that has no soul trouble, and I will show you a man that is no Christian. The Lord's people have ever been a tried people, and ever will be a tried people whilst they are travelling through the wilderness, and then, when they land on yon bright shores of glory, trouble will be no more with them, as said our Lord when on earth, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace." Therefore, my fellow Christian, though thy troubles be ever so weighty, let this one thing cheer thee, that the Lord will sustain thee, and, "That as thy day, so shall thy strength be." But let us at once return to our subject. First, then, we have to notice,

I.—**THE SPEAKER, OR PROMISE MAKER, THE LORD.** Man, my friends, promises with an uncertainty; God promises with a certainty. Man promises not knowing what shall take place or befall him; God promises, knowing all things, that shall unfold themselves as seeming obstacles to that promise. Man promises as a poor, finite creature; God promises as the Infinite Holy One. So then, therefore, whatever God promises, he will surely perform. If he promises trouble, it will come; if peace, that also will come; and to his people in this world he has promised trouble, but he has also promised them support through it, and a safe deliverance from it, and this he will do for thee, poor soul, if thou knowest what it is to mourn and grieve over thy sinful, depraved, and carnal heart.

Again, to describe this Promise-Maker, the Lord, more fully, let us for a little while glance at the glorious appellations given him in the prophecies of Isaiah ix. 6. "And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the

Prince of Peace." Under these titles, my friends, we have a characteristic of our heavenly Promise-maker and Covenant-keeper the Lord Jesus Christ, most gloriously displayed. We speak of him, first, as "The Wonderful." Language here fails to characterize him. Were not all his doings wonderful? Look at him in eternity that is past, and see the blest employ of his holy mind! The plan of salvation! Astonished angels gaze upon this, but to them it is a mystery! whilst they admire, they wonder. Look at him when upon earth! Behold his sufferings! See his agonies! Gaze on yonder spectacle, set up for the ridicule of the world, whilst his heart's blood is being drained from him! And is that the Son of God? Yes, that is the Incarnate Deity! Wonderful! the heavens echo, wonderful! But why does he suffer thus? Oh, far more wonderful still, he suffers thus to save sinners! Again, look at him now; before the throne of God on high, interceding for his people, presenting his wounds as a sacrifice for their sin. Oh, how wonderful, then, is our Lord Jesus. And, as a "Counsellor;" who pleads like him? who so great a friend to the needy as him? He counselled with his Father in eternity to die for sinners; although he was just, he willingly consented to die for the unjust. Himself was the counsellor, himself the undertaker! Himself pleaded guilty to save his people, and himself willingly and nobly suffered, as he had pleaded, by an ignominious death! No counsellor like him, who, after all his pleading, would give himself into the hands of offended Justice, to suffer for and acquit the prisoner at the bar. His name, then, shall be called Counsellor. He was, "The Mighty God;" as mighty or powerful as God, as great as God, and like unto his Father in every attribute and perfection of the Divine Deity, as he himself when here below declared, "I and my Father are one;" and I would put you in remembrance, beloved, that he is the Mighty God, otherwise what should we do when troubles assail us, when temptations too strong and too powerful for us overtake us, and when every earthly refuge fails us. Oh, what should we do in such seasons, if he that careth for us, was not the Mighty God? The "Everlasting Father!" How many quibble at the pre-existence of Christ! They tell us that he was not with the Father (save in his mind) until he was born of the Virgin Mary. Then my soul has no hopes of salvation. If Christ was not God from all eternity; if he was not with him at

the creation, actually and really the second Divine Person in the God-head, he is not God's equal. Why? Because if he was not with the Father, he could neither assent nor consent to the works of the Father in creation or salvation. Away, then, my friends, with such a doctrine, which opens a flood-gate to infidelity and every other evil. I beseech you, be not easily drawn into an error; prayerfully and solemnly consider any doctrine before you embrace it.

And then, he is the "Prince of Peace." Oh! glory to his name, he is indeed, and of a truth, the peace of his people. Poor soul, who first gave thee peace in believing? When thou wast cast down and dismayed, who bade thee not fear? When Justice looked stern upon thee, and thy sins stared thee in the face, who was it brought peace to thy troubled soul, and with words of love declared, "I have found a ransom for thee?" Was it not the "Prince of Peace?" And who is it now but him, that encourages thee, supports thee, and upholds thee in every storm and under every trial? None but the "Prince of Peace."

And now let us, for a moment, my friends, admire this "Promise-maker, whose promises are all yea and amen, to the glory of God by us." A greater one there could not be; a more secure foundation we could not have. Oh! no, for he is the "Lord God Almighty, full of grace and truth, and a very present help in time of trouble, and he knoweth them that put their trust in him." Not a promise, that he makes, can fail; not one ever has, nor one ever will. I challenge either of you here present as before God, to prove to me from your own experience, or from the experience of others, one instance when God has failed to fulfil his Word. I know you cannot, and I am satisfied with God's Spirit, as my witness, that you never will. Oh! no, beloved, his honour is pledged, and engaged to fulfil his word.

II.—Having thus briefly spoken of the Speaker, or Promise-maker, the Lord Jesus Christ; we come by the help of the Lord to notice, secondly, **THE PROMISE ITSELF.** Well, then, beloved, first as regards the promise itself. It is not made to all the world, it is not given to every human being upon the face of the earth, but to certain characters; nor is there a promise in the whole Word of God, but it is addressed to a certain character or characters, to suit those characters in their different trials and troubles, according to the dispensation of God's holy will with them. Well, then, friends, seeing that this promise is made to certain and particular characters, we have, by the help of God, to search and find out who these characters are; nor have we any reason to enter into a long discussion for proof of the character, for here it lies portrayed before us. This promise was given to Paul, when he was labouring under trials and infirmities of the flesh. Therefore, poor soul, if thou art a tried one, thou art the character, the promise is to thee. Why art thou so dejected? why art thou so cast down? Take courage, desponding heart, take courage. God's word abounds in promises for thee, and

he will surely verify all that he has said concerning thee. If thou art a tempted one, thou art the character; God's grace is sufficient for thee, to deliver thee out of temptation, as says the divine Word, "He will deliver the godly out of temptations." Oh, but says some poor soul, am I one of the godly characters? Poor soul, dost thou hate sin? Hast thou a principle within thee that would live as holy as God is holy? Is it thy grief and burden because thou canst not keep from sin? If so, thou art one of these godly characters, that desire to live soberly, righteously and godly in the present evil world. If thou art an afflicted one at heart, thou art the character; if thou knowest what it is by experience to say as David, "All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me; O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me. Draw nigh unto my soul, and redeem it. Deliver me from going down into the pit," &c., thou art the character. This promise is to thee, and it shall be verified in thy soul's experience, however contrary it may seem to thy views and opinion.

Again, the Lord, knowing that his people would be a tried people, yea, he himself has promised them tribulation; as the legacy of his elect here below; he, I say, my friends, graciously provided for those trials more than an ample sufficiency, so that with every trial and with every temptation also, that has befallen or shall befall thee, poor soul, he has made a way for thine escape. How? Through this promised grace, this divine favour, which is his own free gift. For not only do I consider the word "grace" simply to mean here, the first implantations of his Holy Spirit, but the divine favours and blessings he confers upon his people; he has wondrously wrought, and is still working for them.

And here, my friends, opens a very large field for our most devout meditation, to take into consideration the many blessed deliverances we have been made the subject of, through this, the grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Let us, if possible, retrace our steps back to that day, when we were first brought under the bondage of the Holy Law. Dost thou remember, poor soul, what were then thy feelings? How thou didst cry for mercy, and like the poor publican of old, smote upon thy breast, saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner," a gaping hell seemed ready to receive thee; Satan seemed waiting to hurl thee into the confines of misery, and thy heart waxed hot within thee. Oh! I am lost, lost, eternally lost? I say, dost thou remember this time? and how the Lord appeared for thee, when he said unto thee, "thy sins are all forgiven thee: I have found a ransom for thee;" or gave thee some other precious token of his everlasting love to thee? was not his grace sufficient for thee? O, yes! indeed it was, infinitely equal to the want. Then, look again at that time when everything seemed to be against thee; when the Lord apparently had entirely forsaken and left thee, when every earthly refuge failed thee, and no man cared for thy soul, what was it then that delivered thee, "brought thee up out of an horrible pit,

set thy feet upon a rock, and established thy goings, putting a new song into thy mouth, even praise unto thy God?" Nothing but the favor of Jehovah, poor soul, rescued thee then; for nothing but his grace could have been sufficient for thee. What was it in the day when the enemy persecuted thee, that enabled thee to exclaim, "rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; for when I fall I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord will be a light unto me?" The favor of Jehovah, beloved, for his grace is sufficient for thee. How couldst thou rejoice and praise the Lord thy salvation, in that deep fire of temptation, in that solemn hour of tribulation, where all things seemed contrary to thee, had not the grace of God been sufficient for thee? And here I might go on, and enumerate those various trials, crosses, losses, and disappointments, both temporally and spiritually, which await the Christian in this vale of tears.

There are providential trials; trials in circumstances, temporal things seem to frown upon them: trials in the family, a wayward child running away from your command, and going contrary to your desires. Some of you that have children know what a trial this is: you know that it gives you a message at a throne of grace, and here you meet another trial; you pray, and pray for that child, but God seems to shut out your prayer; the child goes deeper and deeper into sin, Satan assails you and says, ah, its no use you praying for that child; God hath left him to his own heart's lust; he will never be any better, that you may depend upon. Ah, says nature, that is true; I don't believe he ever will. No, and says, the carnal heart, I'd care no more about him, he's caused thee sorrow enough. Ah, but says the soul of the spiritual parent, he's my child, and it is his never-dying soul I am anxious about; how can I bear the thought of his being lost? Poor soul, what is it bears thee up and supports thee under such workings as these? Nothing but the grace of God, and here thou provest that this grace is sufficient for thee. And then there are soul trials, but in them all, this promise abides with thee, "My grace shall be sufficient for thee." Be cheered then, poor soul, thou art not so lonely as thou hast fancied; more are they that are for thee by far than they that are against thee; God, the living God, is for thee; he is on thy side: his promises are for thee; his love is for thee; his mind is bent towards thee; therefore, be not disconsolate; recollect his promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee;" and, above all, recollect the Promise Maker! how impossible it is for him to lie, or to forget his children. He has said unto thee, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy day is, so shall thy strength be." Why? Because, his is sufficient for thee. O! what an encouragement to that poor soul that reads it. Art thou needy?—apply to him, and he will relieve thee. Art thou hungry?—He will supply thee. Art thou thirsty?—He will satiate thy thirst, for He has declared, "When the poor and needy (mark the character, my friends,) 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. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys; I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water." Yes, poor soul! yes, for, "My grace shall be sufficient for thee." Poor heart, what more canst thou want than such a promise as this, from thy Covenant-keeping God and Father, the Lord Jehovah? Wouldest thou have love?—It is here. Wouldest thou have comfort?—it is here. Wouldest thou have consolation?—it is here. In short, wouldest thou have Christ all and in all?—it is here, for "His grace is sufficient for thee." O! my dear friends, what an inexhaustible subject is the power of Grace in Christ to his living family!

But we must make another stride as regards the promise itself. It speaks as though it was to meet a great case of need: "My grace;" none other will do; none other can help you; it is vain to ask assistance, or to expect help from any other. Here again, the character is defined: as says David, "Some trust in horses, and some trust in chariots, but we will trust in the name of the Lord." Is there one now before me who can put their trust in anything but in the Lord? Is there one that has a cause of need, that any natural friend can help them in, or that they are expecting some person to assist them in? If so, thine is not the right need; whilst an arm of flesh can assist in rendering thy needs, thine is not the right need; it is not a *spiritual* need. But if thine is some poor soul who has a need, a real want, like an aching void within him, which the whole world cannot fill, thou art the character—thine is the case which the Lord will meet; the case which he has provided for, and his grace is sufficient for thee. Thou canst not obtain help from the creature, an arm of flesh cannot support thee in this case; no! no! poor heart, it must be the mighty grace of the God of Jacob that can help thee here, and that shall prove sufficient for thee. I do not say this of myself, but as the mouth of God.

III.—But I must hasten on, 3rdly, to notice, THE PARTIES SPOKEN TO, AND WHAT IS IMPLIED UPON THEIR PARTS; namely, inability and insufficiency; "for my strength is made perfect in weakness." Now, my friends, I have said so much already upon the parties spoken to, that I think I need not here stop purposely to name them, but point them out to you as the Lord shall enable me, as I go along; wishing you to bear in mind that they are the tried family of the Lord. Now, beloved, by nature man hates the thought of being spoken of as unable to help and assist himself in the matters of salvation; I say, he detests the very thought of inability and insufficiency; and so should I, and so would you, Christian, but for the grace of God. Speaking after the manner of man, it is really contrary to the course of nature, for so fine a being as man, the head of God's creation, to be set down as an helpless sinner! But we speak no longer after the manner of men, but after the Spirit and gospel of Christ—we have learnt and that too by bitter experience, that, "the natural

mind is enmity against God, and is not subject to the law of God; neither indeed can it be;" the carnal mind hates the things of God; it abhors the gospel of Christ; it detests the work of the Spirit; and wages open war against everything spiritual and holy. I say, brethren, we have learnt these things, if we have passed from death unto life. Well, then, my friend, if we once thought ourselves possessed of so much ability, as to be able to do as we liked, how is it, that we are now brought to feel such inability and insufficiency, as not to be able to do any one thing? This is the question, if it be thus with us, a change has taken place; and if a change has taken place, there was a commencement to that change? Let us try now, in a few words, to describe that change. The Lord has wrought it: our towering looks have been brought down; we have been laid in our proper position; we have learnt by experience, from the bright shining of God's holy law, what helpless, worthless, and undone sinners we are; how justly we deserve hell, which we have well merited; and how infinitely gracious God was in bringing us heaven; here we were made to feel our inability and insufficiency to perform any one good thing, either in act, thought, word or deed; and painfully to learn by experience, those solemn and true words of our Saviour, "without me ye can do nothing." *Nothing*, my friends, mark you how opposed is such an assertion to the carnal mind. Moreover, also we had to prove, that our weakness was such, that we could neither move a peg, nor raise a thought, nor lift a cry heavenward, if we had been satisfied, that cry would save our souls—and why were we brought thus? Because God's strength should be made perfect in our weakness: and never until a soul is brought into this place feelingly, will God manifest the riches of his grace and display his power and might, in making it his opportunity at our extremity. Some would have us to believe, that Christ is to do one part, and the creature the other, in the glorious plan of salvation. What an idea, to suppose that the work of puny mortals as we are, whose every action is defiled with sin, should be equalized with the work of Christ Jesus, the God-man Mediator! That such grasshoppers as God has declared us to be, should think of working to merit his divine approval, and make a Christ & Co. in the glorious holy matter of salvation! No, no, no, my brethren, we have been made to prove that we must have an whole Christ, or none at all, and that if we be saved, Christ must of himself do the work for us and in us, perfectly independant of such helplessness, worthless and vile sinners as we are. Yea, poor soul, and if thou art brought here, he will do it too, for nothing but the divine Spirit of his grace could have brought thee to this place. Nothing but his mighty power could have thus tumbled thee into the dust, brought thee to an end of all perfection in the flesh, and made thee to acknowledge thy weakness, and utter insufficiency. Then, beloved, "His strength shall be made perfect in weakness,"—yes, in this sort of weakness that I have been describing. If you have ne-

ver felt this weakness, you have never felt the strength, because you have had no need; but if you have ever felt the weakness, you have or will feel the strength, you will, depend upon it, as God liveth. For he would not have shown thee these things, if he had intended to destroy thee. O bless thee, poor soul, no, but it is because he has determined to show thee that, 'his strength shall be made perfect in thy weakness.' Poor heart, I assure thee before God, that thy feeling inability in all spiritual matters proves thee to be a Christian, for as there is no real Christianity without feeling, so there is none, without an humbling and weakening effect upon the carnal nature. Point me to a man that professes to know God for himself, but that is as proud and as lofty as ever, and boasteth in his own strength still, and I will point you to a man that has never felt his need of grace, and in whom God hath not made his strength perfect in weakness. There are such as these, my friends, to be found in this world, but thanks be to God, that we are not of that number. Once more, beloved, "his strength shall be made perfect in weakness;" when we come into the valley of the shadow of death. He, he, who has led thee all thy journey through, he whose grace thou hast proved ever sufficient for thee, will not leave thee, poor trembling soul, there. O no, he will guide thee safely through the swellings of Jordan, and land thee in everlasting glory, where thou wilt be for ever singing the song of Moses and the Lamb for ever and ever. Ah, and there shall be no night there; no more obstructions, no more doubts and fears, for thy God shall wipe away all thy tears from off thy face. It seems, beloved, that I could greatly enlarge, my subject in my view is by no means exhausted, but I feel my strength fails me, therefore I leave it as it is, praying that God may grant his blessing, and his name shall have the glory. Amen and amen.

Dear reader, bless God for such a full Christ, just suitable to an empty sinner, who hath been emptied from vessel to vessel. Here are full wells of salvation, all kinds of salvations, temporal, spiritual, and eternal—wells of grace and glory. Here is a Christ, suitable to all your circumstances. Dear reader, art thou tried in providence? Art thou blest with a large family, and they are all small, depending upon thee, and can hardly supply their needs? provision very dear, and thou mayest be short of work, or trade bad with thee? like it was with good old Jacob, no corn in the land? Go to thy Elder Brother, thy blessed Joseph. Oh go to Him with prayer and supplications; tell Him of all thy needs. All the treasures of corn are in his possession. He is exalted at the right hand of his Father and thy Father; He will not send thee empty away. He will hear and answer thy petitions. He knew what it was to hunger and thirst—plead his promise. He hath said, "bread shall be given, and water shall be sure." *Triumphs of Christ on the Cross*, by E. Samuel, of Salford, Manchester.

## MEMOIR OF THE LATE JOHN KEEBLE,

[CONTRIBUTED BY JOHN ANDREWS JONES.]

(Continued from page 186, and concluded.)

JOHN KEEBLE, shortly after being called out by the Church at Stoke Green, Ipswich, was appointed to preach before the Association of Baptist Churches for Suffolk and Norfolk. When the time arrived, his soul was greatly distressed. He left his home to go to the Association, his heart failed him, he went part of the way back again; he returned, and re-treated a second time; again his heart quailed, he hid himself in a saw pit while some friends going thither passed him on their way. Again he took courage, and hastening, arrived at the Meeting-house just as the minister, having engaged in prayer, was descending from the pulpit; and tremblingly ascended it, and the Lord having broke in upon his soul with light, liberty, and power, he preached from that admirable passage, "Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of Hosts: smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered; and I will turn mine hand upon the little ones." Zech. xiii. 7. A gentleman from London heard him preach that sermon; he brought a good report home with him, and Mr. Keeble was invited to supply at Blandford Street, then in a widowed state. It resulted in his being chosen as their Pastor. When the invitation came from London, John Keeble had left his humble cottage to go to his daily employ—hedging and ditching. A call to go to London to preach, filled him with dismay. He was known to lay himself on the ground in the fields, and to weep like a child. So much was he kept in ignorance of his own qualifications for the work. His funeral text seemed to follow him through the whole course of his ministry, "*I be nothing.*"

When John Keeble came to Blandford Street, things wore a very gloomy aspect there; the last embers of the cause were ready to expire. But God made him a bright and a shining light amongst the people, and hundreds rejoiced in that light. He was their diligent, faithful, minister nearly twenty six years, and few churches were more prosperous, united, or respectable. "I have (said Mr. Chin,) a memorandum kept by him, containing the names of *four hundred and ninety-seven persons* who were admitted members of the Church during the time of his Pastorate." What hath God wrought! "*This His work,*" would Keeble say. *I be nothing.*

Mr. Chin goes on to observe. "Upon a review of Mr. Keeble's life, there are some *Providences* that ought not to be passed over; as they shew the *special* care of God over his people, both *before* and *after* their conversion. I would notice, 1: A merciful preservation of his life, when in a state of ignorance and alienation of heart from God. When about nine years of age, while playing with other boys, by some accident he fell into a well, *small at the top, but enlarged as it descended.*

Remote from any dwelling, death seemed inevitable; but his companions (as if impressed with the thought immediately from God) devised *this* expedient. One of them agreed to be let down into the well, suspended by the hands of the rest, till he could reach young Keeble with his *feet*, who being yet sufficiently sensible, seized his legs with eagerness, and then *both were* drawn up together. 2, While he was playing on the quay at Londonderry, he went on a *plank* laid from the shore to a ship, about fifteen feet off land. On his return, a boy shook the plank and threw him off into the sea. *He sank twice.* A sailor standing by, leaped in, *dived*, and brought him to the shore insensible. He was carried away for dead. When he recovered, he found himself in bed, but, says he, "I know not how I came there." 3. After he became a man, being engaged in husbandry as a carter, and walking beside his horses, he slipped and fell down before the wheel of a loaded wagon. The wheel caught his ankle, passed up his leg and thigh, and, just as it was coming in contact with his body, he called to his horses, and they made a dead stand. In that situation he remained till an individual came and extricated him from his alarming situation. It is written, "preserved in Christ, and called."

The afflictions of his family were numerous, so that he was often reduced to great poverty. In one of these seasons a *letter came*; the wife complained and objected to receive it, as needing all their money to pay the postage. But he said to her, "Well, never mind, my dear, pay for the letter, the Lord will provide." On opening it, they found a two pound note inclosed. In such a case (says Chin) I think persons *may be excused* paying the postage of poor minister's letters." For many years his personal afflictions were frequent and protracted, but the Lord raised him up a medical friend, in one of the most eminent and skilful physicians this great metropolis afforded. \* He attended him constantly and gratuitously, and in his skill he could place unlimited confidence.

"It would save me, (says Chin) an irksome task could I omit adverting to the painful circumstances that attended the last five or six years of Mr. Keeble's life; but I state it with a view to remind *ministers* and *churches*, of the instability of all societies on this side heaven. It was at this time when Mr. Keeble was the subject of great personal and family

\* Thomas Chevalier, Esq., F.R.S. He was Surgeon to King George III. Eminent as a Physician, but more so as a sterling man of God. Mr. Chevalier was for some years a member of the Baptist Church in Keppel Street, Bedford Square, at that time under the Pastorale of the celebrated John Martin. He lived only about 7 weeks after Keeble, and was buried in Bunhill fields. A head stone E. and W. 101, N. and S. 55 marks his grave.



afflictions, that sad divisions broke out in his church. There was given him to drink, *vinegar mingled with gall*. But to the credit of a large majority of his people, they stood by him in his troubles and administered to him in his afflictions.

Several of the principal malecontents rent themselves from the Church, and joined my predecessor, Mr. Thomas Powell, at Mitchell Street; there, I am sorry to say, they were received with "high satisfaction," so records the old Church-book now before me. They were caressed, being moneyed men, for a time, when they left (not dismissed) and opened another place, which after a little while passed into other hands. Their flight from Mitchell Street, mercifully took place about three years before I became the Pastor.

—J. A. J.]

Mr. Chin proceeds, "in the height of Mr. Keeble's great prosperity, while preaching on a public occasion, and adverting to his own prosperous and comfortable condition, he said, "I attribute it to the *praying men* with whom I am connected. *I am supported on their shoulders, and enrobed in their affections.*" But alas! he lived to see the insufficiency of this robe, and the insecurity of such support. "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in men."

While these troubles were going on, Mrs. Keeble, unable to sustain new trials, sunk under its burden, and finished a course, in which she had experienced many an evil day. But that God whose he was, and whom he served, appeared at length for him, and raised him up a friend whose *pecuniary* resources removed all apprehension of any future embarrassment, and rendered his mind tranquil and grateful. The Lord in his providence directed him to a second, and also a *suitable* partner, one that devoted her whole attention, and also her fortune, to his comfort.

For two years Mr. Keeble's bodily afflictions were great. "In my last interview with him (says Chin) he said, 'I have no exuberant joys, I am not wonderfully transported; but, I have a solid and well-grounded *hope*, and that hope is built on the truth and faithfulness of God; so that when I lie down on that bed, it is a matter of perfect indifference to me whether I awake in this world or another. But, I *have* had some sweet engagements; as though my heavenly Father had lifted up a cloud and allowed me to peep into heaven, and given me such a view of glory as I cannot express. But, *this*, said he, is not the *ground* of my hope; *I am founded on the Rock, Christ Jesus.*' In a word, he appeared like Moses on the mount, with the heavenly Canaan in full view; realizing that passage, "he shall dwell on high, his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks." Isa. xxviii. 19. Such were his feelings, and such his prospects. A friend, desirous of finding out whether his sentiments as to truth were *then* as he had always declared them to be, put the question to him. He replied, 'I believe what I always *have* believed since I knew the truth of God; if there is *any* difference, I view it with *more* satisfaction, *because I see it with clearer light.*'"

A few hours before his death, there was no unusual apprehension of danger. He rode on the morning of the same day, in an open chaise, from his house, at Fulham to London, to consult his physician, and was cheerful. He was soon after taken with cold chills, and obliged to return home as soon as possible. Great torpor and insensibility pervaded his whole frame. Having arrived at his house, he was placed in his dying chair. Looking affectionately at his wife, he said in a feeble tone, being just capable of articulation, "it is finished; all is over; are you not glad?" This was said with marked complacency, as one who had arrived at his wished-for *home*. Having uttered a few more words expressive of affection and gratitude, he closed his eyes without the smallest appearance of pain or agitation, *finished his course* with most delightful composure, aged sixty three years.

Mr. Chin, in summing up his character, says, "John Keeble was eminently devoted to God. His walk and conversation strictly upright, and becoming the gospel. Artless simplicity, and unbended integrity were very conspicuous features in his honourable character. As a *minister*, he was diligent in study, and by great perseverance, overcame, in some good measure, the disadvantages under which he labored. He came before the people with a mind deeply imbued with the all important and distinguishing truths of the gospel, which were delivered by him with most evident marks of Godly sincerity. In a word, "*He was a good man*, full of the Holy Ghost and faith, and much people were added to the Lord." Acts xi. 24.

Reader! I have taken much, *very* much interest, in transcribing this memoir of John Keeble. *Why?* I will tell you. I never *saw* him but once; I never *spoke* to him in my life; but, I shall have reason to remember him.—In the early part of my humble ministry, I experienced at times, some dark seasons, which caused me to resolve, with Jeremiah, "I will not speak any more in the name of the Lord." Jer. xx. 9. I left the people of my charge at Hartley Row, in the month of February, 1814, (now more than forty four years ago); I travelled to London on foot, on the plea of seeing my aged father, but, resolving to give up the ministry *entirely*. In the great metropolis, I was as a wandering outcast. The Lord's-day arrived; I had *heard* of John Keeble, of Blandford-street. I went, greatly depressed in mind, in the evening. It was densely crowded. I made my way up into the 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 laborers, 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 keep me, and mine ear shall be bored through as with an awl to the door-post of thine house." Deut. xv. 16. I left

London the next day. Another following Lord's-day I preached from Isa. 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, giving good evidence of being partakers of the grace of God. "*What hath God wrought?*" Reader, farewell!

J. A. J.

LINES

*Addressed to Mr. John Keeble, Minister of Blandford Street Chapel, London, when in the midst of his labours and usefulness. Written by Elizabeth Parsons, a member of his church.*

BOANERGES, son of thunder!  
Sound the gospel trumpet loud;  
Sinners tremble, devils wonder,  
Saints to Jesu's banner crowd.

Satan, that malicious spirit,  
Grinds his teeth and bites his chains;  
Griev'd to hear the Saviour's merit,  
Sung in such melodious strains.

Oh! methinks I hear him saying,  
"All my *spite* I'll aim at you;  
You my kingdom injure treble  
What the *polished* preachers do.

Hundreds who had sworn subjection,  
And my faithful servants were;  
You have drawn to disaffection,  
Through the WORD which you declare.

Some there are whose *quiet slumber*  
You disturb by *Sinai's* flame;  
But, you win the *greatest* number  
*Harping* on your *Master's* name.

Though I set their *sins* before them,  
You, in perfect *spite* to me,  
Bid them *view* the blood once pouring  
For their sakes on *Calvary's* tree.

Should I ever say "*be holy,*"  
Though I *hate* it from my heart,  
You *his* work insist on solely,  
With their *own* they're forced to part.

I, by nature, *kind* and *loving*,  
Hating *broils*, and fond of *ease*;  
Though *your* tenets disapproving,  
Feign would come to *terms* of *peace*.

Lent my *sons* to join your party,  
Gave them leave to *rail* at me;  
Bid them *seem* for Christ as hearty  
As *yourselves* would *really* be.

Nay, I've been so condescending,  
As to bid them *preach* and *pray*;  
All the while *myself* attending,  
E'en to *teach* them *what* to say.

But, my every kind endeavour,  
You no sooner see they're *mine*,  
Than with cruel hands you *sever*  
What I helped you once to join.

Yet all this I'd freely pardon,  
Could I *keep* you from your *knees*;  
I'd find means *your* heart to *harden*,  
Cool your *zeal*, your *senses* please.

But in vain I've tried to win you;  
Constant *war* I'll henceforth wage;  
I have trusty friends *within* you,  
Mine's a heart that burns with rage.  
Fiery darts, and barbed arrows,  
Could they penetrate your Shield,  
Soon would pierce your joints and marrow,  
If you still refuse to yield.  
But, ah me! my *head* is *wounded*,  
And I dread your Captain's sword;  
Here *He* comes, and I'm confounded,  
Fly before his dreadful word!

Noble Captain! We adore thee;  
Girded with omnipotence.  
In the midst of us "a glory,"  
All around us "a defence,"  
Keep thy highly favoured servant,  
Watchful, humble at thy feet;  
Steady, active, faithful, fervent,  
Till he's called to *take his seat*,  
There amidst the rapturous meeting  
Of *Immanuel* and *his saints*;  
He the joyful summons greetings,  
Change for *songs* his present *plaints*:  
There to have his *great reward*,  
Be in *glory* with his Lord!

D Y I N G   W O R D S ;

ONE OF THE LAST LETTERS OF THE LATE  
MR. ROBERT BARNES.

MY DEAR FRIEND IN OUR UNCHANGEABLE ONE.—It is with a trembling hand—a body sinking into the longed for tomb, and natural powers more than a little affected by the nature and working of my disease—that I attempt to write you a farewell line. I do not mean an everlasting farewell, but a little cheerful farewell, till love's time shall arrive for us to meet in the glorious presence of the Lord Jesus. I am, according to all present indications, likely to have the no little advantage of being carried thither before you. I have said carried thither, for the plain fact is, my glorious Ransomer knows, that if he will have me in heaven with him, to behold his glory, which his Father hath given him; he must be so kind, by reason of my utter helplessness, to carry me, amidst miracles of embracing mercies, every step of the way home. And, blessed be his adorable name, he has, (*more especially of late*) given me those teachings of his Spirit, that I have a deep inwrought humbling sense of his truth; consequently, I sigh for a sense of his powerful and precious presence within my poor destitute soul; nor is it among the least of my sweet and manifold mercies, to be found daily and hourly, to fall as a helpless babe into his loving, securing, and all blessedly embracing arms. I have, my dear friend, had such tastes of the solid blessedness of this kind of experience, that I would gasp for the Spirit's influence to increase it more and more continually. I crave no higher bliss on earth, of my greatly exalted Prince Jesus, than to lie, with inwrought complacency at

his marvellous feet, the lowest—a saved sinner every day. Indeed, the revelations, salutations and composing harmonies experienced there, are all wonderful, all a mystery unveiled, a secret unrevealed, a glory unseen, a reality unfelt, to all those who have not the life of God in their hearts, the power of grace in their souls, and the solemnities of a great mercy in their experience. But Oh! what an unspeakable grace! *this is not your case*, for not only has the Divine Father loved you—his adorable Son redeemed you—but also the glorious Spirit hath brought you nigh to God by the blood of Christ. Yea, moreover, you have been washed, and clothed, and pardoned, and received, and healed, and fed, and taught, and corrected, and comforted; and, by the powerful love of the blessed Trinity, kept to the present moment, with ten thousand warm wishes in your soul after more freedom in divine approaches—more communion with Jesus, and more conformity to his likeness. Hallelujah! you shall be mercifully kept to the end of your pilgrimage. Hallelujah! at the end of your pilgrimage you shall be crowned with glory, Hallelujah! When crowned, you shall have the blessed Trinity in all the displays of unknown glories for your portion for ever, Hallelujah! You can believe that your blessed employment then and there will be, singing Hallelujah!

The last three weeks, my disease has so exercised me, as sometimes to disturb the blessedness (the *sensible* blessedness I mean,) of spiritual communion. My cough is very troublesome, my breathing very short, my irritations of throat very perplexing, my appetite failing fast, my prospects of living long, all, as it were gone; but, the Lord reigneth. This is my blessed hope, my solid ground of confidence, and foundation of supporting anticipation. I long to be in heaven, wholly freed from corruption, temptations, and all evil. "I desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better." I sigh for an endless life of heavenly purities, fruitions, and songs.

Hope you will continue to pray for me, while in the militant church. Peace be with you, farewell, till we shall both wear heavenly crowns, and strike the golden harps. Yours for ever in Jesus,

ROBERT BARNES.

Glensford, April 26, 1858.

#### LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR. BARNES.

Ah! thou art now released from care,  
And got beyond the need of prayer;  
From cares, and ills, and sufferings past,  
Hath full deliverance found at last.

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful sign—  
Sweet rest and quietude is thine;  
Thy labours ceased, and thy reward  
Is everlasting as thy God.

Glensford has lost a praying friend,  
For thee his prayers are at an end:  
His holy walk, his humble mind,  
Has powerful witness left behind.

Then o'er his dust, canst thou forbear,  
With due regard to drop a tear!  
Has it no influence on the mind?  
Or art thou otherwise inclined!

Oh! he described thy fallen state,  
But now has left thee to thy fate—  
Or to thy Holy Maker, who  
Beholds all sin, and hates it too.

Blest is the man of God, we say,  
A faithful Moses in his day—  
A dear Elijah of renown,  
Has dropped the fallen mantle down.

That little flock, thy much loved few,  
Though they repine and weep for you;  
Thy exit has a powerful voice,  
To bid them one and all rejoice.

Let this sweet thought absorb the pain—  
That Jesus died and rose again:  
And those the benefit do share,  
Who die in him and slumber there.

His blood redeem'd thy soul from hell;  
Thy sleeping body too as well;  
And at the resurrection morn  
Fresh glories on thy soul shall dawn.

Oh! Church of Jesus, now bereft,  
Without an under shepherd left;  
Commit thy cause to him by prayer,  
That he may graciously appear.

As God the Lord to Joshua said—  
"Moses, my servant, now is dead;"  
Go thou, and lead my people now,  
Nor faint, nor be discouraged thou."

So while this holy prophet sleep;  
Wilt thou, O Lord, thy cov'nant keep,  
And send some Joshua to succeed—  
Thy chosen heritage to lead?

But where, in spiritual concerns—  
Can one be found like ROBERT BARNES?  
Lifting the name of Christ so high;  
Would sometimes pierce the starry sky.

But now he's far beyond the Sun—  
Has left the cross and took the crown.  
With his beloved Lord to rest—  
"Sweet is the memory of the blest."

Tilbury. ELIZABETH.

#### ANOTHER SAINT TRANSLATED.

Mrs. William Pollard was born April 16th, 1820, her parents were God-fearing people; the restraining grace of our Lord Jesus Christ made her a good mother, a good wife, a good neighbour, and a sincere friend. Her illness was a short one, the disease being rapid consumption. her pains were great, but the grace of patience was greater. There was at times a starting at death; a clinging to life, her husband, and children; but in this illness the Lord made her feel herself a sinner; and as such to sue for mercy; so much so, that she said to her dear father, "I fear I shall not meet you in Heaven;" but the Lord put a word into the aged parent's mouth to speak to the comfort of her soul, and gave him power at the throne on her behalf. Our sister then said, "All is peace;" her last words were, "The Kingdom of God is nigh at hand." She breathed out her spirit into the hands of her Maker on the 12th of May. We committed her mortal remains to its last resting-place, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection. Our sister was 38 years in this vale of tears. The funeral sermon was preached by Mr. F. Wheeler, at Providence Chapel, Cook's-ground, King's-road, Chelsea, on Lord's-day, May 30th, to an attentive and deeply-affected audience, from 115th Psalm, 3rd verse, "But our God is in the heavens, he hath done whatsoever he hath pleased." Our sister was made to feel this truth, and is now with her Lord. Amen.

## Our Sunday Schools.

[OCCASIONALLY, we hope to furnish short, but interesting papers, which may be read by the Superintendants—and the Visitors—in the midst of their little gatherings. We feel persuaded the following papers will be read with unusual pleasure.—Ed.]

### PLEA FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS,

BY JOSEPH PALMER,

*Of Romney-street, Westminster, delivered at the School Anniversary.*

ALTHOUGH I was brought up in a religious body, amongst whom Sabbath Schools were in disuse, still, in common with others, we feel that it is a needful auxiliary to the churches of our land in this age of progress. We cannot say too much in commendation of a Bible education. Next to the grace of God, it is invaluable. And the young mind is very susceptible of impressions. Like melted wax, it answers to the seal. See to it then, ye teachers in our Sunday Schools, that ye have good impressions there. We men, who have grown up in the world, have become very much hardened by its deadening influences: but not so with children, their young minds are very capable of receiving impressions.

And let me tell you, ye dear boys and girls of our Sabbath School who are present to-night, that Bible education is designed to be to you as a wing with which, through God's grace, we trust you will fly onward and upward towards Jesus. Education in itself may be weak, but the Godly teacher works in faith and prays in faith, depending upon God's Holy Spirit to bless the labour: and that is a very encouraging word which I have met with somewhere, "Prayer moves the arm which moves the universe."

Education is also said by the wise man, to be a blessing, for when speaking of Wisdom's house, he says, "by knowledge are its chambers filled with all pleasant and precious riches." And in our school, as the report states, in the case of that dear child taken home to glory, through God's blessing, by the Bible education afforded by our teacher's here, the chamber's of its young mind were furnished with pleasant and precious riches—namely, a saving knowledge of Christ. Oh! how encouraging must this be to you, dear teachers; with such a seal and token of the Lord's presence and blessing you will never more be weary in well doing.

Let our teachers reflect, that every child in the school is like some *outline* picture, placed before them in God's providence, which they are called upon to fill up—to lay on the colors appropriately and correctly. Or, to use another figure, with which our ladies are so familiar, the child may be compared to a piece of embroidery, of which the pattern is traced out in God's word, and you are called in God's providence to fill in the needle-work. Dear Christian friends, you who are teachers in our schools, keep rigidly to your pattern; follow the scriptures closely; we want no free-will, no human merit, but adhering to the truths of God, and depending upon God's

Spirit, to ask his glory, and the dear children's everlasting welfare.

The other day I was in a nursery ground—there are many around Hounslow—and I saw a plot of ground occupied with upright bare sticks or stems. What are they for, I asked? They are for grafting upon, said my friend. Our standard rose-trees are produced, said he, by grafting slips into these stems. So it is with our children: they are stems, with roots—never-dying souls; and may we strive by a Bible education, through faith and prayer, to graft in the hearts of the dear children, which by nature are like bare stems, slips from off the Rose of Sharon, that they may yield in due time the fragrance and the beauty of a gracious conformity to Christ's lovely image. We have an instance in God's word—you know the Bible is my text book, so I may quote it—of a child becoming a missionary. I allude to the little maid, who had been carried captive into Assyria. There was a great man there who stood high with the king, he was rich and powerful; but he was a leper. This sad disease was as a worm which preyed upon the vitals of his every comfort. "Would to God that my lord was with the prophet that is in Samaria," said the little maid, he would heal him of this leprosy. We all know the result. There were no Sabbath Schools then, it is true, but that which is identical with them, there was a Godly education: this had familiarized the little maid with the prophet, and had produced in her young mind faith in the prophet's power. Who can tell, then, how God may hereafter employ the dear boys and girls of our Sabbath Schools. Let me say to such of you as are here, God may honor you to become his missionaries.

But let me add a word to any parents who may be here. Do your children frequent the Sabbath Schools? Oh no, say you, mine are above that! Nay, but thou art wrong, we want the well trained in the school to excite emulation in the young minds of other. If God in his providence has given you advantages, in position and connections, we want your children in our schools, that others not so favored may be induced to press on in the pursuit of advantages, which they may see so becoming; by example and emulation much may be done.

You say your children do not belong to the school. What! have you left them as hostages in the hands of sin and Satan? Do you meditate a return to them, or are you content to part company at Zion? When Moses led the ancient people of God out of Egypt, Pharaoh was very desirous of detaining the little ones; but God would not have it so. Pharaoh thought the men were a complaining, obdurate race, and he saw in the little ones a nation in embryo. But God would have Israel together

with their little ones go forth to worship him in the wilderness. Parent! see to it that you leave not your little ones in the hands of sin and Satan as hostages.

I have thought that the church of God with her Sabbath schools may be likened to some stately oak of the forest, standing in its magnificence and pride, which shaking down her acorns with the wind upon the surrounding soil, thus sows the seed from which shall spring an offspring like unto itself.

Bible education is as bread cast upon the waters, to be found after many days. In some parts of the East, the copious former rains, and the inundating rivers, forbid the sowing of the seed in the earth, as is done here. Therefore at seed time they scatter the bread seed on the face of the waters, so that when the rain ceases, and the waters return to their channels, the seed is left in the earth, and a harvest follows. So with our teachers, they may sometimes seem to have to sow in the waters—deep waters of iniquity—but God encourages thee to proceed: "sow thy seed beside all waters," says the word; and God in sovereign mercy will prosper either this or that. Let us all, friends, labor scripturally, labor prayerfully, looking by faith to the Holy Ghost to bless his own truth, and we shall not fail in obtaining the blessing.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

### THE HAPPY PASTOR AND HIS SON.

LIMPLY STOKE, NEAR BATH, Aug. 6, 1856.

ESTEEMED BROTHER BANKS—Having had a blessed refreshing season from the presence of our gracious Lord, on Sunday, 19th July, I feel constrained to erect an Ebenezer to the faithfulness and loving-kindness of our ever glorious Head, and inscribe thereon "hitherto the Lord hath helped us!" It was our baptizing day, and a very happy day it was. Ah, dear Brother, if you Londoners could come, and visit these country baptizings, it would cheer your hearts. What with open house-keeping among the friends, and the large gathering of Christians from the neighbouring churches,—the great gathering of all classes who meet around the banks of the water,—the delightful scenery, and the great solemnity of the ordinance, it seems to arouse the villages, and such was the case with us on this occasion. We met at half-past 6 o'clock in the morning in our chapel, to implore the Master's blessing: then we went to the River Avon, at 8 o'clock, and commenced by singing: "How great, how solemn is the work," &c. Our pastor's second son supplicated the throne of grace for all present. Our pastor's eldest son then delivered a very solemn address; our pastor (who has been here 37 years,) went down into the water, accompanied by a deacon, and immersed six believers upon a profession of their faith in the name of the sacred Trinity; five of whom were Teachers in our Sabbath school, and one our pastor's youngest son, making the fifth of his children he has had the pleasure of baptizing. This was a very solemn and affecting time both for pastor and people too; having two children on the bank taking a part in the service, and another in the water: he felt it very much, and addressed him as follows: "My dear brother—shall I say this? No! But, my dear boy! hundreds of prayers have been offered up to God for you, and now they are answered. I thought I should have had to have followed you to the grave; (instead of having this pleasure) from your long affliction: thanks be to the God of all grace, he has wrought upon you by his Holy Spirit

in your youthful days; and God was pleased to make use of me as the instrument, in the following way. Coming home one Lord's-day evening from Road, after preaching, you came to meet me. I called you by name, and said I have been entreating the Lord for the salvation of your soul. This lod you, for the first time, to feel uncomfortable; and to be deeply concerned; till at length you was brought to the Cross, and then desired to follow Christ in baptism. I, therefore, my dear boy, baptize you in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost." Many, many, were affected to tears; and the Lord's presence was solemnly realized. We hope the day will come when it shall be seen that some were stopped in their mad career of sin. Our pastor's son preached the morning sermon, from St. Paul's words, "buried with him in baptism;" and many found it to be a precious time. In the afternoon we were overcrowded, and the six candidates, with two others, who were dismissed from other Baptist Churches, were taken into full communion with us; our Pastor relating each one's call by grace; which was deeply interesting, shewing how differently God brings his hidden ones into the marvellous light of the gospel. We then (sitting around the board,) partook of the broken memorial of our once suffering Lord, but now glorified Jesus, with a hope another day of seeing him face to face. This was a time of love; and I never saw a congregation more affected in my life. Mr. Huntley concluded the service in the evening, by preaching from our Lord's words, "he that endureth to the end shall be saved." Thus ended a day at Limply Stoke, that will not soon be forgotten. Through mercy we are in peace, and very much united; to God be all the praise. We had a tea meeting the day following, when about 150 persons sat down; the meeting after was held in the open air, when we had about twelve ministers present. We can say, "the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." I am, dear brother, your's in the best of bonds,  
JOHN HUNTLEY.

Limply Stoke, near Bath.

### FREEDOM FROM THE LAW, AND REDEMPTION BY CHRIST.

Long time I lay beneath the yoke  
Of Moses and the broken law,  
Till my poor heart was almost broke,  
And overwhelm'd with solemn awe.  
I tried and strove with might and main  
To keep it, that I might not die,  
But all my efforts prov'd in vain  
For it I could not satisfy.

Condemn'd before the Lord I stood,  
Nor knew not how 't escape from death,  
Since Justice now unsheath'd his sword,  
And bid me to resign my breath.

Conviction's pow'r engross'd my mind,  
I sunk beneath a conscious guilt.  
No where to flee, no peace could find,  
Till Jesus shew'd the blood he spilt.

O precious sight! a river full  
Of purple gore of crimson blood,  
To cleanse from guilt's tremendous thrall,  
And bring the sin sick soul to God.

'Twas there I found the law obey'd;  
'Twas there stern justice sheathed his sword;  
'Twas there I saw my soul was sav'd,  
And there I priz'd a conquering Lord.

A brilliant sight! my soul would gaze  
On yonder cross, where Jesus dies;  
This, this, indeed my soul allays;  
O may I more its blessings prize!

Now freed from sin's tyrannic power,  
Redeem'd and sav'd by Jesu's blood;  
Protected from the broken law,  
I triumph in my Saviour God.

Winchester.

W. CHAPPELL.

## APOSTACY OF THE OLD SCHOOL BAPTISTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

### ORDINATION OF MR. JOHN BENNETT.—BAPTISING IN THE HUDSON RIVER.

[**BESIDE**, an unusually long epistle from another friend in New York, (and which we have not yet been able to publish—) the following has just come to hand from Mr. William Mott, containing much that is calculated to make us love and esteem a sound Gospel Ministry, and a God-wrought experience of Divine Truth, more than ever.—*Ed.*]

**MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS.**—Feeling that I have gained some information since I last wrote you, on the condition of Churches in the United States; and wishing to write, also to inform you of a realized source of pleasure with somewhat of grief associated therewith, I once more take up my pen. I will first give you a little information on the state of the Churches; but in doing so it cannot be individually as that would occupy not only too much of my time, but also of your valuable paper.

First, to be brief, I will just inform you that the Baptist Churches throughout the United States, which formerly stood well, and were viewed as rooted and grounded in the truth of God, and of the prophets and apostles; are now, and have for some years past, been fearfully torn to pieces and divided, through certain heresies of the Old School Baptist Association, as propagated by some of their leaders, such as elder G. Beebe, of Middletown, N. Y. Editor of the "Signs of the Times;" an O. S. Baptist semi-monthly work; or Elder Trott, of Virginia, a prominent correspondent thereof, either of whom starting an error, requires only the sanction of the other to make it a doctrine of the Association, which must be swallowed down at all hazards by its members or subject themselves to the penalty of the anathemas thereof. One leading error of these O. S. Baptists is, that Jesus Christ was a "created existence, the first production of Divine power, the Mediator between God and man."

Second, I would just inform you, that in consequence of the letter of mine inserted in your *VESSEL* for Dec., 1857, we had a few new faces at the Hall, in Worcester Street, some of whom enquired after me. For their information as well, I beg to say that in consequence of Elder Gobel, (the one to whom I more particularly alluded in that letter,) proclaiming a few Sundays subsequent to its publication, (the first time I ever heard him do so) his particular views on the Person of Christ, asserting that he was the "first creation of God, an existence which became the Mediator, and who came through Mary as a medium, or channel, but was no part of her nature, &c., &c.; and also that there were not three distinct Persons in the Godhead," I have ever since absented myself, as well as brother Neeve, and others from his preaching, and believe I ever shall, as I conceive if he is *true* in that, that such a Jesus Christ is no Saviour to me; for if he did not really and truly partake of my nature as one of the seed of Abraham by faith, the seed of the

promise, that is, of course, as understood by Paul, when he says, "forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same," &c., and "it behoved him in all things to be made like unto his brethren." Heb. ii. 14—17. then his mediatorial work, however good or great, could not reach unto me, such indeed makes a schism in the mystical body of Christ, severing the head from the body. From this source has arisen the grief I alluded to at the commencement of my letter: for I had thought well of Elder Gobel: he had hitherto preached well, and set forth the doctrines of Christ as experienced by the children of God. What, therefore, shall we say to these things? did he learn them by the Spirit's teaching, or by reading other men's experience? these are queries belonging to himself and God; "nevertheless the foundation standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his." And may I not add, "Lord, hold thou me up, and I shall be safe."

Third. At about this time there were apprehensions of a split in the church at 36th Street, where Mr. John Bennett preached, of whom I spoke in that letter. At this time, I was hearing very favourable accounts of him, and soon the crisis came; some of the leading members could not endure sound doctrine, they therefore made trouble, causing a division in the church, so that with him left some of the most choice of the church. The Worcester Street Church then united with the 36th Street, while those who left 36th Street took a room for Mr. Bennett in 19th Street.

I now concluded, I would go and try if I could hear him; and found, to my surprise, that I could, and very satisfactorily. I believe the Lord sent Mr. B. forth as an ambassador, one whom, I trust, he will considerably own and bless; for with him there is a good degree of originality and utterance; he speaks the truth in boldness, yet with humility of mind unfeignedly, sometimes with tears, and often with temptations, keeping back nothing (I believe) that he esteems likely to be of profit to the church of Christ.

The friends meeting there have since formed themselves into a church, by relating their experiences to each other—in all about thirty; (a goodly number to begin with,) and having invited him to take the pastorate, he was on Friday, the 18th of June, by a relation of his experience and call to the ministry, publicly Ordained by brethren John Clark, of Virginia; and P. C. Browne, of the State of New York.

After he had related his experience, the ministers present cordially signified their ap-

probation, esteeming it of the Lord's doing. Then he was requested to give his evidences of our dear Lord having called and commissioned him to the work of the ministry, to which he cheerfully responded, and that to the entire satisfaction of the officiating brethren Clark and Browne, who forthwith ordained him by uniting hands and giving a short but appropriate address.

In the evening, brother Brown preached from Jer. xv. 19; "if thou take forth the precious from the vile, thou shalt be as my mouth." From which he shewed, how the gospel ministry took forth the precious from the vile; making, at the same time, some remarks on the Lord's ambassadors studying to shew themselves approved unto God, "workmen who need not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." Thus the services of the day closed, much to the satisfaction of all concerned; and I trust with singleness of eye to the praise and glory of God's grace, "wherein he hath made us accepted in the beloved."

On the succeeding Lord's day, June 20th, at about 8 o'clock in the morning, brother Bennett baptized three candidates, (two males and one female) in the North, or Hudson River, in the presence of a large audience.

Having met at the Hall, the usual order of singing and prayer was observed; after which, our brother Clark took as his text the following words, "they continued stedfastly in the apostles' doctrine, and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers, and the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved." (Acts ii. 42, and last clause of 47 verse) from which he made sweet and suitable remarks, emphatically declaring that he could trace a near correspondence in brother Bennet's to his own experience and call to the

ministry; at the close of which, he and brother Brown publicly recognised the pastor and the church, by uniting hands; when the audience were dismissed. Having again assembled in the afternoon, brother Bennott took the leading features in the service, and preached from the following, "arise, O Lord, into thy rest; thou, and the ark of thy strength." (Psa. cxxxii. 8.) After which he publicly gave the right hand of fellowship to the two brethren and sister, and administered the ordinance of the Lord's supper, of which our two ministering brethren partook with us. We have called our little church by the name of the *Beech Independent, Particular Baptist Church*, (after the order of the Particular Baptist churches of England,) perhaps the only one in the United States. As the term *Independent* may appear somewhat ambiguous as associated with *particular*, I will just inform you that it was *Independent* of any association. I am your's in Christian bonds,

New York, 37, Jane-street, Wm. Mott.  
near 8th Avenew.

P. S. Will brother James Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle, oblige a few friends of this City, by giving either his disavowal, or avowal, of the fact of a report spread abroad in this city, by one who professes to have known him for many years which is, that Mr. Wells held and published "*that if a child of God commits sin, it is the fault of the Holy Ghost.*" His friends require not his disavowal, for their own satisfaction, otherwise than to verify the truth of their assertions, in denying it; which I for one, have done to the face of the said person, in the most unequivocal terms as being repulsive not only to brother Wells's mind, but to the general tenor of his preaching; but this however, is not enough.

## Our Churches, their Pastors, and their People.

### ORDINATION OF MR. J. E. CRACKNELL.

THE interesting services connected with the ordination of Mr. J. E. Cracknell, as pastor of the church at Plaistow, in Essex, was holden in Zion Chapel, on Tuesday, August 16. The order of the services was not in the usual, stereotyped manner; but, neither their transposition, nor their condensation, lessened their value, or their sufficiency. By most present, the day was declared to be an unusually happy and holy season. In the afternoon, Mr. J. E. Bloomfield read portions from the Old and New Testaments, and offered earnest prayer to God. C. W. Banks, then preached to the church from Paul's words—"Striving together for the faith of the gospel." At the close of this service, a very large tent was filled with friends who sat down, and enjoyed a good cup of tea. In the evening, Mr. B. Davies, of Greenwich, commenced the service by reading and prayer; the usual questions were then asked, after a few remarks on

ordination services by C. W. Banks. The questions were answered by Mr. Cracknell, in a honest, grateful, and intelligent manner: we never heard the questions answered more freely and fully in so few words. We hope Mr. Cracknell will some day, give the readers of the *EARTHEN VESSEL* an epitome of his conversion and call to the ministry; as it is of that measure, and was of that mild, yet momentous character, as to render it useful to many young ministers; and helpful to not a few who are often tried as to whether their sorrows were deep enough in coming into the kingdom of grace. The recognition of the union between the pastor and the church, was concluded by Mr. Flack, who, in his cordial and faithful manner, wished them God-speed. Mr. Thomas Field, of Rehoboth Chapel, Shadwell, then addressed the new pastor, from the words—"Make full proof of thy ministry." We cannot attempt even an outline of this most able charge; it was the feeling of minister and people—that such

an exposition of the gospel ministry—of the nature and results of a faithful fulfilment of the pastor's office, should be given to the churches in a cheap form for universal distribution. Our acquaintance, or influence with Mr. Field, is not sufficient to prevail with him; but, seeing we have now, an immense number of young men coming up into the ministry; and, seeing that by all the ministers present, it was evidenced to be of great value, we trust the preacher will give it to the public.

Among the ministers present, beside those who took part in the services, we noticed the brethren, Dawson of Barking, Vaughan of Mile End, Walters, now supplying at Cave Adullam, Cudwery, and a very large party of Christian friends.

#### RISE AND PRESENT POSITION OF THE BAPTIST CAUSE, WANDSWORTH.

DEAR SIR—I know that the well being of the church of Christ lies near your heart, and that anything of a cheering nature produces a pleasurable feeling in your mind; I therefore send you the following account of a meeting which was held on Monday, August 9th, at Wandsworth, in Surrey.

About the year 1821, there were a few Christian friends in this place, whose hearts had been opened by the Lord the Spirit (one of whom was Mr. Joseph Marks, well known among the London Churches,) to know, love, and enjoy the truth in all its departments; and feeling desirous of raising a house for the worship of their God, they united together for that object, and in course of time the building was completed; the result of which was, that the cost exceeded their expectations, and involved them in heavy responsibilities, exceeding the sum of £1,300. These friends struggled hard many years with their burden, and the difficulties connected with it; and after many vicissitudes, and during the pastorate of the late Mr. John Bailey, in order to pay off a mortgage upon the building, a sum of money was raised in shares of £10 each, professing to bear interest at £5 per cent per annum, but which resulted in an inability to pay either principal or interest. Such was the state of the finances when our present much valued, and respected pastor, Mr. Ball, came among us in 1842. With a small congregation to hear him, and a debt of about £700, he commenced his labors at Wandsworth, receiving for his services an insufficiency to pay his expenses; yet his heart was in his Master's service, and he most cheerfully and willingly devoted himself to the work of his Lord. After labouring many years in feeding the souls of God's children, and making efforts in reducing the debt upon the chapel, the Lord has made him abundantly successful. The church and congregation were never more encouraging than at the present time; his ministrations are much blessed, and the prayer-meetings well attended. About three months ago, he baptised six believers; and next month, three more will follow their Lord in the same way; all of them having been

blessed under his ministry; added to which, the debt was reduced at the end of last year to £140. Some shareholders having kindly offered to give up eight ten pound shares for fifty pounds, the meeting above alluded to was convened, when about fifty friends met for tea, at five o'clock, which was mutually enjoyed; after which, other friends having assembled, about half-past six, our pastor gave out a hymn; read the last chapter 1st book of Chronicles, making some suitable remarks upon the same; one of the deacons supplicated the throne of grace for a blessing upon the meeting; a statement was then made of our financial position, and the friends were invited to give in what the Lord had enabled them to do; when, to the surprise of all present, the sum of £38. 11s. 6d. was handed in, in addition to which a brother of the church gave up the £10 share he had, and monies in hand from penny a week subscription, &c., amounting altogether to £81. 10s. reducing our debt to about £28. Our pastor then proposed, that we have another tea meeting the last week in this year, and clear off the remaining debt, himself promising £5, and another brother £5, for that purpose.

We feel humbled, upon a reflection of what the Lord has done for us, we would desire to take courage, and go forward; and with grateful hearts acknowledge that both "riches and honour come from him; to him be all the praise." VERMIS.

August 12th, 1858.

#### OPENING OF THE NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL, REDHILL.

THOSE that love the truth of God, having tasted its sweetness, and felt its power, know how to esteem the privilege of hearing the joyful sound; and though when *continually* thus favoured, the mercy is apt to be too little valued, yet when deprived of it for any short season by illness, or removals in providence, they are made to feel somewhat of the Psalmists desire, expressed in those emphatic words, "my soul longeth, yea even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." Psa. lxxxiv. 2. At such times, professing Christians can perhaps sympathize with the large number of their brethren scattered about the country, who have only occasionally, (and that perhaps by going a long distance, (an opportunity of hearing a gospel sermon; to them the word does seem to be, as it should be *the food of the soul*, on the strength of which perhaps they may have to go for *many, many days*. They have often to lament as Newton writes:

"How tedious does the week appear;  
How dull our Sabbaths prove!  
When e'er we cannot meet to hear  
The precious truths we love."

Such was the position of many living in the neighbourhood of the chapel, the opening of which took place on Wednesday, 21st July, we this month record. Now and then some minister would preach to them on a week evening, in some cottage or room engaged for



that occasion. The Editor of **THE EARTHEN VESSEL** at times led such services there; but on Lord's-day, there were five or six miles to walk to some of the surrounding churches, where they stood members; but, as may be supposed, weather often prevented their wives and children from accompanying them as they would desire. They united in an attempt to raise a fund to build a chapel; formed a Society to receive weekly subscriptions, and invested the money; knowing that if ever such a long-desired blessing was to be obtained, it needed effort according to their means, as well as wishes for it; something like David when he said, "one thing have I desired of the Lord;" but he did not rest idle and satisfied with an empty desire; for the desire of the slothful killeth him, as his hands refuse to labour. No! but "THAT WILL I SEEK AFTER; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple," Psa. xxvii. 4. This was more than six years since; and, as an encouragement to others in like circumstances, and as a proof of God's faithfulness to his promise, not to despise the day of small things, (for the first half-year witnessed but £2 16s. 6d. raised as the foundation of the Fund,) this record is made, and also to shew that the prayers of the poor that trust in him shall be heard and answered. During the six years of its progress, it witnessed the decay of early zeal, and faint heartedness of many of its first friends; but other friends were raised up to join the few who still adhered to the object, though nearly in despair; for it seemed as if their hopes and prayers for near twenty years, that the gospel might be preached in their parish, were to be blasted and fail. But their extremity was God's opportunity to shew his power; and lead them on to success, and the accomplishment, in a way unexpected, and in a time far nearer than any could ever imagine. They had many striking proofs of Divine interposition, in various ways, and can now rejoice and be thankful that the place is built; and that there have been many evidences of God's blessing attending the word for more than three years preached regularly on Lord's-days in a room hired for that purpose. "Now, Lord send prosperity." Give hearts to pray; and hearts to worship thee in sincerity and truth; for our desire is:

"Within these walls let holy peace,  
And love and concord dwell;  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal.  
"And may the Gospel's joyful sound,  
Enforc'd by mighty grace,  
Awaken many sinners round.  
To come and fill the place."

#### THE OPENING DAY.

The chapel in the Station-road was opened for public worship, on July 21st. A meeting for prayer was held at nine o'clock. At 11, the service commenced by singing,  
"Arise, O King of Grace arise!"

Mr. Chandler, of Edenbridge, preached an excellent discourse, from 2 Chron. xxix. 36,

"And Hezekiah rejoiced and all the people, that God had prepared the people, for the thing was done suddenly." He showed that God alone was the source of every good thing, in inclining the heart and constraining to serve him, and enabling any to follow the right ways, to which by nature all were averse, and his divine power was needful to turn the affections and will. There was a good congregation, and many from a distance rejoiced with the friends in this neighbourhood at the glad event of the day. Nearly 100 sat down to dinner.

In the afternoon, Mr. F. Covell, of Providenc Chapel, Croydon, preached an earnest and discriminating sermon from Psalm cxlvii. 2nd verse, "The Lord doth build up Jerusalem: he gathereth together the outcasts of Israel." Every seat was occupied, and great attention paid to the close and energetic appeals to the consciences of his hearers, as to the real and solemn importance of vital personal religion. About 200 partook of tea, and the efforts and kindness of the ladies, who superintended this department, was rewarded by the pleasure and unanimity among their guests, who were comfortably and abundantly supplied.

In the evening, Mr. T. Field, of London, was the preacher, and took for his text 2nd Cor. ii. 10th, "To preach Christ's Gospel." The nature, value and effects of the gospel were forcibly stated,—its power under God's blessing to the sinner's salvation, and the claims it had upon them that loved and felt it, to aid in the support of the ministers that proclaimed it, and to join in assisting in the erection of places for making it known, and steadily carrying on the worship of God, were fully and clearly discoursed upon. The opening services were gratifying, and we hope, profitable to very many who found it a well-spent and happy day. The collection, with a few donations received in the day amounted to nearly £45 towards the fund, which brings the total subscribed to about £450. The cost of freehold, erection, fittings, trust deed, conveyance, &c., being about £850. The "Baptist Building Fund" will render some assistance towards the remaining debt.

We were glad to see a large airy school room behind the chapel, forming part of the structure, and for sound, ventilation, light, and comfort, it appeared just what such a place should be,

On Sunday July the 25th, the opening services were continued, when Mr. Septimus Sears, of Shefford, Beds., preached two powerful sermons, which were attentively listened to by a numerous congregation each time.

#### ROTHERFIELD, SUSSEX.

PREACHING and public meeting services were holden in Bethlehem Chapel, in Rotherfield, on Wednesday, Aug. 18th. In the afternoon, we had a long and spirited discourse preached by the Editor of the **EARTHEN VESSEL**, Mr. Banks, on the experience of God's people, the character of the gospel dispensation, and the ultimate perfection and bliss of the ransomed

of the Lord. In the evening, a public meeting was holden in the chapel, when the afternoon preacher took the chair, and opened the meeting by stating that he was painfully acquainted with the serious injuries which had been sustained by the cause of God in that place; but he was not there at that time either to defend the injured, or to condemn the extravagant or unwise conduct of the oppressor; he came as a peacemaker, and as the whole history of the cause at Rotherfield, with its afflictions, was to be published in a faithful form, he should not allow any mention of it to be made on that occasion. After some other wholesome remarks, he called upon Mr. Pascoe, the minister, Mr. Ashbourne, and Mr. Smith, of Tunbridge, to address the meeting. There has been much conceit, ignorance, presumption, and covetousness, influencing and deceiving the people in these parts for a length of time. I hope more pure light, more holy motives, more gospel grace, and more real spiritual and evangelical prosperity may be found among us Sussex folk. As soon as it was announced that C. W. Banks was coming to Rotherfield, some of the low and easily misled Standardites, cried out, "Oh! he is only a letter-man;" and thus they prejudiced the minds of some people. While we have so many weak-minded ministers in our pulpits, and while so much darkness covers the spirits of our people, these antagonistic cries will be heard, but I rejoice to learn from many quarters that this so-called letter-preacher is still of great use in our churches. May the Great Shepherd of the sheep abundantly help and honor him; and restore to Rotherfield Baptist church, that rich blessing, the glorious gospel of the ever-blessed God. So prays

#### AN OLD WIDOW AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

[I may add to these few lines of my friend, that after our meeting, brother Pascoe, myself, and brother Robert Comfort walked through the dark-road, and under drenching showers, down to Frog-hole Farm, where Mr. Comfort has a compact little chapel, and beneath whose hospitable roof we rested for the night. We had some opportunities of ascertaining the amount of Mr. Comfort's labours. I should hardly think there is any man in this kingdom who is more devoted to a close and critical examination of things connected with Zion's welfare, than Mr. Comfort is. He has written some thousands of pages; and although I think he has a power to detect every error, and a determination to defend every essential truth, still, I am not prepared to pronounce him a perfect commentator, but finding him willing to help destitute churches now and then, I did think it likely, if he could travel through those portions of our Zion who need ministerial aid, it would tend to expand and strengthen his mental powers. It appeared to me a great pity that a man so favoured of heaven as he assured us he was, should be shut up in Frog-hole Farm.

There are many causes of truth in these parts. I was glad to hear that both the Baptist causes in Tunbridge Wells, Mr. Edward's, and Mr. Whittaker, at Hanover Chapel, are doing well.—C. W. B.]

#### "THE PROMISE OF HIS COMING"

##### FULFILLED AT READING.

[For the following letter, we are more thankful than any words can describe.—Ed.]

MY DEARLY BELOVED BROTHER BANKS.—I drop a line to you, in reply to many kind enquiries made, knowing the deep interest you have felt respecting us as a church and people. To have done so 2 or 3 years back would have been difficult and painful; solemnly true is it "the Lord waits to be gracious." Twelve months ago, the 10th of this month, was that never to be forgotten day when our brother Wale was ordained our Pastor; and some of us will remember that day as long as memory retains her seat in our minds. At 7 o'clock, we met for prayer. I believe a more solemn season was never felt in that place, it seemed as though the Lord condescended to come into our midst to bless us indeed; we met indeed for prayer, yet every one seemed afraid to speak, lest we should be permitted to ask presumptuously, yet a holy joy mingled with fear seemed to pervade our minds, and the Lord broke in with blessed sweetness: one after another broke down in tears of joy and gratitude. Gratitude that the Lord had not written Ichabod over the door; and joy that he had appeared for us and raised up and sent amongst us a man whom we hoped he would bless in our midst. At half-past 10, our esteemed brother Bloomfield was in the pulpit; you recollect how very affectionately he stated the nature and design of a Gospel church; and how kindly he addressed the church; his labour of love is not forgotten. Then came the afternoon, as I had to take a part in that service, I shall not, say more than that all present seemed happy. In the evening, was your charge to brother Wale, and your address to the church. The solemn and exceedingly weighty things laid down before us will live in our minds to the end of our journey; so full of Bible truthfulness; it had a most impressive effect on the minds of all present. You will now say Well, what has been the result? I will tell you. The Lord laid these words on brother Martin's mind, "the Lord has done great things for us whereof we are glad." And so it is. And you would be glad, I know, to look in sometimes and see every pew full; and every eye and ear intent to the little man; and sometimes in the fulness of his soul's feelings to hear him call out, "Oh, magnify the Lord with me! with me exalt his name!" Brother Banks, I tell you sincerely, we have no reason to regret the steps taken; but are hopeful that many will yet flow together to the goodness of the Lord in Reading, and there find wheat, and wine, and oil. Yea, I tell you truthfully, "Providence Chapel" is becoming too straight for us. I have proved the truth of the words brought to me the first morning Mr. W. came to Reading, namely, "the law of kindness is in his tongue;" I hope all have proved the same. As a minister, all can testify the Lord is gradually leading him deeper and deeper into the mines of Gospel and Experimental truth. Ever since he has been here, there has been a steady increase in every sense of the word. Sovereignly the Holy Ghost has directed the word like an arrow, and many have fallen down under it; that ancient cry has been their's, "what must I do?" &c. Since brother Wale has been here, 31 have been added to the Church; 21 by baptism; and 10 from other Churches. On the 1st of this month, 10 were baptized, by brother Wale; every one bearing testimony to the power of the word under his ministry. You will say, this is good indeed. So say all of us. The Lord grant it may continue for many years to come, and that his name may be great and glorious in this place! The church now numbers over 100; and I may say peace is in our midst. Our prayer meetings are good; and brother W. is happy in the work. The anniversary of the commencement of his labors here in June, you have noticed. One anniversary was not enough;

we had another on the anniversary of brother Wale's ordination, and spent a very pleasant evening, with tea in the chapel; many of the members giving short addresses to brother Wale and the deacons; it was a nice meeting. Our financial position has greatly improved; and on this occasion there being a balance of £10 0s. 0d. in the hands of the treasurer it was cheerfully handed over to brother W. God Almighty grant this to be only a beginning of brighter and better days at Reading. Brother Wale, has of late been preaching in the open air. I think last Sabbath he had above a thousand people to hear him and I hope good was done. Just sing one verse, and I have done.

"All hail the powers of Jesus name." &c.,  
 Brother Banks, give us an interest in your prayers; and may Israel's Triune God, abundantly bless you. I am, ever affectionately in the bonds of the gospel,  
 JOHN VINDEN.

#### OPEN-AIR PREACHING.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—I was glad to find by the last number of the *Vessel*, that Mr. Wells, and his brother ministers, in and about the Metropolis, had convened a meeting for the purpose of organizing a systematic plan of open-air preaching; and that they propose commencing the spiritual inroad upon the kingdom of darkness, in Greenwich Park. The necessity, the importance, and the probable benefits resulting from such addresses have been very much upon my mind for some time past. Perhaps my mind has been exercised on the subject in a special manner. For it is exactly three years ago the fifth of this month, that the Lord called me to a knowledge of himself, and the instrumentality he used for that purpose was the words, "open-air-preaching." I was sitting in a little room alone, very much depressed in spirit from brooding over some heavy temporal losses which I had recently suffered, (but from the memory of which, I was in the habit of seeking relief by reading a profusion of novels and romances,) when I took up one of the early numbers of the "Christian Cabinet," and my eye fell upon the words, "open-air preaching." The power that came with them no language can express. I fell upon my knees, burst into tears, and exclaimed, "O God! there are men in the world living for thy honor and glory, and what a wretch I have been; why hear with me any longer! why not cast me into hell at once!" The burden of guilt and sin which lay upon my soul and conscience then would have crushed me, had I not soon been delivered from it. So terribly and clearly did I feel, and see the justice of God's holy law, that I almost longed to be cast into hell, that my sufferings might, if possible, satisfy its righteous demands. While memory lasts, that hour will never be forgotten. Within the last two months, that sentence "open-air preaching," has been brought very powerfully back upon my soul, till I could resist it no longer, feeling and believing it to be a command from God to go out and preach the gospel in the open air; and though pride, and inclination, and a love of ease, said, "stay at home, preaching twice a day is quite enough, you will only get sneered at, &c., &c.," I could refrain no longer; and on the last Sunday in July, I went out and preached for the first time in the open-air, on the "Forbury" (which is the Greenwich Park of Reading). The congregation consisted of about 500 persons, composed chiefly of the middle classes, tradesmen, &c. They were exceedingly quiet and attentive. I preached from James iv, and part of the 14th verse, "What is your life?" Life in its nature; life in its use; life in its purpose; life in its religious character; life in its results. The second Sabbath in August, I preached there again to about a thousand persons, (the congregation had doubled), from those words in Timothy, "Having the form of godliness, but denying the power." Yesterday, August 15th, I preached again to

about fifteen hundred persons from the words, "the Word of God." Rev xix. 13. Notwithstanding the great number present, the strictest attention was manifest throughout. The increasing congregation, and the great attention paid, encourages me to persevere; and, above all, I have had the blessing of God, and the presence of his Holy Spirit with me in the services. I have been blest with a stronger faith, more earnest prayerfulness, and greater spirituality of mind; in a word, my soul has been blessed in the deed; and I feel too, that my bodily strength has been increased, realizing the promise, that "as thy day is thy strength shall be!" O, my brother, the more we work for our precious Jesus, the greater our strength of body and soul becomes. I would say in the spirit of humility, love, and encouragement, to all my ministerial brethren, "go and do likewise."  
 B. B. WALE.

Reading, Aug., 1858.

#### REHOBOTH, SHADWELL.

On Tuesday, August 3rd, the Church of Christ meeting as above held its twenty-eighth anniversary, on which occasion brother Isaacs, of Brighton, delivered a solid discourse on the sameness of Christ, "yesterday, to day, and for ever." Afternoon, brother Wyard, of Deptford, preached an excellent sermon, on Christian experience; and in the evening, brother Bloomfield, gave us a stirring discourse on the fallen condition of man; the means made use of, under Divine command, for restoration and salvation; and the glorious results that followed such means. Several friends expressed a desire to have it printed. A goodly number of persons took supper in the school-room, when addresses were delivered on gospel subjects by the brethren Bloomfield, Isaacs, Wyard, Walters and Pells, and at half-past 10 o'clock the happy proceedings of the day were brought to a close. Brother Field, (Pastor) and his friends said it had been a good, solemn and happy day.

CLAPHAM—The sixth anniversary of the laying the foundation stone of Garner Baptist Chapel, was held Aug. 10th. Mr. J. Wells preached in the morning from Ezek. xxxvi. 37. In the afternoon, Mr. Moyle read and engaged in prayer. Mr. S. Milner preached from Job xxii. 21. In the evening, Mr. J. Foreman preached from Ps. xxxvi. 18. The attendance and collections through the day were satisfactorily encouraging, and the Lord's presence was experienced. Hallelujah! we will still pray and sing,

Gracious God with wheat fill Garner.

## Our Australian Mail.

AUSTRALIA, MELBOURNE.—To the Editor. Dear brother, I drop you a line by our brother Mills, just returning to London. We have gradually shone out of obscurity, during seven years. We have just been enabled to raise a chapel here at the cost of about £1,550; £1,250 of which is paid; and all within six months of the purchase of the ground. We have baptized six believers in the Lord Jesus Christ since the chapel has been opened; the Lord has been very gracious to his called people; and has been please to call others—I send you my answer to the slander of the Fullerite Baptists in this place, they say, "you do not preach to Sinners." Also, our "Articles of Faith," and verses composed at the laying of the corner-stone, and opening of the chapel. Praying the blessing of God to rest upon you, and your labours, I am your's affectionately in Jesus,  
 DANIEL ALLEN.  
 March 30th, 1858.

[The account given us by Mr. Mills, of Pastor Allen's success in Melbourne, as a minister, is cheering. We hope to hear more soon.—Ed.]

THE

## Believer Rejoicing in the Manifestation of Mercy.

PUBLIC RECOGNITION OF MR. PERRETT AS PASTOR OF YATELY CHURCH.

A FEW WORDS ADDRESSED TO A MINISTER OPPOSED TO SUCH SERVICES.

DEAR BROTHER \* \* \*—I once heard you preach at our little Chapel on Cricket Hill, much to the comfort of my soul; therefore your unkind note touching our settlement services, only tended to stir up my soul with a desire to shew you that we have some ground to hope the union between us and our pastor has been of the Lord. I will give you a few words as far as I can call them to mind descriptive of the day.

On Wednesday, Sept. 15th, the public recognition of brother Perrett, as Pastor of the Yately Church, took place. A very large number of friends from all parts round about, came to rejoice with us. Our kind brother Wale read and prayed, then C. W. Banks asked the questions. Brother Perrett's account of his conversion to God, was satisfactory and well commended to the consciences of the people; so were his other answers. After the union had been fully recognised, he was addressed by our brother Banks from two different Scriptures. Of the many things spoken to our new pastor, I recollect a few, which I thought might tend to remove prejudice from your mind; and help you to pray that the peace so long enjoyed at Yately might be continued; and connected with a measure of solid success. Mr. Banks said, 'Brother Perrett, I will first, speak a few words for you. Secondly, endeavour to lay a few things before you that the Lord may make useful. In the position you occupy to day, you have practically said, as David wrote in the 119th Psalm:—*'Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage for ever: for they are the rejoicing of my heart.'* The word 'testimonies' is expressive of those many ways whereby the Lord has been pleased to reveal, and to open up his mind unto his people. And these testimonies are found, first, in his Providential dealings with the patriarchs of old; and with all his people; these testimonies are found in the prophesies of the ancient prophets; in the promises and proclamations given

out by Christ: in apostolic writings, and especially in the work and witnessings of the Holy Spirit in the experience of all who are savingly called to a knowledge of the truth. These testimonies being taken into the soul by the eye, ear, and hand of a living faith, will make a sinner's heart rejoice. As these testimonies are revealed in, and applied to, the heart of the Lord's people, they will have a three-fold effect. They make private meditation delightful; the chambers of the soul are sometimes filled with holy fire, purifying and enlightening the mind. Again, when a man's heart rejoices in these testimonies, they make his ministry lively, powerful, discriminating, and decided; and fling an earnestness into it for the welfare of others. Yes, a hearty and holy reception of these testimonies will give you comfort and pleasure in private meditation, and often draw you to it.

If we have no pleasure in Bible study, we soon forsake it; but, when the Scriptures open to us the holy mysteries of the covenant—the glorious Persons in the Trinity—the amazing beauties of the heavenly world, and the compassion of a Saviour's heart towards poor sinners; then, we take delight in close and constant meditation: if they are the 'rejoicing of your heart,' you will contend for them *earnestly*, you will preach them with love, delight and liberty; and, although at times you may be bound, burdened, cold and contracted; yet, the fire being lighted inside, it will frequently warm your own soul, and make your ministry too hot for carnal worldlings—for mere professors, and for all who are in enmity against the truth: but never too hot for God's dear children, who long to feel again the love of Christ shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost, through a faithful and fruitful ministry.

A large party took tea on 'Cricket Hill.' It was a pleasing sight. The evening service commenced early, when Mr. Banks again addressed his brother Perrett

from Peter's words — 'Feed the flock of God which is among you.' He said— Peter received these words, first, from his own dear Master, who, after putting those close questions to him—'Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?' he said 'Feed my sheep—feed my lambs.' This holy work Peter had carried on, and now, as he is about retiring, he earnestly exhorts the elders whom he is about to leave behind, saying, 'feed the flock of God which is among you.' In this charge of Peter's there are these things to be considered,—first, the persons toward whom your attention is specially to be directed—the flock of God; 'my sheep,' (said Christ) and 'my lambs.' Secondly, the Preparation of Provision implied. Wisdom has not only builded her house, sent forth her maidens, but she has killed her beasts, &c. The gospel is sometimes compared to a dinner; sometimes to a supper; a meal to give strength, and a season preparing for rest. There are many ways by which you will prepare to feed your people. I had almost said, there are many markets to which you must go, in order to furnish your ministerial table. 1. You must go to the Mercy-seat, if you can. I always wish to go there first; although many times I seem to have neither time nor mind, still, I feel quite sure, a servant of Christ cannot get on successfully, nor comfortably, unless he goes much to the throne of grace. I think I can see a great deal in those few words of our Lord, 'Men ought always to pray, and not to faint.' 2. You must go to the Bible; it is best, and safest, to read and search for texts; sometimes they may come to you without, but I have found the Lord does bless the reading of His Word. 3. You must sometimes go to the little streams which flow from the one great river. Men may say, they do not want dead men's brains; nor do I; but if the Lord was pleased to let John Bunyan go into Bedford jail for twelve long years, in order that he might write 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and other works; if the Lord has been pleased to bless those works, and to preserve them among his churches, I do not think he will be displeased with me for reading any of those good men who lived for Christ, and who now reign with him. I love to read now and then a morsel of Caryl, Owen, Bunyan, Flavell, Brooks, or Huntington; and you may read them, too, to the profit of your own soul, and to the good of your

people. Then you must go to the homes and houses of the-ried, and tempted, and converse with them. You will often see God's wonder-working hand towards them. In these, and in many other ways, prepare to feed the flock of God among you.

Mr. Wale closed the services by an able address to the church. I think, brother T. T., had you been with us, your yellow fever would have been cured. I am, still, your old friend,

THE WOKINGHAM FARMER.

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#### A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MR. JOHN SMITH.

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR—I feel that I should be guilty of a great dereliction of duty to the Christian public, were I to conceal the circumstances relative to the death of Mr. John Smith, who, for about forty years of his life, was an active disciple of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

JOHN SMITH was the second son of John and Susanna Smith: he was born April 21st, 1787. His parents kept the 'Red Lion,' Horselydown Lane, Southwark; where they carried on a very prosperous business in the wine and spirit trade. He must have been very young when he lost his father. At the age of fourteen, he was apprenticed to a respectable tea grocer, then residing at Clapham, where he served the full term of his apprenticeship. His mother contracted a second marriage with a Mr. Wells, who was a lighter-man; she still carried on the business. After a few years, her partner died, and she again found herself a widow.

Mr. Smith had now obtained the age of manhood; and having commenced business for himself, and as secular anxieties increased, he felt a necessity to have 'a help-met;' he soon fixed upon the object of his choice, and was married to Matilda Moss, who was a most exemplary christian young woman, though he was not, as yet, a decidedly christian character; for he frequented theatres; and as he possessed good sound ability as a singer, he at the request of his acquaintances, sung a song occasionally, at the 'Red Lion' and also on Drury Lane stage. During the war with France, he volunteered his services as a *River Fencible*, to assist in bringing the Danish fleet from Copenhagen to England; and with the prize money he obtained, he purchased some silver plate in the year 1807. When at sea, the ship that he was in, was overtaken by a terrible storm, and he was filled with consternation lest he should be lost. Distressed in mind, he reviewed his past career with feelings of dismay, and resolved, (if God should spare him,) if ever he should return to England, to alter his course of life; but like all resolutions performed in human

strength, they proved abortive; for he was no sooner ashore, than he returned to his former habits; still, he could not stifle conviction, nor silence conscience. One night, when he was at Dury Lane Theatre, as he gazed up at the ceiling, a drop of water fell from the ceiling upon his head, which startled him; his conscience became immediately alarmed; and a voice seemed to say, as if upbraiding him for his conduct, 'is this thy gratitude for the deliverance thou didst experience at sea?' He instantly left his seat, which was in the pit of the theatre; he got out, he hardly knew how, and never afterwards entered the doorway of a theatre.

When a child he was tempted to murder his elder brother with a knife, that he had wantonly taken out of his brother's pocket. It was while he was looking at the blade, that he was strongly tempted to 'job it into him,' as his brother lay asleep: he instantly exclaimed, 'O God! O God!' and in the hurry to close the knife, lest he should be detected, he cut his finger, the scar of which he carried with him to the grave. At this time he was about five years old, and from that time he was fully convinced that 'there was a God' who had kept him from perpetrating the horrid deed. He kept the circumstances of this severe trial, as he used to call it, a secret for some twenty years; and afterwards disclosed it to his brother, whom he visited on his dying bed.

The honoured instrument in the hands of God of Mr. Smith's conversion was Mr. Jonathan Franklin, minister of the Gospel in Red Cross Street; by whom he was baptized, upon a profession of his faith, in a Triune Jehovah; and profited considerably under his ministry. Some time after, Mr. Smith was married, he took an apartment at his mother's house, and resided with her on the premises, in order to assist his mother in the business. At his mother's death, he came into full possession of the same; but finding the *public line* not congenial to his religious views and sentiments, he disposed of the house and business for conscience sake.

Mr. Smith was by far my senior in years as well as in grace; having for upwards of forty years made a profession of the gospel. I gained much by his counsels, and kind christian experience, as I was constantly in the habit of visiting him.

On Tuesday, August 10th, I called to see him. He was at the point of death; but perfectly sensible, and in the full possession of his faculties. He was glad to have me with him, and seemed very much to enjoy my spiritual conversation and prayer. Myself, and a sister in Christ, then, for the last time with our dear friend on earth, partook of the memorials of the Saviour's love, which shew forth his death till he come; and sweetly experienced blessed communion with Jesus, and with one another; and felt our souls greatly refreshed. He told me, that 'his only hope was in Jesus; that he felt him to be *all sufficient*; and he believed that God would not forsake him now.' He derived much comfort from several passages of God's word which I quoted to him; and he expressed his joy by squeezing my hands, as I repeated the sen-

tences, and exclaimed, that's 'it brother.' Of what avail (continued he,) would temporal things be to me now? I hold them all as secondary. I look higher. The supreme object of my soul is Jesus, and he is all-sufficient.' The passages I quoted to him among others were, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;' so that we may boldly say (under any circumstances) 'the Lord is my helper.' 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the floods thy shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.' His mind was happy and calm, and

'Not a wave of trouble rolled  
Across his peaceful breast.'

After having stayed with him a considerable time, I said to him, 'I shall be obliged to leave you, my dear Mr. Smith.' 'Shall you,' he replied with much earnestness, 'I am sorry for it.' I told him that I would look in again: this seemed to satisfy him, and he said, 'good bye, Simmonds.' I called again in the evening,—he was gone: his spirit had taken its flight

'To the regions where the mourners cease  
to mourn.'

And he is with the Saviour, whom he loved on earth; and glorying God in the temple that is not made with hands, 'eternal in the heavens.'

I feel that I have lost a true, spiritual friend and father, in the loss of dear Mr. Smith. I never knew any one whose Christian experience corresponded so much with my own as his did; and it was a source of comfort to have him speak to me. To say the least, he was a holy man—a sinner saved by grace—and though he had those eccentricities of character and temper, which perhaps did not always commend him, which rendered him very peculiar in his manner, yet he was a lover of God's word; most uncompromising in principle, and unflinching in his advocacy and adherence to that which he believed to be the truth.

He was a laborious, active, and useful Christian; engaged in his office as City Deputy Corn Dealer, he nevertheless transacted business as a Tea Grocer, &c., and devoted a considerable portion of time on week days, as well as on Sundays, in holding prayer meetings and conducting religious services at various preaching stations in different parts of the metropolis. He was wont to encourage others, particularly young men whom he considered gifted, with the 'root of the matter in them,' to speak in the name of the Lord; and he was quick in discernment, of acute penetration, soundness of judgment, and possessed strong powers of mind. He was most scrupulously exact in his dealings, so that his very enemies were compelled to admit that he was rigidly just, if not generous. 'I like to bring young men out, (he used to say,) you know we may all speak in our order; and though we are not all endued alike with gifts, yet if influenced by God the Holy Spirit, we may all speak one by one, for the mutual comfort and edification of one another. Through his

instrumentality many were encouraged to hold forth the word of life; among others whom he encouraged to open their mouths for the Lord, may be reckoned Mr. James Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle, whose Christian influence as a pastor is well known.

Never did a man have more soul humbling views of himself as a sinner before God, of the hellishness of his depraved nature and of the absolute sovereignty of divine grace as extended towards him, than he. A paragraph, at the commencement of his will, which on one occasion he got me to read to him, better expresses the state of his mind on the subject of religion than any language of mine can; his words are these—'In the name of God, who by his Holy Spirit, has taught me long since my utter guilt as a sinner, not only to see my need of eternal salvation in and through the merits of his dear Son Jesus Christ; but he has applied the blood of atonement so efficaciously to my conscience, by the application of this, and other promises, 'because I live, ye shall live also;' (John xiv. 19,) that, thanks be to him, I have not only lost the fear of hell but the fear of corporeal death also. Amen. Therefore, I, John Smith, &c.'

(Will be concluded next month.)

### THE NEW SONG.

THE beloved John, when in exile, had some amazing revelations made to him, which deeply concern the church of God. Many of these are too dark and mysterious for believers in general to comprehend, (if not too deep for the most highly favoured,) nevertheless, there are some spots in the midst of this apparent wilderness on which the spiritual mind loves to linger. One of these enchanting scenes is that of the redeemed family assembled on Mount Zion, with the Glorified Lamb in their midst. The chief employment of that happy band is thus described:—'And they sung as it were a new song before the throne, and before the four beasts, and the elders: and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth.' Rev. xiv. 3.

The four beasts, I have thought may be considered as representing the four evangelists; perhaps called beasts, figuratively, on account of their active and formidable service in the cause of Christ—and the elders may represent the patriarchs and apostles, as representatives of the ministry of the church, from the dawn of the gospel in the patriarchal, to its meridian in the apostolic age; or, both combined, may represent 'the witnesses of the sufferings of Christ,' who shall see the accomplishment of their labors in the eternal glorification of God's chosen people.

The song of the redeemed is called a 'new song,' because it is the tribute of gratitude paid by God's new creation. It may also be called a new song because it treats of a thing newly revealed—that is, the grace of God in Christ Jesus. And, further, because the church through the countless ages of eternity shall enjoy new manifestations of his love and

favour—and, as a consequence, the spring of joy in the glorified saint shall bubble up afresh with new declarations of unspeakable pleasure and delight.

But, this New Song is difficult to learn; yea, so difficult that no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth! Nature and reason can never comprehend the deep and mysterious acts of God's grace. 'The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.' 1 Cor. ii. 14. The children of Israel, in their typical character, sang this song on the shores of the red sea. They had experienced a remarkable deliverance from a deep extremity, and therefore, they took the timbrel, and with this song upon their lips, joined in the dance. So our text says, that amongst those happy choristers before the throne, none were admitted but those which were 'redeemed from the earth.'

O, happy spirits! redeemed from earth's basest slavery! Earth—where war, rapine, lust, murder, and every sin which goes to make the sum total of evil, reign, and gall, and fetter, and enslave the mind. Earth—where 'the prince of the power of darkness' erects his sable throne and sways his ebony sceptre over millions of the human family. Earth—where all is deceptive—all is vanity.

But even before the spirit leaves this clay tenement—even whilst she is surrounded with the dire consequences of sin—she is 'redeemed from the earth.' The dear Redeemer has paid the ransom; and to the soul groaning in her fetters, causes the welcome news—wafted by the breath of the Eternal Spirit—that she is free!—'her warfare is accomplished.' That same breath quickens her to real spiritual life, and through every avenue of the soul, from the chords of inspiration, rush the sweet melodious strains which form the new, the never-ending song. A spark from heaven's altar has lit up that soul with celestial fire, which shall never never, die—'many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it.' Solomon's Song viii. 7. Here is a sweet prelude of heaven's eternal symphonies. Strains which may make the brightest seraph pause, and command his silence and attention, whilst a sinner sings.

If such the happiness, the love, the joy, of the pardoned sinner, in his first attempts at this new song, what will it be, when blessed with more rapturous and comprehensive views of heaven's grace and condescension? And what will be, the voice of thunder—the 'voice of many waters,' that shall strike our spiritual senses in an upper and a better world? 'A New Song'—yes, ever new!

Reader, may it be your lot and mine to breathe forth some portion of those divine and blissful strains—Your's in the Gospel of Christ,  
G. SKEELES.

St. Ives, Hunts.

The Christian is not a bird that can only sing in Spring, when all other birds can; but he can sing in Winter also.

## A LETTER FROM MR. JAMES WELLS,

(ADDRESSED TO MR MOTT, OF NEW YORK.)

## ON THE ASPECT OF OUR CHURCHES, ETC., ETC.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD—I see by this month's VESSEL, you state that in New York there is a report that I hold and have published, *that if a child of God commits sin, it is the fault of the Holy Ghost.*

Well, what will men not say? and were I to take notice of one-tenth of the misrepresentations to which I am subjected, I might do hardly any thing else. How many times have I, from the pulpit and the press too, contradicted many such reports? but what of it?

“He that's convinced against his will,  
Is of the same opinion still.”

They still go on reiterating the same, and so I suppose it will be to the end. Some draw certain inferences from what I say, and then turn those inferences into premises, and then adopt as *certainties* their own fabrications, and some do this from one motive, and some from another. One because he likes to have something to say; another because he has more learning than he has any market for, and so graciously gives some of it away; another because he cannot get it out of his head but that he is a downright clever fellow; and how it is the people do not see it, and flock to hear him, he cannot think. Another because he would like to succeed in the ministry, just as I have been favoured to do, but somehow or another there is a *mistake* about it. I am the wrong man; it ought to have been my good surgical friend, who has at least tried to extract so many beams from my visual orbs, while he himself has not so much as even a mote in his eye; but who can be angry with such men? Why it is a great relief to them to say *something*; and after all, these little bits of find-fault often arise from the impulse of the moment, and like impulses of laudation, a very great discount is to be taken off from both; for it is very seldom in these petty affairs that men mean in *reality* one-half, and sometimes not one-tenth of what they say, and when they do, they are welcome for me to all the good they can get by such trading.

Now, as to the above, namely, *that if a child of God commits sin, it is the fault of the Holy Ghost*, I not only never published, or ever held such a sentiment, but I make no hesitation in saying, that not one of my brethren in the ministry can be farther from such irreverence, such presumption, such *blasphemy*, than I am, and always have been; but it is a very small thing with me that I should be judged of man's judgment; yea, I judge not mine own self, but he that judgeth me is the Lord.

Years ago these *misrepresentations* were rather hard to bear, but I have had so much knocking about that I am not quite so *thin-skinned* as I was then. Besides, I have known men labouring under these *misrepresentations*, send me off by name from their

pulpits to the devil, and just after this I have had (at least in some cases) an opportunity of doing them some favour, and it is astonishing how that has explained matters and set things right. I allude now to some of my own brethren in the ministry, and whom I love for the truth's sake; and after all, I do not know that I have not thrown a stone at some of them, and I certainly have nothing to boast of except that mercy by which I am saved. I let most of these flying reports die a natural death; it is true some of them die rather hard, and some of them rise again from the dead, but I care not for them, nor will I quarrel with any of my brethren merely about words. If I come to *doctrine*, then that is another thing. You must not suppose this my disavowal of the *profane* sentiment of charging sin upon the Holy Spirit of God will have much weight or put to silence those who have made up their minds not to be convinced, and who would almost feel it a calamity to be deprived of this cud of falsehood, which with such pleasure they roll from one side of the tongue to the other. It is a very nasty habit they have got hold of; but never mind, let them enjoy it, it will help to keep them quiet, and I say no more upon these nothings, but close with a word or two upon other matters.

I rejoice to find you still kept in the truth, not trifling therewith, nor in any way holding it in unrighteousness, but walking in the fear of God, rejoicing in Christ Jesus, and having no confidence in the flesh; not distorting the beautiful order of the new covenant; nor moving one inch from that 'liberty wherewith Christ has made you free,' but living unto God, for God, and for eternity, and having been made in earnest for your own soul, you can, from such experience, contend earnestly for the 'faith once delivered unto the saints.' We have here in England everything to encourage us so to do; we, like you on that side of the Atlantic, are free; and we have a goodly sprinkle scattered over our favoured land, who faithfully and honestly contend for the truth as it is in Jesus; and I believe that in proportion to the population England never had a larger number of real Christians than it has at the present time. It is true, we have not very many ministers of very great gifts, but we have many with something better; namely, a gracious and an honest heart; and upon the whole, our land is pretty generally seasoned with the salt of truth and grace; not that we have truth in anything like proportion to error, but we have a goodly few who enter in at the strait gate, and find the narrow way. Drawbacks, of course, we have. Some of the worst are, that some who profess the truth, can wuik at *another* gospel, and at the same time, try to persuade themselves, and others, that it is not another gospel. And then again



some churches are scandalously cold towards their ministers, not supporting them half as they could and ought to do. He gets to his Bible, he groans and sighs through chapter after chapter, seeking earnestly to enrich his soul, that he may shew himself a 'workman that needeth not to be ashamed;' but alas, the cold chills come over him. He knows that by some of his greatest men, he shall be listened to with stoical indifference, and that many of them, are, instead of listening *prayerfully and earnestly* for a word by the minister from the throne of God, they are thinking more about the world, or else of their importance in the church. The poor minister's tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth, and well it may, in the presence of such worldly and lordly professors. Instead of shewing their love to him by so arranging matters with the people as to do all that can be done for him, they leave him in poverty's vale, and then sit down and hear him with the same indifference or lordly importance that they treat him, and find fault with the poor fellow because he does not preach well, and that he does not fill the place.

Fill the place!! indeed! Why, Sirs, it is your *icy hearts* that freeze your minister's spirits, and kill him, and then complain because he is so dead. Sirs, I tell you the death is with you, ye dead-letter, selfish professors; you can lay out your pounds for your own fleshly purposes and aggrandizement fast enough, but while you can spend your hundreds upon yourselves; yet if the minister should want five pounds of you, you grunt and sigh as though you were going to be ruined, and yet expect your minister to be in good spirits, and preach with freedom and delight; clip his wings, and then expect him to fly; withhold from him what you ought to give him, and then expect him to minister to you with as much freedom as though he was supplied and treated as he ought to be treated. My heart has often ached for a good and honest man so placed. Not many years ago a very rich man, (much richer than a good man ought to be, for they ought to devote more to the cause of God, and to the poor;) this rich man said to me, 'Well, I have lost in a business transaction, £6000, and I am enabled to leave it. It does not trouble me, bless the Lord, I have *plenty left*.' 'Ah!' said I, 'if you had lost six score pounds by the cause of God, or by any tried minister of God, it would have *troubled* you then.' Now, said I, you have withholden from the cause of God just £6000 too much, and so the Lord has taken it from you. He said no more; what he thought I do not know, but I am persuaded that this want of proper care of the minister is one of the greatest drawbacks that we have to the prosperity of our churches. The minister is frozen in his very soul, and what, when it is almost *all winter*, can the produce be? How many anniversaries have I gone to, where at the end of the service, it is, '*What do you charge?*' just as though I had been mending an old shoe, or weeding their gravel walk; they know what they ought to give, but to get out of that it is, 'what do you charge?' or else

they pop, wrapped in a great piece of paper, the third-class fare into your hand, which you must not be so ungracious as to look at in their presence, but when you are in the carriage, then indulge your curiosity; unroll the paper, behold two shillings, a fourpenny piece, and a threepenny piece, the amount of your 3rd class fare to A. T.

I allude not now to little places, supported by a few poor people, but to places where they can afford to be liberal; and the more money you get 'for the cause,' as it is called, at such anniversaries, the more the pockets of the rich are saved. The minister any the better for a good anniversary? No, not a mite. But time fails me to point out the deadening effects of this worldly spirit in the churches; and I have often noticed, in the next generation, and sometimes in the same generation, the wealth of such professors melts away under the curse of him before whom Ananias and Sapphira fell dead upon the spot.

But there are some tolerable, some honourable, and some, but very few, *noble* exceptions. In these churches, the ministers are happy; they feel that their services are really desired, and well received; and being thus in a great measure released from the cares of this life, they, through grace, give themselves up to the work of God and godliness.

It is very clear that a worldly spirit in our churches is on the increase. Very few of their officers feel as they ought to feel for the souls of men, but space forbids my enlarging, or I might write a volume upon the drawbacks we have in our churches. I could propose a remedy, but I forbear for the present.

Now I do not for a moment believe that you on that side of the Atlantic are, with all your freewill revivals; (which revivals have, by our divinity-auctioneers here in England, been puffed into the very first stage of the millennium) you are not, I say, with all your revivals, anywhere near us here in England for ministers of truth, or for real Christians. We out-number you greatly; the old duty-faith and freewill fables cover your land; we are bad enough and you are worse, but the Lord can revive his work.

I trust you will still keep, as through grace you did keep, in the truth all the years that you were with us a member at the Surrey Tabernacle; and, through mercy, it is the Surrey Tabernacle still, walking in the fear of God, and in the comforts of the Holy Ghost; respected by other churches of the same faith and order, and feeling and exercising the same respect to her sister churches; on the one hand, having no desire to get into the spirit of *I am and none else*; nor on the other hand, to say any confederacy where the *unity* of the spirit in the bond of new covenant peace in Christ Jesus is, not the ground of fellowship; giving way not one inch either in promise or precept, doctrine or practice, but fixed and decided for all the ordinances of God, being no mere half-way or make-believe Baptists, no half-way work, but abiding by the laws of faith, and love, and liberty, and the Lord, we trust, is with us.

I have thus written rather a long and rather a rambling letter, and have, as you see, taken

but very little trouble to refute what people say of me. The fact is, I feel but very little annoyed by such things, but some of my hearers who have not been so much accustomed to war, are sometimes very much put out with these things, but I wish them all to look at them as not worthy of notice, for how much better it is to be envied than pitied; and the best way, after all, to overcome is to render good for evil. Yours very sincerely, in the glorious gospel of the blessed God,

JAMES WELLS.

6, St. George's Place, Brixton Road,  
London, Sep. 10, 1858.

## MARY'S CHARACTER,

### MARY'S PROMISE,

### AND MARY'S DECISION.

By MR. JOHN PELS, OF SOHO CHAPEL.

“And blessed is she that believed; for these shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord. Luke i. 45.

How great, how solemn and eternal are the truths of the Bible! Other books, however good and spiritually true, are but streams flowing from the fulness of the Bible; they may reflect the Divine Image, and be valued as current coin, but they trace their origin to God's royal mint, the Bible; it is here they are coined and receive the Divine impress, and only as they bear testimony to its truths, do they bear the image of God, and shew forth his praise.

My text contains some Bible gems, and I pray God to give us the eye of faith, that we may discern their beauty, admire their lustre, and appreciate their worth. We observe

I. THE CHARACTER DESCRIBED—a believer; for my text says, ‘She believed.’

Mary's faith was not of a mere nominal character, but a living faith; not a faith that reasoned concerning human improbabilities, but a faith that took God at his word; it was enough for Mary that God had spoken, as though she had said, ‘I will not reason as to how the things spoken shall be accomplished, humanly speaking, such things are altogether impossible, and can never come to pass, but with God all things are possible; it is enough that he has said it, and I am persuaded he will also perform it, for he will not alter the thing that is gone out of his mouth.’ Would to God, beloved, it were thus with us, but alas! alas!! we too often get reasoning as to the when and the how such things can be, and at times so foolish are we that just because we cannot at a glance behold the end from the beginning, we conclude the thing can never come to pass; the Lord forgive our folly and grant us overcoming faith, to credit what the Almighty saith. For

‘True faith sets things past in present view,  
Brings distant prospects home;  
Of things a thousand years ago,  
Or thousand years to come.’

II. THE PROMISE GIVEN. ‘A performance of those things which were told her from the Lord.’ The things referred to were

told Mary by the angel; nevertheless they were from the Lord; it was this that gave stability to the promises, and emboldened Mary to believe in their accomplishment. So ministers of the gospel are God's messengers, and those messages alone prove effectual which bear the Divine signature and are stamped with a mighty ‘thus saith the Lord;’ these stand fast for ever, because they are the word of the Lord. According to promise, the child was born, and ‘Mary brought forth a son, and called his name Jesus.’ She was also promised that he should be great; and never was there a promise more faithful and true, for though born in a stable, all heaven hailed his birth, and angels, those bright intelligences of heavenly bliss, descended in a multitude, praising God, and saying, ‘Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.’ These graced the stable with their presence, where proud man thought it beneath his dignity to cast a glance; but he who was just born of the virgin was greater than them all, for he was the Son of the Highest. He was the greatest personage that ever graced the earth; for he was not only man but the God-man, yea, God and man combined, constituting but one person. O how great, and greater still the mystery, ‘Immanuel, God with us.’ He was the great Person described by Isaiah seven-hundred and forty-years prior to his incarnation. How majestic the description given. See Isa. ix. 6. Great in all the offices he sustained. Great in all that he both did and said. The miracles he wrought were a bright display both of his grandeur and greatness, and loud outspoken facts and visible proofs of his Deity and Messiahship. He was and is the Great High Priest; for all who had preceded him, under the old dispensation, high and great as they might be, were but types of him the Antitype; and were forshadows of him the great Substance. Such was his greatness, that all the types and shadows were swallowed up in him, for in him they had their accomplishment, and he was the sum and substance of them all.

How great the work he undertook, even the eternal redemption of countless millions of the fallen race! and he must needs be great to accomplish it.

He is described as travelling in the greatness of his strength, as the Omnipotent before whom no foes could stand. He entered the field with the feebleness of man, but he was victorious as God! Great in his resurrection. Great in his ascension to glory. Great in his intercessory work before the throne. And, blessed be his name he is still the great Saviour of great sinners. How transcendently great will he appear at his second advent, when he will appear in all his glory (attended by myriads of the heavenly host;) and gather together his ransomed from the four corners of the earth; and then with them ascend to heaven in all the greatness and with all the grandeur of a God; and there present these countless millions faultless before the throne, saying, ‘Father, here am I, and not only I, but the children Thou hast given me.’ He shall reign in heaven as King

for ever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end. These, I apprehend, are some of the things promised, and in which Mary truly believed. A part of them have already been performed, and as the Lord liveth, the rest of them shall not fail of their accomplishment; for,

‘ Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,

The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.’

III. THE DECISION.—‘ Blessed is she that believed.’ Mary was blessed indeed, for she realized her own interest in the things promised, and rejoiced therein; for she said, ‘ my soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.’ There has been a great deal said against women preaching the gospel, but how far it is right I cannot say; at any rate we know that ‘ Anna when she was of a great age, spake of Christ to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem; and our dear old sister Elizabeth turned parson, and preached a most excellent sermon to her young sister Mary, pronounced her blessed; her sermon proved effectual, for Mary believed, and realised the blessing promised. My friends, they are blessed indeed to whom the Lord thus speaks, and to whom he shews mercy. Some of you may conclude you are not blessed, because of what you feel within—but allow me to ask, what is your character? Come now with me, and trace the delineation of the Christian character, and observe their features as portrayed by our Lord in his sermon on the mount, (just read 5th chapter Matthew, 1—12 verses.) What say ye, my hearer, to these things, seest thou not thine own likeness in at least one of these many pictures presented to view? If so, mark the decision, and by whom described. The decision is, that thou art blessed, and Christ himself declared it. Down, down with your harps from the willows! tune them afresh! and let them loud resound his praise, who not only blessed Mary, but hath also blessed you. Even so, Amen.

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### “ I HAVE NO HOPE ! ”

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MR. EDITOR—I know you like to put good things on board: jewels are considered among men to be good and of great value. Our God calls his children ‘ jewels; and saith, ‘ they shall be mine in that day when I make them up, or number them.’ God our Father chose the Church in Christ; and gave her to his Son, as his bride: ‘ He that hath the bride is the Bridegroom; and a mighty faithful and loving Husband keeps them on his heart in life, and death, and for evermore.

I will give you a short account of the life and death of Mr John Moysey, of Heathfield, Devonshire. I was acquainted with him for years; and knew the way the Lord was leading him. For some years he groaned under the guilt of sin; while under a law-work he used to say to me, ‘ I have no hope, I cannot believe God will save me.’ I said to him, as well as I can recollect, ‘ did you always feel as you now do? cannot you believe there is a

change wrought in you?’ ‘ I know there is a change in me,’ was his reply; ‘ but I am afraid it is Satan’s work, and not God’s.’ Our dear friend used, at that time, to sit under my ministry. He said ‘ no one seems to understand my case so well as you; your ministry suits me well.’ I knew where he was; and what the Lord was doing for him. A smooth line of things would not do for him. I said to him one day when walking over his farm, ‘ my dear friend, God will bring you in his own time, into the liberty of the Gospel.’ About this time I was leaving Devonshire, and shortly after was settled in Shropshire. A short time after my settlement there, I received a letter from my now deceased friend in which he informs me, that, the Lord had brought him into the liberty of the gospel; that Christ was exceedingly precious to him. One day, while on his farm, the Lord broke off all his bonds, and shined blessedly into his soul; and now he could sing of redemption by blood. From this time, up to the time of his illness, he used to preach at some of the chapels near his place of residence. I only had the pleasure of preaching one sermon to him after he was brought into the liberty of the gospel. On that occasion, he spoke of the blessedness of feeling the power of the truth of the gospel—‘ Oh! said he, ‘ it is lovely!’ We had wept together, but on this occasion we rejoiced, and sang for gladness of heart. Our departed friend was ill a few months. I need not say there were changes in his mind during that period, but his end was peace.

Mr. J. Moysey was a member of a very respectable family in the parish of Laddiswell, Devonshire; he was a man of great trials; was his life written from the time of his marriage to the time he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, (which was on the 28th of August, age 38 years) it would form an interesting volume. Our departed friend chose Mr. Turner to perform the burial service; also, to improve his death from Zech. iii. 2, ‘ Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?’ Our dear friend has left a widow with four children; also, an aged father, and other members of the family to mourn over their loss.

His death will be deeply felt by the lovers of truth that knew him.

Dear Editor, the good Lord is daily gathering in his children; it may not be far distant when the Master will come, and call for you and I. ‘ For me to live is Christ, but to die is gain.’ I am your brother and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, H. VEALE.

Broseley, Sept. 10, 1858.

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Real communion with God is the only sweetener of the Christian life. With this, a man may be content in country or town, in a palace or in a prison; without it, we are content NO WHERE! THE OLD creation never was meant to satisfy the NEW CREATURE: this must live upon God in Christ, or starve! Wherever he records his name, wherever he reveals his face, is sacred:—this contents—this satisfies—*Blackstock*.

## The Earthen Vessel Pulpit.

### THE RENDING OF THE VEIL.

SERMON PREACHED ON SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 1st, 1858, IN SALEM CHAPEL,  
MEARD'S COURT, SOHO.

By MR. JOHN BLOOMFIELD, PASTOR.

"And, behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent; and the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many." Matthew xxvii. 51—53.

THE death of the Lord Jesus is the most solemn event that ever took place in the history of this world. In it were involved the grandest and mightiest interests both to God and man. It was the development of the love of Jehovah's heart; and the outburst of the wickedness and the enmity of the hearts of sinners. Though it occurred in perfect accordance with the mysterious and secret councils of Jehovah's will, yet it was perpetrated by wicked and cruel hands. The purposes of God did not influence the crucifiers of Jesus. All that moved them to deeds of blood, was their enmity and their ignorance; they were ignorant of the nature and object of the Saviour's mission; and they were full of enmity to God's Christ and his cause. The death of Jesus on the part of man was a prodigiously wicked and malicious act. And God gave indications by prodigious signs of his anger for this work of blood. When the Saviour was born, a luminous light appeared in the heavens to give intelligence of his birth. When the Saviour was crucified, dense darkness prevailed over the land where this act of cruelty took place. Heaven and earth, both gave indications of their sympathy with Christ; both gave indications of the greatness of the crime committed by men, cruel wicked men whose "glory was their shame." Heaven was clothed in blackness, the earth reeled, and quaked, under this horrid deed. Yet we say, though the death of the Saviour was perpetrated by wicked hands, it took place according to ancient councils. Frequently has the wickedness of man been made to praise God, the rest hath he restrained.

Man still is held responsible for his actions, as Adam was, when he stood in his original glory, and purity, in the garden of Eden. And where God has purposes to accomplish, and they are accomplished by the wickedness of men, we must not say they are influenced by the hidden decrees of God; if so, we should be ready to say, God is unrighteous in the condemnation of the wicked. Seeing therefore, there is freedom in man in all his actions, we see how God can be just, yet punish the ungodly. But let us not throw stones at the crucifiers of Jesus, for we were represented by them in our sins. It was our sins that wounded him, that bruised him; it was our sins for which he died upon the cross. If there were no sins, there would be no death,

no atonement needed for sin, nor justification for the sinner before the eternal God. Perhaps some may say, all this I believe to be true, and in my desires I am most anxious to visit Gethsemane, to pour out the burden of my heart to God, desiring to know if I am interested in these solemn doings, in this cruel death which Christ suffered on the cross. To such I would say, happy are ye, if even you are anxiously desiring, if you have such solemn thoughts, such serious inquiries to know if you are interested in a death so solemn; in a death so mighty in its consequences. If there be no anxiety, no desires, no longings of heart to know our interest in the death, and sacrifice, of Christ upon the cross, we are in darkness, and in danger of the punishment due to transgressors; it is an evidence we are still dead in trespasses and sin.

But what took place at the death of Christ upon the cross? "And when the sixth hour was come, there was darkness over the whole land until the ninth hour."

What was intended by this darkness? It might be to shew the judicial darkness of the Jewish nation—who were in dense darkness, and soon to be given over to desolation, which took place not many years after this solemn event. Or, it might be intended to shew that the time, or the hour, of the Prince of Darkness was come. Satan had often tempted our Lord, and battled with him. Jesus had told Satan "his hour was not yet come." But now, in this hour of darkness, was Satan's time come! It might be intended to shew the darkness which Christ endured in his soul, when he bore the curse, and the frown of his Father; when these words escaped his lips, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" When Christ bore our sins in Gethsemane's garden, that consecrated spot, which should ever be remembered with sorrow, and with joy by every Christian; where Jesus cried, "O my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me." This was darkness indeed which he endured; thick darkness entered the soul of him who died upon the cross. Why that darkness, but that his people may enjoy the shining rays of the unending light of heaven; that they may have the never dying life of God in their souls? It might be to represent the dense darkness which prevails over the state of every man by nature, which is thick darkness indeed. Or

perhaps it indicates the judgments of God that will follow upon the sins of the wicked. What a dark night will follow the judgment day to the wicked. When they shall be cast "out into outer darkness, where there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." Darkness is represented as suppressing the power of speech; the prisoners in outer darkness will have no power to speak against God, no power to say he is unjust, or that God hath dealt unrighteously with their souls. It shall be 'outer darkness;' and there shall the wicked be silent in darkness.

In our text we will notice three points; and word them as follows: First, *the rending of the veil*. Secondly, *the quaking of the earth*. Thirdly, *the opening of the graves*.

I.—*The Rending of the Veil*. The veil of the temple was made of thick and beautiful tapestry. But we will not stop to enquire how it was made, of what colour, and of what thickness, further than to say, the veil concealed the glory of the "Holy of holies." It concealed the mysteries of the holy place where the bright Shekinah was; behind that veil was the luminous cloud; between the cherubim upon the mercy-seat; not a soul was suffered to enter into the holy place but the priest, and he only on the great day of atonement. He only was allowed to enter into this sacred place of the Most High; and he not without blood and incense. He carried blood in his hand, and waved the burning incense. He wore the breastplate with the names of the twelve tribes of Israel, and on his forehead was inscribed, "Holiness to the Lord." The veil concealed the mysteries of the dwelling of God. This veil, which concealed the Eternal Deity from man, was rent from top to bottom. Let us ask, why it was rent. Was it merely to represent the greatness and magnificence of Him who suffered upon the cross, or the hidden glory of Him who died upon the tree? No, not only did it indicate the majesty of his person, his glory and power, but also the abolition of the Jewish dispensation, which was a dispensation of types and ceremonies.

At the death of Christ, God seemed to say to all types and ceremonies, "I have no more need of you." God seemed to say to the blood-besprinkled altar, fragrant with incense, "Now your work is done, I have no more need of you; you have had your work to do, your lessons to teach; and your lessons have been taught; and now the true Priest is come, the temple with the old dispensations must pass away."

God never intended the Jewish dispensation to be universal, or everlasting in its benefits, more than to lead the worshippers to the one sacrifice of Christ. The benefits of Christ are not confined to any particular nation, either Jew or Gentile; but to some of all nations, some of every people, and every tongue. This, I think, was indicated by the rending of the "veil from top to bottom." Not a partial rending, or it might leave the impression that the Jewish ceremonies were to be mixed with the ordinances of Christianity: part works and part grace. But Christ's death was a perfect rending, a perfect sacrifice, and

we shall have no other. The veil was rent to show that the way of salvation was open freely to all seeking sinners, whether Jew or Gentile.

Now under the old dispensation, no Gentile, unless he became a proselyte, could have access to God through the priest, or be interested in the Jewish sacrifices. But Christ by his death hath "broken down the middle wall of partition." Ephesians ii.

The old Jews did not like this, they did not understand the way of salvation being opened to all nations. Hence, we have in Peter, who was a representative of the thorough old Jews, that spirit of Judaism, that spirit of exclusiveness, of which they were guilty.

If we read the 10th Chapter of Acts, we see how that spirit in Peter was slain, "he fell into a trance;" and there came a voice to him, "rise, Peter, kill and eat." This was done three times, in order to slay that spirit of exclusiveness, which seemed so natural to that generation. Peter was taught "what the Lord had cleansed, that call thou not common." We have now access through the Saviour's blood, through the Saviour's death, and there is no approaching God but by the sacrifice of Christ. "Through him we both have access;" whether Jew or Gentile, to the Father; Christ hath rolled away every difficulty: the mountains he hath laid low; exalted the valleys, and the rough places made plain.

Then, the rending was also to indicate the full development of all mysteries contained in the first dispensation. There were many mysteries contained in the past, which the people did not understand. We have fallen under a more blessed dispensation; but still there are mysteries in the full development of which we are not able to bear; Christ seems still to be saying, "I have many things to tell you, but ye cannot bear them now." If we read the Scriptures aright, we should read the old dispensations in New Testament light. The old dispensation is the text, of which the life of Christ is the sermon. The old dispensation is the alphabet; by the life of Christ God hath put the alphabet into syllables, saying, "God is love."

II.—Then *there is the quaking of the earth, and the rending of the rocks*. Ah, says one, surely this is the Son of God. Either the God of nature is expiring, or nature herself is being destroyed. Either the God who made the world is giving up the Ghost; or the world made by his power is being given up to destruction. The rending of the rocks, the quaking of the earth, and the utter darkness which prevailed; all shew the entire destruction of the system of the Jews, "for the former things are passed away." Then perhaps the rending is to represent that the earthly heart of man was to be rent. How many rocky hearts of sinners have been rent in twain by the arrows of conviction, when brought home by the power of the Spirit. What trembling, what quaking, what heavings of heart, what throbbings of spirit there then has been. Ah, sinner, thy heart is like the earth; how often may you hear of the sufferings of Jesus, and not drop a tear; hear of the solemnity of the judgment day; see

death before you, and no quaking, no trembling of thy rocky heart. But, when the soul is brought to view Christ on the cross; when the gospel is brought home with all its sweetness, and with power to thine heart, then thy rocky heart will be rent assunder; thy heart of stone shall be turned into flesh; there shall then be quakings for fear, and "reeling to and fro like a drunken man." Again, it may indicate the great resurrection day. There will be then a rending of the rocks of Him who made them. And there will be a quaking of the rocky hearts, and a rending of man's rocky nature, under the judgments of the God of heaven. But the heart that has been rent in twain by the power of God's grace, that has been brought to trust in the righteousness of Jesus, that heart shall stand firm on the rock of everlasting ages.

III.—The *opening of the graves*. "And many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of their graves after his resurrection." Here we see that Jesus had supreme dominion over the dead, and supreme power over the grave; and in his supreme power, He swallowed up death in victory. He gained a complete mastery over death, in death's own domain. He sways the sceptre over the power of death, by rising from the dead and shewing himself the resurrection, and the life, all power is with him; and how true it is that

"Not a single shaft can hit,  
Till the God of love sees fit."

How true it is, all our times are in his hands; how true it is that not even the grave can open for us till he commands, for the grave opens, and the grave shuts, by the authority of Jesus. We also see those who were dead, and buried for ages, were interested in the doings and death of Jesus upon the cross. Who they were we are not told, what they were we are not told; only as saints, that they arose being interested in the work of Jesus. The patriarchs had been dead for ages; but they looked through time, they had looked through the vista of ages had passed away; but they looked through and were interested in the great sacrifice of Him who had said, "Before Abraham was I am." Then we say, that whoever they were, or whatever they had been, whether the old Patriarchs or the Prophets they were interested in the Saviour's resurrection, and in the Saviour's glory.

Again—the *dead cometh forth*, shows us that the future resurrection is in the hands of Christ.

First. After this, the resurrection of Christ; then the saints come out of their graves, "and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many." This "holy city" was, doubtless, a type of the glory that they should have with God. But where they went to, how long they tarried upon earth, we are not told; and where revelation has no tongue to speak, we should have no ears to hear. But this we believe, they went to heaven with their bodies raised by the power of Christ. The future resurrection is a glorious doctrine of Christianity, the hope of every believer, and the encouraging prospect of every saint.

The resurrection of Christ is the foundation of our hope, the object of our faith, the strength and the purity of our joy. "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain;" and there is no life, no power, or beauty in the system of Christianity. A risen Christ we want now; Christ, the Testator, hath bequeathed property to his church, and sealed it with his own blood, and by his death signed the will, and has risen from the dead, and now lives to see that the church gets her inheritance.

But there is a dreadful resurrection for the ungodly, they shall wake up to eternal shame, and confusion of faces. But on the head of Him, who though he be despised now, shall his crown flourish.

Therefore, if we be risen in Christ, "Let us set our affections on things above, and not on things below." May the Lord command his blessing, even life for ever more, for his name sake. Amen.

J. KERRALL.

SEVEN ARGUMENTS IN FAVOUR  
OF  
STRICT COMMUNION.

BY THE LATE JOHN STEVENS,  
Of Soho.

TO THE EDITOR

DEAR SIR: The following letter, written by that eminent minister of Christ, the late John Stevens, I have sent, hoping that you will insert it at your earliest convenience, and wishing you every blessing.

Aug. 13th, 1858.

THOS. ROW.

MY KIND FRIEND IN THE CHIEF FRIEND.—Many thanks for your present, which came duly to hand, and which I would have acknowledged sooner, but my numerous engagements have not allowed opportunity till now. I have repeatedly thought of your case, since you stated it in your letter, respecting communion at the table of the Lord, which being a positive institution is wholly founded in the will of the Divine Institutor. Inference and analogical reasoning can have no claim to determine anything in such a case.

1.—No instance appears on record of any of the primitive saints being admitted to the Lord's table without their being first baptized. Indeed, it cannot be supposed there should, when the commission given by Christ to his apostles; (*Mat. xxviii. 19, 20*; *Mark xvi. 15, 16*;) is duly considered. He ordered his apostles to teach first, and then baptize those that should believe their doctrine; after which, they were to further instruct them in all matters pertaining to their faith and practice as baptized disciples of Christ, according to his command. This plainly shows that all baptized persons are to be such as have believed, and are capable of receiving immediate instruction in all the will of the Lord. Not infants, then, but adults, who could make a credible profession of their faith, are here intended.

2.—We learn from our Lord's words to his apostles, that all believers are bound, health and opportunity permitting, to be baptized

after making a profession of their faith, in the death and resurrection of Christ.

3.—We cannot doubt whether the apostles understood their Master's commission, nor can we suppose they did not practice it, informing the churches everywhere. They, as inspired men, could not have more than *one rule*; as they ordained in one, so they must have ordained in *all* the churches; they had one Lord, one faith, and *one baptism*; and could therefore admit no such motly appearance amongst their churches as mixed communion. Eph. iv. 5. 1 Cor. vii. 17, and i. 10.

4.—Churchmen and Independents all go upon the principal, that you must be baptized before you can be admitted to the supper of the Lord. It is inconsistent therefore in them to complain, that the Baptists insist on baptism as a term of communion, since they themselves do the same. But when they say they are baptized, the Baptists says, no, I cannot admit infant sprinkling to be any baptism at all. The Independent can safely admit the Baptist is baptized, but the Baptist cannot allow that the Independent is baptized; one has Scripture precept, precedent, and promise; the other has not. God can only be worshipped according to his own commands. To offer him service which he has not required, is as great an insult as it is to withhold what he has commanded—some have thought it *greater*.

5.—Now the question is, have you been baptized? You say, no. Then you have not professed your faith in Christ by baptism, as is required in order to the fellowship of a Christian church; the Holy Scriptures being the rule of conduct. Hence, it appears that you are not required to take the supper *before* baptism. Thus circumstanced; you, on being invited to the table, say, I am not baptized, and therefore am at present not scripturally warranted to take a seat there.

6.—But your enquiry takes another view. Your Independent friends say, come to our table; we are satisfied you are baptized. You reply, but I must remember religion is a personal thing, and I believe I am not baptised; I cannot worship by what you believe, but by what I believe.

7.—Now your Independent friends make another offer; they say, then get baptized in your own way, and then you can come to our table. Again you say, I cannot *then* commune with you, because I cannot imagine the commanding will of the Lord to be *contrary to itself*. I cannot plead for baptism in my own practice, and against it by sanctioning your's. You further subjoin, if it please not the Lord to give me opportunity of worshipping him according to his own command, I must not think to honor him by the customs of men, however evident their religious rites in other respects may appear. A state of grace is necessary in order to a church-state, and to admission to the ordinance of baptism; nor can the order of the true ordinances be reversed or transposed, without denying the commission of Christ and practice of his apostles, and at the same time neglecting the true import and use of the institutions of our land. To wilfully neglect the ordinances appointed by Divine

authority is wicked, to alter and misplace them is as certainly bad, if not worse. You, my friend, can do neither, according to the present convictions of your mind. What further inquiries you may wish to make will be duly considered, by your's in the Lord Jesus,

JOHN STEVENS.

## EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

### LETTER XLVII.

MY GOOD THEOPHILUS — I CLOSE, for the present, my remarks upon the subject of man's accountability to God; and, to make the personal accountability of man to God, as clear to you as possible, let me here just remind you, that I am now to speak of that accountability to God, which depends upon the circumstances in which men are placed; distinguishing this from that original accountability, in which all men in the first Adam are alike: all are fallen, lost and helpless; but, circumstances give rise to different *degrees* of accountability, for, "where much is given, much is required." Now, when the Lord was pleased to give to the Israelites a covenant of laws and ordinances, it was for their good, that is, for their temporal and moral good; and, by walking in these laws—keeping to the one true God, and following his institutions, they thereby spent their days in peace, and their years in prosperity; and, the Lord, from time to time stretched out his hands to them, to deliver them and to uphold them, and to bless them; but, the majority of them refused—they set at nought God's counsel, and would none of his reproof, and hereby did themselves a twofold injury. First, in bringing upon themselves present calamities; and, second, treasuring up sins, for which they would have to answer at the day of judgment; and, therefore, it will be more tolerable in the day of judgment, for Sodom and Gomorrah, than for those who have despised God to his face—slain his prophets, and digged down his altars. And you see that the Lord put the Israelites upon a conditional footing, he never aimed at, never intended their eternal salvation, because, eternal salvation runs altogether in another line of things; all God aimed at with the Israelites, was to give them certain advantages, (temporal and moral,) by obeying his laws; and even this, he aimed at, only by such means as that covenant afforded. God's decree concerning them (as you may see in Duet. xxviii., and many other places,) was, that if they obeyed his laws, they should live in all the prosperity the promised land could afford, and if they disobeyed, they must die and lose it all; and, it must be left to them as voluntary creatures, to obey and live, or disobey and die. There was nothing to obey, which the natural man was not well capable of obeying—the priesthood, royalty and ordinances, were all after the law of a carnal commandment, and there were miracles and wonders enough, to prove to them that those laws were of God; and, added to this, the Lord multiplied visions, and used similitudes, and also reasoned with them, and said, "turn,

O house of Israel, why will ye die?" but they would not turn, so the Lord said, he would "laugh at their calamity, and mock when their fear came;" thus you will know how to understand such Scriptures, as—"When a man turns from his wickedness, and does that which is lawful and right," &c.

There are, as you are aware, men, who set up such Scriptures as offers of eternal salvation, and thus make out, that the Israelite, after the flesh, was condemned for not receiving what God never intended for him; and so far drawn into delusion are such men, that they even tell us, that it is the duty of all men to repent and believe, and to come to Christ, and be saved; and, whereas, the duty of men consisteth of nothing of the kind: as well may they tell us, that it was the duty of Ishmael to become what Isaac was—a son of the free-woman, and a child of promise: as well may they tell us that it was the duty of Esau to be loved of God, as was Jacob. It was not Ishmael's duty to make himself a child of promise, his duty was to behave himself, and not get mocking and persecuting Isaac. It was not Esau's duty to make himself loved of God as was Jacob; his duty was to have kept his priesthood birthright, have sacrificed unto God as an act of homage to his Maker and not against the light and knowledge he had to run off into heathenism. It was not Cain's duty to be justified by faith as Abel was; Cain's duty was to do not only as he did do, bring an offering unto God, but to bring it in love to his Maker, and in faith in him as his Creator; and to have abstained from his popish (that is, murderous, for the terms are synonymous) intentions towards Abel. Then the Lord would have had respect unto him, and to his offering. Not the respect he had unto Abel, and his offering; no, for Abel was a regenerated man, and his worship was not merely natural but spiritual, and the Lord accepted him and it as such; but Cain's would have been accepted as a creature act of duty-faith homage to his Maker, and thus Cain would have done well as a creature, and would have been accepted as such. Yes, even after he had brought his offering with a wicked heart, and after the acceptance of Abel's offering had brought out more prominently the evil intentions of Cain's wicked heart, even after this, the Lord said to him, "Why is thy countenance fallen? If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? the desire of thy brother shall be unto thee, and thou shalt rule over him." To do well, was to act conscientiously, and to be accepted was, to have the creature advantages of this creature well doing; but what has all this to do with that grace wherein Abel stood and rejoiced in hope of the glory of God?

You will thus, my good Theophilus, see that all who make that spiritual which is only natural, are under a delusion; and being hereby deceived themselves, they draw others into the same delusion, and would delude, if it were possible, even the very elect.

But let me now come to the New Testament age, and here I shall find that the responsibility of man is solemn, and most awful is

the account that thousands will have to give. Take the man who wantonly desecrates the Sabbath day, who makes a jest of religion, and who, perhaps, can delight in the despising the ministers, the ways, and the people of God; and who, in the open daylight of the New Testament, has pleasure in nothing but unrighteousness. By these their works, such will be judged, but to preach unto such, a duty-faith, and a duty-repentance as the way of eternal salvation, is as unscriptural as anything can well be; and if such be converted by and to such a doctrine, then they are converted by and to a *huge lie*; and where such deceived souls will be found at the last, I must leave.

Both John the Baptist, and the Saviour, began their ministry by exhorting the natural man to repent and believe the gospel, and had the Jews have done so, they would have saved their city to this day. It was their truth that when the Saviour by miracle and by truth, demonstrated his mission to be from on high, it was, I say, their sin, that they did not repent and believe his testimony, and so have ceased even to oppose him, much less crucify him, and put him to death; but, my good Theophilus, that repentance by which Sidon and Tyre would have continued to this day, that repentance which would have saved Jerusalem from destruction, and that repentance which is unto eternal salvation, are widely and *essentially* different matters.

Thus, my good Theophilus, you will see that we few poor despised *hypers*, do not deny human accountability, nor find an excuse for any one wrong of man, nor do we put the duty of the creature into the place of the grace of God, nor do we lay the blame of men's damnation upon the grace of God, nor upon the death of Christ; but we lay the blame of man's eternal perdition entirely upon original sin, and the amount of punishment we blame upon personal sins against light and knowledge; and those sins consisting, not in rejecting what was never meant for them, and never offered to them. Eternal life is *offered to no one*; it is a free, eternal, sure gift. Nor do we *hypers* hold out two ways of eternal salvation, one by duty-faith, and another by the faith of God's elect: we believe that these two ways, that such two doctrines, are in direct collision one with the other; we believe one of these doctrines, namely, eternal salvation by the faith of God's elect, to be of God, but that the other doctrine is not of God, nor do the men that preach it dare to say, that any soul was ever yet saved by it. They themselves despise the thought of being saved by it; they send others that way, but they will not go that way themselves. Nor will these two doctrines ever, either on earth or in heaven, coalesce; they are a deadly and an everlasting contradiction one to the other, and the two put together make a yea and nay gospel; and so is another gospel; and would bring an angel from heaven, should he advocate such a gospel, under the apostolic curse.

Let ministers, therefore, tell men the truth, and rightly divide the word of truth, and let the law of human accountability be kept in



its place, and the law of life and liberty have its place.

This duty-faith doctrine feeds pharisees, and tips with poison the arrows that are sent at men of God. Let those who luxuriate so much upon duty-faith, beware how they despise those with whom they pretend, in the free-grace part of their creed to be one, this duty-faith doctrine is no new heresy; it is one of the last leprous spots of popery, that marked nearly all the puritan fathers; but still, it is high time that this black spot was taken away; it ought to be cast to the moles and to the bats; it makes empty the soul of the hungry, and causeth the drink of the thirsty to fail. It aims to tie truth and error together. But why then have some good men preached this duty-faith doctrine? They have preached it for these two reasons: first, because they have thought that they have found it in the letter of the Word; and second, that they have not faith enough in God to trust him with his own truth, and therefore to make up this their lack of faith in God, they exercise a little faith in the creature; and, fearing God will not begin the work soon enough, they appeal to the creature to begin at once as it is, say they, his duty to do. They feel that they ought to speak to the dry bones as well as to the living bones, and they are not content to prophecy as the Word commands, but must call upon the dry bones to help themselves; and so, after confessing, tacitly deny the state men are in by nature, and though their duty-faith doctrine be a broken tooth, and a foot out of joint, yet they still have great confidence in it, and while they thus try to serve two gospels, they are faithful to neither. The Lord open their eyes and set them right; so prays

A LITTLE ONE.

### “HOPEFUL’S” ADDRESS

TO THE CHURCH AT SOHO, OXFORD STREET.

[A correspondent requests the insertion of the following. These sincere expressions for the well-being of Zion, indicate the coming of times foretold by prophets, apostles, and good men since their day.—Ed.]

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS—As the Lord hath done, and still is doing, great things for you, would it not be well for you to set apart one hour for prayer some other evening, as well as Monday and Wednesday evenings; say Thursday or Friday, (or both) and let it begin at 8 o'clock, so as to give them an opportunity who cannot be there at the 7 o'clock services; for

“Who that knows the worth of prayer  
But wishes to be also there?”

We see how many churches around us are devoting their leisure hours to the worship of their God, and to prayer that the Holy Spirit may be poured out upon all, and shall we be the least and last of all, who have received so much at his hands? Try one month, for why should we let his mercies lay forgotten in unthankfulness, and without prayers die. Your's in heart,

A LOVER OF PRAYER.

### HOW WE LEFT GOSPEL OAK.

You children of prayer, I trust you may see the dealings of the Lord toward a poor feeble one like unto me. A long time it had been my wish that I might be enabled to attend the services of the Lord's-house, but through the length of the journey, and the afflictions of the body, many precious seasons were neglected. I have often asked my wife if she would consent to give up business and live nearer to the house of the Lord, but she would not consent: finding I could not prevail upon her by fair reasoning, I betook myself to prayer, in my feeble way, asking the Lord if he would please to cause something to occur that she might see with me in the matter. The first event the Lord permitted to come upon me was affliction; which caused me great difficulty to go and come. I hoped this would prove effectual in causing her to leave the place; but her objection then seemed to rest upon our youngest son, saying, “what would become of him, seeing he had no trade?” Since then, the Lord has permitted another heavy stroke; by taking this dear child by a sudden accident: he went into a small factory opposite our house after dinner, and fell in contact with two tooth wheels, and was, in a few minutes, launched into eternity. He was a most affectionate loving child. A short time before this accident, he caught hold of his mother by the neck, and said, “Oh, mother! Oh, mother! do let me have one kiss,” and that was the last parting kiss she ever had; and hanging round me and kissing me was the last act he did, a few minutes before his sudden death. My dear wife said, she thought in her own mind she would make a rod, to try to make him leave off these fond ways, as he was nearly twelve years of age; but she told me since, in tears, the rod was preparing for her, and she does believe it is the Lord's doings, though marvellous and painful in our eyes, for we had no just cause to continue any longer at Gospel Oak, seeing the Lord has provided all temporal good for us; but we have now, after these sore afflictions, removed nearer to the desired place, (the Lord's house,) and are both enabled to go and come to the sanctuary. Surely our God is a God hearing and answering prayer, though in such a way we little think, but we trust we can say with one of old, “He hath done all things well!” “Blessed be the name of the Lord.” I did relate a little of my experience in the EARTHEN VESSEL for August, 1854, and it was entitled—“The happy couple at Gospel Oak.” I trust I can say it is the same now, though we have seen and experienced many scenes since then. Your's in Christian love,

THOMAS & MARY JOHNSON.

Truly, as far as *practices* is concerned, the Christianity of the present seems to be a vastly different thing to the Christianity of the past. A captious, bitter, and unforgiving spirit is opposed to the whole spirit of the Gospel. Therefore the persecutor, the slanderer, and the revengeful man, cannot rightly be called a Christian.—*Knapp's "Sins of the Tongue."*

## "THE KENILWORTH CURATE."

THE APPEAL TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

LAST month we noticed, in few words, the recent circulation of a pamphlet written by the Rev. John P. Wallis, and entitled, "*A Plea for Kenilworth,*" &c., &c. This pamphlet is published by W. H. Collingridge, City Press, London; and furnishes painful evidence of the existence of a species of persecution carried out by several dignitaries of the Church of England against a zealous Curate.

We have been requested to notice this pamphlet; which request we comply with, because we are fully persuaded that a Godly, truth-loving, and faithful Gospel-preaching Curate in the Church of England, is, in many cases, in one of the worst positions in which it is possible to place a minister of Christ: and we hope that proceedings like the present will, in time, be instrumental in working a great reformation in the machinery of the Church of England; and that the case of her ill-paid, hard-working, and sorely-afflicted Curates, will meet with such consideration as shall prevent a few wealthy Pharisees from having the power of casting a devoted man out of her pale.

The plot of this Kenilworth pamphlet lays in a very small compass, although the working-out of the same embraces many points of great interest.

Mr. Wallis was a hard-working, and unusually zealous, curate, under Mr. Cadman, the rector of St. George's, Southwark. The vicar of Kenilworth required a curate; Mr. Wallis was translated from the borough of Southwark to Kenilworth; and here—because of his efforts faithfully to fulfil his commission, an attempt is made to cast him away.

Among the many points in this pamphlet of interest to the church of Christ at large, the first is, "What is Mr. Wallis himself?" Is he a living, heaven-ordained, minister of Christ's gospel? Has the Holy Ghost quickened, sanctified, and sent him to preach the TRUTH?" This is a question of immense consequence. If this could not be answered, we should have passed the matter by; but having suffered severely ourselves from priestly bigotry, we deeply feel for, and cannot but sympathize with, one whom the higher powers endeavour to crush, and to cast away.

Expressive of Mr. Wallis's character and spirit, we here give a paragraph or two. Mr. Wallis, in his first letter to the Kenilworth vicar, says:—

"When I was led to give up my secular calling, it was with the ardent desire of giving myself *wholly* to the peculiar and distinct work of preaching and teaching the gospel of Jesus Christ. In this spirit I came into this London parish to labour with Mr. Cadman; and every day my conviction is strengthened, that I must keep to the one work of ministering to souls; for no work will be invested

with so much solemnity and importance, in the day when we shall give an account of our stewardship, as the saving of an immortal soul; and I am made to feel that the coming of the Lord draweth nigh—the night when our work must cease—the morning when we shall appear with Christ in glory."

After Mr. Wallis was threatened with dismissal from Kenilworth, he wrote to the vicar again. In that letter he says:—

"Your note has cut me to the heart! It reveals such a sad state of things—that which I feared would come—a very great dislike, not so much for the *manner* as for the *matter* of my preaching. The manner I have varied to please them for their good; the matter I am also willing to vary if they can show me from the Bible a more excellent way. God is my witness!

"I seek nothing earthly for myself; I seek not theirs, but them. I seek to win souls to Christ, by preaching Christ to them *in* the Spirit and *with* the Spirit.

"I can only say that I have been sadly deceived as to the spiritual state of the *upper* classes in Kenilworth. They love not the voice of Christ, because they are not the sheep of Christ. I feel that I can in truth use the words of St. John, 'He that knoweth God, heareth us.'

"An average of seventy communicants out of 3,000 people is a sufficient indication of the real state of this parish, to any discerning person!

"Nevertheless to prove to them my love for them, and anxiety for their souls, I am ready to do anything, or become anything for their sakes. I am ready to be humbled in the dust for them, to suffer any amount of unkindness, rudeness, or humiliation; I am ready to do all that you command in your note. I know that the common sense of Kenilworth is with me, and the hearts of all the really converted amongst the poor, love my preaching. It is a dark day for Kenilworth—to the poor I go for the present; meantime having laid out all my sorrow and trouble before my Master, I must take counsel with my dear friends, Mr. CADMAN and Mr. BROCK, and will let you know the result.

"Those who object to the bold, searching, loving, spiritual, plain preaching of the gospel are not really converted people. You told me you wanted this; through the grace of the Holy Spirit I endeavoured so to preach—let the people be my witness. You say rightly that at Burton Green and the School room, the people love my preaching, for they will not endure anything but the pure gospel. There is only one gospel, and one way of preaching that gospel effectually, and that is with and in the Holy Ghost. It is for preaching this gospel faithfully, *in and with the Holy*

*Ghost*, that I am condemned by 'the governing party' in this parish."

Is this really the case? Is "the governing party" in Kenilworth, strong enough to turn the Vicar's heart against a man he had cordially received as a fellow-labourer in the work of the Lord? and has Mr. Cadman, the bishops, and the Archbishops, all joined hands against a man whom the Lord has sent and honored? If this be so; we shall hope that the Great Master designs to employ this zealous servant in another part of the vineyard; and, but for the fact, that "the people" flock by hundreds to hear Mr. Wallis, we should advise him to follow our Saviour's counsel, "if ye persecute you in one city, flee ye into another."

But there is much in the Kenilworth Vicar's letters to Mr. Wallis, which breathe a brotherly spirit, and a Christian feeling. Mr. Bickmore, the Vicar, is either a Christian minister wrongly influenced, and frightened with Mr. Wallis's thundering eloquence, or Mr. Bickmore is one of those exceedingly pleasant and quiet ministers, who never having trembled under Sinai's terrors himself, thinks men are to be wooed and won into a *profession* of Christianity without being raised from the dead; without knowing what it is to have the sentence of death in themselves; or, without being compelled to "*fly for refuge* to the Hope set before them." We do not decide: further investigation into this subject will develop the features of many characters who now stand in the ministry; and we are persuaded this pamphlet may be useful in discovering a great deal that must be purged out of our Churches, before TRUTH can achieve those conquests she is destined to achieve. It is due to Mr. Bickmore, to give one sentence from a letter of his to Mr. Wallis: and the note which Mr. Wallis appends thereto. Mr. Bickmore to Mr. Wallis, says—

"I have always protested against your '*conversion sermons*.' You may be as 'plain' and as simple as possible, 'bold,' 'searching,' and 'spiritual,' without raising such a commotion as you have raised. It is not the gospel the people are offended at, but the *manner* in which you present it. 'Bold, searching, loving, spiritual, plain preaching of the gospel,' is what we ought all to aim at; you appear to have left out the *loving* element in your sermons at the church; and hence '*illæ lacrymæ*.'"

We have neither heard nor read Mr. Wallis's conversion sermons; but we shall be able to weigh them in a future notice. To the extract we have made from Mr. Bickmore's letter, Mr. Wallis appends the following note:

"I am reminded here of a passage in Dr. Arnold's Life and Correspondence, which may be interesting to my readers:—

Speaking of a preacher who is devoted to the cultivation of grace and dignity of address, aspiring rather to be a perfect gentleman, than a kind, frank, sympathizing and earnest min-

ister and pastor, he says,—'I have in mind such a person, a worthy man, no doubt; you see that he is a minister, but you are reminded of Chesterfield, not of Paul. I can scarcely conceive of his saying a hard thing, unless he agrees with you, and then it is to please you. The terrible words of Scripture would sound strange on his dainty lips. He would wield 'the sword of the Spirit' in the most graceful manner, but will take care not to cut you. His whole manner begs your pardon for the utterance of certain harsh truths. Indeed, he would not have spoken them at all but he was a minister, and he hoped no offence is taken—certainly he intended none. You feel that you would prefer the rough manner of some uneducated but earnest thunderer. Would the preacher make others believe, he must be in earnest, often terribly in earnest, from a deep conviction of the truth of the gospel, of its being the only way of salvation. Any mixture of false gentlemanliness, which savours of doubt, takes off the edge of his discourse, and his hearers will go away feeling that, after all, it is an open question whether Christianity be divine. Do ministers, as much as they should, practice this divine intolerance which lays hold of sinners to pull them out of the fire, the real fire of God's righteous indignation? Does not Satan artfully insinuate into society, especially cultivated society, false rules of propriety and politeness, to make earnestness in religion disreputable, and quiet men in sin?'"

How awfully doth the foolish foppery here referred to, abound even in our churches!

Mr. Wallis having appealed to his own Diocesan without success, put in a powerful appeal to the Archbishop of Canterbury. One portion of that appeal we here give in closing this paper. He says—

"I have not been guilty of any breach of ecclesiastical law or discipline; it has been my endeavour to work in harmony with my Incumbent, and with all my heart and soul, in humble dependence upon the Grace of the Holy Spirit, to act up to my ordination vows, by laying aside the study of the world and the flesh, giving myself wholly to the work of winning souls to Christ, and by striving to frame and fashion my own life, and the lives of my family, according to the doctrine of Christ, that we may be wholesome and godly examples, and patterns for the people to follow; and this I have wished ever to do, in all lowliness of mind, not forgetting for a moment the subordinate position I occupy as Curate of the parish."

Mr. Wallis further declares that such an awakening, and such "a great revival of real religion had commenced, as no minister had produced. But the Archbishop could do nothing for him. Mr. Wallis confesses in this pamphlet that he is not "an extreme Calvinist"—but we think he is in a fire which will soon burn up all his half-hearted views: and ere long we shall hear his bonds are broken. We shall anxiously watch his future career.

## Our Churches, their Pastors, and their People.

### "ANOINTING THE PILLAR" AT EATON BRAY.

Oh! the amazing heights, fathomless depths, boundless lengths, immeasurable breadths of Almighty love, grace and truth, displayed in the salvation of a poor, black, depraved sinner! Can I ever be pleased or proud with one so ugly? Did ever Tyburn put an end to the mortal career of one more blackened with the poison of every vice than I? Ah! this is most decidedly true, that the heir of glory is immortal, till arrested by the eternal Spirit, and brought to Calvary's blood; that precious, powerful deep, which drowns in everlasting silence sins unnumbered as the sands, and crimes more numerous than the stars! By what motive could heaven's purity be moved, to love eternally, one, of all Adam's sons, the most worthless? A debtor indeed to glorious grace I am, and shall for ever be.

Oh! Gethsemane, and Calvary, how I love thee! Where God and man, heaven and hell, did meet. Eternity's fulness incarnated, wrapped in flesh like ours, sighing, groaning, bleeding. The Almighty Traveller from heaven's heights of pure unclouded bliss: amazed, and in an agony! That cup—ah! my soul, in that cup was treasured up the dreadful deep of bitterness, which would have taken me an eternity to have swallowed. But mine was only a part; that vast, numberless throng that shall the throne surround, must all be washed in the precious fountain of his heart. Death's sting must be drawn; its poison must be extracted, for the many millions who shall bathe with blissful pleasure in the shoreless ocean of eternal love. See that blood-covered body, and hear the bitter cries: 'being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly: the blood-hounds of death are smelling out his lone retreat. Oh! the dreadful pangs that rend his precious soul, and make him cry—'my Father!' I often think I hear him say, 'my Father!' Then, O! how I hate sin! Thou dread monster! how I hate thee! Thou didst mar that lovely visage, and made his Father frown: put out the sun, and overshadowed all the stars; thick darkness above, beneath, and within. One universal frown! Jacob's mount was once lighted up with heaven, but Calvary's hill, how dark! how dreadful! What an eternal tale of infinite love does the cross tell!

'I would be at his feet;  
Or near his bleeding side,  
Feel how his heart doth beat  
And see the crimson tide!  
Count all the wonders of his death,  
And sing his love in every breath.'

He shall see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied.' Thanks! eternal thanks, to his infinitely precious name, for what he is doing in this corner of the earth. What! Oh, what can be so delightful as to see precious souls raised from the dead by the mighty energy

and quickening power of the blessed Spirit? Untold millions of yellow dust, is not worth compare. Could I possess the crowns of the whole universe—grasp the empires of a thousand worlds, and shine in earth's honours more brilliant than the sun, it would not give me half the pleasure as the birth of precious, precious souls. Oh! how blessed to know the word is clothed with majesty and power; that the blood-dipped arrows from the eternal throne, drawn by him whose bow still abides in strength, are reaching the hearts of the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and making them say, 'Lord, what shall I do?' Ever since the dear Redeemer opened my mouth, which is now three years, I have felt such a burning thirst for the salvation of immortal souls, that, at times, I have felt overwhelmed in longings, faintings, and cravings. Yes! as though come they must; saved they must be, or I could not live; and, blessed be his dear name, he is granting me my request in such a marvellous way, that some are almost ready to think, that it cannot be real. But, could they hear as well as me, the sweet melting strains of blessed experience, poured out in such child-like simplicity; so Spirit-glorifying, and Christ-exalting; they must acknowledge it to be the finger of God; unless their hearts be adamant, and their souls iron. The deep soul trouble through which they have to pass; and the blessed word meeting them in all their terrible straits, demonstrates the blessed fact, 'that Christ is formed in them the hope of glory.' Feeling sweetly humbled one day, thinking over what the Lord was doing, I retired into secret, and asked the Lord how it was he chose me to work by?—one so weak, ignorant, and insignificant: the least in all my Father's house: the greatest sinner in the world: when these words fell into my soul with delightful power—'for this very purpose have I raised thee up.' I could not speak another word: my heart was too full: I washed his feet with my tears:

'Then leaned upon his breast:  
Entwined my arms around his heart,  
And felt it precious rest.'

I have my trials, but they are forgotten when Jesus smiles, and are as though they never were. I have been settled down at Eaton Bray about fifteen months; fourteen have been added; seven more will be buried beneath the flood on Lord's-day, October 3rd; making twenty-one in all; a nice little sprinkle. Yes! I believe there are as many more, and I shall be very much mistaken if I don't have the privilege of baptizing them. Should it turn out to be so, I will write you again. I would just say by the way, that we do not bury any but those we have every reason to believe are quite dead. My old master grum-

bles very much sometimes: but, while we have the ark of the everlasting covenant, the rock flowing with living waters, and manna falling from heaven, I cannot see how we can fear. My earnest desire for Zion, through all the length and breadth of the land is, that she may prosper, while it is our privilege to pray for her peace. I am, dear brother, yours in the bonds of glorious love,

ALFRED COUGHTREY.

## SATAN DEFEATED AGAIN !!

### OR, THE "COLEBROOK" CONTROVERSY AT WOOLWICH SILENCED FOR EVER.

SATAN has again overshot the mark, and is actually fallen into the very pit which he had himself digged for the righteous. Not content with transforming himself into an 'angel of light,' (and in this he is, we fear, driving an immense traffic in the professing world) not content with this, and being unusually enraged at the steady progress the gospel is making at Woolwich, through the ministry of the much-esteemed pastor of Carmel Chapel, Mr. Henry Hanks,—he determined to make an open, violent, and foul assault upon the truths of the gospel, and also upon those who preach them; and for this special purpose, the old adversary took possession of a dark, dismal, and dreadfully deluded place, called 'Colebrook,' a most significant name to be sure; and from thence issued a kind of fiendish proclamation, entitled 'Reflections,' &c., in which he endeavoured most frightfully to misrepresent the gospel of Christ, and to defile it with some of the basest aspersions that ever were forged in the lowest chambers of eternal death and woe. There are three things connected with this deadly doing of Satan, which have surprised us. First, that any man with a grain of common sense in his possession, could ever consent to become Satan's tool in a work so dangerous and wicked. Secondly, that any man could be found willing to print such an unholy libel, is another fact surprising to us; and lastly, that the thing was not permitted to die a natural death, without note or comment from any one, is equally surprising, did we not know that there is still a large amount of zeal, and holy decision in our churches for the defence of those great truths in which are contained the elements of our peace and everlasting perfection in another, and in a brighter world.

This paper-pellet from the gloomy dungeons of the Deceiver had not long been sent forth, ere a bold champion, in the person of Mr. W. Gosling stepped forward, and published three pamphlets entitled '*Truth Defended and Error Exposed.*' Nos. 1, 2, and 3. These pamphlets may still be had of Messrs Partridge and Co., 34, Paternoster Row. It is grateful to find men willing and able to maintain the honour of His name, and the glory of His cause, who is the ONLY REAL FRIEND of poor helpless sinners; and who is able to save unto the uttermost, all who come unto God by him.

Beside Mr. Gosling's three-fold defence, Mr. W. Harding also entered his protest against the vile assumptions of the 'Colebrook;' at last, Mr. Henry Hanks himself, the minister of Carmel Chapel, Woolwich, published his thoughts and feelings in a penny pamphlet, entitled '*An Acknowledgement to Mr. W. Gosling, and Mr. W. Harding.*' This is a most excellent exposition of the 'malicious invectives' of the 'Colebrook;' and a beautiful testimony to the power and preciousness of Divine Truth. We are not sorry now, that even such an effort was made to defame the gospel; it has made Henry Hanks sharpen his sword afresh; and so severely, yet so nobly, has he used that holy weapon—the sword of the Spirit—that these deadly boughs from the 'brook' will never, we think, lift their poisonous heads again. After Mr. Hanks has indirectly criticised his opponent, and thanked his friends, he speaks of his own convictions touching the gospel of Christ, in the following manner. Mr. Hanks says:—

"And now with regard to the doctrines you have defended—viz.,—Eternal Election, Predestination, Particular Redemption, Irresistible Grace, Final Perseverance, and the Certain Glorification of every individual member of the mystical body of Christ, (Eph. v. 30.) I most unreservedly avow my belief in them, and my love of them: and, moreover, that I have never preached a sermon in the whole course of my ministry, but in which one or other of them has been extensively diffused. I begun with them, or rather they begun with me, and with them I hope to end. I have known their power and influence in my own soul now for many years, and I have seen and admired their effects in innumerable instances upon others. They have done me good and not evil through the greater part of my life, and having got on so well with them thus far of my journey I feel not the least possible disposition to lay them aside. In fact, they are essential to my spiritual life—they are the bulwarks of my hope in things beyond the grave, whither I am going, and, as they meet in the person of the dear Saviour as their source, are the living springs which supply the streams of all my real joys. They are the 'green pastures' into which the Great Shepherd leads his flock, and to which he brings the lambs of his fold in his arms; they are the 'still waters' by which at noon they lie down and there rest, in his infinite love; they are the 'strong drink' prescribed for the 'ready to perish;' the 'flaggons of comfort' for the 'sick of love;' they are the 'beams of cedar,' and the 'rafters of fire' in the house he has built for his beloved, and the 'bed of green' on which he causeth her, when weary, to rest. They are my boast and my song in this house of my pilgrimage. To take them from me, or me from them, would make me poor indeed, would leave me a wretch undone.

"Such are the names and such is the nature of the doctrines, which on Scriptural grounds, we affirm to be true, and these are they which our opponents assert to be false. That each regard and embrace the same persons there

cannot be the shadow of a doubt in the mind of any one who believes the following apostolic statement, 'Whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate; whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified.' What shall we then say to these things? Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? Lay anything which he will regard to their prejudice, anything which will induce him to withdraw any one of the blessings above enumerated from his chosen? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors.' (Rom. viii. 29.) Thanks, everlasting thanks, be unto his holy name for the inseparability of his love from its objects.

"Faith in Jesus Christ is not a human, but it is a Divine product; it is not the work of nature, it is the gift of God. (Eph. ii. 8.) Divine ordination in purpose, and the grace of saving faith, though remote with regard to time, were simultaneous in eternity as the spontaneous issues of the love of God. They are the links in the one chain of salvation which can never be broken. They are as closely allied as cause and effect. Ordination to life insures the grace of faith to the ordained. As many, in every age of the world, as were ordained to eternal life have believed. And so it will be in spite of the cavillings of mortals till ages shall be no more; (Acts xiii. 48,) when the number of the finally glorified, and of the ordained unto life, will be found to be personally and numerically the same.

"To charge men, holding our sentiments, with having no feelings in common with their fellow creatures, as having no sympathy towards any but the 'elect' few to which they belong, is a libel as unmerited as it is false. To represent them as regarding with callous indifference, the moral and spiritual conditions of all others, is, indeed, a gross injustice; refuted alike by their public ministrations, and their private petitions at the throne of grace. Few men feel so strongly as they—none rejoice more at the conquest of a sinner—none more ready to meet him, when awakened, with the invitations and promises of the gospel—none more anxious to answer his despairing cry, 'What must I do to be saved?' None more solicitous to direct him to the fountain supplied from the cross—none would meet with more readiness the objections, which, on the ground of his own guiltiness, he opposes between himself and his Maker. Does he think or declare himself to be too vile, too guilty, too great a sinner for the God of heaven ever to regard? None, in that case, would more joyfully tell him 'that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin,' or rehearse in his hearing the pleasing story—

'There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.'

"None would assure him with more confidence, and delight of Christ's ability, and willingness to save unto the uttermost, that 'though his sins be as scarlet, they shall be

white as snow though red like crimson, they shall be as wool,' and that 'whosoever cometh he will in no wise cast out.' None would look abroad with more eagerness than they, for examples of the mercy of God, in the case of other sinners, as vile or more than he, for the encouragement of his smitten, trembling heart. None would more readily place themselves on a footing with him, and declare their own vileness and guilt to be at least on a par with his own,—and none would remember him at the footstool of mercy with more interest and earnestness than they."

## UNITY IN THE CHURCHES.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS—I CONGRATULATE you upon the amount of interesting and instructive matter contained in this month's VESSEL: certainly a decided improvement upon former numbers; and I feel sure the several readers cannot (with truth,) read, and say there is not anything either interesting or instructive. I should like to see it become a first-class periodical, as well as an organ of our particular denomination—expressing the views and sentiments of our denomination in all their truthfulness and purity, yet with Christian fidelity and affection. I trust all narrow-mindedness and bigotry may be kept from its columns, and that you may concede to others, of different denominations, the privilege you claim for yourself—the liberty of private judgment, &c.

The remarks of brother Bloomfield on 'United Ministerial Efforts,' are excellent, and if the pastors of the several churches would labour more faithfully in their several spheres, and study to comprehend more fully the whole of the doctrines contained in that Book of books; and to prepare themselves beforehand, to speak out what they know and have learned from that Book, and from their own experience; so that it be presented to their hearers without any mixture of coarseness or vulgarity; so that an intellectual and refined mind be not disgusted or offended; more, I am certain would be accomplished—our congregations would increase; the truths would become attractive, even to an unregenerate hearer, and the ministry held in more esteem than it now is in many places.

The remarks of brother Palmer I would recommend, especially to all teachers of Sunday schools connected with our denomination, as being truthful and intellectual, and such as I have entertained for years; may the Lord bless him and prosper him where he is, and make him eminently useful in leading souls to Jesus.

The views entertained by many teachers of our denomination are very narrow and contracted in regard to this important work; and I fear from what I have observed, their hearts are not engaged in their work, they seem to me as though it was impossible to lead souls to Christ; as though the soul of the child was too young to be saved, and next to an impossibility to 'convert a soul from the error of its ways.' Now, dear sir, I think that teachers should labour as though the salvation of the

soul depended upon their efforts, knowing, at the same time they can do nothing without the Holy Ghost. Let the teacher aim to gain the confidence and affection of his children, and exhibit the character and perfections of Jesus in language suitable to their youthful minds, seeking earnestly at a throne of grace for a blessing to accompany such efforts, and I verily believe that the blessing will descend, and that a vast amount of good will result to child and teacher. Can you tell me, dear sir, why it is there are so few intellectual preachers (in our denomination) but those settled over a church? There appears to me a great dearth of such material; certainly many supplies I have heard are not suitable for public teachers, and I fear only tend to bring the work of the ministry into disrepute. I should like to see your views upon the subject in a future number. And now, dear sir, I close, lest I weary you, and believe me to remain a lover of truth, and your's sincerely,

E. B. P.  
Western Villas, Hounslow, Sep. 6, 1858.

#### GLEMSFORD.

Mr. Jonathan Mose is expected to supply here during October. Here is plenty of work for an able and useful pastor. Our late excellent brother Barnes scattered a large quantity of good gospel seed here; gathered in many precious souls; and we hope they will be fed; their number increased, and the glorious work continued. The anniversary of our Sunday School was holden on Lord's-day, September 12th. Our chapel was not near large enough to hold the people—it was crammed all three services, and hundreds were outside; not much under a thousand people were anxious to hear the word. Our School debt was over six pounds; and the collections were nearly nine pounds. The children sung in connection with the congregation in a manner which rendered that part of the service pleasingly powerful. In the morning C. W. Banks preached from those words of David in the first of Kings, 'The Lord liveth who hath redeemed my soul out of all distress.' Considering we have so recently lost our long-esteemed pastor, Robert Barnes, this discourse was solemn and comforting to very many who heard it with feelings not easily erased. In the afternoon, Mr. Banks stood up again amidst a dense mass of people, and preached from Psalm 119th, 'I have longed for thy salvation, O Lord; for thy law is my delight.' And in the evening he gave us a farewell from Micah's prayer, 'feed thy people,' &c. Our beloved sister, Mrs. Barnes, feels her loss with deep anguish and pain; in which her beloved children, and the whole church and congregation, sympathize with sorrowing hearts. I am glad to hear that the late Mr. Barnes's work, is to be re-published for the good of Zion at large, and for the temporal benefit of the bereaved family. I hope the ministers and churches throughout the kingdom will help to circulate '*Evangelical Revivalism*'; or, the Reasons of Spiritual Declension Negatively and Positively Stated. By the late Robert Barnes.—I am, poor Naomi,

A WELL WISHER TO ALL GOOD  
EARTHEN VESSELS.

#### HEPZIBAH CHAPEL, MILE END.

On Tuesday, July 27th, 1858, the friends at Hephzibah Chapel, Darling-place, Mile End, held their annual tea meeting; the attendance was good; the provisions excellent; and all appeared to be satisfied. Before seven, the public meeting commenced; the pastor in the chair. The proceedings were opened by the pastor giving out that precious hymn of Toplady's, 'Compared with Christ in all beside,' &c. Prayer was offered by brother Read; we trust he is one of those young saplings that is to take the place of one of our aged cedars when the Lord sees fit to fell them. The chairman read a short report of the state of the church, from which it appeared—that our numbers last September were fifty-two; of which number seven had withdrawn; leaving forty-four of the original number; since which time the pastor had baptized twenty-nine; the greater part the fruits of his own labors in the Lord: received by letters of commendation thirty-two, leaving a total at the present time of one hundred and five in communion: seven or eight are waiting to cast in their lot by the public profession of Christ by baptism. As a church and people they are blest with peace and prosperity; the pastor and the people are as the heart of one man. Not a sitting to let in the place; at least fifty would willingly take sittings were they to be had. The brethren J. P. Searle, Cave, Kirkness, and Hawes, spoke well. All the speakers seemed to think a large measure of Divine blessing had been poured out; certainly when the circumstances of the past eighteen months are taken into account, the depressed state of the cause then, and its increasing prosperity now, it forms a pleasing and striking contrast. The church and congregation are in treaty for a more commodious place of worship, their present place they are anxious to retain for a free church, for the accommodation of the very poor where the distinguishing doctrines of free and sovereign grace may be preached, without money and without price, to the perishing multitudes who surround this sanctuary.

X. Y. Z.

#### BRIDGE STREET, GREENWICH.

DEAR BROTHER.—You will be glad to hear our anniversary passed off well. Mr. C. H. Spurgeon preached on Friday, August 27th, a good practical sermon. Brethren Flack and Bloomfield kindly preached for me on the Lord's-day; and on Friday evening, a public meeting was held: addresses were given by brethren Attwood, Cracknell, Wyard, Russell, Bloomfield, Pells and Field. Brethren Flory, of Somersham; Short, of Cheltenham; and Walters, of South Chard, were also present. I am still unchanged in my doctrinal sentiments, and never will by God's help, give up one iota of God's truth.

BEN. DAVIES.

[We have omitted much of our brother Davis's letter, because we wish to exclude all non-essential matters—ED.]

## BLACKHEATH.

## "THE WAY TO THE PIT."

DEAR BROTHER—I was preaching at Dacre Park, Blackheath, the last Lord's-day in August; and trust it was not without the Divine blessing. One fact I desire to call attention to. On coming out in the evening, brother Buckenham was talking to a young member, and after I had spoken to her, brother B. and myself walked away: he said, 'that young person is, I believe, a true child of God: she was called in a very remarkable way. She gave a sweet account of her call by grace when she came before the church.' I said, 'indeed! how was her conversion brought about?' My brother answered in the following manner: 'she was very gay; and lived in gay families that had no objection to their servants attending the various places of amusement! She went one night to the theatre; and after having obtained her ticket, she turned her head and read—*'the way to the pit.'* She went on; thoughts rushed into her mind, *'the way to the pit!'* still sounding in her soul. Light entered: she felt it was the way to hell, the pit of endless woe. She thought she would leave. No! not she! she would stop! would not give way to her melancholy feelings. Could not tell what was the matter. She found she could not drive it away. Sin was revealed in its dreadful powers. She went home: still, there it was: the 'arrows of the Lord sticking fast in her soul, drinking up the vitals' of all sinful meriment. She said to herself, 'I am too young to be religious yet; God is merciful, and if she did a few things wrong, he would forgive,' &c. All this lumber of a darkened understanding, could not now stand the light of truth, which had entered her poor soul. When God the eternal Spirit begins a work of grace, we see the blessed exemplification of those words of the Dear Redeemer, 'if the Son make you free, ye shall be free indeed.' Free from the blinding, deadening influence of sin, and sinners: when *'shall come'* gets hold of the soul, it is not all the bawling of sinners can keep the soul in darkness, nor in the bondage of sin. The servants saw that their lively fellow-servant was dull; they said, she was 'mighty religious now-a-days.' Well our sister thought she would cheer up; and put away gloomy thoughts about sin, eternity, and God; and so she went off again to the theatre: and again she caught those fearful words, 'THE WAY TO THE PIT.' I believe our young friend entered; but could not stop, such were her cogitations of soul that she fled home: her soul was in more trouble than ever. She had now added to her awful catalogue of sins that of wilful sin against light, and conviction. Now there was no mercy, she concluded; ) there might have been before; but none now. So our young friend was in a sea of soul trouble. She was obliged to leave her situation; and went to live with a lady who professed the religion of 'multitudes' or 'millions.' She could not get on. The more she was exhorted

to do, and believe, the further she was off: sunk in sorrow, and trouble. Through going to this lady's, she learnt many useful lessons: that 'it is not all gold that glitters,' that there was true and false religion: the one worth every thing the other worth nothing. She was now brought in close contact with some friends who took in the *THE EARTHEN VESSEL*; from reading which she was led to hear Mr. Hazelton: the word was blessed to her soul; enlightened her in the sure way of life and salvation by and through Jesus Christ. According to the purpose of a Triune Jehovah—'all! all!! of grace! grace!! This was a blessed change—sin; the pit; death, and hell, she hoped were gone! through and by the 'one offering of the body of Jesus. Our young friend, in the order of God's providence, was removed to Blackheath: the word was with power: she was baptised by brother Boxer; and she now appears to be happy in the Lord.

The Lord bless this testimony to the called, that we may rejoice in the power of grace—being the same as ever to call, enlighten and lead in the way of life and salvation; and may some be led to think and feel that *'the way to the pit'* is the way to woe eternal! Eternal! Eternal! Yours, dear brother, in Jesus,  
JOSEPH FLOWY.  
Somersham, Hunts, Sept. 17, 1853.

[We thank brother Joseph for this testimony; and hope the Lord may soon open a way for him in the ministry where he may be made a lasting blessing—ED.]

COVE.—A few moments' walk from the Farnborough station (in Surrey), stands pretty little Cove Chapel, quietly retired from the noise of the world. Henry Allnut, now of Brockham, once laboured here; and many good men have preached Christ's gospel in this place. For some ten years or more, our present pastor, Richard Hetherington, has laboured among us. The Lord has honoured him with seals, and signs; and the church is preserved in peace. Our anniversary day, the 25th of August, was a time of much refreshing. The Lord helped our brother C. W. Banks to be useful to many.

A POOR DAMSEL.

Frimley, Surrey.

TRING.—The Ordination of Mr. W. R. Long, as pastor of West End Chapel, Tring, took place, on Tuesday, August 31st. The brethren Flack; Webster, of Trowbridge; Moores, of Berkhampterd; C. W. Banks, of London; R. Searle, of King's Langley; and others, took part in the services. We hope to see Mr. Long's Confessions and testimonials in print.

UNICORN YARD CHAPEL, TOOLEY STREET.—On Lord's-days, September 12, and 19, we were favoured to hear Mr. Ed. Samuel, of Salford, preach to us, salvation by Christ. *The Christian Cabinet* gave an interesting account of Mr. Samuel's ministry. Many bore testimony to the precious savour, with which they heard our Israelitish brother; the author of that sterling book, *'The Triumph of Christ on the Cross,'* so many times noticed in this periodical.



LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE NEW  
BAPTIST CHAPEL, MANOR STREET, EAST  
INDIA ROAD, POPLAR.

THE Church and Congregation under the pastoral charge of Mr. R. Bowles, now meeting in William St., Poplar, have commenced the erection of a commodious chapel and Sunday school, situated in one of the best streets in Poplar; their present place having become too strait for them. Tuesday, August 24th, 1858, was the day fixed for the laying of the stone; the weather was fine and favourable for the occasion. Soon after 3 o'clock, a number of friends had assembled on the ground to witness the ceremony. The school room being beneath the chapel, the walls were built up some height; the joisting of the chapel floor was laid, and rough boards nailed down for the occasion. Beneath where the pulpit is to be, was suspended the stone, bearing the following inscription, 'Erected 1858. R. Bowles, Pastor. A. Deal, P. Flight, Deacons.' Mr. Attwood commenced the service, by giving out a hymn. Mr. Wyard implored Jehovah's blessing. Mr. J. Wells, then addressed the people, shewing the necessity of decision for truth; saying, 'while half-way men made the most noise, we, high Calvinists did the most work, and work that would bear the test of ages.' No minister could rejoice more in brother Bowles's prosperity than he did; it was by the truth he had prospered; he had known him for some time, and knew he had taken a decided stand for the truth. God had blessed the plain and positive testimony of his word by him, and this was the result. He hoped he would live long; and that in course of time, the chapel now erecting would become too small. Mr. Wells then proceeded to spread the mortar, making some cheerful remarks, at the same time. The following hymn composed by one of the friends was then sung:

Our eyes are unto God the Lord;—  
Do thou thy gracious help afford,  
And while this Corner Stone we lay,  
Thy blessings grant, we humbly pray.  
The silver and the gold are thine;  
Thou canst the hearts of men incline,  
And fire with holy zeal, to raise  
This earthly temple to thy praise.

But while we would no effort spare,  
In thy great name this house to rear;  
Our hopes depend on Thee alone;  
Thou art our soul's Chief Corner Stone.

In thee, dear Lord, by faith we view,  
Our Corner Stone and Top Stone too;  
And in thy temple walls between,  
May we as living stones be seen.

W. TAPPS.

Mr. Foreman, came forward and said: it was a great and important work that had brought him, his brother ministers, and so many Christian friends, together; even the erection of an house of God, where the truth of God in its purity and simplicity was to be proclaimed from time to time; which was doing good to the Church, to the world, and to the immediate neighbourhood. It gladdened his heart to see causes of truth flourish. He referred to the state of things when he first went to Mount Zion, Dorset Square: the few friends; the great debt; the apparently insurmountable difficulties; But he went on to preach the truth, the numbers increased, souls were profited, difficulties vanished, the debt was paid, Christ exalted, and there he was now as happy and as prosperous in the work as ever. Previous to lowering the stone, Mr. Bowles, read the following declaration which was beautifully inscribed on vellum—'Zoar Baptist Chapel, Manor Street, East India Road, Poplar—as the foundation of a chapel to be used for the worship of the Glorious Trinity, by a people maintaining and obeying the doctrines and ordinances of the New Testament, as held and practiced by Particu-

lar Baptists. Robert Bowles, Pastor; Abraham Deal, Philip Flight, Deacons. This stone was laid by Messrs Foreman and Wells, August 24th, 1858, assisted by the following ministers of the same denomination:—George Wyard, T. Attwood, J. Butterfield, J. E. Cracknell, J. P. Edgecombe, W. Haysman, J. Whitteridge.' It was then rolled up, put into a bottle, sealed, and deposited in a cavity of the stone. Mr. Foreman then proceeded to lower the stone on to the brick work, shewing he knew how to handle both trowel and mallet. Mr. Edgecomb, gave out a hymn. Mr. Flack concluded the service by beseeching the Lord to speed the work, to preserve the workmen, and to crown the whole with a lasting blessing. The friends then adjourned to the Chapel in William Street, and partook of a comfortable tea which they seemed to appreciate. After tea, they removed to the Wesleyan Chapel, East Road, (kindly lent for the evening. Soon after half-past six, the public meeting commenced. Mr. Bowles in the chair; after singing, Mr. Attwood supplicated the throne, Mr. Bowles, stated the motives that had induced them to take the steps that had been taken: suffering much inconvenience from the straightness and general unsuitability of their present place of worship, the friends had expressed an earnest desire to arise and build an house for God; and they think that hitherto the Lord had helped them and will enable them to complete what they have put their hands unto. The following ministers in a pleasing and profitable way, addressed the multitude—Messrs. Chivers, Wyard, Bloomfield, Wells, Davies, and Butterfield. Mr. Edgecombe concluded the happy services by a few words of prayer.

P. S. Dear friends, we have begun in prayer and truth. Our work is indeed a great one; the entire cost being quite £1500. We are poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith. Who will help us? Either Stamps, Post Office Orders, or Bank Notes will be acceptable. The widow's mite will not be despised. Let us have to acknowledge the receipt of some donations in the next month's "Earthen Vessel." Direct to the Pastor, Robert Bowles, William Street, East India Road, Poplar.

OPEN-AIR PREACHING.

DEAR BROTHER—Observing on the cover of last month's VESSEL, the announcement of a meeting at the Surrey Tabernacle, having for its object the best means for the increased proclamation of the Truth, was much delighted to find that it was resolved to commence open-air preaching; and supported by several ministers of sterling truth, with the valued pastor of the above place at their head; and having subsequently heard that our beloved brethren, Bloomfield, of Soho, and Wales, of Reading, had already gone forth under the canopy of heaven to declare the unsearchable riches of Christ, I felt an anxious desire to imitate them in this dark cathedral city. I had some misgivings as to the reception I might meet with, but seeking direction and assistance of God, and having previously given notice in my place of worship, on Lord's-day afternoon, Aug 29th, I went (accompanied with a few of my friends) and I took my stand close to a large gun taken from Sebastopol, in the late Crimean war, and recently placed in a wide space, at the east end of the town. The weather had been showery, but cleared up, and remained fine during the service. I gave out a hymn; read 51st Psalm, and prayed; and where which, I gave out for my text (Judges iii. 20), 'I have a message from God unto thee.' I commenced by saying, if an angel had been commissioned from heaven, had descended to this earth, entered this city, and taken up his position on this spot, doubtless vast numbers would have flocked hither, with anxious eye and with profound attention would have listened to the statement made by him. I have a message from God unto thee; but instead of an uncreated spirit, a poor sinner, like yourselves, appears before you; one of like passions with you,

who, through Divine grace, has found mercy, and from the purest motives has come with his credentials in his hand (the Bible) to declare God's message unto you. I divided my subject into six different parts; each descriptive of character: to the profane; to the careless; to the formalist; to the contrite; to the backslider; and to the believer. The service occupied a little more than an hour; there was a very large attendance; and the utmost quietude and attention was manifested during the whole time.

On Lord's-day afternoon, the 12th of September, I went again. It was a most delightful day, and the congregation assembled was computed to be nearly, if not quite, treble there was on the former occasion; and it was overwhelming to witness the very great attention observed by so large a body of people; the windows of some of the houses were thrown open, and several were seen sitting at them, listening to the word of Life. After singing, reading and prayer, I took for my text, (2 Kings x. 15,) 'is thine heart right?' I endeavoured to draw a picture of one whom, on Scripture premises, it might be concluded the heart was right in the sight of God; such as had experienced a divine change; as were humbled on account of sin; as had panting desires after Christ; as had a good and substantial hope through grace; as were by a given faith brought to believe in Christ; as had real love to the means of grace; as had frequent communion with God at a throne of mercy; and not a few confiants of soul as to whether the heart was right in the sight of a just and holy God. Then, appealing to the conscience, to know whether such things abounded in them, and whether they answered to the description given, plainly inferring, that if such was not the case, it evidently shewed their hearts were not right. Several were observed in tears, and it was exceedingly gratifying to find not a few were at the chapel in the evening of each Lord's-day.

In both of the services, I have much cause for thankfulness, for the assistance I was favored with in speaking, and especially in being enabled to keep close to the solid truths of the everlasting gospel; and from the encouraging reception I met with. While the weather permits, I purpose continuing; and only regret I did not commence earlier than I did. Beloved brethren! go forth in your great Master's name, and do likewise; and may he encourage and bless you in your undertakings, by making you instrumental in bringing many of the elect to God who now lay in the ruins of the fall. Your's for the truth's sake,

Winchester, 13th Sept, 1858. W. CHAPPELL.

MALDON, ESSEX.—On Monday, Sept. 6th, the anniversary of Heybridge Baptist Chapel, was held. Our good brother Bugg, whom the Lord has placed over us, read and prayed at the commencement of each service, and my old pastor, Charles W. Banks, preached three sermons, and special blessings attended them. Our chapel was full of kind people, and liberal contributions were made. Our pastor and our deacons desire to thank the friends and ministerial brethren who came from all quarters—the brethren Foster, of Witham; Bartholomew, of Coggeshall; Wheeler, of Brain-tree; John Knight, and others came to the feast. There was joy in our city on that day. Our minister, brother Bugg, is a sharply tried, but a faithful man. The Lord is adding unto us such as are, we hope, saved. Some will be glad to learn that old Mr. Collins, is still living, at the great age of 89, and occasionally preaches now.

SIBLE HEDINGHAM, ESSEX.—'We are busy here in the profession of gospel matters. The friends who have left the old chapel are building a new one; and Mr. Boxer is preaching to them. Mr. Charles Shipway has sent out bills announcing his ordination on Tuesday, Sept. 14th, on which day the brethren Thurston, of Halstead; Edwards, of Cottenham; Brooklehurst, of Colchester; Attwood,

of Camberwell; and Bowles, of Poplar, were to assist in the services.' [We omit further comment on these movements. Our only answer to our correspondents 'C. E.' and 'B. Y.' is this. We aim never to hold up an evil thing; while we pray to be preserved from in any measure opposing, or speaking ill of any who fear God, and sincerely love and serve our Lord Jesus Christ.—Ed.]

CLARE, SUFFOLK.—We hope brother Wilson's removal from Saffron Walden to Clare, will be manifestly owned of God. One of our London Churches wished to obtain his services; but they were too late.

### THE LATE MR. EVANS.

Our dear Father is now no more: he left this world of sorrow for the mansions of bliss on Thursday last, August 19th, after a painful illness, in which he was a great sufferer. His end was peace; he was composed: quite resigned to the Lord's will. Dear mother was with him to the last; and when asked if he was happy? he said, 'as happy as he could be.' But, poor dear, he was so weak, he could not speak much; and his whole soul seemed taken up with the thoughts of Jesus. While death was upon him, his lips were going as if he was preaching: a work he loved, and to the last, when able to ascend the pulpit, he tried to speak of him who died to save from sin and hell. The last time he preached, he spoke from John iii. 16; the love of Christ was a theme he loved to dwell upon; and for the space of thirty-four years he was enabled

'To tell to sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour he had found.'

He was early brought to know the Lord, under that very excellent minister of Christ, Mr. John Hyatt; indeed he was made willing in the day of God's power; and was made a willing servant of Christ, although when called by grace he could not read a word. My dear father found, by painful experience, that it was through much tribulation he was to enter the kingdom; and to the end of his life he had, as a minister, sorrow upon sorrow. Truly, it might be said of him, he died with a broken heart. But he is now beyond it all; he has finished his course

We feel his loss to be great; but our loss is his gain. Oh! that the Lord will comfort and support our sorrowful hearts as a family, and raise up friends to pray for us, and especially among those whom he has been useful to; and where he has laboured; it was his delight to see the Church of Christ as well as to pray for its peace and prosperity. Oh! that the Lord will be with us all, and help us to roll our every burden upon him; that he may be a Husband to the widow, and a Father to the fatherless.

Pray for us. A kind word where you can. One of Mr. Spurgeon's members, Mr. Silverton, has a call here for three months.

Father was buried on Monday, August 23rd, at Bedford Cemetery, his age was 54 years.

STEPHEN EVANS.

Carlton, Beds.

Believer, your God has given to you his Christ and his promises, and in a day or two longer, he will give you his heaven and glory.

## “THE REDEMPTION FUND.”

Some contributions have not been noticed. They are few. We did not feel happy in publishing this every month. We found,—we still find,—the burden hangs amazingly heavy. Our hearts have been made to bleed again and again. We have been overwilling, and overzealous, no doubt. We have been involv'd; but as fast as is possible, the mountain is melting. A great deal remains to be done; and if we find it cannot be done without personally visiting the many friends who have said, ‘come and see us, and preach to us:’ if we find that, after labouring as we have done these last few years in London, and in all parts of the country, that we cannot be helped to remove the difficulties, we certainly feel strongly moved to travel into those parts of the kingdom where the gospel is not preached; and there, (God helping and teaching,) endeavoured to plant the Gospel of Christ, as we have been taught it. Never, in any part of our life, have we had more holy liberty in preaching Christ, than we have had this year; never were we more fully and constantly engaged. And, yet, after all, we are groaning under a burden which, (with reproaches and unholly smitings,) often threatens to crush us completely, ‘yet have been upheld till now.’ But, never, we fear, until we obey the secret impulse, and listen to the voice without, shall we obtain deliverance. We expect, next month, to render an account of all received since last list; but we write this in Manchester: we are never scarcely at home; and it will take time to examine letters and report progress. Those who have sent, but have not been acknowledged, must forgive us. We hope the Lord’s promise given us in the end of Psalm xci. will yet be fully realized; and that although we ‘walk in the midst of trouble,’ yet that the LORD will arise for our help; and plead our cause.—THE EDITOR.

Manchester, Monday, Sep. 20, 1858.

The above was written here on Saturday evening, in brother Samuel’s study. I had travelled all day; and in mind and body was weak and weary: feeling very unfitted to preach three times the next day. Before I retired to rest, the words of Jeremiah (xx. 9,) fixed on my mind, ‘Then I said, I will not make mention of HIM, nor speak any more in his name. But his word was in my bones: I was weary with forbearing; and could not stay.’ I certainly did not wish to preach from these words; but I could obtain no other: although, to me it was a heavy time, still, to one long afflicted minister it was made a special blessing. Who therefore, can tell, but that our blessed Lord might have brought me here on purpose to be a comfort to that poor aged servant of his? Through the mercy of the Lord, I was helped to speak three times in his dear name: and I do hope ‘a blessing was in it.’ I must acknowledge with gratitude the following facts. On leaving the chapel after afternoon service, there was a cluster of dear friends gathered round

me, some from Staley Bridge, and others: and not only gave me kind words, but the following donation toward the Redemption Fund, namely, Mr. John Standever, 2s. 6d.; the aged and much esteemed brother Roberts, 2s. 6d.; brother George Woods, Staley Bridge, 2s. 6d.; brother W. Woods, 2s. I felt deeply grateful, because the friends did all this with hearty good wishes for my deliverance; and when I know how bitter many of the Churches of Truth in this northern part are against *The Earthen Vessel*, a little kind sympathy becomes doubly dear. I wish some ‘true Jerusalem blade’—made fit for Gospel work by Zion’s Covenant Head—could be sent to Staley Bridge. As I sat in the Vestry, just before evening service, a friend came in, and put into my hand a sealed up paper, directed C. W. Banks. I thanked him; and placed it in my pocket; and went into the pulpit to my work. I was favored with some holy and happy feeling, I believe Jacob’s God was there: all seemed happy. When I retired to my room, I opened the packet—a piece of paper was there, on it was written:—

‘Manchester, Sept. 19, 1858. To Mr. Banks. Sir, I beg your acceptance of the enclosed towards the Redemption Fund for the EARTHEN VESSEL. FROM A CONSTANT READER.’

On opening the packet further, I found in it five sovereigns. Who this kind friend is, I cannot tell. I felt my heart moved gratefully to heaven; and tried to thank my gracious God: and I do pray that HE may bless the donor; and make the EARTHEN VESSEL a great instrument of good to precious ransomed souls. Thus encouraged, I feel emboldened to believe the Lord will yet fulfil the promises in Psalm the 91st, so specially given to C. W. B. in brother Smith’s room at Grittleton. Amen.

## ENQUIRIES.

DEAR SIR—My mind having been exercised on that passage in 15th chapter of John 2nd verse, ‘every branch in me,’ &c., I should much rejoice to see a few words from you, or some friend, in next month’s number. My own thoughts upon it is in him professionally, as the meaning, but the Wesleyan says it is an evidence of an elect vessels insecurity. Your’s truly,  
 Sep. 9, 1858, ENQUIRER.

*Why is the Gospel to be preached universally?*

DEAR MR. EDITOR—I shall take it as a great favour, if you or any of your correspondents will reply to the following query, which I beg you will insert in your VESSEL.

Query.—That if, there is no offer in the gospel to all men, and all men have it not in their power to receive it, is not the message, ‘preach the Gospel to every creature,’ a tantalizing one? I have the honor to be your’s faithfully in Christ  
 JAMES.

[We leave this open to correspondents first.—ED.]

## “The Greatest Sinner ever Saved by the Precious Blood of Christ.”

A REVIEW OF MR. WALE'S SERMON ON “THE CLOUD OF WITNESSES.”

In a Letter to Samuel Foster, of Sturry, near Canterbury.

MY LONG AFFLICTED, HIGHLY FAVOURED BROTHER IN CHRIST—I write these few lines to you on the coast of Essex, and I address them to you, particularly, for two special reasons:—first, because I wish the churches of Christ to know that you are still in the furnace and fire of deep afflictions, hoping thousands of praying hearts may be moved toward the mercy-seat on your behalf; and, secondly, because, yesterday, an extraordinary sermon, preached in Reading, by our much esteemed brother, Benjamin B. Wale, came into my hands, and an extract from which I believe will, in the Lord's mercy, be a great comfort to your mind, as on your bed of sickness you are tossing to and fro. Let me first open my own heart's feelings to you; and then I hope to lay before you something much more valuable than anything I can write. I assure you while many are disputing in hard, cold, controversies, I am generally so deep in tribulation's path, and so closely pressed in gospel work, I constantly feel a great necessity for looking to heaven for help. I would never countenance the thought that the Lord has led me into any of the difficulties in which I have struggled. No, the Lord forbid, but I will tell you one thing which once a little relieved my spirit; the Master said, ‘*where much is forgiven, the same loveth much*.’ and it has been said again by some of the Master's servants that the two wheels which carry the church of Christ safely through this wilderness, are LOVE and FEAR: if there be *nothing* but LOVE, then, we fly too high for our present condition; and Satan, and the flesh will take advantage of such a condition of soul; and perhaps fill you with pride, presumption, self-confidence, and a measure of recklessness; which may be followed by many days of heavy sorrow; because there is a difference between having the Love of God shed abroad in the heart, by the Holy Ghost given unto us; and that love to the truth, and to the Lord's people, which *may* sometimes flow out of our own hearts. Now, if I have had forgiveness at all, I have had much forgiven; albeit Satan has tried to make a great market of me; hence, my *love* has frequently been greatly checked by *fears* of a frightful kind, for often, indeed have I heard the whisper in the secret chambers of my soul, saying, ‘*Ah! these good men who so oppose are right; and you are wrong.*’ Oh,

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Samuel, if we had nothing but these FEARS, we should drag on a miserable existence; but bless the Lord, LOVE comes in again, and so equally balances us, that we move safely, and go on from strength to strength, until I hope, through the mercy and the merits of a dear Redeemer; the teachings and trainings of the Holy Spirit; through the trials and triumphs of a heaven-born faith; through the all-prevailing intercessions of our glorious Advocate on high, we shall, at length, be brought into the desired haven; and if the Lord will give me an honorable issue out of earthly trials, and a happy entrance into his kingdom, I know it will be great grace indeed; and I shall have great cause to sing as loud as any, ‘*unto Him that loved us*’ &c., &c.

In this time-state, it is possible for LOVE, in the heart of a pardoned sinner, to act unwisely; and Satan, seeing he cannot drive us *back* from the Truth, will even aim to pitch us headlong into some over-zealous course of action, which may teach us that there is a need be for those sharp reproofs, chastenings, crosses, and woes, which bring up FEAR in our spirits, and bring our spirits down into that contrition, reverence, and earnest seeking the Lord, which worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, while we look not at things seen by nature's eye, but at those seen only by faith's eye, which are eternal, and well secured to them who, by the power of God, are kept.

The two wheels I have referred to, LOVE and FEAR, both came to my door, and into my heart too, before I left home yesterday morning. Fear came in a letter from my kind and faithful brother John Bosworth, of Manchester, who, as a Christian man, wrote me a faithful reproof, which I hope to profit by; for I am sure John Bosworth, only seeks to do good; and the strongest feeling in my soul is to *prove* to him that a righteous Redeemer will in his time, raise up in honor and in holy freedom my long-oppressed spirit. I say no more on that head now; because just at the moment when Fear was fighting hard to unfit me for my work, the other wheel, LOVE, came to my help, in a letter from brother Wale, of Reading; which letter contained a sermon preached by him, bearing this title, ‘*The Cloud of Witnesses!*’ and from whence I desire to draw an extract or two for the happy refreshing of yourself, and the thousands who now read the pages

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of this little work. Mr. Wale's sermon, *'The Cloud of Witnesses'* has been published by the request of those who heard it. Identified as I have been with Mr. Wale's settlement at Reading, I am free to confess that his exceedingly happy success as the Minister of Christ's gospel in London-street Chapel, Reading, and the steady expansion of his mind in the public dispensation of the Word of Life, are facts productive of such pleasurable feelings as I am not careful to describe, because 'the sky scrapers' on the one hand, and 'the mud-larks' on the other, are sure to be angry. I spare them; and ask the same favor at their hands. But to the sermon itself, the text is a part of Heb. xii. 1. After taking a hasty review of the apostle's drift in his epistle to the Hebrews, Mr. Wale finds in his text a junction, with two lines running in different directions, on one is written, *'a Comparison—' a cloud:'* on the other *a Character—' a cloud of witnesses.'* With much originality of thought, the preacher gives three illustrations of the *'cloud,'* and then proceeds to work out the second title of this sermon, *'Jesus Christ tried and acquitted.'* In perusing this second part of the discourse, which I read carefully while travelling to Woodham Ferriss, (and where last evening I had a solemn season in preaching to a crowd of people,) in attentively going over the pages of this sermon I was surprised, edified, and made glad. No one will question Mr. Wale's originality of style, when I affirm that in this discourse he puts Jesus Christ on his trial. The trial of Christ goes on; the necessity for this trial is shewn in that there are three great accusers, *the Devil; Unbelief; and Modern Phariseism,* who are always raising false charges against the Saviour; and are perpetually hurling these charges at those persons whose hearts are stirred up in them to seek salvation in the Holy Person and work of the SON OF GOD. Mr. Wale seems to have suffered so much from these charges that he determines to expose them; and, if possible to raise the minds of the Lord's people above them. The preacher allows the three great accusations to be brought into court. The glorious GOD-MAN, JESUS, the Saviour of sinners, is present, sitting on the throne of his Mediatorial kingdom. Now listen to the Pleader who stands between the Saviour, the multitude of sinners who are seeking pardon at his feet, and the trinity of opposers who are labouring to drive back these Comers unto Christ. 'Satan, what have you to say?' The adversary answers, 'the sins of these poor wretches are too great to be pardoned by Jesus Christ.' The Pleader turns to a second, *'Unbelief! what have you to say?'* 'I say, Jesus Christ is not willing to save these chief of sinners!' the third enemy is appealed to:—*'Modern Phariseism! What can you dare to say?'* (Modern Phari-

seism is respectably attired.) He is arrayed in priestly robes; he has had a collegiate training; he dwells in a mansion, where much piety is professed; he is supported by a huge mass of Nonconformist preachers; Missionary advocates; teachers, intelligent dames, respectable trades-people; and a long train of I know not who all—enough to daunt the Pleader, but nothing daunted, he cries out, *'Modern Phariseism, what is your charge?'* 'I answer, Jesus Christ cannot save these sinners, unless they can bring something as *their part of the covenant.'* Then the witnesses are called. I must not describe them all; but after Jonah, Asaph, and David, have given in their evidence touching the greatness and completeness of Christ's salvation, then, among others, we have *Elijah* from the Old Testament; and *Mary Magdalene* from the New; and these I give as I find them written down in this sermon. They are beyond all praise. Here they are.

'Now from this 'cloud of witnesses' we want one who can bear testimony to God's providential care of his children while on their way to a Father's house. Many of them can trust God with the salvation of their souls and the great interests of eternity, but the food and raiment of the present life seem to be beneath his notice, or beyond his power. The God of providence is too old-fashioned for our modern notions; the God who commanded the gushing stream from the smitten rock to follow the Israelites through the parched desert; that gave them shoes that wore not out; that miraculously increased the widow's oil, and commanded the ravens to feed Elijah—the God that our fathers worshipped, is no longer believed in by us, their degenerate children.

'*Brother Elijah,* you seem anxious to speak, and as you were one of the 'desstitute' of whom the Apostle speaks, we should be glad to hear how the Lord appeared for you in the hour of your destination. During a time of great famine and drought, you had lodgings in the wilderness of Damascus, by the brook Cherith, had you not? 'Yes,' Will you tell me how the Lord provided for you there? 'First of all you will observe that going thither was not my own choice; it was at the Lord's bidding I went, and he told me that he had commanded the ravens to feed me there. I reached the brook in the middle of the day, and sat down to rest; how anxiously as the day wore away, and the evening came on, did I look at every bird that flitted past, or sped home to its nest in the lonely crag. At length, as hope grew tired of waiting, they came—the promised ravens—the two mysterious birds; one laid at my feet the bread, the other the meat, and cawed and croaked and pranced so proudly, as if glad to be employed in God's service. My heart seemed ready to burst with wonder, love, and praise. How many tears of gratitude mingled with that evening meal. But at last I grew so used to the coming of these black

messengers, that I ceased to wonder at it; it seemed so natural that they should come—and so natural too that the brook should continue to flow, though there had been no rain for a year—that I ceased to look at either as a miracle of mercy, or an evidence of my heavenly Father's providential care.

'Then Elijah you were like the rest of us, you had witnessed so much of the Lord's goodness so long, that you began to hold it cheap, and to think lightly of it: but what did your heavenly Father do then? begin to stir up your nest? make you less comfortable in your desert home? 'He did. One morning I went as usual to the brook to drink, and the brook was dried up. I stood for a moment amazed and bewildered. Was it my lot after all to die of thirst in the wilderness? I turned my face enquiringly to the sky—no cloud shadowed its terrible brightness. Anxiously I waited for my friends the ravens; they came not; hungry and faint my soul died within me. Doubt and fear assailed my heart, my God hath forgotten me, said I, he hath brought me into the wilderness to kill me.'

'Then it appears, brother Elijah, that you were like the rest of us, as brother James says, 'a man of like passions with ourselves,' while the bread and meat are placed every morning in our cupboards, we can trust God too, but the moment the supplies cease, we begin to grumble and despair, like yours, our faith dries up with the brook. But tell us, did not the Lord appear for you in your distress? 'O yes, for though we believe not, yet he abideth faithful. He sent me to Zarephath, a city of Sidon, and told me that a widow should support me there. I did not much like being dependant upon a poor widow, it seemed rather humbling, especially when I found her gathering two sticks to prepare the last meal for herself and son. But still by another miracle of mercy the Lord provided for me there, and sustained her soul alive as well.'

Then he always provided for you, Elijah, though not till the moment of extreme necessity when you were literally brought to your wit's end, and then by the most unlikely and humiliating means? 'Yes.' But the accuser of our God in the court of conscience says in reply to your statement that that was the age of miracles, that God has changed, and does not take so much notice of his children now. Have you any reason to think that he has changed, brother Elijah? 'Changed? hath he not said I am the Lord, I change not?' Let God be true and every man a liar. Doth he not still clothe the grass of the field which to day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven? still provide for the raven his food, when his young ones cry unto God and wander for lack of meat? what then? has he forsaken his children to bestow all his care upon the beasts of the forest, and the birds of the air? he careth still for them, and are not his children of much more value than they? does he cause his rain to fall upon the wilderness wherein there is no man, to satisfy the desolate and waste ground, and to refresh the lonely flower, which blossoms unseen by any eye save his, and can he be indifferent to the souls of those

beings whom he has sent his Son to redeem, and his Spirit to sanctify? hath he taken his name off the gateway of creation? are his granaries exhausted? or hath he lost the keys? or hath he made over the stores of his providence to some deputy God who can see the righteous perish without laying it to heart? A sparrow cannot fall to the ground without him; let his children be of good cheer, they are of more value than many sparrows.

That will do, Brother Elijah; yours is a warm defence of his providential care; may we ever realize it in our own experience. It hath been well said, that 'he who watches providence, shall never want a providence to watch.'

The next accusation lodged by the devil, in the court of the believer's conscience, is, that his sins are too great to be pardoned, that the blood of Christ can never atone for his sins, nor cleanse his conscience from its guilt. Who among this 'cloud of witnesses,' can come forward to rebuff the accuser, and prove that the blood of Christ can save even to the uttermost? And remember we must have none but *great sinners here*, the very worst we can find. Who is that woman pressing so hastily forward? The 'cloud of witnesses' smile as they see her eagerness to speak. Woman, what hast thou to say? That I am here to bear witness to the all-atoning and all-cleansing power of the blood of Christ, and to hurl back into his face the evil report that the accuser brings against my Lord. He was a liar from the beginning, and I am here to prove that he is a liar still.' Well said, sister, you don't mince the matter, but we should like to ask you a few questions. First of all, where were you born? 'In Jericho, the accursed city.' Of what country are you? 'I am a Canaanite.' What was your religion? 'Idolatry.' What your profession? 'A harlot.' What is your name? 'Rahab.' Rahab! why that is the name that the prophet Isaiah gives to the old dragon, the devil, is it not? 'yes.' Then if I understand you rightly, you were accursed in birth, a heathen in nation, an idolator in religion, a harlot in trade, and a devil? 'I plead guilty to all.' Well, you had not much to recommend you to Jesus Christ, certainly; but what have you to say to the power of his love and blood? 'What? why that he shewed me that the way from the accursed city, from the power of sin, the depravity of an evil heart, and the damnation of hell, to the promised land, to a dwelling place with his children, and himself, was by the scarlet line of Calvary, that the whole way was tracked with blood; and having placed the clue in the hand of faith, it held fast that clue, till by that cord of love he drew me home. And by placing that clue of love in the hand of the poor harlot, he shewed that he was no respecter of persons, that there was no depth of misery which his long arm of mercy could not reach, no hardened heart nor rebellious will, that his transforming grace could not subdue.'

Well done, sister, yours is a good testimony: but who is that woman by your side, so anxious to get into the witness box? Is she a relative of yours? There seems to be a strong

family likeness. 'O! it is sister Mary: a sister in sin, and a sister in mercy; she too was a great sinner.' All right sister Rahab, but we would rather hear her speak for herself.

'I could hardly contain myself while sister Rahab was speaking; my sins so far outstripped her's. I am the greatest sinner ever saved by the precious blood of Christ.' I say sister, if brother Paul were here, he would deny that, for he lays claim to the title of the chief of sinners, and, I think, by the looks of some of our friends present, they feel disposed to dispute it too, but go on. What is your name? 'Mary Magdalene.' Magdalene? why that signifies the 'great sinner,' does it not? Were you then infamous for sin? 'Yes, the boys and girls in the streets of Jerusalem used to hoot me as I passed, and say, 'there goes Magdalene, the great sinner.' The Pharisee gathered his long robe tighter and closer round him, lest I should touch his broad phylactery as I passed. So vile was I that everybody despised and loathed me. My body belonged to any son of Belial, and as for my soul, the devils made so sure of that, they waited not till death to claim it, but took possession of it while living—made it their house, went in and out as they pleased. 'Till one day, as I sat by the roadside weeping, I saw a crowd approach, and enquiring what it meant, they told me that Jesus of Nazareth passed by. Moved by an impulse which I could not control, but which the devils within me tried to prevent, I rose and looked over the heads of the crowd to see him. His eye met mine; it was a look of compassion. I cried out, 'Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.' The devils tried to drag me away, but I cried all the more. At last he turned and said, 'Come out of her, ye foul spirits.' Casting me down in their rage, at his bidding they fled. I rose and followed the crowd, mingle with it I could not, for they all knew how vile I was. I waited till I saw them disperse, and then I followed him. He entered the house of Simon, the Pharisee. I looked eagerly after him as he entered, but Simon frowned me back. I lingered round the door. I heard his precious voice speaking so sweetly of mercy and of love, that I could refrain no longer. I entered. The Pharisee scowled upon me, and I was afraid that he would scowl upon me too; so vile was I, I dared not look him in the face, so I went behind him, sat down at his feet. It was heaven to be near him, though he spoke no word to me. But my heart was nigh to breaking and the tears flowed down my cheek in a flood—they fell upon his blessed feet, and I took the hair of my head and wiped them; and still he spurned me not; with passionate sobs I kissed them and he spoke no word of anger—though as yet he spoke no word of comfort. But they that sat near him at meat scowled still more savagely; and then he spoke, and spoke of me! he said, 'This woman! Oh, how my heart held its breath to hear him! Was it to be a word of condemnation or pardon? My sobs and tears had not been unnoted by him. He turned and said, 'Woman, thy sins, which are many, are all

forgiven thee.' O, the unspeakable joy of that hour! poor Mary, the harlot, got the start of Simon, the Pharisee, and went away with the full discharge of all her sins in her bosom, and the peace that passeth all understanding in her heart.

Well Mary, your's is a glorious testimony to the unspeakable love of Christ. It seems to make the accuser himself uneasy, he stands there trembling in his shoes. 'And well he may, for he knows how many lies I've found him out in, he was a liar from the beginning, and is so still!' By the by Mary, do you know that ugly looking fellow by his side, him with the hang-dog countenance? 'Why that is Unbelief, I knew him well, too well, he never spoke the truth of Jesus yet, I shall never forget how he tried to deceive me on the morning of the Saviour's resurrection, he told me that I should never see Christ alive again—that I should find his dead body in the grave. And I, fool that I was, believed him, and while it was yet dark took a box of ointment to the sepulchre to anoint his corpse. But he was gone. The tomb was empty. Even then Unbelief denied his resurrection, and told me the gardener had taken him away. I looked hurriedly round, and seeing him whom I supposed to be the gardener, I begged him with many tears to tell me where he had laid my Lord. He said, 'Mary,' it was he himself. I had been seeking a dead Christ, and I had found a risen Saviour. I sprang to his feet, but with a look of love he said, 'Touch me not, for I have not yet ascended to my Father, and to your Father—to my God and to your God.' Yes, all that he said of himself he said of me, that his God and Father were my Father and my God! poor Mary the harlot, one with Jesus Christ! Unbelief fled away confounded, and left me alone with Jesus.'

Well, after such a testimony as thine, Mary, none need despair. Such love and grace can indeed save to the uttermost.

Dear Foster—in thus giving you this extract from Mr. Wale's sermon, which is published by Mr. Barcham, of Reading, I have done as you wished,—given you a long letter. You will wish with me, that this discourse be spread far and wide, and that it may be greatly owned of the Lord. May He, who called you at the first, and thus far helped you, still sanctify your great affliction; and when before the throne you come, do, if you can, remember your old pastor,

C. W. BANKS.

## THE COMET, AND "THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM."

"We have seen his star."—Matthew ii. 2.

DEAR SIR—Travelling about the country as I generally am, I have had a favourable opportunity of seeing and hearing about the *Comet*, or rather *Comets*, for as most of your readers must be aware, there are *two*, one visible in the 'day-time,' and the other at

'night,' the former is visible by means of the 'astronomer's glass' only. Now of the *nature* and *design* of Comets, I am unacquainted. I have, however, heard many opinions advanced, some of which I will briefly state.

I—Some think, and I believe *Newton* is among the number, that *Comets* are sent 'to replenish the stars,' to supply their fading lustre and beauty, to replenish their light and glory which they have spent in flooding our world with the sublime grandeur of 'star light.' Be this as it may, one thing we know, *Christ*, our 'bright and morning star,' replenishes the hearts of his people with grace, and supplies them with light and lustre.

II—Some there are who think that *Comets* are sent 'to gather up the spirits of the departed,' they look upon them as a kind of *vehicle* or carriage, in which souls are conveyed to heaven.

III—Others I find look upon *Comets* as 'signs,' but what they are signs of, few pretend to say; some however look upon them as signs of something very solemn, as dark omens of something more awful, terrible, and alarming than mortals ever heard of; others, I find look upon them as more favourable signs, and hope that Revivals in religion and national peace and prosperity may follow; while some few look upon the present comet as indicative of a 'sharp winter.'

IV—I find that others look upon *Comets* as sent to purify the air of its noxious gases; that comets are to the aerial heavens, what the burning mountains, or *Volcanos* are to the bowels of the earth, a kind of 'Scape Valve,' or safety valve; they look upon the nucleus of the comet as a dense ball of fire travelling in its destined course not yet fully discovered, the tail of which is only the burning gases attracted by the nebulous body, or travelling ball of fire, whose mighty magnetic influence has drawn to itself surrounding impurity to consume.

V—Lastly, some look upon *Comets* as 'electric lights,' and suppose them to be void of substance, or at least of any dense body, something like the 'Ignisfatuus,' of summer nights, a jack-a-lantern above our heads; the will-with-the-wisp of the air. Nevertheless some have told us that *comets* in their number exceed all other planetary bodies, except 'Aerolites' that they possess the smallest mass; and occupy the largest space of any bodies in the solar regions; whether they are self-luminous or derive their light from the sun seems to be a doubtful point. *Comets* again present a striking contrast. *Biela's* comet, for instance, is very small, and has no tail; while the one observed by *Sir Isaac Newton* in 1680, had a tail calculated to be sixty millions of miles in length, and the comet of 1744 had six tails.

Many other allusions to comets might be made, and interesting facts recorded, but I judge, Mr. Editor, you would think them not adapted for your columns. So I turn my pen to write of the 'Eastern Star.' We have seen *Donati's* comet. Let us now turn our attention to the 'Star of Bethlehém,' and here again conflicting opinions perplex us.

Many are the conjectures in reference to the STAR that appeared to the 'wise men,' and conducted the *Magi* to the place of our Saviour's birth. Some authors suppose that it was a 'new star,' purposely created to usher in our Saviour's birth, and is therefore, called *his* star; it being a *sign* of his *birth* and a *commemoration* of his *incarnation*; this is also thought to be the star which *Virgil* calls *Casaries Astrium*. One thing, however, is certain, *Christ* is the 'New Star,' of the 'New Covenant,' the Mediator of the New Testament, his blood has opened up a *new* and living way into the holiest which he has consecrated for us. In the second place, others think that this star was nothing more nor nothing less, than the *SIGN* or *glory* which shone round about the shepherds of *Bethlehem's* plains, at the time of our Saviour's birth. (*Luke* ii. 2.) Thus *Lightfoot* thinks that this *glory*, at so great a distance, appeared as a *star* to the wise men in the east. So *Christ* is sometimes seen from afar according to the ancient prediction.

Thirdly, some think it was a 'comet,' which the wise men saw, and some are of an opinion that its appearance was 'natural,' while others think that it appeared preternaturally to portend the birth or death of some illustrious persons. And, truly, our Lord's *Person* as well as *Birth*, is illustrious in his work of mediation he certainly is famous, eminent, distinguished, and celebrated; 'for unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.' Fourthly, some assert that it was an *angel* in a luminous body like a star; they come to this conclusion because the star appeared to be rational and intelligent, stopping and going forward; appearing and disappearing, so as to direct the *Magi* to the place where our Saviour could be found. This reminds me of the 'angel of *Jehovah's* presence,' who is with his people in all their afflictions and saves them, (*Isa.* lxiii. 9). Again, fifthly, some have said that it was 'the Holy Ghost,' who appeared to the wise men in the form of a *star*, the same as he appeared at the immersion of *Jesus* under the form of a 'Dove.' Well, we need the Holy Ghost; also his *light*, his quickenings, direction and unction. Lastly, I find that others, *Calmet* for instance, will have it, that it was a *Meteor*, a fiery inflamed *Meteor*, which appeared miraculously and extraordinary in the middle region of the air, and it was taken by them for the *star* so long foretold by *Balaam*, *Numb.* xxiv. 17.

Now, Mr. Editor, I think I will break off, as enough has been said for one month's issue of your periodical; and if this should appear in your next month's issue, I will, God willing, resume the subject again next month, and take my motto 'the Star of Bethlehém,' and what little matter I have to give, I will give in the form of a short sermon, on the sentence at the head of this paper. I will, therefore, sign myself,

A TRAVELLER.

(To be continued.)



## EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

## LETTER XLIX.

MY GOOD THEOPHILUS, I now propose to write a few letters to you upon the 'Seven Seals,' we read of in Revelations 5th chapter; but as this letter will be merely introductory, I will begin with the 4th chapter of Revelation.

And the first thing we here meet with, is, one of the best of all things, a *door opened in heaven*: all earthly doors must with us very soon close, and therefore the one thing needful is a door opened in heaven; let this door of heaven be shut, and all hope is gone, and we are left in black and eternal despair.

The first entrance of the Israelites upon the promised land, is called the '*door of hope*.' Hosea ii. 15. Now the promise of God in Christ Jesus is our '*door of hope*;' whatever promise appears suited to us is '*our door of hope*;' not but that all the promises are suited to us; but we are at different times in different states of experience, and circumstances; and so there are promises suited to all our possible necessities, and these are '*our door of hope*.' That is—*we* feeling our need of these promises, and being persuaded of them, we by them begin to have hope; and though we see these promises, (as to their fulfilment) as yet afar off, yet they are unto us a '*door of hope*.'

Then there is the *door of salvation*: 'by me, (saith the Lord,) 'if any man enter in, he shall be saved.' Thus, then, the door of hope, and the door of salvation, bring us to the door of heaven; and this door opened in heaven is by the atonement of Christ reaching to all the demands of law and justice; and he therefore entered heaven by his own blood; and so we have boldness to enter into the holy of holies by the blood of Jesus; and so a door is opened in heaven. And a door opened in heaven is a door of revelation from heaven, as well as a door of entrance into heaven. And hence, said the voice to John, 'come up hither, and I will shew thee things which must be hereafter.'

Here you see, that just where men dishonored John, just there the Lord honored him: men cast him out, but the Lord received him; men cast him down, but the Lord lifted him up; men hated him, but the Lord loved him; man would have destroyed him, but the Lord preserved him; man did all he could to put him to *silence*, but the Lord hath made him speak so as to be heard to the end of the world, and to earth's remotest bounds; men would have cast him down to hell, but the Lord lifted him up to heaven; men separated him from their company, but the Lord took him into his highest counsels, and into his bosom secrets.

John was, in God's truth, as all good men now are, *too high* to be acceptable to a deluded world; but when John was in the Isle of Patmos, the Lord said to him, '*come up higher*.' So that if John were high before he went to the Isle of Patmos, he was *higher* still when he arrived there; and he found this increase of altitude; this additional ascent up the sides of Mount Zion; this nearer approach to the house not made with hands, he found it good to be thus high; '*for immediately*,' saith he, '*I was in the Spirit*.' And so by elevation and transformation, he was well fitted for divine revelations. They would, while he was thus placed, be sure to have their full *weight* with him; whereas, keep him down amidst a routine of mere formalities, eternal realities may then pass by unheeded; but let him be taken up somewhat toward the third heavens, then mortality, and all its sins and cares, are swallowed up of life. Thus, then, in the very opening of this fourth chapter, you have these three things: the door opened in heaven; John brought up to that door; and the transforming power of the Lord's presence. '*Immediately I was in the spirit*.' Nor had John any hand in opening this door, it was opened *for* him, and *to* him, but *not* by him. He looked!—ah, *where* did he look? Not to earth—for, alas! all was gloom, desolation, and anguish there; but he looked unto the Lord, and saw a door opened in heaven. And so it is, my good Theophilus, your happy lot to see that by the blood of Jesus a door is opened in heaven; and the truth, and faith therein, are the way thereto.

Now you will see that at the end of this 4th chapter, that the *purpose* of God in the creation of the world, is the song of adoration: '*thou hast created all things; and for thy pleasure they are, and were created*.' And, thus, before they pass on to salvation matters, they recognize the *right* of the blessed God in the first creation; and there is great propriety in this, because we need the Lord as a God of Providence; and as all these things were by and for the Divine Word, in whom is all Jehovah's Pleasure: so—our God, having full right in the creation, in the world, and all things pertaining thereto, we may look with assurance to him for the supply of our temporal, as well as for our eternal needs. The throne therefore of God is a throne of government to both worlds: hence, to denote his possession and command of riches, his appearance is as a jasper and sardine stone. This, then, I say, means not only the glory of his appearance, but indicates the riches he has at command; and, therefore, it is that Christ is that gift, which is as a precious stone in the eyes of him that hath it; and whosoever it turneth it prospereth. The city of God also, is adorned with precious stones; and

Israel was represented on the High Priest's breastplate by precious stones; so that altogether, it would seem to be this, that as precious stones are distinct from the common pebble, so the people of God, the city of God, and God in covenant, all stand out in distinction, glory, and richness, from everything else; for 'who is like unto our God?' and what city is like unto the city of God? and what people is like unto the people of God?

This throne is said to 'be set in heaven.' The scene, you will see, is taken from the temple; and perhaps partly also from the tabernacle in the wilderness. This is to shew to us, that as the tabernacle and temple had special reference to the people of God, so the throne here will mean what was there called the 'mercy seat'; and hence, to prove this, there is a rainbow round about the throne, in sight, like unto an emerald; thus shewing, not only that he is the God of peace; but also that it shall be seen that he is the God of peace; it shall be seen that Jesus hath made peace by the blood of his cross.

As the Lord's covenant of seed time and harvest was positive; so as we see (Isa. liv.) is the covenant of mercy and peace; and as the rainbow is above the reach of, and independent of men, so it was not in the power of man to make peace with God: Christ alone could; and so it is not in the power of man to break that peace which Christ hath made; it stands independent of man, and into this heavenly reconciliation and peace you are brought. This rainbow is the triumphal arch under which you will have 'an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom' of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

You see that neither the Lord nor the throne is solitary, here are a people belonging thereto; 'four and twenty Elders' are intended as secondary representatives of the people of God. Christ is the primary, and also the ultimate representative of the people of God. These Elders, then, I say, are a kind of secondary representatives of the people of God; and if the number, twenty-four, allude to the twelve Patriarchs of the Old Testament, and to the twelve Apostles of the New Testament, then these four and twenty Elders will represent the Old and the New Testament people of God. If this be the allusion, then we must take the blessing of Duet. 33rd, and the Apostolic testimonies of the New Testament to explain the sense in which the four and twenty Elders represent the people of God. Or, as David divided the Levitical service into four and twenty orders, and that each order had its chief priest; then here would be four and twenty chief priests, and these would represent the people of God in their sacrificial consecration to God. Whichever be the allusion here, whether to the twelve Patriarchs and twelve Apostles, or to the four and twenty chief priests, the meaning is substantially the same; just reminding you that over

these four and twenty orders, and four and twenty chief priests, was one who was called the high priest; the high priest it was who was specially a type of the Great High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus. And as these Elders are clothed in white raiment, and have on their heads crowns of gold, so shall all the people of God be 'holiness unto the Lord,' and be crowned with glory, called a crown of gold because of its purity, preciousness, and beauty.

And as justice and judgement are the habitation of his throne, so there are two orders of truth proceeding from this throne; the one, that of mercy; the other that of threatenings to the adversaries; hence these threatenings are called lightnings, thunders, and voices. And as there were seven lamps in the Tabernacle, to give light in the holy place, so there is a true tabernacle which God pitched, and not man; and here in the church the Holy Spirit dwells in all the fulness of his ministrations; but mind, it was before the throne that these seven lamps were placed; and so the saving illuminations of the Holy Spirit are sure to lead the soul to a throne of grace. And as there was a brazen sea before the temple, as a type no doubt of the gospel; so here it is called, because of its clearness, a sea of glass; and as Aaron and his sons were to be washed at the door of the Tabernacle, so we have here indicated the washing of regeneration. And as after the first washing Aaron and his sons were, with this clear crystal water, to wash their hands and feet, when they went in to serve in the holy things, so we, after the washing of regeneration, need renewing again and again; for there is not a just man upon the earth, that doeth good and sinneth not; and these renewings are those mercies of the Lord which keep us from being consumed.

Thus then, my good Theophilus, you have here a door opened in heaven; access thereto; transformation thereby; you have here a throne of grace, a God rich in mercy; also a rainbow token of peace, brotherly representatives; the Holy Spirit, and the fulness of his Ministrations; and a gospel sea clear as crystal; and as far as I can at all see my way clear, I hope to go on as your humble Servant in Christ, though but

A LITTLE ONE.

AUSTRALIA.—Beside the letters given in another part of this number, we have just received one good spiritual letter from our brother John Bunyan M'Cure, of Geelong; with some excellent gospel verses. Also, a packet from Mr. Henry Dowling, of Tasmania; and an epistle from North Adelaide. We shall give them early.

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

"*The Comforter; or, the Holy Spirit in His Glorious Person and Gracious Work.*" London: Darton and Co., Holborn Hill. (525 pp. 5s.)—Those two excellent volumes, '*God is Love,*' and '*A Brother Born for Adversity,*' have, for some time, been before the Christian family, in this, and other parts of the civilized world. No books, on themes so grand, on Characters so great and holy, have been more deservedly popular. They are becoming standard works of the present age. With much pleasure, we announce a third volume by the same Author—(on the '*Glorious Personality and Gracious Work*' of the Third Person in the ever adorable Trinity,) is now in the hands of the Publishers; and we understand large orders for this volume are already given by the leading houses in the publishing market. This is a good sign. It gives us hope that there are yet thousands who desire to honour the Holy Spirit, even as they honour the Father and the Son. Twelve chapters, each on distinct Characters, Offices, and Divine Operations, are here given. Our Ministers, and all teachers of the Truth, must certainly read this volume. It is the time for such a book, and the author has been enabled to do his work faithfully. We believe, in its opportune advent, and in its soul-enriching contents, the hand of the Lord has been made bare for Zion's good. We cannot fully enter into details this month.

"*The Backwood's Preacher.*"—This is a reprint of an American volume; published by A. Heylin, 28, Paternoster Row. We have commenced a paper from it, entitled '*Peter the Pioneer,*' for next month; Peter Cartwright was a lion-like preacher for more than fifty years; and although he has smitten us poor Baptists rather severely, still, we shall gather from him all the good we can: from his life, preachers may see what it is to endure hardness.

"*Brief History of the Baptist Church in Little Wild Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.* From 1691 to 1858; &c. By Christopher Woollacott. London: Houlston & Wright. There is scarcely a religious writer in these days, that can vie with Christopher Woollacott in '*Narratives.*' He has the excellent genius of working up all his material to good account: this is patent in all reading circles; and his '*Prodigal Pardoned; or, the Soldier's History;*' a new tract just issued by the Baptist Tract Society, is another witness that *Narratives* in the hands of Christopher Woollacott, are delightfully interesting. The history of Little Wild Street, is a review of the Baptist Interest in London, for nearly two hundred years. It is a good six-penny work; and we know every thinking person in Christendom will enjoy its perusal.

"*Thomas Guy—his Early Days: his Life among the Gipsies: and his Conversion to God.*" Written by Himself. To which is appended, *His Happy and Sudden Death—* with Preface and Remarks by Charles Waters Banks. We are thankful to find this extraor-

inary narrative is still useful, and circulating in all directions. It is published at our Office, 182, Dover Road. Price Twopence.

"*The Gathering Tempest. Puseyism, and the Confessional Doomed; or, St. Barnabas unmasked by its own Priests.*" London: James Brown, 25, Eccleston Street, Chester Square. There is a great noise now about the confessional; and the Puseyites. But cannot our readers see that much worse things than these are obtaining presidency in our professed Protestant and Nonconformist Churches? Ah! there is a storm gathering: but, as yet, every storm has, in the Spirit's hands, driven us closer under the wings of the Mercy Seat; and, therefore, with Luther we hope to sing, '*God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble; therefore, will not we fear.*'

"*A Letter to India, descriptive of True Religion.*" London: Partridge and Co. This is a penny pamphlet written by our respected brother Joseph Flory, late minister of Somersham Baptist Chapel. Good old Benjamin Flory has been known in the land for many years, as a stern, determined, and unflinching defender of the gospel of the New Covenant. We have dearly loved good old Benjamin: but he is now sinking into great age and weakness. This Joseph, his son, is a true chip of the old block; a happy lover of Christ and His cause; and is now waiting for a call from his Master to be billeted in the ministry where he shall please to appoint.

"*Praying Johnny; or, the Life and Labours of John Oxtoby.* By Harvey Leigh." London: T. King, Sutton-street. This little book will give you a fair idea of a minister's life in some of the low and dark corners of the land. The editor says, '*John Oxtoby was to an extraordinary degree, a successful minister of the gospel.*' We intend to criticise '*Praying Johnny*' rather closely in another number.

"*Instauration: A Poem.*" By R. S. D. London: Partridge & Co. There is great power of mind evinced in the composition of this poem. To highly intellectual spirits it will be a kind of sweet desert.

"*The Christian's Companion; or, Christ, the Believer's Delight.*" By John Bloomfield, Minister of the Gospel, at Salem Chapel, Soho. London: Nichols & Son, Milton Steam Press, Strand. In this little volume our highly favored brother talks of Jesus our Saviour, to those who are seeking for a knowledge of interest in him, in faithful, intelligent, and affectionate terms. All who know John Bloomfield—and they are not few—know his happy theme is '*The Priesthood of Christ.*' In this volume you have John Bloomfield at home, and in much comfort and confidence opening up the beauties and glories of the MASTER he so dearly loves. As an author we sincerely wish him good speed.

"*The Edinburgh Street Preacher.*" Being the Extraordinary Life, Conversion and Death of Robert Flockhart. London: Partridge & Co. An interesting epitome of this extraordinary man's life in 16 closely printed pages for One Penny!

## THE WONDERFUL DEALINGS OF GOD, AS MANIFESTED TO ONE OF THE MOST UNWORTHY OF HIS CHILDREN.

‘As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you; yea, and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem.’—Isaiah lxvii. 13.

THIS striking passage has, I doubt not, been the comfort of many an afflicted child of God, when cast down by reason of his troubles; and has proved a firm stronghold to him by the blessing of the Holy Spirit, against the face of the enemy. It is my intention to illustrate briefly, in the following narrative, as far as lies in my power, the above sweet portion from the ‘Faithful Promiser,’ by setting before my readers his gentle dealings with me, the most unworthy of his creatures; and I hope that many of his tried ones who have long been tossed in the strong furnace of affliction, may by his help obtain the like precious faith in this promise, which has in time past been extended to me.

It is with feelings of deep thankfulness to my heavenly Father, for his unspeakable mercies, shewn so continually towards me, that I have written the present narrative of my past life; and in doing this, I have attempted to illustrate by it, that there is indeed one above who careth for the righteous, and will ever support them by the arm of his power, when in their deepest distress. I humbly think that after the perusal of my short sketch, the God-fearing reader will be led to exclaim with David and myself—‘O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men. Let them exalt him also in the congregation of the people, and praise him in the assembly of the elders.’ Ps. cvii. 31, 43.

I was early brought up to attend a Sabbath school; and while there I had some slight convictions that I was a sinner in the sight of God. During this period of my life I was often preserved from many outward sins, by the remembrance of those solemn words—‘Thou God seest me.’ Afterwards, when in riper years, I attended the ministry of J. H. Hinton, pastor of the Baptist church, then assembling in Hosier-street, Reading, and there my convictions were deepened. Through the providence of God, I was next led to take up my abode in the Borough, London, where I was privileged to hear the gospel under Dr. Ripon, then of Tooley-street; at which place I was still further convinced that I was a lost sinner, and must inevitably perish, unless I was washed in the precious blood of Christ. About a year after, I was led again by the overruling hand of God, to Reading; where I once more sat under J. H. Hinton. I was at this time twenty-three years of age. One Sabbath afternoon, I was aroused while sitting in the chapel, from my previous spiritual lethargy, by hearing a striking sermon, preached by Mr. H. from those awakening words, Luke xiii. 3. ‘Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.’ After hearing these words, I was, by the Holy Spirit, turned from

darkness, to the glorious light and liberty of the gospel. I was changed. ‘Old things had passed away: all things were become new.’ Christ was now exhibited to my wondering eyes in altogether a new light, as the only but all-sufficient way of salvation; as THE Person by whom alone men must and can be saved. My Bible too, now became endeared to my heart, and I wondered why I had not discovered its value and beauty before: but as St. Paul says, ‘The carnal mind is enmity against God.’ ‘He hath hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hath revealed them unto babes.’ ‘The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.’

After some months hard struggling with the doubts and fears, suggested by the enemy of souls, I was at length enabled to make a public profession of my attachment to his name, in the ordinance of believer’s baptism. I was so strengthened after this by the Holy Spirit, that I walked in the good old way for some years; until at length, in the year 1839, it pleased the dear Lord to lay me upon a bed of affliction. Satan was now permitted to harass me to such a degree, that I was indeed ‘troubled on every side: persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.’

In the midst of my sickness, I was removed under the good hand of my Heavenly Father to Great Marlow, a town in Buckinghamshire, to which place I was still followed by satanic power.

Here on one occasion as I lay on my sick bed in the midnight hour, it was first suggested to me by the great adversary, to commit suicide; telling me, I was not fit any longer to live. This suggestion was uppermost in my mind for many months; during which time, my thoughts were continually running upon the manner in which it might best be accomplished. But the Lord, who knoweth how to succour them that are tempted, inasmuch as he was himself tried by the enemy when on earth, in his goodness preserved me, and overturned Satan’s favourite scheme. By this time, I was considerably recovered from my bodily affliction, but my soul was still deeply tempest tossed, seeking rest but finding none. During this period, I attended the ministry of the Rev. T. Styles, but still found no relief to my desponding soul.

At length, after having been subjected by the dear Master, to the fearful influences of satanic power, for the space of eight months, my release was at hand.

Having attended a Thursday evening lecture, from the words, Col. ii. 2, ‘That their hearts might be comforted;’ the words which I had heard, made a deep impression on my

mind; and I spent the whole night in prayer, that if it was the Lord's gracious will, I might indeed be comforted by his Holy Spirit in the morning. My prayer was heard, accepted, and abundantly answered by him, who has pledged himself to be the 'hearer and answerer of prayer;' for on the next morning, while engaged in my household duties, the Lord was pleased once more to shine into my despairing soul, by means of the words, Rom. viii. 'There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.' This, to me, ever memorable circumstance, took place October, 4th, 1839. From this time, I went on my way like the Eunuch of old, rejoicing, and walked in the strength of that meat for the next four years and a half, enjoying the favour, and gracious countenance of my Lord and Master the whole time, although I was sometimes doubting.

About four years and a half after this deliverance, God, in his infinite wisdom, again laid me upon a bed of suffering. Satan was now permitted to trouble and tempt me worse than before, suggesting to my mind that I was only an empty professor of religion, and that I had no saving grace in my heart; in fact that I had neither part nor lot in the matter. Everywhere the dreadful thought that I should be eternally lost, continually haunted me, and turned my day as it were into night. In various ways I was again tempted to self destruction, but by the good hand of God, I was continually preserved, and all attempts of the evil one frustrated. I could afterwards truly say with the Psalmist, 'Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy, for though I fall, yet shall I rise again.' I was so reduced in mind and body, that I was not able to take up a pen to write to my only dear sister for eight months; and while thinking one day of again communicating with her by letter, a voice seemed to come to me through the window by which I was standing, saying, (Jer. xxxi. 3), 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee.'

At the same spot in the next, and on the same day of the week, I seemed to hear the same voice say, 'I have loved thee, O sinner, with an everlasting love: therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee.' On the same day in the week after this, and at the same spot, I seemed to hear the voice say more distinctly than before, 'I have loved thee, O Sarah, with an everlasting love.' &c. I was led to beg the dear Lord, that if it was his blessed will, this passage might be fastened in my mind, like a nail in a sure place, by the Master of assemblies; and that I might be set at liberty through it. I now wrote to my sister, and informed her of the sweet promises which had been given to me, begging her to entreat the King of kings on my behalf. In return she wrote to tell me, that she had taken my case before the throne of grace, and the answer that she had received was, 'whatsoever ye ask in faith, believing, ye shall receive;' and that she was convinced from this passage, that I should soon be set at liberty.

Her assurance that I should soon be released

was in a short time completely fulfilled, as the reader will presently hear.

After receiving the communication, I was still more beset by the wiles of the evil one, during the days which immediately followed, than I had ever been before; which caused me to cry out stronger than ever to my heavenly Father, to give me Christ, or I should die. The dear Lord was not only pleased to hear my petitions, but to send an answer of peace to my troubled soul; for on the Sabbath, while sitting in his house, the following text was given out by the Rev. T. Styles; Haggai ii. last clause of 19th verse, 'From this day I will bless you.' This comforting passage through the blessing of the Holy Spirit, brought me deliverance from the dark state of mind, in which I had then been for nearly ten months. Now, indeed the captive was free! the prisoner was released. Immediately my burden seemed to roll from my mind, and I was like a bird let out of its cage.

I could now once more rejoice with Mary, in 'God my Saviour, for he had regarded the low estate of his handmaiden!' 'He had done to me great things, and holy is his name.' I was almost forced to cry out for joy in the midst of the service. The savour of this sweet visitation lasted for nearly six weeks, so that I neither enjoyed food nor sleep for a long time; for why should I, when my blessed Master was feeding my soul with that heavenly manna, which the world knows nothing of? To give some idea of the awful state of mind I was in during this affliction, one of my children, then only about four years of age, distinctly remembers an incident which happened about that time. I requested the attendant to bring up all my children into the bedroom, that I might eat them up; which made such a deep impression on his mind that he could not be persuaded to enter the room for many weeks afterwards. For a long time, I knew not what it was to enjoy repose for a single night: the enemy never left me during the whole time.

I enjoyed the light of the Lord's countenance for five years after this, and I then began to think with the man of God, that my 'mountain stood strong,' that I should not again be moved. But O how soon was my faith to be tested; and that by a furnace, heated seven times hotter than it had ever been before. I was once more plunged into the deep waters of spiritual affliction, which as he who suffered long before me, the like trials, has truly said, 'ran over over my soul.'

For many months I was again laid low, both in mind and body; the subject of the same despairing thoughts, as to the reality of my Christian profession, that had so grievously assailed me in my former troubles. The great adversary once more, in every possible manner, tempted me to put an end to my earthly career, but in all his attempts I was preserved by him who has overcome the world. On one evening in particular, I had retired to my bed about eight o'clock, with the hope of procuring some sleep, however little; but as I could not obtain this wished for rest, I was advised to take a few drops of laudanum.

When those about me had retired from the room, and I was once more alone, Satan suggested that I had better take the whole, and die. About a table spoonful of the drug, was in the bottle. I took it up, and drank nearly the whole, and then lay down upon my bed, fully expecting that I should never again open my eyes in this world. But, O! the lovingkindness of my adorable Lord, who in his infinite mercy saw good to shelter Satan's diabolical designs. Instead of the drug taking the effect which he had intended, it resulted in excessive vomiting; which continued all through that night, and the whole of the following day.

A short time after this circumstance took place, I was tempted to destroy my two youngest children; so malicious was Satan that he had not succeeded in making me bring my own life to an end. I actually proceeded to their room for that purpose; but while watching their innocent slumber, maternal affection returned to my breast, and I was so ashamed of my inhuman design, that I again sought my chamber. My children at this time had such a dread of me, that they kept from my presence as much as possible, and they would rather have gone almost anywhere, than come into my chamber. Even when I had far recovered in health, and was comparatively harmless, their fear still held them at a distance from me.

When I began to come to myself, I once more sought the throne of grace, to which I had not found access for many months before. Then, the heavens appeared as brass; nor could I obtain any answer, either from them or the means of grace. After a few weeks intense suffering in mind, I was invited by a kind friend to attend a lecture, given by Mr. B. Mason, of Knowl Hill, at her residence. While on the way, I entreated the dear Lord to send me some comfort by this stranger, whom I was about to hear. As I entered the house, those two beautiful lines were sent as a comfort to my soul—

———'I only design,  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.'  
I sat in one corner of the apartment, alone; hoping that I should be unobserved by all. Mr. Mason began the service, by giving out the 459th hymn, of Rippon's selection:—

'O Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave;  
Whom no man can comfort, whom no  
man can save.'

In his prayer, he entreated the Lord, that if there was one poor soul there present, whose spirit was fast bound in the prison of spiritual affliction, to release it speedily. That there was such a poor soul among that number, in the condition of which he spoke, the writer of this little narrative well knows; and also, how really suitably his language was to my then, desponding spirit; although the preacher knew not in the least that I was there. This little incident will serve to shew, how God in his wisdom, sometimes, nay often, when the speaker puts his whole trust in him, so directs the phrasology of the minister, as to apply to the particular cases of the afflicted ones present.

Mr. M. took for his text Isaiah liv. 12, 'O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires.' At the close of the service, Mr. M. showed me the 'EARTHEN VESSEL,' your valued periodical, which, before that time, I had been entirely unacquainted with. I returned home with a slender ray of hope in the distance. In the number of the EARTHEN VESSEL which was given to me, was an account of a poor woman, who was confined in an asylum for years; her only cry during the whole time being—'lost! lost! lost!' This same poor woman afterwards died a triumphant death. I have no doubt some of my readers will remember the circumstance. (See EARTHEN VESSEL, Vol. VI. March Number.)

After reading this narrative, my feeble faith was strengthened; and soon afterwards, I went to hear Mr. Mason, at Knowl Hill, when I again prayed the Lord, that if it was his blessed will, he would bring my soul out of prison, and renew the hope, which had just been kindled in my soul. Mr. M. preached from Heb. xiii. 2—'Looking unto Jesus.' I returned home, with my burden still weighing me down. Soon afterwards I heard Mr. M. again at Marlow, from Heb. xii. 2, 'choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.' A short time after this, the lxvi of Isaiah, 13th verse, 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, yea, and ye shall be comforted,' was sent as a healing balm to my wounded cast down soul; and from this time, I date the restoration of my spiritual liberty, which has since then continued uninterrupted for seven years.

I have now given a very brief, but faithful history, of the merciful dealings of God, towards me; and if it should contribute, by the help of the ever-blessed Spirit, to the comfort of only one of God's dear tried children, my object in writing it will be fully accomplished; but unto God alone be all the glory.

'A debtor to mercy alone,  
Of covenant mercy I sing:  
Nor fear with thy righteousness on,  
My person and offering to bring.  
Your's in the bonds of Christian love,  
A SINNER SAVED BY GRACE.  
Marlow, August 11th, 1858.  
(To be Continued.)

WHEN Christ speaketh, then we should be all attention, and mark well every word; for God the Father himself saith, 'Him shall ye hear:' as if he should say, what he teacheth you, take good heed thereunto, for I will maintain what he saith, or I will be no God. But the devil stirreth up other thoughts in the heart; he stoppeth the ears, so that the greatest number forget Christ and his word, and trouble themselves with vain and unprofitable things, to the end they may not believe and be saved.

Therefore he must cause Moses to talk with us; he that will ask, what have ye done? Against him, indeed, we might well stop our ears. Our doctor and schoolmaster shall be only our blessed Saviour Christ Jesus.—*Luther.*

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE  
LIFE OF MR JOHN SMITH.

(Concluded from page 222.)

He frequently used to say, 'I know that I deserve hell, but I do not think the Lord will let me go there. It is not the fear of hell that gives me pain, but the fear of sinning.' Jesus was the Alpha and Omega of his life and conversation. One of his favourite hymns were those seraphic lines composed by the immortal Dr. Watts on the characters of Christ borrowed from inanimate things in Scripture, recorded in the 146th Hymn in his first book :

Go worship at Immanuel's feet,  
See in his face what wonders meet!  
Earth is too narrow to express  
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

Is he a way? he leads to God,  
The path is drawn in lines of blood!  
There would I walk with hope and zeal,  
Till I arrive at Zion's hill.

Oh, let me climb those higher skies  
Where storms and darkness never rise,  
There he displays his powers abroad,  
And shines and reigns the incarnate God.

Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,  
Nor heaven, his full resemblance bears;  
His beauties we can never trace  
Till we behold him face to face.

Mr. Smith had enjoyed many sweet and blessed manifestations of the divine presence, and though I do not put confidence in what some men call 'visions,' yet he has related things to me, and others which he has seen and heard, the truth of which I dare not call into question. He has frequently told me and his friends, that on one occasion he saw a visible appearance or representation of our Lord on the cross, similar to that recorded in the life of Colonel Gardner, which lasted for twelve minutes. If I remember rightly, on the morning he saw the vision, which came on him quite unexpectedly, he had been sorely tried by an infernal suggestion of the wicked one to this effect, 'Which of the sacred Three in unity are you going to pray to, the Father, Son, or Holy Ghost?' However, the Holy Ghost graciously satisfied him on that point, and taught him the truth, 'that he who honoreth the Son, honoreth the Father,' and sealed the same truth very blessedly home to his heart, so that from this time, he never dare afterwards call into question the Deity of Jesus Christ.

Though he had attained a vast amount of knowledge of divine things, and had even come to visions and revelations of the Lord; he did not live upon past experiences. He often reviewed the past as illustrative of God's goodness towards him. 'Past experiences, and the grace of yesterday will not satisfy me to day. We want present help, renewed grace, renewed favours, renewing of the Spirit, fresh assurances, fresh applications of the blood, and fresh tokens of divine love. God will have us value his Christ, the grace

he gives is sufficient, but none to spare. He will not have his grace wasted; thus he teaches us our daily, hourly and constant dependance upon him, that we may know that man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God, 'doth man live.' These among many others were some of his choice sayings, to me they were gems of thoughts worth treasuring, and I trust the preciousness of them will ever remain in the casket of my heart and memory as long as it shall please my Heavenly Father to spare me.

Though possessing comfortable means, he lived on principles of the strictest economy; at times seeming to debar himself of those things that were necessary, lest he should be found in any way pampering to his flesh. He was a man that had been deeply exercised both by domestic trials, and by the spiritual adversary of souls; and though he had no children of his own, yet he was painfully concerned about two of his relatives, a mother and a daughter; the former lost her character, and lived on the wages of sin; the latter, over whom he exercised the office of guardian, till at length contrary to her uncle's wish, and in opposition to his repeated remonstrances, she renounced the wholesome and kindly Christian counsels he had given her and entered a Roman Catholic convent in which she remains to this day.

For the last nine years of his life Mr. Smith had been a widower, 'he reminds me (said a brother Missionary to me on one occasion,) 'of one of the ancient prophets; his biblical knowledge was most profound, and there was a dignity of mien in his conduct and manner of speaking which attracted his hearers, and was sure to leave behind a deep and solemn impression.'

The little property that he had accumulated by dint of honest industry, economy, and perseverance he did not squander away; but so bequeathed it, that his poor relatives who in God's providence might survive him, should participate in the benefit of it at his death.

Before his death he had a presentiment that he should die on the 18th of August, instead of which, he died on the 10th, and his mortal remains were deposited in one of the compartments of the eastern catacomb, at Nunhead Hill Cemetary, on the 18th. At the catacomb, Mr. James Wells delivered a funeral oration to the mourners and spectators who had congregated on the steps leading down to the catacomb, and spoke in a very decided and clear manner, relative to Mr. Smith's religious sentiments, and of the hope he had in his death. He was 71 years of age. The compartment which contains the coffin is closed with a marble tablet, which has on it an inscription to the effect that his only hope was in the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ, and that it is by grace ye are saved. Ephesians ii. 5.

Hoping that the perusal of the foregoing pages may be interesting to some of the children of the Lord's dear family, I remain, your's affectionately in the Lord,

H. S. S.

London, August 27th, 1858.

## EXCELLENT TIDINGS FROM EXETER.

*Letters to the Editor of "The Earthen Vessel."*

MR. EDITOR—The work of the Lord is still prospering with us; we have built a vestry and a baptistry; and language cannot express the gratitude we feel to our ever faithful, gracious God, for the continuance of the rich and copious effusions of his blessed Spirit, as realized and enjoyed in our midst, both under the ministry of our esteemed brother Turner, and also at our prayer meetings. Since Mr. Turner came amongst us, our church and congregation have increased nearly treble in numbers; we had baptising on Lord's day evening, August 29, for the first time, in our new baptistry; after an appropriate and affectionate discourse delivered by our pastor, from Acts viii. 37; five believers were immersed; after an address to the audience, the service concluded by singing—

'Crown him Lord of all.'

Under the sermon, two young persons were powerfully wrought upon in their hearts; and the Lord's work is still deepening within them, which we are fully persuaded will end in true conversion to God. Some others who were halting between two opinions, were brought to see and feel the necessity of attending to the ordinance, and will shortly be baptized. On the day following, we had a tea meeting, when brethren Thorogood, Lee, Williams, Sercome and Ashby, delivered addresses, like the silver trumpet, all of a piece; no jarring string, no discordant note: sound in doctrine; sweet in experience; and truly practical in their remarks. The Lord was very precious to us and much of his presence was realised in our midst. Glory to God for his lovingkindness manifested to our despised Zoar. We beg an interest in the prayers of our dear brethren, praying the abundant blessing of Israel's Triune God to rest upon you, and your labours of love.

Exeter, Sept. 22, 1858. W. SHEPHERD.

DEAR EDITOR—I forward you a letter of our dear brother Moysey, who departed this life 'to be with Christ, which is *infinitely* better,' (September 26th, 1858,) after ten years' of severe soul exercise, under the terrific thunderings of Sinai, which made him, many times, choose death rather than life. I witnessed in him the dreadful effects of sin, guilt, condemnation, and a certain fearful looking for of fiery indignation of the Lord to consume him. The Almighty's arrows stuck fast in his soul, the poison thereof drank up his spirits, and the earnest of damnation established in his soul by the spirit of judgment, and burning, compelled him, in the anguish of his distressed mind to cry, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' I prayed with and for him, and could sympathize with him in his distress, having passed through the same sort of furnace, only the Lord heated it much hotter for me, than he did for him.

At last the happy and long sought period arrived, irreversibly fixed by our covenant God, that this elected, redeemed, justified and quickened vessel of mercy should fully receive the spirit of adoption, and cry, my Father! my Lord! my Saviour! Never shall I forget when he took his Bible, and showed me where he was reading—how he was sitting—and the manner of God's realizing in his soul a sense of pardon, through peace-speaking blood: with tears of gratitude streaming over our faces, we adored our condescending Lord for the great things he had done for our brother, whereof, all the Lord's living family, who have had a sip of the same brook with us, will be glad when they read this. The Lord having broke his bonds—opened the prison door and brought him out, proclaimed liberty to his captive soul, healed his wounds, bound up his broken spirit, sealed divine pardon upon his heart, extended peace to him like a river, and caused him to 'go forth in the dances of them that make merry;' enabling him to joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom he had received the forgiveness of all his sins. We were able to walk together in unbroken fellowship, until he fell asleep in Jesus.

Conscious of his death, he wrote who should be his bearers, and consigned to me his interment, and the preaching of his funeral sermon, from a text of his own choosing—'Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?' Zech. iii. 2.

Alas! my brother, was the cry of my heart; for spirituality of mind, humility, honesty, sincerity, kindness and real brotherly love, were the elements of his soul: we may say, a great man fell the day he died.

His letter was written to his wife's mother, after he was set at liberty, and is full of Godly sincerity, child-like simplicity, breathing the sweet experience of the heaven-born disciples of Jesus, and will (with the Lord's blessing,) bring many of the heirs of salvation back to the time and place, where and when, the Lord spake liberty and peace into their souls.

Be so kind as to publish his letter in the VESSEL, that he, being dead, may yet speak to the living in Jerusalem. From your brother in the bonds of love and blood,

ZACHARIAH TURNER.

Exeter, September 26th, 1858.

DEAR MOTHER—Solomon says, 'whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might—redeeming the time,' &c. These words were applied with some degree of power to my mind, just as I was thinking about writing you. May the Lord direct me to something that may tend to comfort you, if you are cast down, as I fear about Robert, if you have not yet heard from him. The Lord is not slack concerning his promise—'all thy children shall be taught of the Lord and



great shall be the peace of thy children;' and now I would desire to put you in remembrance thereof, it may be a consolation to you to reflect on it at this moment; and you well know, if dear Robert is taught of the Lord, all is well with him; and if you never see his face again in this world, you will meet again where parting is known no more: may this blessed hope be your solace, not only in this, but in every other trial, which the Lord in his wisdom shall see fit to lay upon you: I know it will gladden your heart to hear that the Lord has met with me, and blessed me with a sense of his pardoning love, and a sweet assurance of interest in, and union with, Christ; so that I could say feelingly—'he is mine and I am his.' I cannot now describe my feelings under this blessed visit; but this I can say—I know it was the Lord's work unsought for by me at the time, though I now believe I have been seeking the Lord, sorrowing, for many years; and now, blessings on him who alone can save, I have found him, or rather, am found of 'him whom my soul loveth;' and I can say, though the vision has tarried long, it is well worth waiting for, notwithstanding all my base backslidings, external, as well as internal—he hath fulfilled his promise, to the joy and rejoicing of my soul. 'I will heal their backslidings, and I will love them freely for mine anger is turned away from him.' This blessed 'him' I humbly conceive to mean Christ himself, as the head and representative of his church; it is only as God the Father views us in him, that he can be well pleased with such hell-deserving sinners as we are; who are 'black as the tents of Kedar,' in ourselves, but comely with the comeliness he has put upon us. Oh! may the hope of such a blessed union ever keep us humble, prayerful and watchful: I can truly say, that a sight of Jesus, and interest in him, felt and enjoyed in the soul, is the only thing worth living for in this world; though I would desire not to be unmindful of the great mercies bestowed upon me in a way of providence; some of these, though not my chief good, lay very near my heart, and I hope and trust the Lord will spare them to me, and me to them a little longer.

I would remark that so far from the doctrines of grace leading to carelessness about others, it has had quite a contrary effect upon me; when under its blessed influence, the poor narrow-minded bigot (as the children of God are sometimes called, and as I believe I was called,) pours out his soul to God, for all who are near and dear to him, and could pray, if it was the will of God, that all of them might be brought to know him, 'whom to know is life eternal.'

You must not conclude from what I have written, that I am in full enjoyment of this blessed visit from my Jesus. No, 'I to my own sad place return,' in a measure, and Satan tempts me to believe it was all a delusion, or I could not be so cold and dead—but he is a liar; and God is faithful who hath promised—'where he hath begun the good work, he will carry on, and perfect it;' and I believe he hath begun the work in my soul.

The day after I received my bounty money, these words were sweetly dropped into my soul, 'cast not away your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward;' and, although I have not that enjoyment I could wish, yet I am blest with a great degree of confidence in him, and at times say with Job, 'though he slay me yet will I trust in him.' Oh, for grace to walk more humble, prayerful and watchful before God; it is sin that separates the soul from felt communion and fellowship with God, and yet it should be a means of driving us to him again—to wash us in that 'fountain which is open for sin and uncleanness.'

I felt much obliged for your kind letter, it drew tears from my eyes at the time, and now I trust the Lord has answered your prayer, and shined into my soul, and given me a little of that 'peace that passeth understanding.' And now let us rejoice together, and bless and praise his name for all his mercies towards us, unworthy as we are. I have just received a sweet and instructive letter from my dear brother and companion in tribulation, but now a partaker of my joy, (Mr. F.) I find he is, himself, still in the 'furnace,' but I believe he will 'come forth like gold, seven times purified;' the Lord trieth the righteous. I hope you will excuse mistakes; sometimes matter comes so fast; at others, I have to consider my words, for fear of writing what was not true, as regards myself; but the Lord knoweth the heart, and may he, in kindness and mercy, lead, guide and keep me in that way that is right in his sight, for his own name sake. Amen.

Please to remember me to Mr. Filt, and all Christian friends, whom I love in the truth; tell our dear old pastor, that one of his rambling, runaway children, is, at last, brought to 'stand still and see the salvation of the Lord,' and though here, in a dark place, the Lord has been my teacher and guide, and 'brought me out of an horrible pit, and set my feet upon the rock, and established my goings; put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto the Lord.'

### JAMES'S ENQUIRY ANSWERED.

[Besides the following, we have other answers to give.—ED.]

MR. EDITOR—THERE is, on the 21th page of this month's (October) VESSEL, an Enquiry by a Correspondent with the signature of 'James;' he asks—'that if there is (be) no offer in the gospel to all men—and all men have it not in their power to receive it—is not the message, (command) preach the gospel to every creature, a *tantalizing* one?'

Now, Mr. Editor, whether there be an offer in the gospel to all men or not; or, whether all men have power to receive it or not; I do not see how, in either case, the message can be tantalizing. But let me explain what *tantalization* is. The subject of tantalization is derived from an ancient Asiatic fable. Namely, that one of the kings of Lydia, for some crime, was cast into Tartarus, and placed by the side

of a stream of water; that this approached to his very chin, but whenever he attempted to drink, it immediately receded from him. Also, a tree loaded with beautiful fruit, the branches of which reached down to his head, but whenever he attempted to reach the fruit, the branch immediately sprang from his reach. This fable was, no doubt, intended to set forth positions, into which thousands, in human life are brought.

'To tantalize: to torment with a show of pleasures which cannot be reached.'—*Walker's Dictionary.*

Now, if Tantalus could have reached the water and the fruit, then he would not have been *tantalized*; and so, if men have power to receive the gospel, then it cannot be said that the message is tantalizing; and, on the other hand, if Tantalus had been as dead physically, as men by nature, are dead spiritually, then the stream might have come to his chin, or over his head unheeded, and the fruit of the tree might have knocked at the door of his lips quite unregarded; and therefore, in either case, where is the *tantalization*?

Then, again, if we take the lexicographical definition, it will lead to the same conclusion; for, if to tantalize be to torment with a show of pleasures, which *cannot* be reached; then, if men on the one hand, *have power* to reach them, where is the tantalizing? And if, on the other hand, men be spiritually dead, then spiritual things are not a show of pleasures to such at all,—they are *dead*, and therefore, have neither a true gospel hunger, nor a true gospel thirst: where then is the *tantalizing*? So then, if men have power to receive the gospel, where, I say is the tantalizing? And if, on the other hand, men be dead in sin and *enmity against the true gospel*, where is the tantalizing?

I do not, Mr. Editor, wish to *tantalize* your correspondent, but I again say, to whom is the mission—'preach the gospel to every creature' a tantalizing message; for, if all men, as I have said, have power to *receive it*, then it does not tantalize them; and, on the other hand, if all men be spiritually dead, then the dead know not anything: the message cannot tantalize them.

Now, if men were not spiritually dead, but merely spiritually *powerless*, and *all* were hungering and thirsting after the righteousness of Christ—hungering and thirsting after mercy—longing and seeking for pardon by his eternal atonement—agonizing to read out their eternal election of God, and earnestly seeking daily fellowship with God, and yet none of these things were intended for them, then the command to 'preach the gospel to every creature,' would indeed be a tantalizing one. But, are *all men* thus looking to God? Yea, let me here say, that all who are thus hungering and thirsting, are '*blessed*,' for they shall be filled.' Where then, again I ask, is the *tantalization*?

Your correspondent calls himself 'James.' Well then, my good friend James, let me say to you, that the *very nature* of salvation's blessings, *precludes the possibility* of what

you are pleased to call *offers* of the gospel. Come, friend James, listen to me kindly and seriously. Now you know that in the Bible, we read of all spiritual blessings being given 'before the foundation of the world,' and that they are given to 'a chosen people.' And, besides, look even at the *absurdity* of Christ *offering* to die for you—of God the Father offering to choose you—offering to write your name in the book of life—the Holy Spirit *offering* to quicken you—the Lord Jesus looking down from heaven, and *offering* to stop Saul of Tarsus, asking whether he would be stopped or not—Jesus Christ *offering* to raise the dead; and so, if they do not choose to rise, they cannot be raised.

Jesus, according to your doctrine, has power to damn *without* the sinners *consent*; but *not* power to *save* without both the *consent* and the *help* of the sinner. Truly, James your gospel appears one like your tantalization—a *very nothing*. Well, let me tell you, that no *hyper* Calvinist will tell you that it is not the duty of all men to believe the Bible, fear God, and honor him, as their Maker, their Judge, and their Preserver. No high Calvinist will tell you, that men have not power to receive the gospel in the letter of it, and as far as mere natural conscience can go, and this is morally and socially good, but there is no salvation in that; no! not a particle; we are not saved by receiving the letter of the word, but by being born of God; and until the ground be thus prepared, the seed can take no saving root; all the men in the world may be converted to-morrow to the letter of the word, and every one of them the next day be in hell. All believing which does not *arise from regeneration*, is only natural. Such believing is not the faith of God's elect, and therefore cannot save the soul.

Space does not allow me to enlarge; or, friend James, your enquiry involves another question—namely, '*what is the gospel*?' The gospel is the revelation of a covenant ordered in all things and sure; of which covenant Jesus is the Mediator; his Holy Spirit the Witness; and the election of grace the partakers; and is to be preached to every creature, for a twofold purpose. First, to take out of Jews and Gentiles a people ordained to eternal life; and, secondly, for the moral and temporal good of others.

Thus, then, friend James, there is no tantalizing; there is no such thing as offered grace; and there is no power in man to help himself to a saving possession of the gospel; 'for the flesh propheth nothing, it is the spirit that quickeneth.' Just look at yourself, with your *three nothings*, and worse than nothings; because they are errors, lies and delusions. No tantalizing! no offers! no power in man to savingly receive the gospel! these are your three worse than nothings. I am sorry to see your Apostolic name so associated, that is if you be on the side of man, instead of being on God's side, for my name also is James, only I am

JAMES THE LESS.

## Our Young Men in the Ministry.

[A Brief Review written while riding from Brighton to Portsmouth, October the 7th, 1868.]

A PAPER announcing the Jubilee of Mr. J. A. Jones was this day put into my hands. Mr. Jones's ministry has extended over half a century, and nearly eighty years has he been a stranger and a pilgrim in this world. But few men have so long a period allotted to them; and few men abide so unflinchingly by the foundation principles of the gospel, as Mr. Jones has done; and we were thankful, on his behalf, to find him on his jubilee, surrounded by many of those most earnest ministers of Christ who are now honorably standing in the church of Christ. Antiquity, has, for us, great attractions, whether it be seen in buildings, in books, in true believers, or in the venerated servants of God. We rejoice, therefore, in the happy Jubilee enjoyed at Jireh. Equally do we desire to be thankful in witnessing the uprising of some excellent young men whose promising advent as pastors and preachers, is one of the best evidences that our Lord is still carrying on his great work: that his eyes are still watching over his Sion—that his ascension gifts are still given out to his people; and that all things are working together for the churches good.

Encouragement to young men in a work so holy and solemn, is needful; it is biblical; it is in strict analogy with the practice of good, great and gracious men in all ages of the world. 'ENCOURAGE HIM;' has been the text on which some of the best of men have expatiated when addressing churches relative to their duty toward their pastors.

What an example of encouragement has the great 'I AM' given us in his ordination charge administered to Moses! Poor Moses put in many excuses touching his unfitness for a mission so weighty and divine, but the Lord overcame them all. How rich in meaning and how full of instruction is that sentence, 'and Moses hid his face, for he was afraid to look upon God!' and how full of holy fear, reverence, and deep 'abatement, must every sinful man feel when the Lord God of Sabaoth calls him into his service? But do carefully mark the tender, the confident, the oft repeated manner in which the Lord encouraged Moses to his work—'Come, now, I will send thee.' 'Certainly I will be with thee.' 'Go, and gather the elders of Israel together.' 'Say to them, I will bring you up out of Egypt.' 'Now, therefore, go, and I will be with thy mouth; and teach thee what thou shalt say.' What more could Moses desire? Still he aims to fling back the commission; he "is not eloquent; neither before the Lord called him, nor since he called him." How does the Lord meet this apparent difficulty? 'Is not Aaron, the Levite thy brother?' 'I know that he can speak well; also, behold, he cometh forth to meet thee: and when he seeth thee, he will be glad in his heart.'

In all this, there are lessons of immense

importance to be received by us. The fainting spirit of the *called servant*, and the great comfort given forth by the GREAT COMMANDER, are facts which we would press home upon the minds of all who now stand as seekers for the ministry; or as established ambassadors in the church. There is one feature in the present uprising ministerial army, which has given rise to serious reflections in our own spirit. It is a determination, on the part of many of our young men, to throw off some of the old trammels by which numbers have been bound; and to go forth in the strength of the Lord—more fully, more extensively, more evangelically, more practically in what may be termed '*the out-works of their commission!*' William Huntington, for a deep, sound, discriminating, vital, soul-restoring ministry—and John Gill, for clearness, for decision, and for unanimity, as regards doctrines, ordinances, principles, and precepts, have had their representatives, descendants and successors in the British Churches during a good part of the last half century; but John Gill and William Huntington would have spurned from their presence many who have professed that the mantle of one, or of both of these great and good men had fallen upon them. Beside, the multiplication of churches, the large number of young men willing to preach the gospel; and the amazing and manifold amount of effort put forth by other sections of the professing church; these things combined, have (under God, we hope), stirred up the hearts of not a few of our young men to go forth more widely in the fulfilment of their great mission. We do heartily pray for 'good success' to attend them; we do as devoutly pray that no popular excitement, no unheavenly emulation, no anti-gospel thirst for numbers—will be permitted to lead them from a powerful contention for those immortal elements, and essential gospel revelations for which our fathers shed their blood, and laid down their lives. To watch over; to warn, if necessary, and in all right and righteous paths, to encourage our younger brethren, shall be one part of our future work, the Lord himself being our helper.

These thoughts have freely issued out of an interview with a friend in Brighton, whose conversation turned upon the happy success at present attending the ministry of our highly esteemed brother in Christ, Joseph Wilkins, of Queen-square chapel, Brighton, whose recently issued Sermons on *Sin, Death, the Separate State, and the Resurrection*, have excited some attention; which also we must more fully notice. The pastor of the Baptist chapel, meeting in Queen-square chapel, Brighton, needs no encouragement from us now. It was our privilege to be the Lord's instrument in removing him from the quiet village of North Bradly, in Wilts, into a few

places of usefulness where the Lord rendered him a great blessing to many believing souls.

The steady and substantial progress, self-improvement, and ministerial prosperity which has attended Mr. Wilkins—furnishes another striking illustration of the apostle's words—'God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty.' It is a fact that there are at this time, two comparatively young men in our churches, both named Joseph Wilkins; both industrious, hard working, zealous, useful and growing men in the ministry of the Word of Life; one at Chatteris, the other at Brighton. In both these young men we have thorough good specimens of that entire devotion, that earnest search after the two greatest of all pursuits, *the knowledge of the Lord, and the good of souls*, that excellency of character, that sound christian spirit, and that decision for gospel truth, which justify us in our notice of them. The sermons referred to, will be reviewed another day. In the early part of this number, we have given an article on a sermon by Mr. Wale, of Reading; and in subsequent pages the brethren Pells and Pascoe are noticed. With a word or two this paper must be closed. A letter from Mr. Henry Hutchinson, the pastor of the Baptist Church at Bedmond, Herts, informs us of the great necessity there is for erecting a new chapel in that village. This fact is confirmed by another letter from our excellent brother in the ministry, Mr. John Kealy, of Oakley Cottage, Upper Cheyne Road, Chelsea; who has generously aided in the commencement of a subscription for the new chapel. Mr. Hutchinson's ministry is rendered useful—the old chapel is too small; and extremely unhealthy: we pray for help in a movement so absolutely needful. Let us thus encourage young men whom the Lord has given us.

Wolverhampton, Bilston, Willenhall, and other adjoining places have recently been a little excited by the public ministrations, of a young friend, MASTER JOHN TURNER, a youth 16 years of age; whose preaching has been blest to many. A highly respected brother in Christ assures us that the preaching of this youth has been sound, wholesome, savoury, and pleasant; he preaches *the Gospel of Christ*, and, multitudes flock to hear. We are promised some portions of his sermons; therefore, hope to prove this is heaven's work.

Recognition services, at the present time, are numerous. On Wednesday, Oct. 20th, Mr. Samuel Cozens was publicly set apart to the pastorate of Warbcys. He has a large field open before him; and a good foundation laid for him. We cannot this month give the details. On Thursday, Oct. 28, Mr. Joseph Palmer, (late of Hounslow), was settled as pastor of Romney Street Baptist Chapel, Westminster. A large number of our metropolitan pastors were present. Of this brother, and his ministry, we may give some notices in time to come. Our London Churches are getting filled up. Some excellent brethren have been supplying the vacant

pulpit at Blandford Street; and there are hopes that another young David, or a Joshua, may soon be at home in good earnest there. A busy day in Gospel Zion appears to be looming before us. Of Mr. Wilcockson, of Beulah Chapel, Somerstown, correspondents have written favourably; his 'excellent *Witness*,' and 'earnest ministry,' are in reserve for our readers.

If our readers are disposed to blame us for thus noticing young men in the ministry; this must be our apology—to a great extent, our churches have been on the decay; the many requests which reach us for useful pastors, prove to demonstration, the scarcity of men under whose ministry the causes may hope to arise. We therefore, rejoice with trembling; because while we hail with pleasure the advent of any young men among the ranks of faithful preachers, we are not blind to the strong temptations of the present times to slide off into a popular course which, although it may excite, will not, *establish* men's souls vitally in the four essential streams of undying truth. We mean (1) *Vital Union unto the Son of God*; for branches of the True Vine we must be; or we perish for ever. (2) Faith in the fulness and sufficiency of the work and worthiness of Christ to save unto the uttermost. (3) A Spirit-wrought sense of our personal interest in the dear Redeemer, drawn from the internal teachings and new covenant sealings of the Holy Spirit. (4) An absolute reliance upon the covenant of grace, the Christ of God, and the promises of heaven for all that ever can be required. Oh! that we all may know and cleave to these things, pray for them, faithfully preach them, and in our practice, show we possess them; these are the aims and the desires of the reader's devoted servant, THE EDITOR.

#### BAPTIST CHAPEL, LOOSELEY ROW, NEAR PRINCES RISBOROUGH, BUCKS.

The anniversary services of the above cause were held on Wednesday, October 13th. The morning was very wet, consequently a thin attendance; however, brother Bloomfield delivered a very animating and soul-cheering discourse on Jesus raising Lazarus from the dead. In the afternoon, the chapel was very full, on which occasion brother Pells preached with great earnestness, and deep solemnity of feeling, on the sufferings of Christ and the triumphant results. The evening was dark, but the place was filled to overflowing, and many stood outside, and seemed as happy as though it had been summer-time; great attention marked the audience whilst the preacher, (Mr. Bloomfield) preached with much energy and warmth of feeling concerning heaven as the inheritance of the saints, and their meetness for it. We trust it was a good day to many souls; and it is hoped these brethren will come again, if spared till 1859, much earlier in the season; when, if multitudes flock to hear the word preached, both may be honourably employed in preaching Christ to the people: the one inside the chapel, and the other in the open air. Brother Cawse, of Wycombe, took part in the services of the day. Here is a good Sabbath school.

**MR. JOHN PELL'S,**  
AND THE  
**CAUSE AT SOHO CHAPEL.**

'HOPEFUL' the prospect is cheerful at Soho! A very suitable under shepherd appears: through the ministrations of John Pells the word is enjoyed—sinners aroused—saints comforted—blessings are poured down—and signs of increasing prosperity hover in the future. These things ought to rejoice the hearts of all the saints.

I should suppose, John Pells is a man o'er whose head some 30 winters' cold winds have blown. In stature, he is short, slightly inclined to corpulence; has a very pleasing countenance—easy and cheerful manner—a broad, high and intelligent forehead, crowned with dark curly hair—a clear, full-toned voice—a free and distinct delivery, and, withal, a loving disposition. He was formerly connected with the church at the Surrey Tabernacle; and has labored in the ministry at Tunstall and also at Clare, in Suffolk, at both places he was much blessed and very highly esteemed. The deacons of Soho, having heard him spoken of in high terms, arranged for him to supply the vacant pulpit for a Sabbath or two. The result of this was a three months' invitation; and this period drawing to a close, a special church meeting was called for Sunday, Oct. 3, to take the sense of the members as to giving Mr. Pells an invitation to the pastorate. The result being—out of 140 members present, 139 invited him to accept the pastoral care of the church; the other one did not vote *pro.* or *con.*; so that I think we may say—John Pells received the unanimous invitation of the Church: which he has accepted; and a public service will shortly be held to recognise him as their pastor. 'O Lord, send now we beseech thee, send now prosperity.'

But, I am to give a few notes respecting the Sunday School connected with the church at Soho, that is my professed object, Mr. Editor,—but I know your good nature will excuse this digression, especially as it is 'good news.'

On Tuesday evening, Oct. 5th, then the annual meeting of Soho Chapel Sunday School was held—Mr. Pells occupied the chair; and was supported by a good bench of bishops, among whom we noticed the brethren Attwood, Bloomfield, Davies, Field, Hawkins, (of Bradford) Hazelton, Wyard, and Woolacott. After singing and reading, Mr. Hazelton very earnestly and solemnly prayed for the divine presence—noticing the position of the church and pleading for prosperity on its recent choice. The CHAIRMAN was glad to see so many. He certainly should not occupy their time, but would just notice one fact: out of the thirteen teachers in the school, nine were members of the church; and he had great hopes that the other four would not be long before they were compelled also to bear testimony to the Lord's goodness to them.

A report was then read by the Secre-

\* See 'Hopeful's Address' in October number.

tary, Mr. E. FALKNER, Jun., which reviewed the proceeding of the past year in a very able manner. One short extract we make which has reference to teachers' prayer meetings—the report stated: 'The teachers' monthly prayer meetings, held on the afternoon of the 2nd Sunday in each month have been regularly held, and generally well attended. The object of the meeting being to ask the blessing of God upon the past month; and to seek his aid and guidance for the future.' Respecting financial matters, the school has a little debt of some £78—but with a band of such persevering and active teachers, that little matter will soon be removed, we are sure.

MR. WOOLACOTT, in moving the adoption of the report, said: I am the oldest London Baptist pastor; thirty-five years to day I became a London pastor; I was pastor eight years prior to that; and eight years prior to that a member of a church; and eight years before that a *boy in a Sunday School*. I am now, and hope while I live, ever to be a Sunday School teacher. I congratulate you, sir, on your position. I had the happiness of taking part in the ordination of the late George Comb, perhaps I may live to see you ordained. I will just give you an account of a little Sunday school girl of our's. About fourteen months ago, a little maiden left our Sunday School. She had been adopted by a loving aunt, and left England for New York. God mercifully took them safe across the bosom of the great Atlantic. She was received kindly; and soon, by her loving manner, became a little favorite. It was about the time that she arrived, that the great revival meetings were being held in that country. She, with her aunt, attended some of these meetings, and it is plain that they were a great blessing to her: she said, 'O aunt, how much better are these meetings than parties.' On one occasion, as her aunt was passing her bed-room door, she heard her pleading at a throne of grace—she was earnestly seeking for a blessing. This convinced the aunt she was a praying child. She then had several interviews with the minister of the church, which resulted in her being proposed for baptism. The aunt, about this time writing to me, says, I have no doubt at all as to the genuineness of the child's christianity. About the time she was to join the church, she was suddenly taken ill. Her conversation was of heaven. In referring to her friends in England, while on her dying bed, she said, 'they will be glad to hear that I love Christ.' Her whole conversation was of Christ and his love. After a short illness, she died in the full hope of God but could not read it; the Sunday school taught the people to read, and then provided them with the Bible to read. We do not now ask, if it is right to have these schools—

that question has long been settled. The Sunday school, I should call our 'Pastoral Aid Society;' and the teachers I should call our 'fellow-labourers.'

MR. GEORGE WYARD followed with a most affecting address—not so much in relation to Sabbath-schools, but more particularly on his position in connection with that place. Most affectionately he spoke to his successor, wishing him every blessing he could himself desire. He was sure the brethren in office would do all in their power both for his temporal and spiritual comfort. He, Mr. Pells, was cast into the midst of an affectionate people. He would say to him as John Stevens once said to Mr. Wyard, 'Brother George, I don't pretend to have much wisdom, but you are quite welcome to knock at my door any time, and I shall only be too happy to give you my poor advice on any subject, or my views on any passage, or to promote your usefulness and happiness in any way.' He would say the same to his brother Pells. During the time he held the pastoral office there, 340 odd joined the church; 4 of the brethren that held office he laid in the silent tomb, about 120 members he saw numbered with the clods of the valley; and the Lord was pleased to honor him with baptizing three of his own children in that place. He must say, it was a great trial for him when he sent in his resignation to that people—but he believed he was directed by the Lord in the matter—for he had never regretted leaving. And as for Tring, he was sure he never regretted leaving there. And now, he was happy to say the Lord was smiling upon him at Deptford; and he felt sure they would be very sorry if he thought of leaving. He prayed the Lord might make him a great blessing there for many years yet to come.

MR. BLOOMFIELD—I congratulate you, Mr. Chairman, upon the position you now occupy; and hope and pray, that, we as neighbours, may long work together in usefulness and peace. I am, sir, a thorough Sunday-school man. I have then, as a consequence, a great veneration for that cold, old, Cathedral city, Gloucester. It was in that city that our Sunday-schools first had birth. It is now less than one hundred years ago, that a person of no great fame in society, while standing in a low part of the city, was shocked by the awful language and behaviour of a large number of boys, the principal of whom were employed in the manufacture of pins, for which Gloucester was then very noted. Robert Raikes was the name of that much honoured man. While standing conversing with a woman on business, he inquired if these noisy wretched boys belonged to that part of the town? The woman's reply was the germ from which we may say Sunday-schools sprung. 'Ah, sir,' (she said,) could you take a glance at this part of the town on Sunday, you would be shocked indeed; for then the street is filled with multitudes of these wretches, who on that day released from their employment, spend their time in noise and riot, playing chuck, and cursing and swearing in a manner most horrid. Robert immediately thought of a school. The word 'try' was strongly im-

pressed upon his mind. Many years afterwards he said to Joseph Lancaster, 'I can never pass by the spot where the word 'try' came so powerfully into my mind, without lifting up my hands and heart to heaven in gratitude to God for having put such a thought into my head. 'He found four persons accustomed to teaching; and agreed to pay them one shilling each every Sunday, for instructing such children as he might send to them. Such was the humble commencement of Sunday-schools in the year 1781. I think no institution ever progressed with more (if so much) rapidly as this. See the present result, we have now upwards of two millions and a half of the children of our land enrolled as Sunday scholars; and they are being instructed by upwards of two-hundred and fifty-thousand young men and women gratuitously.

I fear, Mr. Editor, I must not trespass further. Mr. Field followed with a speech that proved he was a man possessed of considerable powers of mind. Then brother Atwood; and with a few words of prayer by brother Meeres, a meeting of much interest was brought to a close. R.

#### ORDINATION OF MR. F. PASCOE,

AT ROTHERFIELD, SUSSEX.

HASTINGS, Oct. 7, 1858.—I have this morning a quiet corner in a South Coast carriage, I will gather up a thought or two from yesterday's work. Our friend Howell's son drove me this morning from Rotherfield to Wadhurst, there I waited half-an-hour for the train; on getting into the carriage, a gentleman called out, 'Mr. Banks, here is room in this corner.' I gladly availed myself of his kind invite; and soon found a snug seat by the side of our worthy brother Haslop, the useful pastor of the Baptist church meeting in Squirries Street, Bethnal Green. On reaching Hastings, brother Haslop's worthy deacon (friend Barnes,) conducted us both to his Marine residence, where a long and deep affliction had confined the deacon's beloved and devoted wife for six weeks. In the kindest manner possible they gave me provision by the way; and now I am progressing toward Portsmouth, where I hope this evening to praise my dear Master's worthy name in brother Keyworth's chapel. Yesterday morning, the service was commenced at Rotherfield by brother William Flack. He gave us the New Testament church in a luminous, bold, scriptural, and pleasing style. In the afternoon, the following brethren assisted, Robert Comfort read the hymn, one of Hart's on the Trinity was heart-melting, and grand. Oh! what an exalted theme, is that of the everlasting love of GOD flowing down from the Almighty Father's bosom, through the Person of the Almighty REDEEMER, revealed, applied, and sealed home upon the heart by the ALMIGHTY SPIRIT! I felt the whole hymn most deeply precious indeed.

William Long, of Tring, read the Scriptures, and really pleaded with heaven like another Jacob. I then commenced the questions. Brother Pascoe's account of his conversion

was most affecting; the sympathies of the audience were strongly moved by the powerful details of God's gracious dealings with his soul. His 'call to the ministry,' and his 'confession of faith,' were both satisfactory and clear. W. Flack united the pastor and deacon with good words; and Joseph Warren, of Newick, presented a large-hearted prayer for all needful blessings to rest upon the preacher and the people. A comfortable tea was provided in the Chapel, after which J. Webster, of Trowbridge, delivered a 'charge,' which expressed everything one could desire; and I was then called upon to address the people; but found it was too late; and therefore promised if possible, to write a few lines to them another day. The text from whence my thoughts were flowing, was this, '*Prepare thy work without, make it fit for thee in the field, and afterwards build thine house.*' These words appeared suitable for the despondent and afflicted church at Rotherfield; and as I could not give vent to my mind on them that evening, I will hope to write a little of it; and send it to all the churches in an early number, if permitted. Two new Baptist Chapels have been built for the truth in Rotherfield, very recently. Mr. Russell, the minister of the last new Rotherfield Chapel is a good experimental preacher—a large body of people have found it good to sit under his ministry. I hope, both him and Mr. Pascoe are true servants of Jesus Christ, and that each of them may have a long lease of useful labor in Zion's fields below. It is grievous to hear of the divisions which many ministers make in our churches. When will the truthful ministers of Christ aim to '*walk in love*' when will they listen to, and copy that holy word—'I have left you an example, that ye should do as I have done unto you?'

## MR. JOHN ANDREWS JONES :

### JUBILEE OF HIS PUBLIC MINISTRY.

ON Tuesday, Oct. 12th, 1858, a solemn jubilee assembly was held at Jireh meeting, Brick Lane, Old Street, London, to memorialize the Lord's goodness to the pastor of that church (Mr. J. A. Jones) who has now entered upon the fiftieth year of his public ministry, and the eightieth year of his age. Tea was provided at five o'clock, to which nearly 300 sat down. At 6 o'clock, we arrived at the chapel, and with very much difficulty obtained an entrance. Long before the public service began, the place was densely packed; and hundreds were compelled to return home, being unable to obtain admittance.

For a moment we would just notice the principal features in the life of this aged minister. John Andrews Jones was born in the city of Bristol, on the morning of Oct. 10th, 1778; he was the eldest son of an extensive tobacco manufacturer. In 1788, they came to London, much reduced; and after a stay of six months his father went to Ireland; and his mother, with the family returned to Bristol, and took up their residence with an aged relative. In Bristol there is a public school, called

*Colston's School*, where one hundred boys are well educated and wholly provided for, for seven years. A large amount of interest is required to get a lad into this charity. The time had arrived for John to go to school; and an attempt was made to obtain the appointment for him. When the application was made there was a vacancy for *one* only: *sixty eight* applied, but John was the successful one. Here he received a good education; which has enabled him to issue and edit several very valuable works since he has been in the ministry. After being in Colston's school six years, he was apprenticed to a Bristol merchant, with whom he remained till his father returned from Ireland in 1798. In 1800 they again came to the great Metropolis, where considerable privations were endured, and John eventually left the parental roof, not knowing where he should go, or what he should do. From London he travelled to Egham the first day; then on to Woking; and on Aug. 2, 1801, he entered Guilford, in Surrey, footsore and exhausted, where he immediately obtained employment at his trade, as a bookbinder, with a respectable firm, with whom he remained 12 years. During seven years of this period he was a stranger to God. Here he found an excellent partner, who bore him seven children. It appears that Mr. Jones at this time held deistical principles; and often held controversy with a godly man by the name of Miles, who, on one occasion said to him, 'Jones, I believe one day you will become a believer in Jesus, and you will *preach* that faith you now aim to destroy.' One Lord's-day in the autumn of 1807, this person invited John Andrews to go and hear an aged minister who was to preach at the Baptist meeting that morning. He consented; and entered the place a thoughtless sinner, and sat for the first part of the service utterly careless of what was being said. Mr. Gill, (the minister a nephew of Dr. Gill's,) took for his text, 'my sheep hear my voice.' In his discourse he paused, and asked solemnly, how are the sheep of Christ known? They know and experience themselves to be sinners.' The Holy Spirit sent these words into John's heart like an arrow—conviction of sin came home to his mind—he was overwhelmed—returned home—entered his garret—fell on his knees, and cried out most earnestly, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' For months, deep convictions followed. At length, with the eye of faith, he found Christ as his Saviour to the joy and rejoicing of his heart. At this period the late George Comb, lived in a part of Mr. Jones's house, and they held sweet counsel together, thereby strengthening one another in the faith of the gospel. In 1808, Mr. Shirley, of Seven Oaks, being at Guildford, preaching; and there being no evening service held at the chapel, spent the evening with Mr. Comb, and Mr. Jones. In their conversation, Mr. Shirley lamented the very low state of the cause at Guildford, and encouraged his two friends to 'put on Christ.' The advice was taken, and John Andrews Jones and George Comb, were baptised together on July 3, 1808, being the first persons who were ever known to be baptised in that

town. As before stated, no evening service was held at the chapel: this gave rise to a meeting of a few friends in the evening for reading and prayer in a small room. Here Mr. Jones first began to speak in the name of the Lord. He afterwards visited the neighbouring villages; eventually he went to Hartly Row, where he was ordained March 13, 1816. The late Mr. Castleden, George Comb, John Bailey, John Stevens, George Francis, and S. Perrett, (of Reading) were the six brethren who officiated on the occasion, all of whom now 'rest from their labours.' Here Mr. Jones remained five years; and then removed to Stonehouse. After a short stay at Stonehouse, he left, 'not knowing whither he went.' He came to London, thence to Cambridge, to fulfil a preaching engagement, and on to Beccles where he was made a great blessing. He then removed to Ringstead, in Northamptonshire, where he labored with much usefulness for upwards of six years. He then removed to London, and became pastor of the cause at Mitchell street, where he continued seven years. In 1838, they built their present place of worship, which was opened on Sep. 25, in that year, by the late John Stevens. Mr. Jones has now been pastor of this church upwards of twenty-seven years.

A large number of ministers gathered at the jubilee service, to shew their respect to their aged brother in the ministry—we noticed Messrs Anderson, Bloomfield, Dickerson, Edgecombe, Foreman, Flack, Green, Hawkins, Meeres, Moyle, Milner, Pells, Ponsford, William Palmer, J. Palmer, Poynder, Charles Smith, James Wells, and others. The service commenced with singing, and prayer by Mr. Charles Smith.

Mr. Foreman (the Chairman) said, old acquaintance has its attachments and its influence: it also suggests, that there are old disciples, and aged pilgrims. It is now forty-one years since I first became known to brother Jones; (I then preached for him at Hartley-row;) just one year longer than Israel was in the wilderness, our brother has now completed his fiftieth year in the ministry, and his eightieth year of age. He is somewhat a head of me—I have been forty-three years in the ministry; and it is forty-seven years since God effectually called me: respecting the ministry, my life has been from hand to mouth—often entering the pulpit down-cast, and wondering what I should say to the people—but, the Lord has always appeared, and I have never yet been confounded. It is no short period to be in the Lord's service. From Easter to Harvest, I average eight sermons, in a week; and travel many thousands of miles: but with all these many years of travelling and preaching, I never met with the slightest accident; no, truly my God has been ever watchful over me; and I must praise him. But our brother Jones has a little something to say of the Lord's goodness, and long continued mercies.

[We must give Mr. Jones's address next month: want of space compels us to this course.]

After the aged speaker had concluded,

Mr. James Wells then spoke upon 'the divino faithfulness in continuing a succession

of spiritually-qualified ministers in the church of Christ; noticing, their special characters; their qualifications; their doctrinal right; their fixedness; their desire. In dealing with the subject, Mr. Wells spoke very strongly, respecting the great neglect manifest in so many ministers of the present day, with respect to studying the word.

Mr. Milner said, hoary hairs were a crown of glory when found in the way of righteousness. He was very happy to be present at his brother Jones's jubilee, truly he could say, he had 'fought a good fight.' He hoped the Lord would yet spare him in usefulness some years. Mr. Wyard said he love brother Jones much—but expected to love him much more in the upper and better world, where they should ever bask in the sunshine of everlasting bliss. But he would say, he came there that night—(1) to do homage to old age; (2) to do homage to vital godliness; (3) to do homage to matured experience; (4) to do homage to an honourable position; (5) to do homage to sound theology; (6) to do homage to peculiar gifts; (7) to do homage to extensive usefulness; (8) and lastly, to do homage to one who will presently turn his face to the wall, and bid us all farewell. On these eight points, Mr. Wyard spoke with much brotherly love and affection. After singing and praying by Mr. Dickerson, the meeting closed. R.

#### REHOBOTH CHAPEL VICTORIA ST., SHADWELL.

THE yearly meeting of the Sick Visiting Society, took place on Tuesday the 19th; a good number took tea at five o'clock. At the public meeting, Mr. T. Field presided. Brethren Dickerson, Bloomfield, Pells, Bland, Flory, of Somersham, Isaacs, of Brighton, &c., were present. The secretary gave an excellent report of the proceedings of the past year; it was delightful to hear of the good done to the 'household of faith.' The brethren spoke well. The meeting was well attended; the largest for years; and was full of promise for the cause at 'Rehoboth,' who, with its devoted pastor, have had some rough winds to encounter. LOVER OF ZION.

The Meetings recently holden in connection with our churches in London have been thoroughly good for three things—1. They have showed good progression in the cause: 2. They have been well supported by large audiences: 3. The zeal, ability, and Christian spirit, manifested by the speakers, was acknowledged to be most powerful and edifying. At Mr. Flack's, Wilton Square, we learned they are building good School-rooms; great success attends the ministry; R. Bowles, C. W. Banks, and J. Butterfield, gave us three good addresses, after Thomas Stringer had preached a sermon full of Gospel. The annual meeting on behalf of the Building Fund, in Johnson-street Chapel, Notting-hill, was, in every sense, a great and good gathering. Our brother Wells preached the sermon: the pastor, P. W. Williamson read the report, which showed the ladies had acted most praiseworthy and successful; the brethren Woollacott, Pells, C. W. Banks, Bloomfield, and Flack, spoke on the subject given them much to the comfort of the meeting. The aged deacon, brother Cook has since gone to his rest.



## Our Australian Mails.

### THE CHURCH IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

[For the information of Emigrants, and as an illustration of Christian unity, we give the following letters—ED.—]

MR. EDITOR—DEAR SIR, I have, in reading the EARTHEN VESSEL, seen some accounts, respecting the cause of truth in connection with Australia; and feel still much interested in a cause founded during my residence in Adelaide, and to me is as,

‘A little spot enclosed by grace,  
Out of the world’s wide wilderness.’

The church I allude to was first formed in 1850; and when I left last year, though many changes and trials had been experienced; two of the deacons chosen at the foundation still retained office, and I shall ever have to thank God for their acquaintance and fellowship. Mr. John Pilgrim, and Mr. George Gooden, two men who I shall ever look on as instruments in God’s hand in planting the cause according to the faith of God’s elect. We do feel on leaving country friends, and church fellowship! O, how lonely we feel 16,000 miles removed—to such I will say—‘never, no never, shall I forget my Australian farewell to the members of Salem Chapel;’ I cannot send you the heartfelt expression of my brethren; but if you think one of the letters worth casting on the waters of time, I have enclosed it, trusting it may cheer some who may be going out, and proving to all that in Australia, Christian sympathy and fellowship have taken root. I am, dear sir, your’s in Christian affection,

R. RUFF.

4, Theresa Place, West End, Hammersmith.

THE following letter of Mrs. Mary Shepherd is a delightful specimen of that beautiful Christian intelligence, fervour and charity, which in some cases adorn the female members of our Christian Churches.—ED.]

To Mr. Robert Ruff.

MY DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND—I cannot let this opportunity pass without addressing a few lines. Our acquaintance has been but short, yet I feel that union of soul as a Christian brother, that makes me long to retain you amongst us if I could. I sincerely, and deeply regret your leaving; I had looked upon you as a firm prop in the church, that by your counsel, advice, and Christian instruction in the church, you would be enabled to work with pleasure with those that have been long in the church, who have had its peace and prosperity at heart; and not to be a great I, and want the preeminence. No! the honor and glory of God, the good of precious souls, ought to be the Christian’s aim. As you are shortly, to bid us adieu, I would say with Paul, ‘finally, brother, farewell,’ fare with thee well.

What sweet and dear relationship did the apostle feel toward the Corinthians! What

union! what equality! ‘brethren!’ all of one family; one parent; all one end and aim; all united in the same covenant-head:—all redeemed, washed, sanctified, and made meet for glory, by the same precious blood; blessed be God, for such like rich grace bestowed upon us.

Brother, fare thee well; may it fare well with thee, and thine, while passing over the mighty deep. May he, who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand, and the winds in his fists, say to the storm, be still! and may the waves waft you to England’s happy shores. May it fare well with thee at a throne of grace in nearness of access; in sweet communion and fellowship with the triune Jehovah; then speak to the King on our behalf. May it fare well with thee in the means of grace; in the Word of God; may your soul be fed with the finest of the wheat; may your meditations be sweet; your faith strengthened; your hope brightened; your prospects and anticipations clear and unclouded. Farewell with thee in prosperity, when the candle of the Lord is shining round you; in adversity, when clouds and darkness hang around; a barren wilderness trod; a Bochim is painfully experienced, and have to walk at the bottom among the myrtle trees. Yes, my dear friend, the valley is as necessary and profitable as the mount; though not so pleasant. May it fare well with thee in a dying hour, when heart and flesh fail. May the God of your pilgrimage be the strength of your heart, and your portion for ever. Yes! throughout eternity, it must, it will fare well with thee. Yes; he who has made it to fare well with thee in time, will make it fare well with thee throughout the countless days of eternity. The separation will be but short; we are only pilgrims and travellers, as all our fathers were, strangers and sojourners in the earth; and while in the wilderness, we must only expect wilderness fare; yet, how often are we favored with a sip of the brook by the way; which refreshes our drooping spirits, cheers our hopes, animates our souls, and causes us again to go on our way rejoicing; and when we reach Canaan’s blissful shore,

‘Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,  
and Christ shall be our song.’

In conclusion, I must again say, ‘Finally, (for this time-state only) brother, farewell!’—and may the Lord bless you, and make you a blessing, and as a church militant, we look forward with a pleasing prospect to meeting again with the church triumphant above, where we shall have no more to say, ‘Farewell.’ From your’s in Christian bonds,

MARY SHEPHERD.

Walkenville, Dec. 1856.

## LETTER FROM NORTH ADELAIDE.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—I once more endeavour to break the long silence by greeting you, dear brother, in the name of the Lord, hoping it is well with you, and all the dear friends at Unicorn Yard; that sacred spot where my soul has so often feasted on love divine. I hope the same grace is still floating through the same ministerial pipe into the hearts of the Royal Family of heaven. You will see I am totally in the dark as to how or where you are, for we cannot get the VESSEL. I can sell hundreds of them if you will send them out; but I hope to receive some by the mail. Since I last wrote, we have had to pass through deep waters, as a little church. I believe when I last wrote, the cause appeared to be prospering under the Pastorate of Mr. John Kether, late of Cave Adullam, Stepney. Well, dear brother, that state of things lasted but a short time:—trouble came upon us: Mr. Kether left: and with him half the church: and all the congregation. Thus we were left like a cottage in a garden of cucumbers; but bless the Lord he did not leave us; but poured upon us a Spirit of earnest prayer; and very soon he raised us up a dear man of God, a Mr. W. Gurr; and truly our hearts are knit together in love; and the Lord is abundantly blessing his ministry; so that our little chapel is now full; and we are crying out 'the place is too strait; give room for us to dwell:' and I hope soon to be able to give you a very pleasing report of our expansion. I am sure you will say, there is need enough for it—for our little Salem is the oldest chapel in the colony, and was built by the Wesleyans and will only seat about 100 persons: this little cause three years ago was the only Particular Baptist place in the vast colony of South Australia; and at that time the church and congregation amounted only to between 20 and 30; but since that time another little church has become strict: and I hope they will unite with us shortly. I write this to shew you how very unpopular the old Scriptural form of worship is in this colony; while there are numbers of large handsome chapels as any in London of all Creeds and Faiths; but the poor despised Baptists are left in poverty and affliction: We are kept by grace praying, and hoping that the Lord will arise and have mercy upon Zion. I trust the set time to favour her is now come: perhaps the following will be interesting. On Tuesday, May 26th, the 7th anniversary of the formation of the Particular Baptist Church, worshipping at Salem Chapel, Ker-mode Street, North Adelaide, was celebrated:—about 130 persons took tea, provided by the ladies: the proceeds of which, together with a collection amounting to over £13, was presented to the pastor, Mr. W. Gurr, in the course of the evening. The report was an encouraging and heart-cheering one; 18 persons had been added to the church, during the past year; five by baptism and letters from other churches; there were also three that related their experience to the church and were baptized in the River Torren, on Sunday, May the 30th. We now number 60 members. We are in excellent health; but in no likelihood of getting rich. Yours, C. AND M. HOOPER.

## PROPOSED ASSOCIATION

## OF PARTICULAR BAPTIST CHURCHES FOR BERKS AND HANTS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—I have for some months past felt the necessity of an associative effort in the Particular Baptist Churches of the two counties, for supplying destitute village stations with sound gospel preachers. Now, there are attached to nearly all our churches, some two or three individuals, capable of speaking and expounding the word of life, so far as they have experimentally realized its meaning and its sweetness. But in consequence of no association of the churches existing, they are known only to the church to which they belong; and thus their candle is hid, or put under a bushel, while numbers of villages where there light might shine, are lying in darkness.

In consequence of being out constantly, preaching in the villages round Reading, and have an opportunity of seeing the spiritual destitution which exists, while at the same time I have no power to relieve it, I am constantly receiving applications from village congregations, to know if I can send them sound and faithful ministers as supplies. They cannot have them from London, because of the expense, and in consequence of there being no association of the churches in the district, I am at a loss to provide acceptable supplies.

At present, in order as far as possible to remedy this state of things, I have undertaken alternate week night services at Basildon, Theale, and Padworth, and have just consented to take another week night service at the Independent Chapel, at Pangbourne; and there are two or three towns and villages where I have been solicited to take a weekly or fortnightly service; but in consequence of my numerous engagements, have been compelled to refuse. Now what I propose is this—that the churches shall put themselves in communication with each other, though a common medium—say the 'VESSEL,' or myself,—furnishing the names and addresses of all their members who are in the habit of preaching occasionally.

If the pastors and deacons of the various churches will favour me with this information, I can place myself in communication with the supplies, whenever I receive application for ministerial assistance.

I throw this out as a suggestion, which I should be glad to see immediately carried out. The insertion of this in the next number of the 'VESSEL' will oblige, your's most cordially in Christ Jesus,

B. B. WALE.

MELBOURNE—A letter written by Mr. Daniel Allen, Baptist minister, to the venerable Henry Dowling, descriptive of Zion's prosperity in Australia, is most cheering; but too late for this month.

## ZION CHAPEL, ST. PANCRAS ROAD.

*A Demonstration  
Of Christian Regard, and Affection.*

On Monday, the twenty-seventh of September, I witnessed a most pleasant meeting here; nearly 200 persons took tea. The pastor, Mr. James Nunn, presided: every thing was comfortable: cheerfulness and delight in every face appeared. They met to commemorate their beloved minister's 58th birth-day: the object was two-fold: first, to present Mr. James Nunn with a beautifully executed likeness of himself, painted, and presented (gratis) to the church and congregation by Mr. Robert Dowling, the son of Henry Dowling, late of Colchester, and now ministering the Word of Life in Tasmania; secondly, to present therewith a purse containing their voluntary offerings. After tea, at the public meeting, the chapel was filled; never did I see such general happiness manifested. Mr. Marks, one of the deacons, was appointed by the church, to present the picture, and the purse. He was evidently very happy, and delighted; and spoke very affectionately of his pastor, and to his pastor; and of the blessedness of such a ministry as they were favoured with. He then presented Mr. Nunn with the picture, a most correct likeness, and well executed; and a purse containing £42 10s.; as an expression of his people's affectionate regard and sympathy, and hoped that his life might long be spared, to preach to them the Word of Life, by which they had so often been comforted and blessed. Mr. Nunn, in return, referred to his thirty-five years' ministry of the Word of life; the many changes that had taken place during the fourteen years he had been laboring in Somers' Town; the opposition from many around; the pleasure of the Lord, to stand by and to keep him in the midst of abounding error, steadfast in the truth of the gospel; and hoped while he had life, he should be favoured to publish the glad tidings of free and sovereign grace. He appeared much gratified and encouraged in viewing his brethren Attwood, Bowles, Vaughan, Firman, and Kealey, around him, one of whom had travelled 120 miles to be present with him at the meeting. All these spoke of the delight it afforded them in seeing such a manifestation of real and tangible regard toward him, and declared their attachment to, and felt a lively interest in his welfare. Mr. Kealey had known him near thirty years; had resided near him at Ipswich, and had seen thousands at a time listening to his voice by the side of the river Orwell. Thanks were accorded to the female friends for the very excellent arrangements carried out; and the singers gave some very interesting specimens of music.

AN EYE WITNESS.

[We should rejoice to see our churches generally acting in a spirit so noble, generous, and becoming—ED.]

In answer to some enquiries, the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL begs to announce a full statement of the Redemption Fund will be given in December number. Also that a Special Public Meeting will be holden in Unicorn Yard Chapel, the first week in January; of which further notice will be given.

## QUESTIONS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—Will you allow the following request to appear in the VESSEL? Being surrounded by Wesleyans, and duty-faith men, and often attacked by them in controversy upon the subject of man's free will, and agency, to choose or refuse salvation; their strongest arguments from the Scriptures they found upon that passage of St. Paul to 1 Tim. ii. 6, 'who gave himself a ransom for all.' And also in his epistle to the Hebrews, ii. 9, 'that he, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man'; we should esteem it a favour, and hereby, request our much esteemed brother, Mr. S. Cozens, to give us (through the EARTHEN VESSEL) the etymology, and import of the *every* and *all* contained in the above passages of the Lord's Word.

These being, I conceive, a cluster of nuts growing in the King's garden; and when dear J. Thompson, of blessed memory, was a member and deacon of the Baptist church, Stoke Green, Ipswich, under the pastorate of the late excellent and greatly blessed G. Hall (upwards of sixty years since,) the people used to meet in the vestry on Lord's-days, during the intervals of worship, to pray, sing and converse upon spiritual subjects; and when they met with any passage in the Lord's Word, or any subject they did not clearly understand, they used to say it was a nut they would give Mr. Thompson to crack for them. West Bromwich, Staffordshire. J. HODDY.

## "COME UNTO ME."

O child of grief! no more complain;  
List to thy Saviour's tender strain:  
    'Come unto me;'  
I would thy heavy yoke remove,  
And lavish on thee God-like love,  
And fit thee for my home above,  
    If thou wilt come to me.  
Life is short and full of mourning;  
Thy eternity is dawning:  
    Haste, come to me.  
I will the sting of death destroy,  
And give true life, and peace and joy,  
Where weary souls sweet rest enjoy,  
    Delay not—come to me.  
E'er ye cross death's troubled river,  
Lest thy sorrows live for ever,  
    'Come unto me.'  
Then when wild cares and woes assail,  
And friendly hearts no more avail,  
My promised help shall never fail  
    If thou wilt come to me.  
Could stronger pledge of love be given  
Than when the temple's veil was riven?  
    Come, then, to me,  
That I thy trembling bark may guide  
Across life's stormy ocean tide,  
And land thee where 'all mine' abide:  
    O come—'come unto me.'

G. J. STRONG.

## Peter, the Great Pioneer :

OR,

THE LION-LIKE PREACHER FOR MORE THAN HALF-A-CENTURY,  
IN THE WILD WOODS OF AMERICA.

A VOLUME of some singular interest and originality has been running through thirty or forty editions in America very recently. It is now reprinted, and published by Alexander Heylin, of 28, Paternoster Row; and bears this leading title—"The Backwood's Preacher: an Autobiography of Peter Cartwright," &c.

This Backwood's Preacher was a most daring pioneer; and endured such hardships as, perhaps, few would but venture to expose themselves to in these days of almost powerless profession. We do not recommend the work as containing anything of a sterling gospel kind either in doctrine, or in church discipline; nor does it shew much of a vital or genuine experience. Nevertheless, we must believe this Peter Cartwright was a gracious man; a truly converted soul to Christ; and a most earnest, an unusually zealous hunter after the souls of his fellow-men. We are often sneered at because we hope well of men who, though not clear in some of the essentials of the gospel, are downright in earnest in their labors for the glory of God, and for the good of perishing men. Cold, calculating, stiff-starched, one-sided men may cast us out and condemn us down to the bottomless pit, if they will:—but we shall never be moved one inch by them, nor fear their frowns one moment; because we believe the Lord has given us a heart to love HIM, an aim to serve HIM, in sincerity and in truth; and while in the distinguishing doctrines of grace; in the absolutely essential powers of a vitalizing experience; in the maintenance of the beautiful order of New Testament worship; and in the harmonious administration of gospel ordinances, we would never yield one hair's breadth; still, in the bold exertions and efforts of some men, who are evidently more hot with living love in their hearts, than they are clear with heavenly light in their heads, in the stand-for-nothing, energetic, dashing onwards, uplifting of Christ and his cross, by these men, we cannot help rejoicing. If CHRIST is preached out of a red-hot heart, with a zealous and clean desire, (as instruments in God's hands) of convincing, and of converting men from the error of their ways, we do therein rejoice with an inward joy that sets fire to all our feelings; and causes us to long thus to be owned and blest. In reviewing Peter Cartwright's life we shall seek after evidence of three things: first, of the possession of grace itself:

secondly, of the triumphant exploits grace will achieve, when it flies forth free as the air: and thirdly, of the evident lack of a sound knowledge of the gospel among those immense bodies whose representative, to some extent, Peter Cartwright was for more than fifty years.

Mr. Strickland, the Editor of this volume, speaking of Cartwright, says: 'He was one of those brave men who have taken the traditions of Alfred into the wilderness of the far West, sowing the seeds of civil and religious freedom in a wider area and under a broader sky. He was evidently single in purpose; *intent only in gathering lost sheep into the fold of Christ.*' This was pre-eminently the character and the work of PETER THE GREAT PIONEER, whose heroic and resolute march in pursuit of his benevolent purpose we would review, and register, hoping it may act as a stimulant to awake up some of the half-sleeping powers of our young men who profess great zeal for the glory of the gospel; but who stand nevertheless idle in the market places; their excuse being, *no man hath hired us.* We should not blush in expressing our conviction that England, with all her boasted glory and greatness, with all her privileges and ecclesiastical powers; England, with all her thousands and tens of thousands of churches, chapels, charities, and rainbow coloured Christianity; England, with all her doctors, and numerous propounders of the gospel; England, with all her schools, and teachers, itinerants, col-porteurs, and circulators of tracts; England still wants a few boney-minded, heaven-determined, and self-denying men, who with brows of brass, and purposes as unflinching as iron walls, can go into the enemy's camp, grasp the adversary in his den, and bring forth the captives from his cruel hold. Oh, how lamentable it is, to know, in all the immense populations of our own dear native isle, there are hundreds of thousands, and thousands of thousands, who fling the direst contempt upon the gospel, and *caring for none of these things*, through the broad road which leadeth to destruction; while the crafty Romish priest, the jealous Puseyitish rector, the delicate, the most tender and affectionate, the perfect gentlemanly Congregationalist, the aspiring and accommodating General Baptist, the well-trained, and duly authorised Wesleyan, with here and there a roaring Ranter, just perform their appointed services, in their ap-

pointed places; and there the matter ends. It is true, we had a meeting the other day, and resolutions were passed that out into Greenwich Park we would go, and there preach the gospel in the highways; but there was a little straw fell across our path, so we never went. Some of our brethren in the provinces, such as Benjamin Wale, of Reading, Joseph Wilkins, of Brighton, William Chappell, of Winchester, and others, have gone out. They have been helped of God, welcomed by thousands of the people, and their chapels are filled to overflowing with anxious listeners. Brethren, let us pray, (if there are any of us who have the power from heaven to pray) that, if we are left in this world, next year, there may be some demonstration—individually and collectively—which shall deliver us from the reproach, that while we profess to be the people who have the Truth, we take care to keep it to ourselves.

The volume before us furnishes—first, a strong pen-drawn portrait of Carter's outer man:—secondly, of his whole life and arduous labours—thirdly, it opens many doors into his heart; where you may see sitting a little half-starved ghost called ENMITY AGAINST DIVINE SOVEREIGNTY. This little fiend having never been slain by the perfect knowledge of the Person, Grace, and Gospel of Christ, it sometimes shews its ugly little face in Cartwright's ministry; and often attempts to throw stones at us Particular Baptists; and especially at all men who hold, and advocate, the Free-grace principles of the Church's salvation. We freely forgive Peter, because we believe he was as honest as was Saul of Tarsus, when he verily thought within himself that by attempting to destroy the faith of God's elect, he was doing service for the Almighty. Besides, we can see—if we see anything aright—that there is much of the wisdom of God displayed in sending forth such a man to such a work. Peter Cartwright was no hot-bed academician: no rigid creedsman: no imitator or mimic: no polished shaft: he was an original: an huge tree taken up out of the wild forest of the Adam-fall, and being transplanted in the suburban and preparatory wastes of Zion; being filled with a thirst, almost unprecedented, for the ingathering of souls, he went forth, not so much in the pure Spirit of Christ, as in his own spirit; but, that strong, undaunted, and earnest spirit of his being so deeply imbued, and directed by a zeal and love which God granted unto him, as to render him wonderfully successful in the conquests achieved over minds and multitudes of men.

This is but an introductory paper. We shall review every page of Peter's career: and in order somewhat to enlist the sympathies of our readers, we here simply

quote Peter's entrance into the light of life; the exhibition of the grace of Christ in the souls of restored sinners being the most delightful part of our work. Here is a small earnest, or pledge, of much that is to come.

"In 1801, when I was in my sixteenth year, I attended a wedding. I drank little or nothing; my delight was in dancing. After a late hour in the night, we mounted our horses and started for home.

"A few minutes after we had put up the horses, and were sitting by the fire, I began to reflect on the manner in which I had spent the day and evening. I felt guilty and condemned. I rose and walked the floor. My mother was in bed. It seemed to me, all of a sudden, my blood rushed to my head, my heart palpitated, in a few minutes I turned blind; an awful impression rested upon my mind that death had come, and I was unprepared to die. I fell on my knees, and began to ask God to have mercy on me.

"My mother sprang from her bed, and was soon on her knees by my side, praying for me, and exhorting me to look to Christ for mercy; and then and there I promised the Lord that if he would spare me, I would seek and serve him. My mother prayed for me a long time. Next morning I rose, feeling wretched beyond expression. I tried to read in the Testament, and retired many times to secret prayer through the day, but found no relief. I gave up my race-horse to my father, and requested him to sell him. I went and brought my pack of cards, and gave them to mother, who threw them into the fire, and they were consumed. I fasted, watched, and prayed, and engaged in regular reading of the Testament. I was so distressed and miserable, that I was incapable of any regular business.

"My father was greatly distressed on my account, thinking I must die, and he would lose his only son. He bade me retire altogether from business, and take care of myself.

"Soon it was noised abroad that I was distracted, and many of my associates in wickedness came to see me, to try and divert my mind from those gloomy thoughts of my wretchedness; but all in vain. The class-leader and local preacher were sent for. They tried to point me to the bleeding Lamb; they prayed for me most fervently. Still I found no comfort. I was sorely tempted to believe I was a reprobate and doomed, and lost eternally, without any chance of salvation.

"At length one day I retired to the horse-lot, and was walking and wringing my hands in great anguish, trying to pray, on the borders of utter despair. It appeared to me that I heard a voice from heaven, saying, 'Peter, look at me.' A feeling of relief flashed over me as quick as an electric shock. It gave me hopeful feelings, and some encouragement to seek mercy; but still my load of guilt remain-

ed. I repaired to the house, and told my mother what had happened to me in the horse-lot. Instantly she seemed to understand it; and told me the Lord had done this to encourage me to hope for mercy, and exhorted me to take encouragement, and seek on, and God would bless me with the pardon of my sins at another time.

"Some days after this, I retired to a cave on my father's farm, to pray in secret. My soul was in agony; I wept, I prayed, and said, 'Now, Lord, if there is mercy for me, let me find it;' and it really seemed to me that I could almost lay hold of the Saviour, and realize a reconciled God. All of a sudden, such a fear of the devil fell upon me, that it really appeared to me that he was surely personally there, to seize and drag me down to hell, soul and body; and such a horror fell on me, that I sprang to my feet and ran to my mother at the house. My mother told me this was a device of Satan to prevent me from finding the blessing then. Three months rolled away, and still I did not find the blessing of the pardon of my sins.

"In the spring of 1810, Mr. M'Grady, a minister of the Presbyterian Church, appointed a sacramental meeting, and invited the preachers to attend with them, and especially John Page, who was a powerful Gospel minister, and was very popular among the Presbyterians. Accordingly he came, and preached with great power and success. The people crowded to this meeting from far and near.

"To this meeting I repaired, a guilty, wretched sinner. On the Saturday evening of said meeting, I went, with weeping multitudes, and earnestly prayed for mercy. In the midst of a solemn struggle of soul, an impression was made on my mind, as though a voice said to me, 'Thy sins are all forgiven thee.' Divine light flashed all round me, unspeakable joy sprung up in my soul. I rose to my feet, opened my eyes, and it really seemed as if I was in heaven; the trees, the leaves on them, and everything seemed, and I really thought were, praising God. My mother raised the shout, my Christian friends crowded around me, and joined me in praising God; and though I have been since then, in many instances, unfaithful, yet I have never, really doubted that the Lord did, then and there, forgive my sins."

## P R A Y E R.

BY MR JOHN BRUNT, OF COLNBROOK.

PRAYER is younger than sin. In Paradise, our first parents prayed not, but praised; yet when cast out of that abode of bliss, they learned to pray, so that prayer is born of sin and of sorrow; and the more we sorrow on account of our sin, the heartier we shall pray, 'God, be merciful to me a sinner.' 'Lord, teach us to pray,' is only another form of asking the Lord to open up to us the depravity

of our nature, the reality of sin, and our consequent need of salvation; for he who knows the meaning of, and the measure of the evil, consequent upon the first transgression, and knows also not only that *all* have sinned, but that *he* has sinned, and that without Christ—in his love, his blood, and his grace,—he must be for ever lost, will of necessity cry, 'Lord, save, or I perish.'

Prayer is the first step heavenward. That which is prompted by a conviction of sin, is promotive of our good—for by it we come to the mercy-seat; and surely he who comes to God by Christ, the true Mercy-seat, shall not be sent empty away.

Prayer is the life of the saint. A professor may, and can do without prayer; but he who prays is a saint; and a saint cannot live without prayer: prayer may be weak, then the saint is faint; prayer may be interrupted, then the saint is diseased; prayer is sometimes 'without ceasing,' then the saint lives a healthy life; yea, for him 'to live is Christ,' for of him (Christ) it is truly sung,

'Cold mountains, and the midnight air,  
Witness'd the fervour of his prayer.'

Finally, Prayer is linked with blessing, by Jesus himself, 'ask and ye shall receive.'

O thou by whom we come to God,  
The life, the truth, the way,  
Thyself the path of prayer hast trod,  
Lord, teach me how to pray.

JNO. BRUNT.

Colnbrook.

## THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

'We have seen his star.' Matt. ii. 2.

DEAR STR,—We can no longer gaze upon Donati's comet—it has visited our system and departed: its appearance has been marked by thousands, but still it has left us without explaining to us either its Nature or Mission; and while we wonder and admire, still we are left to a certain extent to guess as to its nature and design. Not so, however, with the REAL Star of Bethlehem, Jesus Christ. He too has visited our earth,—and, as to his body, has left us for a season, not however without explaining his gracious mission, and intentions of coming again the second time without sin unto salvation. Angels announced his incarnation—and angels will, by and by, announce his second advent. May we not say, 'come, Lord Jesus, come quickly?' At his birth, a *star* directed certain 'Wise Men,' to the spot where the young child was. Now of this star, in connection with Jesus, the Star of Bethlehem, we have a few things to say,

I. It was an *extraordinary* star.

Its appearance, discovery, and conducting the wise men to Bethlehem was altogether an extraordinary thing. So was the appearance, incarnation, and person of Jesus; he came into this world in an extraordinary manner, for an extraordinary purpose, and to accomplish an extraordinary salvation. Yes, Christ is an extraordinary *Saviour*, a great Saviour for great sinners. Perhaps, reader, you feel yours to be an extraordinary case—your trials

and excises, your sorrows and distresses, your perils and temptations, your sufferings, difficulties, and crosses, are of no ordinary character; *your case* altogether is an extraordinary one; then rejoice, for in Christ you have an extraordinary friend, a deliverer and helper. Yea, Christ is no ordinary Saviour. He is your Rock and Refuge, your Brother and Advocate, your Priest and Prophet, your Shepherd and King, your Friend and Physician, your *All* and *in All*. And every endearing relation he sustains, every honourable title he bears, every important office he fills, is done in an extraordinary manner. Art thou morally diseased? then go to this extraordinary Physician with your very extraordinary malady, and thou shalt find an extraordinary cure. Remember, it was no common star that the wise men saw, and it is no common Christ that the Bible reveals,—his righteousness, his salvation, his *work*, blood, and doctrines, are extraordinary indeed.

#### II. It was a *directing* star.

It directed the wise men to the only Saviour of sinners. Christ, in his word, directs sinners to the cross for salvation, to the fountain of his own blood for cleansing, to himself for life, light, and liberty, to his footstool for pardon, peace, and every spiritual blessing; yea, Christ himself directs his people through the chequered scenes of this world, and by a wise unerring Providence governs and overrules every event for their good, and so directs and disposes every circumstance of life in their favour. But, mark, it was 'Wise Men,' *only* the star directed to the infant Saviour; so it is *wise men*—spirit-taught Christians—only that Jesus now directs to heaven,—as it was Israel only, as a nation, he directed through the wilderness to Canaan—the cloudy pillar marked their road and brought them safe into the land of promise and rest. The same God that guided them, and conducted Jacob to Bethel, and Abraham's servant to Rebekah, now guides and conducts pilgrims to their home and resting place, and as they march on toward the heavenly Canaan, they often sing—

'Guide us, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrims through this barren land  
We are weak, but thou art mighty,  
Hold us with thy powerful hand.'

#### III. It was a *marvellous* light.

Christ is called "The light of the world," and objectively, He is a marvellous light; how dark the mind, how dark the church, how dark and dismal the pulpit, how dark the state and prospects of a sinner without Christ; heaven itself would be dark without him. How marvellous the glory and brightness of this light appears, whether seen in the sinner, in the church, or in heaven itself. Well might Isaiah of old say to the church, when this star arose—"Arise, shine for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." Moreover the light of his *grace* is marvellous. What marvellous discoveries it makes to the poor trembling penitent, when it discovers to him the way of peace and plan of salvation, and his own personal interest therein! What marvellous

effects it produces within him, yea, what marvellous comforts and joys it affords, joys the world never knew. Again, the light of God's doctrine and truth is marvellous indeed: his word carries conviction with it; the stamp of God is on its brow, it ennobles man, and evangelizes nations, driving out darkness, superstition and paganism as the morning's dawn chases away the darkness of night. Peter said, "He hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light." Oh, reader! think of *that light*, its nature, extent, effects, and duration is marvellous indeed; and think of *that darkness* out of which thou art called. The light of his presence here spreads a halo of glory around the soul, then what must the ineffable light of his glory in heaven be? How refulgent and radiant his presence there! Oh, the felicity, the bliss, that awaits the righteous.

#### IV. It was an *attractive* light.

Christ has a thousand charms, and attractions more than any other object. He is not attractive alike unto all men, for as Isaiah saith: "Unto many, he is as a root out of a dry ground, without form or comeliness;" in him there is no beauty that they should desire him, while to the believing soul he is the altogether lovely, and the fairest amongst ten-thousand, in fact, there is none like him in the estimation and affection of the Christian. And as this star attracted the attention of the wise men and drew them on from the land of darkness, heathenism, and superstition, to the land of light and salvation, even to Jesus himself, so Christ attracts the notice, engages the attention, allures and draws the sinner from his sins and the world to life and salvation here; and to heaven and glory hereafter. Like the magnet and load-stone which attracts and draws surrounding objects to itself, when Jesus has once discovered himself to the sinner in his beauty and saving character, he ever afterwards remains an attractive object to *that sinner*; and as the wise men saw this star from a great distance, so that sinner will see and recognize Christ though sometimes "afar off," as the church did when she said, "It is the voice of my beloved, behold he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills." Thus Christ is attractive in his person, presence, power, influence and promise to all that know him and serve him. If there be any affection in our hearts, any love to Jesus Christ, we shall find his word, his doctrine, his gospel, his ways, and the ordinances of his house will have their attractive influence. Reader, do you know him? Do you love him? Is Christ the object of your attraction, and warmest admiration? If so, Christ is yours. Oh! how we pity that individual who cannot find any thing attractive in God's sabbaths, in God's house, nor yet in God's dear Son, the Lord Jesus Christ.

#### A TRAVELLER.

The writer of the foregoing paper has kindly promised to commence a series of articles in our January number, headed '*our Cambridgeshire Churches*.' They will be of great interest.

## Notes from the Churches.

### OUR FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY; WITH NOTES OF A A JOURNEY TO WOLVERHAMPTON, THE POTTERIES AND DERBY.

DERBY, Nov. 18, 1858.

TO ROBERT YOUNG BANKS, of Bridge, in Kent—these few railway reminiscences come greeting: Grace, mercy, and peace, to thee, my brother, and to thine.

Nearly eighteen years have rolled away since I left my much-loved friends in Canterbury and Sturry—a captive in Babylon, and a child of sorrow indeed. Just upon fifteen years have passed over my head since the Lord opened my mouth in London. During that fifteen years what mercies has he made me prove! While in my captivity, you, dear Robert, did not fail either to pray for, or to write to me. You ought, therefore, to know that my much-dishonoured but most gracious Master, is still opening doors for me in all directions; and while by adverse circumstances I am tossed to and fro, as few can ever guess, still with the prophet I say, 'thy word was found, and I did eat it;' and sometimes, through this, many are made glad.

Last Saturday evening I left London; reached Wolverhampton in safety; and on Lord's-day and Monday evening, I preached as the Master helped, in John-street chapel—one of the oldest places of worship in those parts of the Kingdom. Several have passed away since I stood in that ancient pulpit, where almost every faithful servant of Christ in this Kingdom has stood; and I found many of the old faces and kind friends still cleaving unto the Truth—but a living, loving, large-hearted, clean-footed Pastor is sadly wanted there. I had the pleasure of spending a few hours with Master John Turner, a lad sixteen years of age, whose mouth has been opened to preach the Gospel, and whose account of the Lord's dealing with him, quite astonished and yet comforted me. Mr. Hatton, Sen., is still in Temple-street; Mr. Bridge at the Coppice; but in Wolverhampton there is room for a Gospel minister. I hope the prayers of the people may yet be answered.

On Tuesday, I went into the Potteries, and addressed some people there, from Paul's words, '*With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.*' Mr. Field, at the Stoke Railway Station, and the eldest son of the late William Skelton, with a few others in Hanley and Stoke, are real friends to Gospel Truth; but they cannot find all they want in the churches there. Tens of thousands of people in the Potteries, despise the Gospel altogether; and I could not find that Truth is making any progress there. I am solemnly, painfully, and powerfully convinced that

Romanism, Puseyism, and a deadly formalism, are all but joining hands to throw down, and to cast away, the Great Protestant Principles of our common faith, and if the Lord did not, from time to time, raise up a few valiant men of Israel, we should despair for England; but even at the present time, there is a remnant left. Yesterday morning, I came on to Derby. Last night I preached in Agar Street Chapel; and this morning I had the honor of marrying Mr. John Willme, and Miss Harriet Barker—two believers in Christ. It was an interesting service—the chapel was full of spectators; and so truly beloved were the bride and the bridegroom, that it required several carriages to carry the large party from the Grove mansion, down to the chapel. I could truly pray the Lord to bless the union. Such an interesting event I never witnessed before. The Bride has been made a blessing, to some thousands of her fellow-creatures; no wonder, therefore, that crowds of her fellow-town's-people flocked together on such an auspicious morn, to witness their highly gifted friend give her hand, because she had given her heart, to one of the best of men; to one of the most sincere believers in the gospel of Christ. Very reluctantly I left the large assembly seated round the nuptial feast, and am now flying as fast as steam can carry me, to the bosom of my family; and to my labours in London. And still, my beloved brother, in connection with my dissemination of truth, I am often pressed and burdened most sorely indeed. But, my Derby sermon is worth a word. Give me a minute more; and I will give you a thought or two. Before service, the deacons left me alone for an hour or so; and having asked the Lord for a message, he kindly filled my heart to the very brim with many precious things fetched out of Isaiah xl. 9, 10.—'O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain;' &c., &c. The Ministers of Christ are here specially addressed. Their business is to carry 'good tidings unto Zion;' to speak good words to Jerusalem; and to 'say to the cities of Judah, behold thy God.' The high position the servants of Christ are to occupy, very particularly engaged my thoughts. '*Get thee up into the high mountain.*' A low, grovelling ministry never succeeds. Let that high mountain be *Moriah*; and then you have at once the main and essential features of the gospel ministry implied. On Mount *Moriah*, (1) Abraham's faith was tried. (2) The doctrine of Divine Substitution was powerfully proclaimed. (3) There Abraham saw Christ's day and was glad. (4) On that hill, Christ was crucified. (5) There Divine Sovereignty put forth its merciful arms, and plucked one poor dying thief from the pit of woe; there the Spirit revealed *Christ* to his soul; wrought faith and prayer in his heart; and turned him most effectually unto the Great Mediator. (6) There, on that



Mount, *Prayer was answered.* And (7) there Heaven was Promised,—‘TO DAY SHALT THOU BE WITH ME IN PARADISE.’ Here, in these seven lines, you have the chief elements of the Gospel Ministry, and where these great truths are earnestly contended for, the blessing will come. Pardon this digression; and now one word on our anniversary.

MONDAY MORNING, NOV. 22nd, 1856.

Yesterday, was one of the happiest days I ever passed through in the ministerial work. The previous Saturday evening, in waiting on the Lord, many scriptures were both comforting and confirming to me. In the morning, the text was a part of Genesis ix. 16, ‘and I will look upon it; and I will remember the everlasting covenant.’ It led me to review all the goodness and mercy which have passed before me. In the afternoon, at Shalom Chapel, Hackney, this word was made good to me, ‘The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?’ I enjoyed preaching from this text much. I returned home to my own chapel in the evening, and spoke from ‘every valley shall be filled; every mountain and hill made low; the crooked shall be made straight; and the rough places plain; and all flesh shall see the salvation of God.’ I am much pressed to print the morning and evening sermons; want of time and means may prevent. I cannot tell.

November 23rd.—I may add, on the Monday evening, November 22nd, I had this word given to me; and I spoke from it in brother George Webb’s chapel, Little Moorfields,—“Well done, 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.” These texts have cheered me. What remains for me in the future, I know not, but the word of the Lord is good.

Our Services on Tuesday, were pleasant and encouraging. We were favoured in the afternoon with a Christ-extolling sermon from our excellent brother in the gospel, Mr. John Foreman, whose text was, ‘These things saith he that is holy, he that has true, he that hath the keys of David,’ &c. (Rev. iii.) We were made glad to find this honoured and long-tried servant of God, still robust in body and mind, and as valiant for truth as ever. Nearly 200 took tea with us; a short address after tea, reviewing in few words, the Lord’s goodness to me; and then came the closing anniversary service by our brother James Wells, giving us a sermon from the words—‘Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory;’ which was powerfully delivered, and heard with much soul-profit. Truly, my dear brother, ‘GOD IS GOOD TO ISRAEL.’ This is daily proved by your’s affectionately, C. W.B.

A NOTE FROM JOHN TURNER,

*Preaching Christ’s Gospel at 16 years of age.*

HAVING referred to my dear young friend, I here venture to give an extract from a letter just received; in order that the churches may rejoice with me in beholding one so

tender in years, so firm in the faith; and that thousands may be led to pray for his furtherance and preservation. In a note he says—

DEAR BROTHER,—I THANK you for your kindness in thinking of me; may the God of all grace bless you; since I left you, I have thought much about you and your kindness to me; and I do sincerely hope that we shall correspond with each other, and that we shall take each other often to a throne of grace. O pray for me, that God may keep and preserve me in this great and solemn work; that I may ever feel my own weakness and unworthiness; and feel myself dependent upon the teachings and guidance of the Holy Spirit; and that he may use me as an instrument in his hands in winning souls to Christ; and in comforting those that have believed through grace; in raising up them that are cast down; in confirming the feeble; in setting at liberty those that are bound; and preaching the acceptable year of the Lord and the day of vengeance of our God; that it may be seen, and felt, that I am indeed, and in truth, a servant of the most high God; never shunning to declare the whole counsel of God, as you know well many do; but may the Lord grant that I may not be amongst that number; for I do think that there is nothing so dishonouring to God as to preach one part of his word to the exclusion of the other. The whole counsel of God must be declared, whether men will hear or forbear; and I trust I have so far tried to preach it, and I hope I shall continue still to preach it.

I was at Wolverhampton yesterday, at John Street. I had a good congregation; and I sincerely wish you could get them a good minister.

I remain, yours,  
In the bonds of the Gospel,  
JOHN TURNER.

#### “OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL.”

SUCH was the inscription on a banner hung up in the commodious new school, just opened in connexion with *Salem Chapel*, Wilton Square, New North Road. Few causes in the Metropolis have been more signally honoured in so short a time than that over which our brother Flack is laboring. In the short space of two years, a church has been formed, and grown to upwards of 80 members; and the congregation overflowing. The friends being thus encouraged, have made a school under the chapel, at a cost of about £160; which was opened on Lord’s-day, Oct. 31st, when three special sermons were preached to crowded congregations on behalf of the school. The number of scholars, in the morning 88; afternoon, 105; and 15 teachers, and the various officers. On the following Tuesday, a sermon was preached in the afternoon by Mr. Wyard; and a tea and public meeting in the evening, on the voluntary principle; the materials were given by the Ladies, which gave general satisfaction. Brother Flack was well supported by his brethren in the ministry; but the inscription

on the banner, 'Our Sunday Schools,' particularly struck us:—we think that is just as it should be: the adjective pronoun *our*, tells well: 1st, we like the pronoun in the plural, *our school*; not *my school*, as though no one else contributed to its funds, or labored for it, or prayed for it. 2nd, We like this pronoun *our*, because its possessive: a *school* should certainly be somebody's property, although no one individual should assume entire right and power; yet a school should not be left to run wild as though no one cared for it. Again, we like the pronoun in the first person, *our's* not *your school*; nor *their school*, but *our school*; as though Pastor, Deacons, church, congregation, officers, Teachers, and all, determine to have a continued interest in it. Now we cannot help thinking when this is the case, the school will prove a blessing, and not a curse. Some labour for it; some pray for it; and some (all if they can) contribute to its fund. Surely, the school must prove a blessing to the cause, and neighbourhood! A very happy meeting terminated by our brother Edgecombe offering prayer, and the singing of a pretty little piece called *Good Night*. There was a good collection; indeed, the friends at *Salem* are liberal on all occasions: the cause of God's truth appears to be dear to the hearts of many.

ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

OUR FRONTPISPEICE.  
NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL, REDHILL,  
SURREY.

THIS place of worship, of which, according to previous announcement, we give a correct view this month, (with Gatton Park in the back ground) as the frontispiece to this year's volume, is a substantial brick building, situated in a new and rapidly increasing locality, very near the Reigate junction at Red Hill, from which station, it is easily seen by passengers on the Brighton and Dover Railways, passing there, being situated on the west side of the line.

The particulars of the opening, on Wednesday, July 21, were given in our September number, pages 215, and 216, and as we were acquainted with some of the friends in the early days of their union, for the attainment of this object, we wish to rejoice with them, that their endeavours have been, by God's blessing, successful; and, we believe, their prayers answered.

We are glad to hear there is a steady, and attentive congregation, more numerous than in the School Room, that was occupied for more than three years, for the preaching of the gospel.

A strict Baptist church was formed in October, 1855, to which many have since been added. May the Lord bless them with purity and peace, and own his word to the salvation and edification of precious, immortal souls; and, with his presence: they need not fear, though they may expect trials from within and from without.

The annexed statement\* of the rise and progress of the Building Fund, may be interesting to our readers, and furnishes a practical illustration of the Lord's blessing on feeble means, and small beginnings, attempted in faith, and prayer, and hope, and dependance on him, without whom, 'except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.' It proves also the fulfilment of the promises—'not to despise the day of small things,' and 'that he will grant the desires of them that fear him.' It serves also as an encouragement to others to persevere, and use right means in any good work, according to their ability, like her, whom the Saviour commended, 'who had done what she could;' and though opposed and discouraged, to keep the end in view, and 'not be weary in well doing, for in due season, we shall reap, if we faint not.' Gal. vi. 9.

'The Reigate Baptist Building Association,' was formed in June, 1852, to receive from its members, subscriptions of one penny and two-pence per week, and invest the fund for the purpose of the erection of a chapel, which was aided by some donations.

In the first half year was } collected .....	to Dec., 1852	£ s. d.
2nd Ditto £2 10s 6d making	to June, 1853	5 6 0
3rd Ditto 3 3 0	Dec., 1853	8 9 0
4th Ditto 3 0 0	June, 1853	11 9 0
5th Ditto 1 3 6*	Dec., 1854	13 12 6
(Donation) 1 0 0		
6th Ditto 2 13 1	June, 1855	16 5 7
7th Ditto 17 6 8	Dec., 1855	33 12 3
8th Ditto 7 6 6	Jan., 1856	40 18 9
9th Ditto 19 3 9	Dec., 1856	60 2 6
10th Ditto 85 16 0	June, 1857	145 18 6
11th Ditto 122 12 6†	Dec., 1857	268 11 0
12th Ditto 138 16 0	June, 1858	407 7 0
13th Ditto 81 3 6‡	Nov. 10, 1858	488 10 6

Total amount Subscribed .....	£488 10 6
By Loan from the 'Baptist Building Fund,' .....	200 0 0

Total amount received .....	£688 10 6
Total Cost of Building, Freehold, &c .....	350 0 0

Balance to pay (beyond the £200 borrowed) .....	£161 9 6
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"NOT UNTO US, O LORD, NOT UNTO US,  
BUT UNTO THY NAME ALONE BE ALL THE GLORY,  
FOR THY MERCY,  
AND FOR THY TRUTH'S SAKE."

PSALM CXX. 1.

\* At this time many had withdrawn — some thought it a hopeless attempt; others were disaffected or weary; and just as it was proposed to dissolve the society, some friends joined with this donation, wishing them 'though faint, to pursue.'

† Including a donation from the late W. Hackblock, Esq., M.P. of £25.

‡ The Opening collections are in this amount.

|| This amount is repayable by yearly instalments of £10 each. No interest is charged for the same.

## CHATTERIS.

On Sunday, October 31, the ordinance of baptism was administered by Mr. J. Wilkins, minister of Zion chapel, Chatteris, in the open air, in the baptistry in the open grounds belonging to the chapel. In the morning, the chapel was filled; a sermon was preached by Mr. Wilkins, from Mark xvi. The speaker said, 'We have four very important subjects in this one text,—1, Believing, 'He that believeth;' 2, Baptism, 'And is baptized;' 3, Salvation, 'Shall be saved;' 4, Damnation, 'He that believeth not shall be damned.' These points were severally dwelt upon, and fully opened up. By two o'clock in the afternoon, the chapel yard was filled; the minister delivered an address to a large audience from Eph. iv. 5; 'One baptism,' after which, he administered the ordinance, with appropriate remarks to each candidate. It was a pleasing sight, and a refreshing season; we cannot but wish that the friends of Zion may witness many such scenes, and enjoy many such days. The order and attention was good; and the multitude left the spot evidently gratified.

A VISITOR.

SHAENBROOK.—Bethlehem Chapel. On the 4th of September, our minister, Mr. T. Corby, baptised two young persons. On the following Wednesday, we had a glorious harvest-meeting, and on the 3rd of October, he baptised two more.

### New Publications.

"*The Original Baptist Almanac; and Congregational Hand-Book, for 1859.*" The eighth annual issue. London: Partridge and Co.; R. Banks and Co.; price 2d. or interleaved for daily memorandums, 4d." One fact we are bound to announce; there are now several issues of Almanacs, professing to give the Metropolitan chapels, and addresses of ministers. We have examined them; they are *not* corrected; but are simply reprints of old lists. THE ORIGINAL BAPTIST ALMANAC, (compiled principally by Mr. Robert Banks; and the lists corrected by the Ministers themselves,) is, without exception, the only authenticated Annual yet published for 1859. A new, a large, and revised edition of this Annual which is strongly recommended by all who have examined it, will be issued in this month of December.

"*The Comforter; or, the Holy Spirit in His Glorious Person and Gracious Work.*" London: Darton and Co., Holborn Hill. Instead of an article—with extracts from this Volume—we can only again announce its advent. The Lord has most signally set His mark of Divine approbation upon it, by delivering a talented opponent to the *Personality and Divinity* of the Holy Spirit, from an awful state of mind. The whole circumstances of the case have been laid before us; and it is so great and good, so clear and conclusive, that we feel no commendation from mortals is now required; nevertheless, we most sincerely bear this testimony—that no

work is more needed at this time than is this Volume; and, for Scripture proof, it is invaluable.

"*Punishment, the Conceit of Men's Minds.*" By James Bidden, London: Aylott and Sons. The author of this work has plunged out into a dreadful abyss. We can only wish the talent he possesses was employed in *defence*, instead of perverting holy gospel truth. It were easy to show how beguiled, and bowldered is his mind, this may yet be done even by us. He will reap no reward for works of this kind.

"*Chastisement: its Cause and Design.*" A letter to his young Parishioners. By William Parks, B.A., Incumbent of Openshaw, Manchester. London: W. H. Collingridge, Long Lane, and Aldersgate-street. We happen to know a great many *Old Parishioners* whose creed and conduct too, might be much improved by a sanctified perusal of this able three-penny pamphlet. Mr. Parks is a noble-minded theologian; he is a sound and hearty preacher of Christ's gospel; and a warm-hearted sympathizing friend to real Christians of every school. Not from any personal acquaintance, but from those who have known and loved him for years, do we bear this testimony. His pamphlet on "*Chastisement*" is the very thing all our churches wanted.

"*Meliora: A Quarterly Review of Social Science in its Ethical, Economical, Political, and Ameliorative Aspects.*" London: Partridge and Co. A cheap shilling quarterly: its contents are various, voluminous, and full of instruction, information, and suggestions touching the machinery to be employed in order to improve, in every sense, the condition of the people. Four parts are issued. For practical and benevolent purposes '*Meliora*' is a first-rate quarterly.

"*Zion's Witness.*"—We have received the two first numbers of this new monthly; edited, we understand, by Mr. A. Wilcockson. The articles are truthful, spiritual, and interesting; such experimental testimonies are always acceptable to those of the Lord's people who have minds to appreciate, means to procure, and leisure to peruse them. Such persons are, comparatively few. As these publications multiply, however, readers will also increase, and much good in every sense will result. The man who dares to push out another book for God's people, in these times, deserves to be encouraged.

"*The Bible Almanac for 1859.*" London: Partridge and Co. This is a great improvement on last year's issue. *The Prize Bible Questions, and Oriental Customs, Antiquities, &c.*, are features of much interest.

"*Ward's Evangelical Almanac*" (published by Ward and Co.,) is a useful and comprehensive Annual for Christian households.

"*The Protestant Dissenter's Almanac, and Political Annual for 1859.*" London: W. Freeman, 3, Queen's Head Passage. This is designed for a large class; and to them, as a book of reference, it will be found convenient and useful.

## MR. J. C. PHILPOT

## ON LONDON RELIGION—REAL RELIGION—HIS LEAVING THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, ETC., ETC.

SOME few years ago, Mr. Philpot's sermons were very extensively circulated; you could never enter, or leave a chapel, where the gospel was faithfully preached, but 'Philpot's sermons—one penny each'—would be rung in your ears by those poor vendors who get their bread by first 'buying the truth,' and, then, selling it again to the first customer they can find. No doubt, much good has been done even this way; the reporter who caught the sermons as they flew from the preacher's lips,—James Paul, the original publisher, we think, of *The Thursday Penny Pulpit*,—and the poor people who brought them to the chapel doors to sell—all have been instrumental in diffusing, and spreading abroad some tens of thousands of sermons, expressive of those vital and experimental truths which Mr. Philpot, and other good men, have been contending for, during the last twenty years more particularly. Other preachings—and the sermons of other pulpits, have lately been circulated to a large extent; but we are glad to find that Mr. Philpot's sermons are still published—not only in London, but also in Stamford, the scene of Mr. Philpot's more constant labours.

Three pamphlets containing sermons by this much-honoured servant of Christ, have lately been put into our hands; which we shall here briefly notice. The first gives in full that acceptable and useful discourse delivered by Mr. Philpot, in Old Zoar Chapel, in Great Alie Street, on Thursday evening, July 20, 1858. '*The Day-spring from on High*' is its title, published by Gadsby, Bouverie Street. The exordium of this sermon leads us to the conclusion that the preacher was in 'a very happy mood' (as good old James Osborne used to say), on finding himself once more in that place where he had on so many occasions, been made a blessing, and where, also, he had subsequently been so unkindly smitten by one who professed to be more faithful than even the leader of the only faithful band of men in England, as some think. What a lamentable perversion of the pulpit! What an awful contradiction, when a man, professing to be an ambassador of Jesus Christ, enters the holy place, and instead of preaching CHRIST, his Person, Work, and great salvation, violates his sacred office, by attempting to cut down one whom the Lord has set up! We sincerely hope this Try-on spirit is now in a deep decline; and that ere long, a more healthy, a much more wholesome ministry will be found, where deep, dark, and dreadful things have had too great a prominence by half. We were glad to the heart to hear Mr. Philpot had been once more to Zoar; and much more glad were we to find that he is treading with a bolder step in '*the more excellent way*,' and speaking forth more delightfully, evangelically, and faithfully, the

verities of that everlasting covenant, which, like a life-giving river maketh glad the city of our God.

Unconnected and uninfluenced as we are, by party men, or party bands: being neither the servants, nor the seekers of red patronage, or of yellow dictation,—occupying an *impartial* position; saying, with the apostle—'Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth'; and ready to forgive the most cruel foe, when, by God's grace, that foe discovers and repents of his error; from this somewhat happily untrammelled eminence, we can calmly look at good men; and believing it to be both our office, and our privilege, (in laboring for the churches,) to call special attention to every man, to every book, to every society, to every effort, and to every event, which has, for its end, the coming of Christ's kingdom; and which has in its constitution, the vitalizing element of the gospel of the grace of God; in this our watchtower, we behold with joy and comfort, the fact, that neither persecution on the one hand, nor bodily affliction on the other, have stopped the honourable and useful progress of Mr. Philpot, either as a public minister of the word, as a occupier of the editorial chair; or as the leader of a large body of spiritual men, in this our very highly favored land; and although we never saw Mr. Philpot out of the pulpit in the whole course of our life; never exchanged one word with him, nor never expect to do so in this cold, foggy, low-land; yet we are so pleased with his recently published sermons, that we cannot hold our peace: we cordially stretch forth our hand, (through this medium,) and without guile, or vain glory, we say, 'God bless you, brother Philpot—brother minister, and brother editor. May your life long be spared, your ministry increasingly honoured, and your editorial labours be both a pleasure to yourself, and a profit to your readers; and may your journey's end be crowned with, '*Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.*'

With these feelings we have read '*The Day Spring from on High*.' Not long since, we were sitting in the sick chamber of a much tried man of God. Nearly the last sermon he heard, was this one from Mr. Philpot's lips. It had been a precious lift to his soul; we can therefore, with great confidence, recommend it 'as a message from God,' and one likely with his blessing, to be essentially useful to many of the Lord's tried family.

We shall make an extract or two from it; and, first, we have the fine, the grateful, the affectionate emotions of a good man's soul, on revisiting the scene of old and never to be forgotten labours, expressed in happy terms like these. He said,

"If I may use the words without any irrev-

erence to the Sacred Majesty of heaven, I might, in standing here this evening, almost adopt the language addressed by the Lord to Jerusalem by the mouth of the prophet Jeremiah, 'I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thy espousals,' (Jor. ii. 2.) May I not almost say, 'I remember thee, O Zoar, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals,' in those days, some seventeen or eighteen years ago, when I used to stand up in this pulpit, for six Lord's Days at a time every summer and the Lord seemed at times to fill this house with his presence and his glory; when every corner was filled with a listening congregation, and among them, doubtless, many who feared God, and believed in his dear Son?

"I wish ever to speak of myself, and all I have or am, say or do, with the deepest self-abasement, for I know I have nothing in myself by nature but sin and death, filth and folly; but I cannot forget that for several years nearly all my sermons preached in this place were taken down from my lips, and that these have, in the providence of God, been spread far and wide, and been, I trust, made a blessing to many. From that circumstance, therefore, were there no other, I shall always affectionately remember Zoar. And now that, in an unexpected manner, I am come once more to this place, I hope, though I see a great alteration, and that for the better outwardly, that inwardly it may be old Zoar still. Though you have painted the chapel, and given us more light, though the air of heaven comes in rather more freely than in those dark and dingy days when I have gasped for breath in your crowded house, yet may it be old Zoar still, with the same good old doctrines, the same old life and power, the same presence of 'the Ancient of days,' and the same blessing from him 'whose goings forth have been from old, from everlasting.' Though I miss many old familiar faces, though many a young and many an aged head is now laid low, and many a dear saint of God is now before the throne, blessing Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, who used to hear me and the servants of God, years ago in this place, yet Jesus lives, whoever dies; Jesus abides faithful, whoever declines; and were two or three are gathered together in his name, he has promised his presence and blessing. May we realise this this evening, and to him will we freely ascribe all praise, honor, and glory."

Zoar Chapel, in the East end of London, has been a Bethel to many thousands during the last half century; in the breathings of the above quotation, and in the first head of the sermon, multitudes beside ourselves will sympathise, with considerable profit. 'The soul sitting in darkness,' is described in such a way, we had almost said, as exceeds all we ever read before on that distressing period of a quickened soul's existence. The utter impossibility that such a poor soul can ever be delivered until the Holy Spirit reveals JESUS CHRIST unto the quickened soul's eye of faith, is set forth in a masterly and powerful manner: then comes '*The Rising of the Day-Spring.*' Here, Mr. Philpot gives us London

professors a hard hit. It is a remarkable fact that the country people do think us London professors a most awful set of beings. '*Can any good thing come out of this modern Nazareth? this deep-dyed London?*' No; never. London is, indeed, a naughty place! But, that the Lord has not quite forsaken us, appears evident from the fact, that now and then some of his gracious servants are made willing and glad to come and preach the gospel to us. The following is an excellent specimen of the whole sermon. The preacher says:

"I am sometimes glad to see people sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death. Their complaints, when I visit them, make no harsh music in my ear. I am glad to see them exercised. I feel for their trials, I sympathise with them in their afflictions; but I know it is 'through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom.' Therefore to see the saints of God in distress has been a cause of rejoicing to me, instead of a cause of sorrow; for I know that the hand which wounded will heal, that the grace which stripped will clothe, and the power that brought down to the grave will surely raise up. Therefore, you exercised saints, you tried and tempted children of God, you who think yourselves so hardly dealt with, you who this day have been murmuring under your griefs and woes, you who feel yourselves the most miserable of wretches that can walk the London streets,—if there be with all this darkness and dejection, a sigh, a cry to the Lord of life and glory to break in upon your souls, the day will come when you will bless God for these trials and afflictions, when you will say how good he was to send these sharp trials, these ploughs and harrows to break up the fallow ground, that you might not sow among thorns, and perish in hypocrisy. I wish there were more London professors sitting in darkness and the shadow of death. I wish they were more tried, more tempted, more distressed, more knocked about, more cut to pieces, more laid low. There is, I fear, a sad want of life and power in London professors, they are much sunk in the world, and buried in carnality and death. They want a good shaking, a hot furnace, or a deep flood, to bring them into the life and power of vital godliness. Not but that the Lord has his exercised saints in this vast metropolis. He has, I believe, a people 'scattered and peeled,' at both ends of London. But taking the great bulk of professors at head-quarters, even those who, we hope, really fear God, there is every reason to believe, are much sunk in worldliness, and that the grace of God is at a low ebb, for the most part, in those who are members of churches, and fill up seats in congregations. Therefore, poor dear child of God, I speak to you in the corner there, burying your face in your hands or your handkerchief, through trouble and sorrow, do not murmur and fret against the Lord for the painful things you are passing through. It is purging your heart from London religion, raising you out of the grave of a London cemetery. If you be sitting in darkness and the shadow of death, it is not to des-

troy you, but that the dayspring from on high may break in upon your soul."

We have exceeded our limits. In closing this imperfect notice, we wish to announce that J. Ford, of Red Lion Square, Stamford, is now publishing several of Mr. Philpot's sermons; of him they can be had through the post. Among those already published by Mr. Ford, there is one entitled, "*The Loss of all Things for Christ's sake.*" In this sermon Mr. Philpot drew forth his own soul, in some things very sweetly. The following extracts bespeak some of those exercises of which he has been, and is still the subject:

"I admire and love the grace of God; and the longer I live, the more do I love and admire it. My sins, my corruptions, my infirmities make me feel my deep and daily need of it: and as its freeness, fulness, suitability, and inexpressible blessedness are more and more opened up to my conscience, so do I more and more cleave to and delight in it."

"It is laid with weight and power upon our conscience that if we would be Christians inwardly as well as outwardly, have the power of godliness and not merely the form, we must part with many things which we have loved as our very life-blood. This is the grand test which distinguishes the real from the nominal Christian—the possessor from the professor. I speak from experience. I was myself called upon to make such sacrifices. It may not be your part, nor may the same necessity be laid upon you; but when I was a minister of the Church of England rather more than 23 years ago, I was called upon to sacrifice all my earthly prospects, and with Moses count the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt. I repeat it—this may not be your case, for I am not laying down myself as an example; but I felt I could not hold my position and office as a minister of that church, because that position called upon me to say and do things which I could not say and do, without standing before the God of heaven with what I believed to be a lie in my mouth and in my right hand. I do not judge other men's consciences, but I felt I must, either retain my position with a weight continually resting upon my mind, and thus mock, as I believed, a holy, heart-searching God, or make the sacrifice. I chose the latter; nor have I ever repented the choice, as I can now serve the Lord and preach his truth with a good conscience.

Look into your heart, man, and you will find it what some people term, 'a cage of unclean birds.' And do you suppose that with such a heart you could ever enter those holy regions of heaven, where nought but unsullied purity can ever enter? Think, friends, could we enter into heaven while in our natural state, what happiness should we experience? Just none at all. To see those bright seraphic beings clothed in white, and we, like poor Joshua, there with our filthy garments on, would only make hell of heaven. And remember, it is written 'the unclean shall not walk there.'—*Butterfield's Sermon on 'What is Man?'*

## CHARGES AGAINST

### 'LETTERS TO THEOPHILUS.'

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have been for some time past desirous to call the attention of yourself, and the readers of the *EARTHEN VESSEL*, to the unscriptural character of the lengthened series of 'Letters to Theophilus' that continue to appear in your Magazine. The question that is left open to correspondents, in your October number, gives me the opportunity not only to answer the query of 'James,' but also to bear my testimony against the huge body of divinity which 'A Little One' is rearing in your pages; and which I fear is but another Babel, built upon sand and daubed with untempered mortar; and which, while professing to raise its top to heaven, and penetrate the plans and purposes of the Most High, will but bring confusion and perplexity into the minds of writer and readers. And, in the first place, I would exhort 'James' (and all your readers,) to approach such questions with a right appreciation of the infinite perfection and the glorious majesty and power of that God whose dealings with man he will scrutinize. We surely sin much in the glib business-like way in which we discuss those matters in which the Eternal God is concerned: let us remember, that we are but of yesterday; that we carry about with us a body of sin and death, as a clog upon the action of our renewed spirits; and see but in part; and that we can know nothing of God but what he is pleased to reveal to us; and that much of the heavenly mysteries, if we saw them, would be 'impossible for man to utter.' In the spirit therefore of meekness, as a disciple to be taught, as a child at his father's knee, I would advise 'James' to approach that written Word of God, in which he has taught us all we are to know in this dispensation of the works and ways of God.

'James' will there learn that God made man upright, but he sought out many inventions. He will read the address to the church of old, 'O, Israel thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help.' He will find that man is altogether become unprofitable; that there is 'no whole place in him;' but that Christ is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by him: and from Genesis to Revelation, he will see all good ascribed to the Creator, and all evil to the creature. I do not think he can take a safer guide through all the mazy walks of modern theology, than to give God the glory for every good thought, desire, or action in himself and others, and to take to himself confusion of face for every thing of sin and unrighteousness. In heaven the saint shall praise God for all the mercy that brought them there; while the bitterest portion in the cup of the lost, shall be that it was their fault, *their own* grievous willful fault, that they are in that place of torment.

Look at the gospel in this light: man sinned, and merited eternal death. God sent his Son, that whosoever believeth in him

should have everlasting life.' The sin of man was entirely his own; the gift of God was of his own free grace and mercy. But further, the Saviour must be loved, received, and trusted, that the benefits of his passion may be secured; in order to this, he must be made known: 'How can he hear without a preacher?' Provision is made for this; Christ preached himself, 'Come unto me;' and he appointed his apostles and servants in all ages to proclaim his gospel through the wide world, and 'Whosoever believeth and is baptized shall be saved;' but, 'Whosoever believeth not, shall be damned;' justly condemned for his wilful unbelief, because that 'light having come into the world, men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil;' because 'he will not come unto Christ that he might be saved.'

Now that all men without distinction are to have the gospel proclaimed to them is clear; not only from the text 'James' quotes, but from numerous others. Christ and his apostles in their sermons preached the gospel to all, and commanded all men everywhere to repent. And what is the gospel? Is it not the good tidings of salvation through the blood of Christ? The Spirit and the bride say come; and let him that heareth say come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.' The New Testament is as express upon this point as upon any, that the gospel was preached, and was intended, and commanded by Christ to be preached to all men; that all men were to be called upon to repent, believe and obey him, 'whom God hath set forth for a propitiation for sin;' and that if they despised the message, and refused to submit to the authority of the Saviour, it was their own fault, for which they receive and shall endure the everlasting wrath of God.

But, can men receive the gospel? Of themselves, *no*. They cannot repent; but Christ is exalted to give repentance, and all else that is needed, they cannot even pray, but he will give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him; and is himself not only the hearer, but the inspirer of prayer:

'All the fitness he requireth  
Is to feel your need of him;  
This he gives you.'

Then, it is clear that there is nothing 'tantalizing' in the proclamation of the gospel to every man; he is told, 'Jesus is set forth by God as a propitiation through faith in his name.' 'Believe and be saved.' 'Repent and live.' But I cannot, I am weak and sinful: 'he will give his Holy Spirit to those who ask him;' all that is wanting he will supply; all he asks is, 'Wilt thou be made whole?' If thy heart responds, 'yea Lord,' thou art saved. The desire of salvation is salvation; for no one ever felt it but God implanted it; and he that hath begun a good work will complete it.

The proclamation of the gospel to men is a *bona fide* one; it is no formality; it is not to mock their misery, but to point them to the way of salvation; but they reject it, and will not hear the voice of the charmer; they love

sin and hate Christ, and will not come to him that they might have life: and so would all have done—and we sit, and wonder, and sing,

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

For our choice would have been theirs; we feel it; we know it; but

'Twas the same love that spread the feast  
That sweetly forced us in;  
Else we had still refused to taste,  
And perished in our sin.'

And the question 'why me 'Lord'? why me?' must be left until faith is swallowed up in sight, and we shall know as also we are known.

Thus, I think I have answered the query of 'James,' or rather, the Word of God has done, it; and will explain to him this and many more things too, if the Spirit shall help him to study it: and the same Spirit will lead him to that humble dependance on the will of Christ that shall make him not desire to be wise above that is written. If man's responsibility and God's sovereignty seem to him irreconcilable; if there be depths he cannot fathom, and heights he cannot scale, let him wait.

'For, Oh! my soul, if truths so bright  
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,  
Yet still the written Word obey,  
And wait the great decisive day.'

But, now, dear Mr. Editor, a word or two with yourself, with your readers, and with 'A Little One.' We are all Baptists—as baptized into the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; we have pledged ourselves to be governed, controlled and directed entirely by God; we have renounced self-will and creature dependance. The Father is to be our alone Father; the Son our only Lord and Master; and the Spirit our only Teacher and Guide. We have been baptized, not unto Paul nor Appolos, but into Christ. And it is because of this submission of action, will and judgment entirely to Christ, that we take our stand as Baptists, in opposition to all who retain rites and ceremonies, doctrines or traditions from men, good or bad, whether Papists, Reformers or Puritans. The authority of Calvin, or Luther, or Knox, is sought to us: this Word of God is our sole authority in faith and practice. Therefore, brethren, is it that I claim to be heard in my protest against systems of theology, human systems, learnt by tradition from the fathers, or fabricated in the most 'free-will' corner of some modern human heart. What to us are Gill, or Brine, or Fuller; or what business is it of ours to attempt to mould the mysteries of God into a harmonious, symmetrical body of divinity? Do we not know in part and prophesy in part? Did we in our pledge of devotion to Christ, take his Word, not to be believed and acted on as it was, but to be cut, and maimed, and twisted into such a whole that shall please and satisfy our carnal reason? Out upon such system-makers; be it far from

us while our Leader and Captain is absent, to make a calf in the wilderness with the notions, opinions and prejudices of our fallen hearts; rather let us take the Word of God as we find it, and in submission to the Spirit's teaching, obey its precepts, embrace its promises, and study its doctrines; and when we cannot comprehend its wonders, or see into the glory where opposite truths meet, let us hold fast that to which we have already attained; and where we cannot understand, let us humbly and meekly adore. It is our being Baptists that aggravates the offence of such letters as those to Theophilus. The Papist claims the right for his church of propounding forth doctrines, and ordaining new ceremonies. If an Episcopalian had put forth such letters we could have left him to his bishop; our dissenting brethren we should have grieved over; but as they still cling to the skirts of human tradition, we should not have been so much surprised. But for Baptists to wrest, twist, and alter, to concoct a lot of theological dogmas, to fill up and harmonize, and make symmetrical the revelation contained in God's Word. For Baptists to do so! Oh, tell it not in Gath, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice. We, who hold one Lord, one faith, one baptism; we, who profess to raise no yea and nay preachments; to talk about two faiths, two repentances, two gospels; Mr. Editor, I beseech you give me space: for four years has poor Theophilus been drugged with human reasoning, man-made systems, creeds cut and carved to suit the carnal mind. I beseech you hear the Word of the Lord; go back to the pattern shewed in the mount.

'Oh how unlike the complex works of man,  
Is heaven's easy, artless, unencumbered plan.'

The charge that I bring against this 'another gospel,' taught by 'A Little One' is, that it contains dogmas invented by men to explain those things which God has left veiled; and that it flatly contradicts the Word of God, especially in the following particulars.

1. In affirming that man is damned solely for original sin. This, explain it how you will, makes infants as open to perdition as others.

2. In affirming that man, without the grace of God, can do anything acceptable to God; and that love, faith and obedience may take their growth in the fallen heart of man without the preventing grace of God.

3. In affirming that men will be accepted of God here, and rejected by him hereafter.

4. In affirming that Christ and his apostles preached a repentance that was not unto salvation; and that the Israelites were exhorted merely to a temporal faith and obedience.

5. In affirming that the gospel preached to men who shall be finally lost, is a benefit to them, if they obey its precepts; and does not increase their condemnation.

6. In affirming that men are not to be blamed, nor will be condemned, hereafter for not believing in Christ to the salvation of their souls.

There are other points I should have liked to have noticed, but confine myself to these as

the most conspicuous; promising, with God's help, if you will allow me space in your December number, to prove that 'A Little One,' in the six particulars, is departing from the Word of God; and introducing into the church of Christ an unnatural mixture of Pelagianism and ultra-Calvinism, which can but disquiet and confuse the minds of the children of God.

I am, dear Mr. Editor,

Your obedient servant,

JOSEPH FOSTER.

No. 4, St. Peter Street, South,

Hackney Road.

October 11th, 1858.

#### ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

THE reader will easily recognize the school to which the writer of the above belongs; as also, the staleness of his carnal reasonings; the points of which (if they have any point in them,) have been refuted a thousand times twice told; take, for instance, the old cry against *system making*; and yet there are not under the whole range of heaven, greater *sticklers for system* than the disciples of that duty-faith school to which this correspondent belongs. And what sect or party has not its system? One says, he belongs to no sect. Well, sir, that is *your* system. Another says, I live above all sectarianism. Well, sir, that is *your* system. Another says, I take the Bible just as it is, without attempting to *harmonize anything*. Well, sir, that is *your* system. Another says, well I have no system. Well sir, that is *your* system: that is to say, *your system* is to have no system. Take whatever position you may, you cannot get away from the fact, that you have *your system*. And so, when this correspondent tells us, "to approach the Bible very reverently, and not attempt to scrutinize the plans and purposes of the Most High," the *real meaning* of this correspondent is, that we are to approach *his creed, his system*, very carefully; and not scrutinize the plans and purposes thereof; but, like *a child at his father's knee*, to take *his word* for it, that both himself, and his creed, his system, *are all right*; and it is, of course, very presumptuous in these *hypers* to call in question anything said by these system-makers, seeing what they say is so plain from the *letter* of the word, say nothing about the *sense* of the word. And we must not *search*; we may read (simply because they cannot hinder us,) we may read the Word, but we must *not search* the scriptures; but we are by this correspondent ordered to *adore, we know not what*.

But here we stop just to say, that we will (D.V.) answer next month the *former* part of the above communication; we proceed now just to answer his charges against the doctrines of the 'Little One.'

1st. *That man is damned solely for original sin, &c.* But *where* has 'Little One' ever said this. We believe nowhere. That man, by the fall, is brought into a lost condition; and that infants are as much exposed to perdition as others, are truths to us too clear to be for



one moment disputed. If it be true, that *all sinned in Adam*; and that all *died in Adam*; if in this solemn matter, the Bible makes no distinction; then by *what authority*, can we make a distinction? If there be any branch of the human race who are not exposed by the fall to condemnation, then we have read the 5th chapter to the Romans, and other scriptures upon this matter, in vain; and if the salvation of infants depend not upon electing grace, not upon mediation, not upon the quickening power of the Holy Ghost, but upon their freedom from practical sin; or, if their freedom from practical sin *entitles* them to salvation with eternal glory, we shall be obliged to this correspondent, if he will give either a 'thus saith the Lord,' or one scripture that clearly *implies* such a doctrine.

We believe in *infant salvation*, but not on the ground suggested by this correspondent.

We hold, that by the fall men are in a lost and *spiritually helpless condition*: and but for free grace, most independent of any one practical sin whatever, be forever lost. But we hold, also, that the *personal* sins of every lost man will be brought against him; and that some are greater practical sinners than others; some will receive a greater damnation than others. We believe the 'Little One' does not hold that man is damned solely for original sin; so that John Foster may draw his pen across his first charge. But we come to charge the

2nd. '*Affirming that man without the grace of God, can do anything acceptable to God.*' &c. Well here, sir, you have the 'Little One,' and you have us with him too; for we still think that *natural truthfulness* and honesty, and moral rectitude, is for what it is, acceptable unto God; and we somehow or another believe, that even *Cain*, if he had done well, as far as he as a man was capable of doing well, that he would have been accepted into the natural consequences of his well doing. And we believe, that even *Nebuchadnezzar*, if he had 'broke off his sins by righteousness, by shewing mercy to the poor,' it would have been a *lengthening of his tranquility*. And somehow or another, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that the repentance of the *Ninevites* was anything more than natural, and yet it was acceptable unto God: and we believe many an unregenerate man has a natural, common belief in the Bible, and that it has a moral influence upon him, and that he is not without a love to the ways of religion; and we believe, that all this, for what it is, is right in the sight of God; but that faith and repentance that accompany salvation are quite another thing; but so deluded are the disciples of the school to which this correspondent belongs, that they must either annihilate moral principle altogether, or else exalt the mere natural, conscientious doings of the natural man into evidences of eternal salvation; that themselves being deceived, they carry on the work of deceiving others. *Devils are graceless, yet they believe, and tremble.* Much, very much, more could we, did space admit, say upon this matter. But we come to charge the

3rd. '*Affirming that men will be accepted of God here, and rejected by him hereafter.*' Ah! hapless 'Little One' guilty again. We also believe, that there is such a thing as *receiving a servant for a time*—accepting him (not as a son but) *as a servant*; keeping him, paying him his wages, and dismissing him, not for any fault, but because he is no longer *wanted*; and when the inheritance comes to be apportioned, *sons* (not the mere *servant*) are to have the 'inheritance, and to abide in the house for ever.' Ezek. xlvi. 17. But to charge the

4th. Ah, alas, guilty again. And we also believe that Christ, and his apostles, preached a moral as well as spiritual repentance. Yes, we believe, he wept over Jerusalem; and we believe that the things that belonged to their peace as a nation, were faith in the testimony of God by Jesus Christ; and that repentance which would have caused them to cease from persecuting the Saviour; and we confess that we are so blind that we cannot see why, if the people of Sodom would have so believed and repented, that their *city would have remained to this day*. We cannot (we say) see why we are not to believe what the Lord himself says; he does not unite the salvation of the soul with such repentance; but the *preservation of their city*. Does not this look more like that which is moral and temporal, than like that which is spiritual and eternal? John Foster himself being our judge.

But to this charge again. The Israelites were exhorted merely to temporal faith and obedience. Now, let Mr. John Foster prove that coming out of Egypt was *salvation eternal*; let him prove that the Israelites did eat manna, and did not die; let him prove that conformity to the ceremonial law was spiritual; let him prove (as he may easily do from the 18th of Ezekiel, and other scriptures,) that, that justification by which the Israelites was righteous, was the same as that justification of the new covenant by which the saints of the Most High in all ages have gloried; let him prove that it required a *spiritual* man to obey a *carnal commandment* (Heb. vii. 16,) let him prove that none but a *spiritual* man can obey *carnal* ordinances. (Heb. ix. 16.) So that even we believe that the old covenant was *temporal*, it waxed old, and vanished away; and that while it existed it required faith and obedience in accordance with its own constitution. We must leave this part for Mr. Foster to settle with the Lord himself and with his apostles. And come to

Charge the 5th, Affirming that the gospel shall be a benefit to those that are lost, if they obey its precepts, &c. 'Little One,' guilty again. Only this point needs a word of explanation. We hold that men's *moral* responsibility is increased according to the light brought to them by the word of God; and we would hope that even John Foster himself, with all his attachment to the systems of his school, will not deny but that morality, temporally, and socially, that the Bible, even in these respects, is of *incalculable* value, and lies at the foundation of England's greatness and stability. This is a fact too self-evident to require further proof. Well, then, taking

into account the fact that the *moral* (not the *spiritual*.) responsibility of men is increased according to the light brought unto them by the word of God, we hold that those who shall be lost, who act conscientiously are universally benefited in this world, unless we deem savagism and cannibalism with incessant cruelties, preferable to civilization, decorum, peace and plenty; together with the sacredness of all the relations of life and ties of nature. We say then, the Bible, even morally, is a precious boon; and no man will have to suffer for sins which he does not commit, (excepting from this rule, original sin.)

But now to the 6th and last charge. This 6th and last charge will be a word next month, and will form a part of our answer to the former part of Mr. Foster's communication. Mr. Foster says that 'Little One,' is introducing to the *Church of Christ*, &c. The Church of Christ here, of course, means that section of Christendom—that school to which Mr. Foster belongs. Well, we are really glad that 'A Little One' has found his way into that Bable; and we hope some little ones may be brought out from Babylon—out of this duty-faith pestilence of the day, and we think that Mr. Foster has set his *own system* in such a light, he may be of great help in letting in the light upon the suicidal character of his *own system*; and we shall have them gladly running over to us; and after putting them properly to the test of the law and the testimony; if they should prove to be *Jews inwardly*, we shall gladly receive them, never to return to Babylon again. Such would soon see that the mixture of Pelagianism and Calvinism, of which Mr. Foster speaks, is not with us, but belongs to *his own system*.

## NOAH'S ARK AND BELIEVERS' BAPTISM CONTRASTED.

By MR. J. HAZELTON,

Of Mount Zion Chapel, Chadwell-st., Clerkenwell.

On Lord's-day, October 31st, the ordinance of believers' baptism was administered by our much honored pastor, Mr. Hazelton, to five believers who had previously given us a heart-uniting testimony of the Lord's gracious dealings with their immortal souls, in blessing the Word of Life to them under his instrumentality. The place was crowded in every part with attentive hearers, and a solemn awe evidently pervaded the vast assembly, while the Lord's servant fearlessly and affectionately asserted the rights of his Lord and Master, as Zion's only King and Lawgiver. He was directed upon this occasion to speak from 1 Peter iii. 21, 'the like figure, whereunto even baptism doth also now save us (not the putting away the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God,) by the resurrection of Jesus Christ.'

The following are two or three brief outlines of the interesting and instructive discourse delivered on that occasion from the above words.

The preacher said, 'we will endeavour to

show, 1st, *Some points of resemblance between the ark of Noah, and the ordinance of believers' baptism, as a figure.* 2ndly, *Show what baptism itself is a figure or representation of.* And 3rdly, *How and when the ordinance of baptism may be said to be saving.*

I. THE ORDINANCE OF BELIEVERS' BAPTISM, AS A FIGURE, RESEMBLES NOAH'S ARK. 1st, *in its Author.* It originated with God; Noah had the highest authority for what he did—'By faith, Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house.' Make thee an ark, said God to Noah, of such and such materials, of such and such form, and of such and such dimensions; the whole of the directions were of God, and Noah was not to depart one iota from the rule prescribed. From whence is the ordinance of believers' baptism but from heaven? We have the highest authority; the King of Saints himself originated it; his servants are commissioned to 'Go forth into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature; he that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.' Baptism, in its origin and author, therefore resembles the ark of Noah.

2. There is a resemblance inasmuch as Noah, in obeying God's command, was in the construction of the ark exposed to ridicule and contempt by an ungodly world. And how has this heaven-instituted ordinance of believers' baptism been ridiculed, despised, and condemned by professor and profane? How has the authority of Zion's King been trampled on, and denied, and the traditions of men set up in its room and stead? In this respect, the ark of Noah and believers' baptism resemble each other as a figure.

3. As the ark was abundantly honored by the presence of God when it was constructed, 'Noah (it is said) did according unto all that the Lord commanded him;' and the Lord therefore inhabited the ark, and said unto Noah, 'come thou, and all thy house, into the ark.' Had Noah departed from the instructions given him by God, he would not have inhabited the ark. In this respect, the ordinance of believers' baptism is a like figure. How frequently God has honored this ordinance by his presence and blessing, many living witnesses can testify; but where is the Parish Priest, or Pædo baptist minister, that can truthfully say, they have enjoyed the Lord's presence in sprinkling the infant's face?

4. Inasmuch as Noah was separated from the world, when God said to him, 'come thou into the ark;' he left all his worldly possessions. It was an act of faith. So the candidate in baptism, puts on Christ, is buried with him by baptism into death; that, like as Christ was raised up by the glory of the Father, even he should walk in newness of life.

5. They resemble each other inasmuch as they both represent a burial. The ark was to Noah a kind of grave; he was concealed for a time. So in the ordinance of believers' baptism, the whole body is concealed, or immersed, in water for a time. In these respects therefore the ark of Noah and believers' baptism closely resemble each other.

### 11. WHAT IS BAPTISM *itself* A FIGURE OF ?

1. Of the depth and universality of the sufferings of our Lord, as in the case of Noah's ark, the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the flood of water encompassed the ark, on every side. So the wrath of God descended upon Christ; he was immersed in the sea of Divine indignation; all God's waves and God's billows went over him. His was a baptism deep indeed. 'O'er side, and, feet, and hands, and head.'

2. Baptism is a figure of Christ's death. In baptism, for a short moment, the breath is suspended, and therein we have a representation of the death of our Lord.

3. It is a figure or representation of his burial. When we bury anything, we conceal or cover it over; so the whole body is covered over or immersed in water.

4. The doctrine of the resurrection is here, in a lively figure, set forth; as there is a coming out of an immersion, as well as immersion of the candidate. And

5. It is a figure of our union and communion with our Lord Jesus Christ.

### III. WHERE AND HOW MAY BAPTISM BE SAID TO BE SAVING ?

1. Negatively. Not the putting away the filth of the flesh. If the candidate goes into the water unregenerated he comes out the same.

2. But by the answer of a good conscience. In order to this, it must be a personal matter; hence the absurdity of godfathers and sponsors. It must be a conscience purified with atoning blood; sanctified by the Spirit of God. The answer of such a conscience is a prayerful one; it must possess a living faith in the Deity of Christ; in the Trinity of the God-head: it must be actuated by love as the answer is given before an heart-searching God; all which an infant is incapable of, &c.

Now, where this is the case, it asserts an influence on the mind; and thus the ordinance saves *typically, professionally*, and sometimes *instrumentally*; and it also saves us ritually. This is the only appointed way into the visible church of Christ; the ritual dress he has appointed all his followers to wear. Baptism is not therefore a *nonessential*, a *minor point*, the authority is from heaven. We have the example of our Lord and Master, and all his apostles; and the sanction, approbation, and blessing of Father, Son and Spirit, in whose sacred name the rite is administered.

As a church, the Lord has done and still is doing great things in our midst; and many striking proofs have we had of the needs be of the gospel standard being reared here; many of the Lord's jewels have been found; Satan's kingdom has fallen in many a grace-elected soul, by Immanuel's conquering power; and from east, west, north, and south, the people of our God come, and are on richest dainties fed. We bless our God that his servant has been enabled to stand fast and firm in his adherence to, and constant proclamation of the great doctrines of sovereign and distinguishing grace; the absolute necessity of a saving knowledge of them, in the soul by a vital experience; and the fruits and effects in a holy

life and consistent walk; and in this determination, in the strength of the Lord, pastor and people are one; not desirous of muddling with those who are given to change; but to pursue the beaten path our fathers trod—the good old way—let men say what they will. This is not the time to parley with the enemy, but to show him the face and earnestly (yet not angrily) contend for the faith, and order of God's house as once delivered to the saints. And this will we do, if God permit.

We are still favoured to say—we are at peace among ourselves, and owe it all to the Prince of Peace, who deigns still to hold his throne here, swaying his sceptre over all our internal foes. We have had our trials, sorrows, discouragements, and afflictions; but the work has progressed certainly and secretly. As a God of providence and a God of grace, hitherto we have had no lack, and are therefore cheerfully laid under obligation to our gracious God to say, 'Ebenezer,' hitherto he hath helped us.

As we have one Christian brother in America speaking in the Lord's name—and a sister removed some time since to Australia—and many friends elsewhere who will feel interested in our welfare, we are glad to avail ourselves of this medium of letting them know our state as a church and people. Our dear aged sister Akerman, fifty-three years a traveller in this vale of tears, has just been called to her eternal rest. She went home on Lord's-day, October 3rd, resting all her weight upon the Rock of her salvation, on whom she had lived and leaned so many years. Her remains were deposited in Abney Park, when our pastor spoke from those words, 'It was founded upon a rock,' alluding particularly to our sister's hope. May the Lord soon revive his work in Zion, by the outpouring of his Holy Spirit upon his ministers and churches generally, to purge out error, endear his own truth, and to increase vital and practical godliness in her midst, is the prayer of

ONE WHO LOVES ZION.

### MR. J. A. JONES'S JUBILEE :

HIS ADDRESS ON THAT OCCASION.

In our November number (page 262,) we gave a report of Mr Jones's Jubilee service. For want of space we were then obliged to omit the address which Mr. Jones delivered on the occasion. It is as follows :

My esteemed brethren in the Christian ministry, and dear friends assembled. This is a solemn day to me. I am indeed a monument of mercy. The Lord has done great things for me: he has borne with my manners in the wilderness very many years. The experience of the Apostle Paul, has been mine; for the Lord has shewed me how great things I have had to suffer for his name's sake. (Acts ix. 16.) Every man who is a sent-servant of Jesus, has his allotted work to perform, and he is suitably qualified by his master accordingly. And that man is immortal until his admeasured work is accomplished. I think

I may style myself a thorough-bred old *Gillite*, with one or two exceptions. I have maintained *one creed* from first to last of my fifty year's labours. I have honestly endeavoured to ascertain, and then to declare the Lord's *meaning* in his sacred written Word, in relation to doctrine, experience, ordinances, and the Scriptural order of the church of Christ, even as the same is set forth in the New Testament. I have read a little in my time, on Theological subjects; and have brought what I have read to the sacred touchstone. Isa. viii. 20. I have 'chewed the cud,' and feel rooted and grounded in what I hold. The great and glorious fundamental doctrines of the gospel, united with vital experience, and the 'ordinances as they were delivered,' have been my uniform theme. I have aimed 'to shew the house to the house, and to mark well the entering in of the house.' Ezek. xlv. 6. I am well known to be what is termed 'high in doctrine;' but not higher I trust than the Scriptural standard. I am by no means a 'duty-faith man,' as the phrase is. Yet holding firmly with free-grace, and full duties. Open or mixed communion, I consider as altogether unscriptural, and I deeply deplore its alarming spread. In a word, ministerial declensions, in doctrine, experience, and practice, are assuredly much on the increase. Like old Eli, 'I am sitting by the way side watching; and trembling in heart for the ark of God.' 1 Sam. iv. 13. Still it is our mercy that the Lord's cause remains firm in the Lord's hands, 'His counsel shall stand, and he will do all his pleasure.' Isaiah xlv. 10. The atmosphere of the evening is cloudy; there are not many ministerial stars brilliantly shining; but, 'the morning cometh.' Isaiah xxi. 12. If I may give my views of the prevailing fashionable divinity of the day, it is as follows. The face of the times is extraordinary; religion is running *wild* like the *unsprung vine*. The *outer-court* is every where enlarging; but I fear but few of the multitude, comparatively, ever enter within the veil. While the *rudiments* of christianity are spreading on all sides, pernicious *heresies* are also disseminating. The *doctrines of sovereign grace*, which alone can bring right knowledge to sinful man, are shuffled out of doors, and the *ordinances* of the gospel, with the discipline of the Lord's house, these are assailed on all sides by a host of crucifiers. The *world* and *church* are becoming one *common field*: and the *fences* ordained by our Lord, and *maintained by our forefathers* in his name, are destined to destruction, and, *general benevolence to man* is hastening to occupy their place.' I would drop one remark on what I call 'dead duty-faith,' that is, ministerial exhortations to *all men indiscriminately*, to exercise precious faith, as the *condition* of their salvation. How any persons who maintain that Christ did *not* die for *ALL*, can yet *invite* all men to come to Jesus, except by a thoughtless inconsistency, I am unable to conceive. *General invitations* can only be maintained on the ground of *general Redemption*; and is the alone footing on which duty-faith can be placed. But I would draw to a close. My

beloved brethren, please accept my heart-felt thanks for your cheering presence this evening, my day is all-but over; I can look back on the past with solemn review. The Lord, preserving me, I have feared no man's frowns, I have courted no man's smiles. O may each of you, in *your* day, do the work of an Evangelist, and make full proof of your ministry. More than forty one years ago (August, 1817) the late Mr. John Stevens wrote me an invaluable letter. It is now in my hand, and concludes as follows. "Your *work* is measured, and must be done by you; your *cross* is weighed for you, and cannot be borne by proxy; your *comforts* are numbered and secured, nor can another drink your portion. Every man must tread his own ground, as well as eat his own bread, and wear his own clothes. Be thou faithful unto death, and thou shalt receive a crown of life. Go thy way, Jones, till the end be; for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days.' Again my brethren, I pray the Lord to be with you, and bless you; anoint you with fresh oil, give you the tongue of the learned, make you very useful, and keep you very humble. Amen.

[The friend who took notes of our Jubilee at Jireh, for the *Vessel*, and gave an abstract of my life and ministry (as published by myself two years ago) omitted one eventful stage in my ministerial journey. From Binstead the cloud went before me (Num. ix. 17-23) and rested on the Church of Christ at Brentford, where I became the pastor. There the Lord blessed my labors to many precious souls, and also to the establishment of the church in the truth. I spent seven years in that eventful station, and then removed, in the year 1838, to a larger sphere of usefulness in London; succeeding the late venerable Thomas Powell in Mitchell-street, who had been the pastor of that church forty six years, and was considered to be one of the soundest and most judicious ministers of the gospel in his day. With that church I am now, until the Lord shall call me home.]

## EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

### LETTER L.

MY GOOD THEOPHILUS—I now proceed to notice next in order, the four beasts, or more properly rendered, 'the four living creatures.' These, no doubt, are the same living creatures, seen by Ezekiel, as recorded by that prophet, in his first and tenth chapters, though some have absurdly enough told us, that Ezekiel's four living creatures are the *angels*, and that the wheels of which Ezekiel speaks, are the general or universal providence of God. But Ezekiel's four living creatures came from the *north*; and what is this north, but the wintry curse of a violated law. Here was also a *whirlwind*—this is the whirlwind of *sin*; our iniquities, like the wind, have carried us away. Here is also a great cloud—what is this, cloud, but sin in its results? Darkness is the result of sin, even a *great cloud* of eternal darkness. Here is also a fire in folding itself, and a *brightness* was about it; that is, there was no sign of it's dying out—it is the fire of Almighty wrath, and will burn as brightly after the lapse of countless ages, as it does at the present moment: out then from

this northern blast, out from this whirlwind, out from this great cloud, out from this consuming fire came these four living creatures, and they came before God, even to his throne of grace. The throne adorned with the rainbow—the token of peace; they were reconciled to God, and were without fault before the throne; Christ being unto them ‘the end of the law for righteousness.’ This brings them out of the north; Christ stayed the rough wind at Calvary’s cross; there he held the winds in his fists; and so here these living creatures can be carried away no more for ever; Christ went into the thick darkness of the guilt of sin; and penally and substitutionally did bear the blame thereof, and ‘sets the prisoner free.’ Christ quenched the otherwise unquenchable fire, and so these living creatures show that they ‘are as brands plucked out of the fire.’ Is it any wonder that these four living creatures (Revelations v. 8, 9,) should fall down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, (gospel testimonies), and golden vials (pure hearts) full of odours? What a delightful experience is this—the heart full of the name of Jesus; full of faith and love; full of longings to honour and praise the God of all grace. Is it then, I say, any wonder that these living creatures should thus fall down before the Lamb, saying, ‘thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof, for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made us unto our God, kings and priests; and we shall reign on the earth.’ Here, then, my good Theophilus, the matter is decided, as to who these living creatures are; for none but the redeemed can learn redemption’s song. They are called *four* living creatures. In allusion, first, to the encampment of Israel in the wilderness. You will see in the second chapter of the book of Numbers, that the Israelites were ranged on the four sides of the tabernacle, and that the three tribes on each side, is represented as one living creature. In allusion, then, to this, you will see that the church is compared to four living creatures, living in contrast to their state by nature, and in contrast to those around them, and also in contrast to eternal banishment from God called the second death. Called living creatures also, because they are new creatures, and live with God, to God, for God, and by his never-ceasing care of them. And they are said ‘to reign on the earth;’ that is, though they are as yet on earth, yet they, by faith in Christ, and by oneness with him, prevail over all, and cannot be separated from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus. Our best Greek scholars prefer rendering the preposition ‘*epi*,’ *over*, and then it will read, ‘we shall reign over the earth.’ Now, mind, this is not an ecclesiastical or political reign, nor indeed a temporal reign at all; but reign infinitely (only men do not think so,) better than all other dominions put together: it is a reign of reconciliation with God, over all the enmities of the earth which are against him: it is a reign of peace by the blood of Christ, over all the earth’s wars against the perfection of his atone-

ment: it is a reign of joy over all earth’s sorrows: that it is a reign of righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Now, the Lord has been pleased to set forth the church emblematically, or, to use a finer word meaning the same thing hieroglyphically; and therefore, we must not take these living creatures in a *literal* sense, seeing no such beings literally exist. But we must take the several parts of this emblematical representation, as expressive of certain qualities of these living creatures; a few words upon which, I shall give you presently, after just observing, that as these four living creatures are called four, not only in allusion to the square encampment in the wilderness of the Israelites, but also as the Word of God explains, they are gathered from the four winds, of every kindred, tongue, people and nation. Well then, what can the mystic and majestic wheels, which accompany them, as spoken of in Ezekiel be, but the *truths of the everlasting gospel*? These wheels were *high* and dreadful; and so are the truths of the gospel, they are the *highest* of God’s ways, and everything in heaven and in earth, and under the earth, must be subservient to these endless testimonies; and, to meet the blessed God by these blessed truths, will cause us to understand the meaning of the Patriarch Jacob when the Lord so met him, and he said—‘how *dreadful* is this place, this is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.’ And these wheels would not separate one from another, nor will the truths of the gospel—ancient and eternal election, mediation, regeneration, and future glorification, are for ever inseparable. These wheels united, and formed a kind of living chariot, which carried the living creatures along, and the wheels would not go without taking the living creatures with them. And is it not so? Are you not carried along towards God and with God, by the truths of the gospel? And the wheels were *full of eyes*; so the truths of the gospel are not blind; they see what has been, what is, and what is yet to come: no *guess* work with them; the Scriptures foresee all things; and these four living creatures were full of eyes before and behind; that is, a knowledge of the future and the past—looking forward for that kingdom; which was prepared for them, from the foundation of the world.’ But they are also full of eyes within, or among themselves, so as to know and recognise each other; and that their knowledge is heart knowledge, not mere observation knowledge. The *spiritual* meaning of the four faces, and six wings, is so simple and clear, that I scarcely need trouble you with any remarks thereon. The face of the lion you will at once see, means strength, and Christian boldness. The face of the man—their likeness to the Man Christ Jesus. The face of the ox—their patient labour in the cause of God. The face of the eagle—their love of light—their upward course—their altitudinal progression—their ultimate habitation of ‘the rock that is higher than they.’ These are mere *hints* at the meaning of these faces, for each face will bear a physiognomical

investigation, or, if you like theological investigation; and we have, no doubt, in our Zion, some laborious, well-taught men, who could give us a good sermon upon each of these four faces. But we must not tarry here, but must get on towards the seven seals as fast as we can; yet, in closing this letter, I would just give a word upon the six wings of these living creatures. 'With twain he covered his feet.' 'Keep thy foot (saith the wise man) when thou goest to the house of God.' Here then, is their cautiousness of approach to God—'with twain he covered his face,'—here are their modesty and humility before God. 'With twain he did fly,'—here is the rapidity of the soul's obedience to God. There are the wings of faith and love, called further on in this book of Revelation 'two wings of a great eagle'—these wings enable the soul to do wonderful things. Yes, my good Theophilus, faith in, and love to God, will carry you through anything, such is the persuasion of

A LITTLE ONE.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM THE LATE

MR. THOMAS BIDDLE,

*A Faithful Minister of Christ at Brockham, Surrey.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS—As you have several times asked me to let you have in writing, an account of a remarkable dream which I had many years ago, and to which you and several of my friends have often heard me refer or relate, I feel some pleasure in now attempting to comply with your request, as it was a circumstance that could not fail deeply to impress my memory.

I had been for some years under convictions of sin, and at times was much troubled about my past life, and present conduct, often forming resolutions of amendment, and as often breaking them, and plunging deeper into iniquity than ever; this brought heavy loads of guilt upon my conscience, and the fear of hell added to my distress, while in this state, which was but the beginning of sorrows, one night on retiring to rest, I dreamed as follows:—

That I was in a very large city, surrounded by walls, very high, and very thick, the inhabitants of which were exceeding wicked, and given up to all sorts of iniquity, among whom I was a ringleader. Now I thought for the abounding iniquities of the place, God was about to destroy this city by fire from heaven, and that while I was meditating on this, and what would then become of me, the heavens gathered blackness, and became over spread with thick darkness, the lightning began to flash, and the thunders to roll, so that I never before beheld such a storm. After this had raged for a time, the fire began to fall, and the whole city was thrown into the greatest confusion, the inhabitants rushing through the streets screaming, crying and howling widely, or running into the churches, and other public buildings, struck with terror! But then I stood bewildered, and as if fixed to the ground, feeling a desire to escape,

yet could see no way. While I was thus musing and standing with my feet somewhat awide apart, the earth opened, and vomited forth a fiery stream, which ran all round me, and yet never touched me, and then formed a stream of liquid fire, which rushed down the streets, bearing away thousands of the people, yet still I stood unhurt, with an increased desire to escape, feeling sure that if I fell, I should go to hell. I therefore, to make an attempt to leap over the high wall, moved backwards, and then ran forward, and leaped, but without success, this I did again and again, till my strength failed, and I fell down exhausted, and gave up all hope of deliverance. While I lay upon the ground, a voice whispered in my ear, 'try again,' I replied, 'it is of no use.' But it whispered again, 'try again.' So then I arose, in order to make another effort, yet without the least hope of success, and ran backwards to make another desperate and final leap; when in the act of leaping a narrow breach opened in the wall, and a hand laid hold of me, and thrust me sideways through it, and in so doing prest me flat and grazed my back, and bowels, and set me outside the wall of the city: at that instant, multitudes rushed after me, but the breach closed up and shut them all in. I stood at the spot where the hand placed me, and looking up I saw a vast multitude of people of all stations in life, of both sexes, and of various ages; but this I noticed, *that there were no infants in arms, nor any very young children*; some were in robes, some even in rags, and they ran on in a road that was broad, and smooth, and on an easy descent, and they moved on without difficulty, laughing, skipping and singing, while I looked at them wondering. I concluded that they had all escaped out of the city by a way I knew not, and were hastening from the destruction. So I thought I would remain until the vast multitude had passed, and then follow in the rear, as I did not know where they were going; they took not the least notice of me, and when they had passed, I followed behind, and ran with the greatest ease, wondering that I felt no weariness; I saw that they rushed on, until they came to the end of the broad smooth road; and every one of the vast multitude fell headlong into hell, and I was left standing on the brink, as on the edge of a fender, and so firmly fixed that I could neither fall in nor move away from the horrible pit. I saw the fiery billows roll over and over, and heard the awful screams and groans of lost souls; I saw the infernal spirits stand, and as the miserable wretches rose upon the waves of fire, plunge them down again into the depth, and then I stood looking as it were into hell, unable to turn away from so awful a scene for some time.

At last I found that I could move my head, so I looked on the left hand, and there I saw the smoke of the city ascending to heaven. I then looked behind me, and there was dense darkness. I looked before me, and there was the pit of destruction. At length, I looked on the right hand, and saw an amazing high hill, and on the top of it, a very large tree, an overgreen, and full of foliage, with wide

spreading branches, over this tree the sun was shining in all its meridian splendour, and beneath its shadow, I saw a little company of people, who seemed to be exceedingly happy, their countenances were beaming with joy, as if they united in their praises to the Lord. From this tree, there was a narrow zig-zag path, which led to the foot of the hill, and at the entrance there was a wicket gate. I saw a few persons in this narrow path—some a little way up the hill, some higher up, and others nearly at the top, under the tree; now I thought within myself, 'this is heaven,' and wished I could get to where they were, and as soon as I felt this desire in my mind, I found that I could move my feet; so I left the brink of hell, where I had been so long standing, and walked direct to the wicket gate, which was not far from the pit's mouth. I extended my hand in order to open the gate, but it opened of its own accord, and I entered in, made much progress in ascending the hill, and was glad; when all at once, to my great dismay, I slipped, and slid down to the bottom, but was astonished to find that in sliding, I fell not out of the narrow path. I felt much discouraged, and made another attempt to ascend, walking as before, when after having proceeded some distance, alas, I slipped again, but not so far; I then, instead of walking up, crawled on my hands and knees, assisting myself by laying old of the tufts of grass and small twigs that grew on the edge of the path. I crept along in this way, and was glad to find that though my progress was very slow, it was more sure, so that sometimes walking and sometimes creeping, I at length, with much difficulty and many fears, arrived at the top of the hill, under the shadow of the tree. I was no sooner there, than I lost all my troubles, and joined in the song they were singing, and feeling so happy, I concluded I was in heaven.

After being there for a long time, (as I thought,) I saw a most majestic person approaching me, he was clothed in a long white robe, and a golden girdle about his loins, and his head was encircled with a rainbow, his eyes were very intently fixed upon me, and he drew near with a smile upon his countenance, and laid his right hand upon my shoulder, saying, 'young man, I commission you to go forth and preach my gospel to my saints.' I replied, 'Lord, thy saints are all here.' But he answered, 'no, I have others yet to bring, and I command thee to go forth.' I hesitated, raised objections, and made excuses; but he still expostulated, I drew back, and he followed me, smiling and expostulating; I moved backwards till I came to the tree, and threw my arms around it, clinging to it, and refusing to comply, when he put forth his hand, and laid hold of me and forced me away, and put his right hand under my arm, and led me on, till we came to a place where were two massive iron gates, which opened of themselves, and we entered, and he led me through one street until we came to another, where he gave me a thrust, and said 'go forth!' whereat I went on and began to preach. This was no sooner the case than an army of soldiers appeared, with drums beating, colours flying, swords drawn, and bayonets fixed, in the midst of

which confusion, I awoke, and beheld it was all a dream. I am, dear friend, yours in sincerity.

THOMAS BIDDLE.

Mr. B. labored for near 30 years as the pastor of the Baptist Church, Brookham Green, near Dorking, Surrey, where his ministry was much owned and blessed to many souls who have departed in the faith, and others living can testify of the grace received by his instrumentality. He was a fluent and energetic preacher, even to the last, and evidently spoke out of the fulness of his heart of what he had tasted and known of the precious truths of God, in their wholesome doctrine and rich experience. In 1837, he lost his wife, which much affected his health and spirits, and at length he was laid aside from his work, by a long and painful affliction, which was the means of removing him from this world of sin and sorrow, on 8th Feb, 1858, aged 61 years. He was happy in his end, as noticed in our pages.

### WORK DONE, BY MR. JOHN ANDREWS JONES.

MR. EDITOR—Your querist, 'G.,' of Rochdale, I find has given me some "more work" to do. It is true that "John Andrew," as he terms me, has never been an idler in the vineyard, still *extra* work ought not now to be required of him. He is just upon entering into his octogenarian year of human life, but, as through mercy, his mental faculties are still tolerably good, so he feels somewhat able, and also quite willing, to do a little more work in the gospel field, ere the *Post* comes with "a true token."

Now before I set to work, I would glance at the position in which G. places me, "amongst the advocates of *adult* immersion." I am not an advocate for *adult* immersion merely; certainly I do not hold with infant sprinkling. The exact *age* of the person to be immersed, is not so much my enquiry, as whether the person is alive or not; having no inclination to immerse *dead things*, I should like for them to be *born first*. I mean "born again." (John iii. 3.) I have immersed persons that were *very young* and would gladly do so again, old as I am; for I am very partial to scriptural infant baptism. I sometimes read in a favourite old book of mine, some delightful historical matters, such as 3000 children being immersed in water *the day they were born*; also of others that were born in the night, and immersed before morning; and of *one* who although only three days old, yet there seemed a sort of reproof for "tarrying." (Acts xiii. 16.) So that, in a sense, I am an advocate for *infant baptism*; only let the child be *born first*: *i.e.* 'born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but, of God.' John 1. 13. In *another* sense I would end the controversy at once, by declaring, *there is no such thing as infant baptism*. That is, if the New Testament is to be the *touchstone*. It came from *Rome*. It is a part and pillar of *Popery*. But the time is hastening when it will be no more practised, but wholly removed. But, if I may venture to form a

judgment of the views of the querist, I conclude that *he* does not equally belong to the class of infant sprinklers, but rather to that community who would discard *water* altogether. In my younger days, I used to call such "kernel men"; they renounce, what they term the shell, that is the *carcass* (as they call it) of gospel ordinances, altogether. They contemn our Lord's appointments; their plea being, "we are baptized with the Holy Ghost." O yes, "you are the men, and wisdom will die with you." Job xii. 2.

But now more immediately to the point in hand. I shall not permit G. to quote from my piece in the *Vessel* for May, page 110, I shall do so myself. I had stated, that, if by the baptism of the Holy Ghost, we are to understand the extraordinary and miraculous power by which the apostles and some only of the first christians were endued, by which they were enabled to speak with other tongues, work miracles, raise the dead, heal diseases, &c., then some only of the first christians were so endued. I said we have no account of the Corinthian believers being baptized with the Holy Ghost, though it is said, "many of the Corinthians, hearing, believed, and were baptized; (Acts xviii. 8) that is, with water-baptism, on a profession of their faith." "G." in opposition, refers me to 1. Cor. xii. 13. "By one spirit are we all baptized into one body." Now in reply, as plainly as I can write. In my piece, in *Vessel* for May, I treated, 1, of the work of *grace* on a sinners' heart, in regeneration. 2, Of *gifts*, qualifying some of the regenerated-ones for office employ in the church of God. And 3, That *after*, not *before*, our Lord's ascension to glory, some, not all, of his disciples, were baptized with the baptism of the Holy Ghost, in order to qualify them for their appointed work. That this *extraordinary* baptism was limited to the apostle's days, and has long since ceased. The Lord gives *grace* and glory; and, in order to carry on ministerial work, he bestows suitable *gifts* for that work; and if those gifts were withheld, the work of the ministry must cease: nor can all the universities in the world, no, nor all the dissenting colleges in existence, those seats of *human* learning, supply the deficiency.

But to look fully at the question, and obtain the *meaning* of the apostle, in the text alluded to. The members of the church at Corinth were, most of them, *highly gifted*. The apostle says, "they came behind in no gift." But their great gifts were a *snare* to them. Immorality was connived at, much carnality was discovered in their favouritism for certain *ministers*; they were also a litigious people. Though highly gifted, they had neglected to put on 'charity (love) the bond of perfectness.' 'They were puffed up.' so that the apostle *threatens* to come to them with the *rod*. 1 Cor. iv. 18, 21. Now the things above alluded to, are very far from being *evidences* of professing the *extraordi-*

*nary* influences of the Holy Spirit.

In the chapter to which I am referred, (1 Cor. xii.) the apostle is treating *throughout*, of spiritual *gifts*, and of the *diversities* of gifts, with the *design* of bestowment, 'to profit.' And that the Holy Ghost is the bestower of those gifts, 'dividing to every man severally as he will.' This he illustrates by the simile of the many members in *one* body, all dependant on each other. And then says, 'so also is Christ;' verse 12; that is, so are the mystic members of Christ in the *church* of Christ. And then follows the *verse* to which I am referred. *Here* he brings *home* the subject to the members composing *this* church, and includes himself with them, 'for by one spirit are we all baptized,' and have been all made to *drink* into one spirit.' Here the two words, '*baptized* and *drink*,' are of synonymous import. So that if I say of a covetous man, that 'another person has drunk into that man's spirit,' I should be considered as meaning, 'he is a covetous man also.' It is the *grace*, or rather the *graces* of the Spirit, which are imparted in regeneration, and illustrated and evidenced in spiritual sanctification, *that* is the baptism here figuratively intended; by which the Corinthians were to make it appear that they belonged to the mystical body of Christ, drinking into one spirit, and becoming of one heart and one soul with each other; 'knit together in love.' Col. ii. 2. Oh! this is indeed a most blessed baptism. Would to God, that it was more evidenced by the churches of Christ all around, and that the members drank more into the spirit of it. But what has this to do with that baptism; not of ordinary, but of extraordinary gifts, of which even the apostles themselves, though gracious men, were not partakers until Christ had gone home to glory? to them he said on the very day he ascended into heaven, 'YE SHALL BE baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence.' Acts. i. 5.

I might add to the above much more. Such as the very reprehensible conduct of some of the Corinthian members at the Lord's table: thereby "eating and drinking *condemnation* [margin] to themselves;" and though in 1 Cor. ii. 2, the apostle praises them for keeping the Ordinances as they were delivered to them; yet, in the same chapter, he charges them with *divisions* and *heresies*, (verses 18, 19) and says, 'shall I praise you in this? I praise you not.' (Verse 22.) Ah! these sad things afford but a poor specimen of such persons being endued with *extraordinary* power from on high.

I have performed the work that 'G.' has assigned me. Should him, or any one else, find fault with it, I shall require the *name* of the dissentist, as I shall make no rejoinder to men of straw. I write this, *to me*, an important period of time; as this very day fifty years' ago, (July 3, 1858,) I myself, was *immersed* in water on a profession of faith; and, 3 months after, began preaching. J. A. JONES.



## Recognition Services.

### RECOGNITION OF MR. SAMUEL COZENS, AS PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH, WARBOYS, HUNTS. INCLUDING HIS CONVERSION, CALL TO THE MINISTRY, HIS BELIEF, ETC., ETC.

MY DEAR EDITOR—Mr. Cozens's public ordination took place on Wednesday, Oct 20, 1858. Mr. John Bloomfield, preached a very savory and excellent sermon in the morning from 'ye are God's building.' After which one of the Deacons (Mr. Ekins, a godly man) gave an extempore history of the church from its commencement, which was truly interesting; and at its conclusion we could not help exclaiming "what hath God wrought?" After Mr. Ekins had referred to the providence of God in bringing Mr Cozens to Warboys; and stating that it was the unanimous wish of the church (with but few exception, and those exceptions were not unkindly affected towards Mr. C.) that he should become their pastor, Mr. Bloomfield then asked Mr. Cozens the usual questions.

Mr. Cozens, in answer, replied as follows:  
CALL BY GRACE.

"I was born of respectable parents, in affluent circumstances, at Wilton, in the year 1820; and, contrary to the promises and vows of my godfathers and godmothers, I was brought up in all 'the pomps and vanities' of this present evil world; and, being surrounded with luxuries, gaities and vanities, I became a sinner above many; and was, very early, addicted to drinking, gambling, swearing and other devilish habits, too shocking to name. In my fifteenth year, I was apprenticed to a very respectable draper, at Shaftesbury; but, not being accustomed to restraint, I could not endure the confinement; and, at the end of twelve months, my indentures were cancelled, and I returned home. After being at home sometime, the terrors of death fell upon me. One night, just as I was stepping into bed. I felt 'there was but a step between me and death'—and 'hell followed death.' What I passed through that awful night, is beyond my power to describe; the only experience I can find anything at all like it, is to be found in Psalm cxvi. 3. What occurred for a fortnight after, I cannot say, for I was unconscious to all around me—I knew no one, and understood nothing. My life hung in doubt, but it pleased God to restore me to reason, and also to remove those terrible forebodings—not that I was altogether free from them, but they were not so continuous as to prevent my getting better in health, though it was a considerable time before I was able to attend to

business. I was frightened, alarmed and terrified, but not *changed* in heart; and therefore, when I got better, I grew worse. I did evil again, and sinned yet more and more. There was no fear of God before my eyes, only the fear of hell occasionally visited me, at my orgies. I went to London—I heard a Mr. Stratton. O! the misery and wretchedness that fell upon me; every one appeared happy but myself; the condition of the bruits of the earth, was vastly superior to mine! how I envied cats and dogs, horses and cows! If I saw a cow—O that I were a cow was the language of the soul. I grew quite tired of my existence; my punishment seemed greater than I could bear. I chose strangling and death rather than life; but I was afraid of the rope, and made up my mind that the elements should kill me; and to this end I exposed myself to rain, hail and snow; sauntered in the rain, and dipped my feet in water to catch cold, which I did. Cold upon cold followed, till I was reduced to a mere skeleton. God brought me very low for my folly, and I was so weak and ill, that I was in agony when I sat, or stood, or reclined upon the couch. Aye, and my agony was such at one time, that I thought hell could be no worse; and O! awful to tell, I swore, and wished to die. I was removed to an uncle, a doctor of medicine, under whose kind care, and unremitting, and fatherly attention, I was, in a few weeks, much improved; and, contrary to the expectations of all, I got well enough, in the course of a few months, to go to business again. Still my heart was not right with God—I knew him not, and I did evil before him again. But, at times, I was awfully harrassed; then I would vow and promise to lead a new life; then I broke my vows and was more troubled—again I vowed, and again I broke my vows. My days then were days of vows, and violations of vows. At last I concluded that I was a child of the devil, and that the devil would have me, die when I would. Then I drank to drown my thoughts. O! how I tried to get rid of my thoughts. O! how I prayed to the devil to let me alone for a season. Yes! horrible to tell, I have prayed him to let me alone, at the same time, making this covenant with him—that after a certain time, (mentioning the time,) he should have me; but, blessed be God, before that time came, he called me by his grace, and brought me out of the *kingdom* of Satan into the king-

dom of his dear Son. I believe most heartily that promise—viz., 'your agreement with hell shall not stand,' (Isaiah xxviii. 18) was made for me. I continued in that wretched, horrid, harassed state for a considerable time; I think I was tormented with the terrors of death and of hell, more or less, for five years. About which time, I was awake very early one Lord's-day morning—I got up—went for a walk—began reading a book upon the character of God. Oh! how the holiness of God blazed upon my soul; I thought the earth *would* open and swallow me up, as it did Korah. (Numbers xvi.) I had known something of the terrors of *death* and of *hell*, but now, I felt the terrors of *law* and of *God*. The Almighty was a terror to me. The language of my heart was not 'O that I know where I might find him,' but, 'O that I knew where I might hide from him;' for, the very heavens seemed to frown upon me—the very clouds appeared charged with vengeance against me. Fearfulness and trembling came upon me. Fearful forebodings almost rivited me to the spot where the holiness of God shone, with such overpowering lustre upon my guilty soul: such was the state of my mind, that I was afraid of my own species—fearing they might be devils in disguise, (for I remembered my covenant with hell, and the time was drawing to a close,) for I fully expected that I should be carried away bodily to the pit. 'While I suffered his terrors I was distracted.' Psalm lxxxviii. 15. I went to the house of God, but all was dark and drear—I wanted to pray but dared not—I was afraid to bow my knee before God, fearing he would cut me down for taking his holy name upon my awfully polluted lips. I was shut up in bondage, for I think, about nine months. The first gleam of hope I have any recollection of, was from 'It is good that a man both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of God.' After that—'who can tell,' prompted me into secret prayer every spare moment of my time. Would that I was as prayerful now! O what soul-ravishing views I had of the cross—but still I was not *delivered*, but those views of Christ in his blood, gave me such boldness at the throne, that I felt the blessing would come; and I felt I would not let him go till it did come. One morning about ten o'clock I was upon my knees, indulged with the same soul-melting sight, but my burden was very heavy, because there was one sin which seemed to stand in the way; I thought God could forgive me all but *that*—Oh! that black sin!—that mercy-preventing sin. I sobed in agony and cried to God (for the sake of him I saw upon the cross) to have mercy. It was a solemn moment—my eternal destiny seemed to hang upon that sin—that sin said it is no use to pray; but the cross—the sight of Christ upon the cross drew out my soul with—Lord save or I am damned! and while thus pouring out my

soul before God, these never-to-be-forgotten—dear, precious words—'thy sins which *are many*, are ALL forgiven thee,' came with such power, life, light and liberty, that I sprang from my knees to my feet, and felt as clean as an angel! indeed I felt as free from the guilt and burden of sin, as though I had never sinned. A new song was put into my mouth. My soul sang, and danced, and wept for joy. For the first time I knew what it was to sing Psalms. My soul was praise. I sang with Hannah, Deborah, and Mary; with Moses, Asaph, and David. I sung praises—even praises for three weeks; and I thought I should have sung my soul away into everlasting bliss. But a dark cloud passed over my mind; the Lord hid his face; the singing of birds was *gone*—*love*, that beautiful bird of paradise, had sung, 'I love the Lord;' and *faith*—that swift bird of passage—had sung, 'The Lord is my light,' &c.; and *hope*—that dove of the valley—had sung, 'I will lift up mine eyes to the hills;' but now there was solemn silence—a deep pause—a fearful misgiving—I feared greatly, the sun went down, and the beasts of the forests (104 Psalm, 20th verse) came forth from the forest and roared out against me, 'Man, you are damned. You thought you were going all the way to heaven singing psalms, but they were sparks of your own kindling.' Ay, and other beasts such as *unbelief*, &c., had plenty to say against my religion and experience; such as it being unlike the religion of, and experience of every body else. O how I sunk! My soul fainted within me! like the Israelites in Babylon, I sat down in the rivers of solemn sadness, and wept for the pleasant things: 'Lord decide the doubtful case,' Lord have mercy upon me and undeceive me if I am deceived; were the prayers of my heart and soul. The Lord rebuked the adversary, and said, 'I say unto you, there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth,' &c. Then I began to dance and sing again! O how my soul went forth in the dances of him that make merry! O bless the Lord, my soul, there is joy in heaven *for me*! there is joy in heaven for me! I must not trespass upon your time, or I could tell you how very mercifully God hath dealt with me from that memorable year, 1842. I have been a very unprofitable servant; but my Lord has been a very unprofitable servant; but my Lord has been a very faithful and forgiving Master. I wish to love him more, and serve him better. May the residue of my days be more devoted to the defence of his truth, the good of his chosen, and the glory of his name.

Mr. C. then spoke of his CALL to the MINISTRY. It appears when it pleased God to reveal His Son in him the hope and pledge of glory, he felt so concerned for the salvation of souls, that he was preaching almost to every body about their souls; and about the goodness of the Lord to him; he went

out into the village, and began speaking in the name of the Lord; but he had not preached many times before he fell into great trouble about being called to the work; and he was so greatly tried that he gave up speaking, feeling assured, that though called by grace, he was not called to the work of the ministry; for "how can they preach except they be sent!" He was so troubled about the work of the ministry, that he used to pray God to send him into some desert land, where there were no human beings, rather than send him to preach. "Go and speak all the words that I command thee saying;" "say not I am a child;" "who made the dumb ass to speak?" and other stirring passages and questions kept him in continual agitation, and made him cry to God to send by whom he would send, but not to send him. He would get away from his house, and weep, and cry to God, to do anything with him rather than send him to preach. But, at last, in a mysterious manner, the time came, when he was obliged to preach; when he could bear the burden no longer. There was not much time for Mr. C. in this department of the service, but we know that more or less Mr. C. is continually tried about the ministry. We have heard him say, when I consider the amazing depths of Satan's power to deceive; when I consider that a man may have a Balaam's mind—a Saul's heart—a Cain's grief—an Esau's tears—an Iscariot's gift—a Magus's popularity—and a devil's subtlety, (2 Cor. ii. 13); when I consider that a man may be deceived; when I consider that the deceived are so infatuated with their deception, that they have not the remotest idea of a cheat—that they are being beguiled by the old serpent; when I consider that a man may have the joy of the stony ground hearer; that he may do many wonderful works, ay, and even cast out devils in the name of Christ; when I consider how many must have been engaged in building the ark, and were not saved in the ark they built; when I consider how many instrumentalities God is employing as mere scaffolding to the mystic temple; I pause, and ask, *am I right?* Am I merely an instrument for placing some of the ransomed materials in the building? when I consider that a man may hold the truth, keep the ordinances, and preach Christ with some degree of acceptance and yet not be right with God, I tremble sometimes lest after preaching to others, I myself should become a cast-away. O that ministers of the gospel would examine themselves, and not let their examinations be confined to others. There is one chamber in hell blacker, and deeper, and darker, and hotter than all others, the chamber of horrors, of consummate horrors, is the chamber of the clergy. But I hope, though we thus speak, that there are a few true men whose religion is distin-

guished from that of the word, the flesh, and the devil, as Elijah's was from the prophets of Baal, viz, by "*Fire.*"

## ARTICLES OF FAITH.

I believe in the Bible, in all the Bible—in the law as the rule of right; and in the gospel, as the mandate of might. God rules by right, and saves by might. He does not rule by might, like a despot; but by right, like a righteous king.

I believe in God—in all the perfections of God. In love, united to righteousness; in grace, consistent with holiness; in mercy, wildd to justice; in truth, harmonizing with peace; in longsuffering, allied to faithfulness.

I believe in God the Father, as the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ: as the Divine Father of him, who is the only begotten Son of God, in truth and love.

I believe in the purposes of God the Father; and, that his purposes of grace and mercy, while they advantage millions of the human race, injure none.

I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ—the Saviour of sinners; in-whose blood the fault of sin is removed; in whose righteousness the saint stands accepted.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; by whose quickening, the soul is made alive; by whose convincing operations, sin is realized and repented of; by whose teaching, God is known, and Christ is believed in; by whose sanctifying influence, the vessel of mercy is fitted for the Master's use.

I believe that God made our first father Adam, in his own image—a good, holy, just, innocent and upright creature, who was capable of obeying, serving, worshiping and glorifying God.

I believe that the prohibitions and sanctions of Paradise, were not beyond his moral capabilities, or powers of observance. Perish the thought, that God gave to man a law he could not keep, and then damned him for not keeping it.

I believe that Adam, by his own act and deed, fell from the holy, just and good state (in which God placed him) into transgression; by which transgression, he forfeited his Paradise, and brought guilt and shame upon himself and posterity.

I believe that from Adam (through our progenitous) we derive a corrupt nature, which unrestrained is capable of all manner of evil for out of the heart, *i.e.* out of the corrupt principal proceedeth all manner of evil, &c. By generation we are corrupt, by disposition we are prone to sin and go astray from the womb, by transgression we are under the sentence of the law and totally unable to recover ourselves from the curse and awful consequences due to sin.

I believe that God in his eternal foreviews — seeing man would lapse—fall from his state

of perfection stipulated with Christ for the recovery of a number which no man can number whom he chose in Christ to be redeemed by Christ. Eph. 1.

I believe that Christ in pursuance of preconcerted arrangements, assumed our nature, in which nature he was made under, and went to the end of the law, in which nature he finished transgression and made an end of sin, in which he made reconciliation for iniquity, and brought in everlasting righteousness, in which nature he bled and died, rose and triumphed, ascended, and lives to plead.

I believe in eternal election—definite redemption—effectual vocation—final perseverance, and ultimate glory.

I believe in Christian baptism, and the Lord's supper.

In the afternoon, Mr. Thomas Field delivered a profound charge to the minister from, 'The ministry which I have received

of the Lord,' &c. Acts xx. 24. We hope next month to give an outline. In the evening our brother Wilkins, of Chatteris, read and prayed, as we wanted to hear him pray, viz : in the spirit. We enjoyed his prayer very much. After which our cheerful brother Bloomfield, with a beaming and happy countenance, read his text, 'Encourage him.' And like a man of courage, he endeavoured to inspire others with courage and sympathy. He felt very warm in his subject, and preached a good wholesome sermon, of which we expect to furnish a report next month. In conclusion, he very affectionately addressed his brother Cozens : he said, 'my dear brother Cozens, I esteem you most highly. We have known each other for some time. We have met together, and talked together, and prayed together, and preached together ; and I most sincerely pray that nothing may ever occur to separate us. The Lord bless you, my dear brother,' concluded the affectionate evening sermon.

## RECOGNITION OF MR. JOHN PELLs,

AS PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH, SOHO CHAPEL, OXFORD STREET.

NEVER since the occasion on which the funeral sermon for the late George Comb was preached, has Soho Chapel been so densely crowded as on Tuesday, November 9th, 1858, the day on which Mr. John Pells was recognized as pastor of that Church.

The service commenced in the afternoon by Mr. Edgcombe giving out,

'Now to the Lord a noble song.'

Mr. George Wyard, (the former pastor, now of Deptford) read the 4th chapter of Ephesians ; and earnestly pleaded at the throne of grace for the newly-elected pastor ; and for peace and prosperity to attend the church over who the Lord, in his providence, had called him to preside.

Mr. Hanks, of Woolwich, gave out another hymn, and Mr. Samuel Milner delivered a concise, intelligent and well-arranged address on 'The Relative Duties of Pastor and People ;' taking for the foundation of his remarks, the words of Paul to the Thessalonians, (1 Thess. v. 12, 13,) 'And we beseech you, brethren, to know them which labour among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you ; and to esteem them very highly in love for their works sake. And be at peace among yourselves.'

In speaking from the subject, Mr. Milner first noticed the *minister's part* ; and secondly, the *peoples' part*. The minister is a *labourer*—he is to labour among you in word and doctrine ; for this labor you are requested to 'love him highly,' I do not think the Christian Churches are ignorant of their duty to their pastor—most of us understand

our duty much better than we do it ; few, very few, I fear, act up to their convictions. But a *labourer* : he is a man who has to get his bread by the sweat of his brow : it is so with a minister, if he be one worthy of the name : he labours hard for others : he is no gentleman, but a hard-working labourer. Many of our people think it is very easy work to stand up for an hour and preach, but if they were to try it, they would know that there is *labour* in such work, and this is a small part of the minister's duties—he must study hard—visit the sick and afflicted, &c., &c. But there is the husbandman's labour : sometimes he has to plough ; sometimes sow—and when he sows, he has to carry the seed basket, and the *better* the seed, the *heavier* the basket, and the harder the work. Just so with the minister of God, the richer the seed he scatters among you, the harder will be his labour, but the harvest will repay for the toil. Hence we read, 'he that goeth forth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again bringing his sheaves with him.' Again, a *fisherman* is a labourer. He goes out at night, perhaps when wet, cold and stormy ; he prepares his tackle, and casts in his net *in hope*—he knows not what he may catch, or that he may get any thing, the net is cast *in hope* : so with the minister of Christ ; he prays, studies, preaches, and labours in hope, he knows not what fish may come to his net ; for we only know the will of Providence in following it out. Our calling is our work ; and what we are called to, we are to attend to, not for a day or a week, but for ever. A *good* minister does not take holidays, God

may give him some, he is always at his work—on the 'look out,' to see what he can catch so that he may bring forth things 'new and old.'

*What is his work.* There is no part of God's word to be thrown away. If we go to the account of the creation, we gain wisdom and instruction; and we want all that. If we look at the destruction of the world, we learn terrible and wonderful things. If we glance at the ransom of Israel, their captivity; the reign of kings; all furnish instruction for the minister in his work. *In doctrine*: what is the gospel but doctrine? you don't know any way to heaven but by doctrine. Doctrine is a revelation of what God has done, and what he will do. It is the foundation of everything as regards religion: therefore, we cannot too highly prize the blessed doctrines of the Bible. There are some people who object to the doctrine of regeneration; some to baptism; some to the Trinity; some one thing and some another, but the minister of Christ is not to be put from the full discharge of his work to please the caprice of this lady or that gentleman. He is to preach 'the whole council of God;' and to bear his testimony to every blessed doctrine contained in the gospel. We might notice also, *how he will do his work.* It will be with a great deal of temptation: satan will not let the ministers of Christ alone, he will try to get them to tamper with the word; tempt them to laziness, tell them this text is too deep; he will tempt them to doubt God's blessing upon the word they speak; he will tempt them to think they have no right to the work; sometimes when they are in study on an important subject, he will come as an angel of light, and say, 'what, such a wretch as you attempt to preach and teach the people holiness!' Bunyan, I remember, said, he used to be tempted greatly in this way, but at last he made up his mind, that he would preach the gospel of Jesus Christ, if he was damned for it. A man cannot be much of a gospel preacher unless he has been subject to temptation, as our Master was. He must also *labour with prayer*: prayer is a kind of ladder upon which we mount up to God; it is a key to unlock the mysteries of heaven: do we not preach with greater freeness and more power when we have had access to the mercy seat? 'brethren, pray for us,' that 'the word may have free course, run, and be glorified.' A minister must also *labour in meditation*: its mind that governs matter. Many men can preach well for a few times—but they have only a certain stock, and when that stock has gone its round, they become barren and dry; but the minister of Christ, must meditate; and God will bless his meditation. I know, if a man continues to preach for seven, fourteen, or twenty years to the same people, with freshness and unction, I know that man prays,

and gets his matter from God. It is not by brains; nor is it gifts; it must be by *gifts and graces together.* A minister's work is also a *solemn work*: he has to do with immortals souls. A minister is also a *ruler*: that is the position the Master has given him; and remember that is the position you, as a church, have placed him in. Mark he is *not a law-maker*, but an *administrator.* You must have a ruler, or confusion would come. God's church is a church of order. The minister of Christ is not to take advantage of his office—but he is to see that the laws and orders of his Master are put in force. No church can go on without proper discipline; and this I have reason to know is well attended to here.

II. *The People's Part.* You, as a church are to take care of your pastor, you are to protect him, see that he suffers no want, and this is the way you may learn to know him. You are to esteem him very highly for his work sake. Esteem his *character*, and hold it in love; he must be held above suspicion; a minister's character is his all—take that from him and what has he got? Friends, look to it that you esteem your minister's character,—you had better put your hand in a thorny bush than meddle with a minister of Christ. Remember the words of Jesus, 'touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.' Also, *pray for him.* He speaks to God for you; and he comes from God to you. Be at peace among yourselves, for next to truth, peace comes; 'keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.'

This is but an outline of Mr. Milner's very able address; but we could not possibly find room for more. The afternoon service was concluded by Mr. Flack giving out a hymn; and Mr. Hazelton praying.

By this time the chapel was so full, that it was found impossible to serve many of the friends with tea; but we think no one could be offended, for every exertion was made by those in office to do their utmost—and all were treated alike, both ministers and people.

The evening service was commenced by Mr. Williamson. The chair was taken by Mr. George Wyard, in the absence of Mr. Foreman, who could not attend. Mr. J. A. Jones offered prayer; and Mr. Pells was called upon to give a statement of his call by grace, to the ministry, and the leadings of providence in connexion with his becoming the pastor of that church. We shall give but a very brief outline of Mr. Pells's statement, as it has already appeared in substance twice before in the *EARTHEN VESSEL.* First, in the January No. for 1852, under the title of, 'One of Mr. James Wells's Seals;' and again in October, 1856, in an account of his ordination at Clare.

Mr. Pells was born of Christian parents at

Bocles, in Suffolk, on July 1, 1827, and was brought up under the ministry of the venerable George Wright, the honoured baptist pastor of that town. In 1846, he absconded from home; and obtained a situation in London; but before Christmas, he was back again under the parental roof very ill, but without any concern about his soul. During a residence at Bungay, in 1848, a renewal of his former anxious spiritual concern—which he had sometimes experienced under the searching ministry of Mr. Wright—was felt; but it was not until his return to the great Metropolis that he had a true knowledge of his lost condition as a sinner. This occurred while listening to the voice of Mr. Wells, when preaching from these words, ‘who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we being dead to sin should live unto righteousness;’ then he felt he was a sinner indeed, and that without Christ he was eternally lost. Great distress of mind followed; the Bible was a sealed book to him; and all appeared black as midnight. At times some little light appeared under the ministration of Mr. Wells, but the means the Lord was pleased to bless to the setting of his soul at happy liberty was as follows. He said: ‘One night, in my bed room, I took up THE EARTHEN VESSEL, and there read the account of Caroline Morgan, who was very ill; and whom my brother Banks—(who I should have been very glad to have seen here this evening,)—had visited. She had expressed herself to be very dark, and had exclaimed, ‘there is no hope—there is no hope for me.’ This was just my case, and I began to compare her state with mine; and while so doing the Lord in a blessed manner spoke those words home to my soul with such happy sweetness and divine power that I can never forget it, ‘come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden; and I will give you rest.’ It was rest indeed; I was overcome with joy. I then continued under the ministry of Mr. Wells, and found the truths he advanced to be the ‘savour of life’ to my soul; and on December 19th, I was baptized by him at the Surrey Tabernacle.

Respecting his CALL to the MINISTRY, he said,—I was often called upon to engage in prayer at the Sunday afternoon prayer-meetings at the Surrey Tabernacle; and several of the friends there thought I should be called to preach the gospel. One Sunday afternoon I felt very solemnly impressed while engaging in prayer—and during that prayer my brother Cox was much affected, and felt persuaded in his mind that I should certainly be called to preach. I was afterwards called upon, quite unexpectedly—and without an opportunity of refusing—to conduct a prayer-meeting at my brother Chivers. With much trembling I commenced by speaking from Isaiah 64th, but enjoyed much liberty and sweetness while I was thus engaged. I then left London, and after sometime settled at Ipswich; but here I was continually receiving invitations to preach in the surrounding villages. At this place I entered more extensively into the drapery business, and found that it was more than I could properly attend to, to travel and preach

on Sundays, and be back to my business on Monday morning. I determined I would give up the preaching; and to this end I undertook the superintendant’s office in my brother Poock’s Sunday School, as I thought people would not then be so void of conscience to expect or to ask me to preach. But invitations came thicker and faster, some I refused, others I accepted; but I had much rebellion about the work; and hoped the Lord would stop my mouth before the people. About this time, my business fell off rapidly, my health failed me, and I was compelled to give up all engagements, not being able even to attend to the school. When I was again restored, it was deemed advisable that I should go and preach were ever the Lord opened a door. I did so. I received invitations from several destitute churches; and accepted the one at Tunstall, seventeen miles from Ipswich: here I continued to preach for twelve months, to large but poor congregations; it often costing me half they gave me to pay my travelling expenses. During this twelve months, all my temporal matters went against me; we were robbed of our rights; and turned out of our business and home by the wickedness of a solicitor and executor. Thus I was cast entirely on the providence of God. Several of my aged brethren in the ministry advised me not to settle at Tunstall, as they thought I should be wrong in so doing—there being no prospect of the people being able to support me and my family. I left Tunstall; and to this day can bless God for having done so, for I have not had one vacant Sabbath since. In July, 1856, I was publicly ordained as the pastor of the church at Clare. Here the Lord much blessed my ministry, and the church and congregation increased astonishingly. In January, (present year) I supplied two Lord’s-days at Deptford. By this, the friends here heard of me. I afterwards received an invitation to supply at Carmel, Pimlico, for a month. In reply, I said I had recently been away from home, and I could not leave for some time yet. On Sunday morning, Nov. 7, I received a letter from brother Faulkner, inviting me to supply at Soho for two Lord’s-days in March. I said to Mrs. Pells, ‘I cannot go.’ However, we passed it off for that day. On the following (Monday) morning, my wife said I had better reply to the letter, and advised me to say I would go for one Sabbath. I wrote accordingly; but when I posted the letter, I felt persuaded they would not have me come that distance for one Sabbath. They accepted the offer and replied that I should be expected on the day named. I came and I confess I felt an attachment to the deacons and was pleased with the Christian-like familiarity of the people. I returned to Clare; and the next day received an invitation for three Lord’s-days or more, if convenient. This set me thinking, and that very seriously too. On the Sunday, I told my deacons I wanted an interview with them; this I had; and I then told them that God-willing, I should close my labours at Clare, as their pastor, on the last Lord’s-day in June. The next morning I was confirmed in the persuasion that I had acted

right for I awoke in a very blessed frame of mind, with these words. 'I will guide thee by my counsel,' &c. I said, 'Lord, thou shalt guide me.' I wrote to brother Faulkner, stating I would come two Lord's days in May. I would here say to the honour of the friends at Clare, that as regards financial matters, the income was increasingly more than my stated salary, but the balance was always honourably handed over to me. Had I stayed they would have built a new chapel; but I felt I must leave, and have not yet had any cause to think otherwise. When it was known that I intended leaving Clare, I had no less than eight doors open to me. However, I came here and fulfilled my engagement; and before I left, I consented to supply for the month of July. I returned to Clare, and in a few days received a letter from the deacons, saying a church meeting had been held, and they were requested to invite me for three months more. I accepted the same, believing it to be the hand of God entirely; and now I am confirmed in it—as even here he has given me seals to my ministry and souls for my hire.

Respecting Mr. Pells's VIEWS OF TRUTH, he said,—I think I may say, a great part of my creed and belief is couched in the 37th verse of the 6th chapter of John, where our Lord says, 'all that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me, I

will in no wise cast out.' There you have three cardinal points of my religion: 1st, Eternal and Personal Election; 2nd, Effectual Calling; and 3rd, Final Perseverance. But to sum up the substance of my belief in few words; and which, by the help of the Lord, I intend ever boldly to preach, is as follows: The important doctrines of Three equal Persons in the Godhead; Eternal and Personal Election; Original Sin; Particular Redemption; Free Justification by the Imputed Righteousness of Christ alone; Efficacious Grace in Regeneration; the Final Perseverance of Real Believers; The Resurrection of the dead; The Future Judgment; the Eternal Happiness of the Righteous; and the everlasting misery of such as die impenitent. I also believe in the necessity of Baptism upon a profession of faith, as a prerequisite to the Lord's Supper; and the obligation of Believer's to practical obedience to the declared will of Christ as King in Zion.

At the conclusion of Mr. Pells's statement, Mr. James Wells addressed some excellent advice to the newly-recognised pastor. Addresses of congratulation were also delivered by Messrs Bloomfield, Dickerson, Attwood, Woolcott, and Field, which brought to a close one of the most interesting and crowded services we ever attended. There were a large number of ministers present. R.

## RECOGNITION OF MR. JOSEPH PALMER, AS PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH, ROMNEY STREET, WESTMINSTER. INCLUDING AN ACCOUNT OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE CHURCH.

On Tuesday the 28th of October, Mr. Joseph Palmer was solemnly recognized as the Pastor over the Baptized church, assembling at Romney Street Chapel, Westminster. The chapel is a spacious building capable of accommodating about 1000 persons. And although it was extremely wet, there was a good attendance during the day. Many ministers were present, besides those immediately engaged in the services.

The afternoon service was commenced by Mr. B. Davies, of Greenwich, reading a chapter and engaging in prayer. Mr. W. Palmer, of Homerton, then in a very masterly manner, stated the nature of a Gospel Church. We regret that we have not a report of this statement. It was considered a bold and forcible defence of our order and discipline. After which Mr. W. Palmer asked the usual questions. As a narrative of the call by Grace, and Call to the Ministry, of Mr. Joseph Palmer, has already been published in THE EARTHEN VESSEL for 1852, it is deemed unnecessary to insert Mr. Palmer's replies here.

After the church, in the usual manner had signified their choice of Mr Joseph Palmer as Pastor, Mr. Foreman delivered a truly kind and affectionate charge, in his plain, scriptural, matter-of-fact, and acceptable way. He based his remarks upon 'Be of good courage,' &c.

The evening began by brother Webster of Trowbridge, giving out the hymn; after

which, Mr. George Wyard (late of Soho) offered prayer, especially begging God's blessing upon the church, and upon the newly elected Pastor. Much freshness, vigour, and affection was evinced by our respected brother.

Mr. James Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle then ascended the Pulpit and preached to the church and congregation. Our brother felt himself unable to enter fully into his subject from want of time. His text was Isaiah iv. 13. At the close he strongly advocated the cause of the Pastor, and of ministers generally. His remarks were very pointed, and might perhaps appear offensive to those who are not well acquainted with our brother. But to all who knew him it is thoroughly evident that the true peace and prosperity of Zion, is that at which he invariably aims. The service was necessarily long, but a lively interest appeared to be maintained until the close.

We shall close our notice by inserting in full the highly interesting account given by the senior deacon of the rise and progress of the cause at ROMNEY STREET, and of its present hopeful position.

### RISE OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH, ROMNEY STREET, WESTMINSTER.

THIS Church rose out of that which was formerly under care of Mr. Burnham, meeting at Grafton Street. Mr. John Stevens was

chosen to succeed Mr. Burnham; and this circumstance was the occasion of a separation. Those who withdrew were led in providence to assemble in Lewisham street. This occurred in the year 1814. The public recognition of the church, as the 'Particular Baptist Church meeting in Lewisham Street, Westminster,' took place on Thursday October 5th, 1815. Twelve persons sat down to represent the church, with Mr. Henry Pain as its pastor. All these have, long since, passed out of time. In the year 1827, the want of a more commodious place of worship having long been felt, the chapel in Lewisham Street being very small and inconvenient, and, at the same time, held at a high rent; it was resolved to make every exertion to build a new place. After much difficulty in obtaining a suitable site, the Committee to whom the work was entrusted, fixed on the spot, and this building was erected. It was first opened for public worship on the 12th of March, 1821. The cost of the building, and the purchase of the freehold amounted to £3600, of this sum about £2750, through the good providence of God, and the kindness of friends, have been paid off; leaving the cause in debt at the present time about £850. While on the subject of the finances, we have to mention a most gratifying instance of munificence, and of love to the cause of Christ here; in a sister who had recently removed to a distance. She had, before leaving London, called on one of the deacons, saying she wished to leave with him £100; and on being asked to what purpose it was to be applied, answered 'keep it until I let you know.' In the month of January, 1856, she wrote, wishing to be informed of the particulars of the debt, and especially of the sum for which the building was mortgaged. She was informed that the mortgage portion of the debt was £800. In a day or two a letter was received, of which what follows is an extract.

'January 21, 1856.

DEAR SIR—I received your kind letter; and am glad that you approve of the plan; but I did not say that I could pay it all at once. I have not got it; but I have got four hundred, and you have one; and five I thought would be something towards eight. I should not like to give it up to any one but yourself, and I know not how to get it to you. I think it is very safe with me, and every thing is uncertain. If anything happens to me you would not get it; if you could not spare the time to come down, some fine morning. I know the fare is dearer than it will be in the summer, but I will pay the rail,' &c.

Our sister was visited accordingly, the money received, and in a day or two afterwards, the mortgage on the chapel was reduced from £800 to £300. Our kind friend subsequently applied for, and received her dismission to a sister church in the town to which she had removed. In October, last year she exchanged the church militant for the church triumphant. In 1836, during the ministry of Mr. Hewlett, the building was vested in sixteen trustees for the use of the church and congregation for ever. Eight of

whom have since been called to give an account of their stewardship. The deacons would avail themselves of this opportunity, publicly to acknowledge their unfeigned gratitude to those friends who have kindly by their presence, their prayer, and their contributions, steadily supported the cause in its perplexities and difficulties. Near the close of November, 1854, the connexion of the then pastor with this church suddenly terminated; and we remained unsettled until in January last we heard of Mr. Palmer, who then first preached in this place. On the 18th February, the church gave him a call for three months, with a view to the pastoral charge; and on the 10th June, the church went to the ballot on the question of calling Mr. Palmer to the pastoral oversight of the church: on an examination of the votes, all were found to be in the affirmative. Mr. Palmer accepted the call; and the Lord of the vineyard has, we trust, given testimony that the movement was made under the guidance of his Holy Spirit, and that he is owning and blessing Mr. Palmer's labours. There have been ten since added to the church, (viz: six by baptism, and four by experience); and eight others stand proposed for church fellowship. During the forty-three years of the existence of the church 711 have been admitted to church membership; of this number there have been removed by death 122; dismissed to other churches, 152; removed in providence, or from a change of ministry, 225; excluded, 109; on the church books at this time, 103.

#### BAPTIZING IN THE RIVER STOUR.

On Lord's-day, Nov. 7th, 1858, Mr. Plaice, baptized in the River Stour, Sudbury, Suffolk, four believers in the Lord; two brethren and two sisters. It may be said, *well, what of this? it is but a common occurrence*; and, therefore may not create any surprise; nor call forth any passing observation; but here many of the Lord's people err; and amongst that class, the writer would not exclude himself; ah! my brethren, have we not too often taken up the periodicals, and when we have looked to the news of the month, and come to the baptisms, just glanced them over and thought no more of it, instead of feeling called upon to rejoice, and rendering thanksgiving to God that believers are added to the church; and that sinners are being received from the grasping hand of Satan; and introduced into the glorious liberty of the Son of God: does not this feeling of apathy arise from the fact of our circumscribing our sympathy and pleasure within the section of the church that we are particularly identified with? it is true, that has our first claim; but should not be confined there, like the worldly merchant, or artizan, who cares not for the interest of others so that they prosper; I feel persuaded that the circumstances attending this baptism will call forth thankfulness; and produce emotions of joy, when I tell you that the River Stour runs nearly round the town of Sudbury; and that part of the River where our friends were baptized was a beautiful and



commanding position; and around which there stood not less than two thousand people, to witness the ordinance, and they mostly silk weavers, of which Sudbury abounds. And who can tell the result? I cannot but believe it will have a beneficial effect. Yes, the Lord will own and bless his own instituted ordinance, altho' despised by the worldly professor; oh, what a pleasing sight it was to the minister and candidates both to go down into the river, nearly up to their arm pits and there in the midst of that vast assemblage, in the name of the Trinity in Unity, Father, Son, and Spirit to baptize his brethren and sisters. Observe! it was the 7th of Nov.: the season when we expect the atmosphere to be thick with damp fogs; instead of which, it was a clear brilliant morning; and the sun shone as clear as in the month of June; Mr. Plaice delivered a very interesting and appropriate address from the Acts xiii. 38 'be it known unto you,' &c, indeed the minister was evidently assisted by the Holy Spirit, and the candidates came up out of the water and went on their way rejoicing. Our Jesus was exalted. Mr. Plaice is labouring in a small room under many disadvantages, yet the Lord is smiling upon him; and crowning his labors with success, so that the room is too straight for them; and they have got a small chapel erecting which is calculated to seat about 300 people, which is expected to be completed in about four weeks hence: being very poor they have hard work in going forward but the Lord is directing them by a right way, and so clearly can they see the cloudy pillar that notwithstanding all difficulties the cause must go on. Brethren and sisters pray for them.

G. G. WHOSTOW.

[Such accounts are very acceptable; we feel greatly interested in the progress of the cause, under our brother Plaice. The Lord will bless him. Ed.]

**MEETING AT BETHESDA, BATCLIFFE GROVE.**—On Tuesday, the 16th of November, a happy and well attended meeting was held at Bethesda Chapel, Batcliffe Grove, St. Luke's, to commemorate the anniversary of the Recognition of the pastor, Mr. J. S. Anderson. A beautiful tea was provided, in partaking of which good feeling prevailed. Many ministers were present to congratulate our brother. At the commencement of the evening's proceedings, the pastor stated that they had enjoyed a year of uninterrupted peace and much prosperity. About forty members had been added to the church, sixteen by baptism, and the others by dismission from churches of the same faith and order. The meeting was then addressed by brethren Milner, Wyard, Jones, Bloomfield and Dickerson. Mr. Pells opened the service by prayer. In the course of the evening, one of the church presented to the pastor in the name of the members, accompanied with a suitable address, a *Port Monie* containing seven guineas and a farthing, contributed by above 100 members of the church. Mr. Anderson seemed deeply touched with this expression of regard and spoke affectionately and gratefully. It was a pleasant meeting.

**BEXLEY HEATH**—At our harvest meeting,

brother Poock, of Ipswich, preached a sermon right into the hearts of our people from Jacob's words, 'I have learned by experience.' Mr. Poock, has for years been under heavenly discipline, and was prepared to enter deeply into divine things. The ladies provided for us an excellent tea. A good audience was afterwards addressed by the brethren Bowles, Attwood, Poock, and our ancient pastor Wallis; who having been seriously defrauded, his friends came forward to help him. His old friend Mr. Rogers, of Bristol, brought him £10. Our honourable Rector, his Curate, and their congregation also contributed most generously: so that £35 was clearly produced. Mr. Wallis is humbled with thankfulness to God and his friends: and we all rejoice with him. **A BAPTIST ON THE HEATH.**

**READING**—London Street Chapel—We are receiving into the church members almost every month; we are thronged every time the chapel is open. There is evidently a great shaking among the dry bones; numbers come to join us. We hope to build a commodious chapel soon. **A NEW CORNER.**

### REDEMPTION FUND.

Subscriptions towards the Redemption; or, Re-purchase of 'The Earthen Vessel.'

Total announced in October,	96	3	7
Friend by C. W. Banks, given in Mr. Samuel's Chapel, Salford	...	5	0
Mr John Standever	...	0	2
Mr Roberts	...	0	2
Mr Geo. Woods, Staley bridge	...	2	6
Mr W. Woods. do.	...	2	0
Mr John Freeman	...	5	0
Friend near Wigan (2nd donation)	...	0	10
M. S. a Servant Maid	...	0	1
By Mr Richard Minton:			
Mr Minton	...	0	5
Mr Ashbourne	...	0	5
Mr Cheshire	...	0	2
Miss Crawley	...	0	1
Mrs Stevens	...	0	1
Mrs Allen	...	0	5
Mr Akerman	...	0	0
Jane Pain	...	0	0
Mr Hall, of Garner, Clapham	...	0	2
Mrs Moore	...	0	5
Minimus	...	0	0
Brother Mount Zion Devonport	...	0	2
Brother Joseph Greenslade (again)	...	0	2
From Sturmer Nurseries	...	0	1
Friend from brother Wilson	...	0	10
Mr Thomas Davis, Baptist Minister. Poplar	...	0	2
Mr J. Sewell	...	0	2
Mr Louis Heath, Hanley, (2nd donation)	...	0	2
Mr Heath's Companion	...	0	1
Friend from R. Bowles	...	0	0
Two Friends from Mr Brant, Colnbrook	...	1	0
Mr Greenslade, Devonport	...	0	10
One who has long found soul comfort from the 'Vessel'	...	0	1
R. A. Raunda, Epsilon	...	0	5
Friend from Mr J. Flory	...	0	1
A Birth-Day offering from Ebenezer, Berg-holt	...	0	5
Mrs Ward, Henderdson	...	0	0
Mr Arnsby, Irthingborough	...	0	2
Female Friend at Newick	...	0	1
Mr Corby, Sharnbrook	...	0	1
R. Ripley	...	0	2
P. J. W.	...	0	1
Mr W. Greenham	...	0	2
By Mr Richard Channen:			
Mr Capelin	...	0	5
Miss Winsor	...	0	2
		6	0
		7	6

A few donations are omitted for want of room,